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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,

No. LXXIX.

FOR FEBRUARY 1864.

ART. I.—1. *Natural History and Sport in Moray: Collected from the Journals and Letters of the late Charles St. John.* Edinburgh 1863.

2. *Life in Normandy. Sketches of French Fishing, Farming, Cooking, Natural History, and Politics. Drawn from Nature.* Two vols. Edinburgh, 1863.

3. *Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; Or, the Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman.* By Sir JOHN E. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Bart. London, 1860.

4. *Home Walks and Holiday Rambles.* By the Rev. E. A. JOHNS. London, 1863.

5. *The Recreations of a Country Parson.* London, 1862.

6. *The Field—the Country Gentleman's Newspaper.* London, v.v.

Is it possible to give a stranger some idea of the country life of England — of those enjoyments which enter so deeply into the nature of our islander? Perhaps not; but with the help of the books named above, and selected from the more recent works bearing on our subject, we propose to try.

Let us begin at the beginning. When a French parent has a son to educate, he sends him to a "college" in a town. An English *paterfamilias*, if he can afford it, sends his boy to Eton or Harrow, or, if he cannot stand the expense, he seeks out some minor rural school, where there are good masters and also good playing fields and a river to row on. And each has his reward. The French school-boy is a pretty-behaved young gentleman. The Jesuits make fair classical scholars still, though not so good as of old; and an average French educated boy can write his own language, and speak whole

sentences grammatically—accomplishments which fall only to the favoured few in England. On the other hand, the English public-school boy, if not taught like the ancient Persians "to ride, and shoot with the bow, and speak the truth," can for the most part, and as a class, sit a horse across country, shoot with fowling-piece and rifle, box, row, swim, and play at cricket and foot-ball. The love of truth, we hope, is not peculiar to either country; but the courageous training of an English boy must have some effect in bracing the mind to honesty, as well as the limbs to labour. There is another result of this English training. From school-days to old age an Englishman looks for his recreation and pleasure to the country. The feverish whirl of a London "season," or a tempting of fortune at Baden or Homburg, only sends him back more eager for the sport, the farming, planting, gardening of home. The rural passion is imitated and affected in other countries. In an Englishman it is genuine, and instead of wearing out amidst the straight hedges and restraints of civilisation, is extending with new pursuits and modern acquirements. A huntsman (of hounds) or a deer-stalker always knew he must study the nature and habits of his "chase," and of the serviceable animals which he trained to assist in it. But now every sportsman worthy of the name is more or less a Naturalist. A good part of his enjoyment is derived from observing and comparing the habits of the game, the country, the climate; and so, the circle widening, all natural sights and things. When we speak of "Englishmen," we include the whole inhabitants of our islands, and with some modification, what we have said is even peculiarly applicable to Scotsmen; for

many natives of the capital and of the provincial towns of England have no definite connexion with any rural district; but in Scotland, all of us without exception are "of" some country. Even the tradesman who works in a hereditary shop in Edinburgh, has a bond of kindred in some farm or rural village, where his children go to spend their holidays; and Donald McAlpine, who sells whiskey in a cellar of the Gallowgate of Glasgow, has his memory stored with the stories of his native glen in the far west, and perhaps some notion of gentility, as the laird's far awa kinsman. To that glen his affections turn. He may never get there; he is unfit for its life. But in feeling and imagination he is still the Highlander.

We have said that a sportsman readily becomes a naturalist. The pleasure of studying the animals of game is apt to preponderate over the amusement of hunting them. A good specimen of this order of sportsman was Mr. St. John, the author whose work stands first of those prefixed to this Article. Without a scientific education, or any peculiar addiction to science, he has, by the accuracy of his observations and faithful description, made a name and established an authority among naturalists; while his hearty love for sport and all rural pleasures has given his volumes a place on the shelf with White's *History of Selborne*, and the books that charmed our youth.

Charles St. John was well-born, being the grandson of Frederick second Viscount Bolingbroke. We get a slender outline of his life in this volume, and something of his school-habits we derive from his friend and fellow-sportsman, Mr. Jeans:—

"At school he was far ahead of me in all the theory and some of the practice of 'wild sports.' But it was under the tuition of a certain old pensioner, who in virtue of his weekly function in the school, went by the name of the drill-sergeant, that we both attained to no mean proficiency in spinning for trout and trolling for pike in the river Arun whenever we could shirk out of bounds on half-holidays, as well as in setting night-lines artistically for eels.

"Even at that time St. John had the zoological bump largely developed. His box (or *scodd*, as we used to call it, after the Winchester fashion) was generally a sort of menagerie—dormice in the one till, stag-beetles of gigantic size, and wonderful caterpillars in paper boxes, in the other, while sometimes a rabbit, sometimes a guinea-pig, or perhaps a squirrel, was lodged below in a cell cunningly constructed of the Delphin classics and Ainsworth's Dictionary. He was scarcely ever without live stock of some sort."

A youth of this nature was not likely to endure the restraint of a public office in

London,—the life appointed for him by his family,—and he soon emancipated himself, got down among the solitudes of Sutherland, had the fortune to find a wife there, and continued ever after to lead the life of a sportsman and naturalist, his choice of residence only partly modified by the convenience of his family, and their education.

"In due time," writes his biographer, "he discovered the region best suited to his taste and happiness, in the 'laigh' of Moray, a fertile and well-cultivated country, with dry soil and bright and bracing climate, with wide views of sea and mountain, within easy distance of mountain sport, in the midst of the game and wild animals of a low country, and with the coast indented by bays of the sea and studded with frequent fresh-water lakes, the haunt of all the common wild-fowl and of many of the rarer sorts."

What an advantage to a district to attach to it a writer like St. John! The whole land, its rivers, lakes, hills, and valleys, become classical, and that which before was only known as a good wheat-growing champagne is henceforward familiar in the mouths of naturalists and that larger class, the lovers of nature and sport.

St. John continued to reside in Morayshire for the most part till his fatal malady and premature death. His *Wild Sports of the Highlands* has, since its publication in 1846, been a standard work with all lovers of his pursuits. The present volume is a selection from his journals, and correspondence with friends. The arrangement of these materials, which is according to months, may in some instances have the advantage of furnishing a comparison of a particular season in several different years, but this scarcely compensates for the broken and fragmentary shape it has given the book. We observe, too, some uncertainty as to the precise years in which certain observations are recorded, and here and there a little repetition, either of something already noticed in this volume, or of remarks in the author's other works.

These defects make us regret the more that St. John had not lived to give his collections to the world. His arrangement of his own materials would have added immeasurably to their value; but, taking it as it is, we find in this little volume a mass of very careful observations of natural objects of interest to all sportsmen and naturalists. For the district where the writer lived, and to which he especially directed his attention, the book is invaluable.

In trying to give some account of this unpretending collection, let us first state the author's own claim of merit:—

"I have been particularly careful to describe and note down nothing, the authenticity of which I am not certain of. Indeed, every bird here mentioned, with one or two exceptions, I have either killed or seen myself during my wanderings in wood and plain for several years in this district. I have carefully avoided the great error of taking things on hearsay."

Take a description of a minute favourite as a specimen of simple, truthful painting :

"The little water-rail (*Rallus aquaticus*) seems to be a great wanderer. I find its track, and the bird itself, in the most unlikely places; for instance, I put up one in a dry furze field, and my retriever caught another in a hedge, at some distance from the water. I took the latter bird home alive to show to my children. When I took him out of my pocket, in which most unaccustomed situation he had been for two hours, the strange little creature looked about him with the greatest *nonchalance* possible, showing fight at everything that came near him; and when, after having gratified the curiosity of the children, we turned him loose in a ditch of running water, he went away jerking up his tail, and not seeming to hurry himself, or to be in the least disconcerted."

St. John's residence was always a receptacle for wounded animals, and a multitude of pets kept by his children,—wild-fowl, hawks, roe, owls, ravens, now and then a trapped fox; whatever was tameable was tamed, but nothing was refused the benefit of that sanctuary.

The keeper at Spynie had caught a wounded pochard, and it was taken to St. John's, where it soon got familiar, and lived in comfort till an accident occurred :—

"About three weeks ago our tame pochard had been carried away in a hurricane of wind. To my surprise, one day this month, I saw this same pochard swimming about the loch alone, and apparently very tame. One of the children who was with me, and whose own especial property the bird had been, whistled to it in the same way in which he had been accustomed to call it; upon which, to his unbounded joy, it immediately came towards us, and for some time continued swimming within a few yards of where we stood, evidently recognising us, and seeming glad to see us again.

"A few days afterwards we again saw him; but he was now accompanied by a flock of fourteen or fifteen others. This was remarkable, both on account of the time of year, and because this kind of duck is very rare in this region, and has never been known to breed in the neighbourhood: but all birds seem to have some means of calling and attracting those of the same species, in a way that we cannot understand."—(June, p. 169.)

We do not remember to have seen the following fact noted by naturalists before. It may serve for an illustration to the phi-

losopher who prefers the virtues of savage life :—

"Some wild ducks that I had domesticated became gregarious, one drake serving many ducks, like tame poultry. But, one season, having been neglected, and wandering out in the fields and ditches, they resumed their wild habits, paired, built, and lived in pairs quite conjugally."

Most sportsmen know, by the peculiar sloping upward soar of the wood pigeon, when the bird has young, but we have not before heard this observation of the crow :—

"When a crow leaves her nest on being disturbed, her quiet, sneaking manner of threading her way through the trees tells that she has young or eggs in the thicket, as plainly as if she uttered cries of alarm."

Let this touch of nature help to show that sportsmen are not cruel and hard-hearted :—

"I remember a hen grouse being caught by the leg in a common vermin trap which had been set for ravens. It happened that the trap was not looked at till late the following day, when we found that the cock grouse had brought and laid to his unfortunate mate a quantity of young heather shoots: they were enough to have nearly filled a hat, and the poor bird must have been employed many hours in collecting them. I cannot express how grieved I was at the hen having been caught."

The following observation, though not new, is more definite, and apparently from more precise experiment than it has been given before :—

"The change of colour in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living *black* burn trout into a *white* basin of water, and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light colour. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it into a dark-coloured or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white-coloured fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour, it becomes as dark coloured as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen."*

We were not aware before that a bird, like human house-keepers, enlarged her dwelling to suit an increasing family :—

"I observed a very curious thing with regard to a wren in the spring of 1852. A wren had built and hatched her eggs in a nest placed in a narrow hole in a wall. It seemed to me that as her young ones became full grown the nest would be rather small for them. The old birds became aware of this, and built a large nest in a tree opposite the first nest, and as soon as the

* The author of *Life in Normandy* has also noted the same fact, vol. i. p. 45.

young ones were able to fly at all, they betook themselves to the newly-built abode, which was larger than usual, and not lined. For some little time afterwards, whenever there was a heavy shower, and these happened to be rather frequent, the whole brood, eight in number, took refuge in the new nest. They also roosted in it every night for a short time."

Some habits of birds are interesting from our interest in the birds themselves, and more so from their being subjects of controversy. We believe the observation of the water-ousel walking at the bottom of the water is still questioned. The manner in which the woodcock carries its young is no longer disputed:—

"A water-ousel (*Hydrobata cinclus*) in the burn has two eggs. The nest is built in a broken bank. . . . One of my boys took the water-ousel's nest, an immense building for the size of the bird, the whole being fully as large as a pail, made of moss outwardly, and lined with dried grass, etc. This little bird of very singular habits changes its ground with the season. In spring and summer it frequents the highland burns and solitary streams, where it breeds; on the approach of winter it descends lower down the streams and rivers, where it feeds on trout spawn, small water-beetles, etc. It has a peculiar habit, while flying along a stream, of suddenly dropping into the water, where it either swims, or rather floats, on the surface, or dives down at once to the bottom, where it searches actively for its food—the beetles, which form great part of its food, being found on the stones and gravel at the bottom of the water. I never saw the water-ousel feed on any insect which it caught out of the water or even on the surface; its whole food seems to be found at the bottom. Though the fact has often been doubted, it certainly runs and scratches up the stones while at the bottom in search of food. It has a sweet song (though not loud), which it utters frequently in the depth of winter, and on the coldest and severest days. It breeds earlier than most other birds. I have found eggs on the 8th of April. The nest is placed in a broken wall, under an overhanging bank, amongst the roots of a tree, or other similar situation, but always on the water's edge, and covered over the top, built of moss, leaves, etc. It is frequently of very great size, as the bird fixes on a broken bank sometimes, and has to build a very large foundation to make her nest steady. The eggs are a pure white. Sitting on a stone often in the midst of a rapid stream or waterfall, the white breast of the water-ousel is conspicuous amongst all surrounding objects, and day after day it enlivens and adds an interest to the same part of a stream for many weeks, till the time comes for its partial migration. In the following spring the same stone or point of rock is again tenanted. The bird frequently runs into and under the water in the midst of a tolerably strong rapid, keeping out of sight for some moments, but emerging again at no great distance. I have before mentioned

its habit of suddenly, in the midst of its flight, plunging down into the water, where, though it floats with tolerable ease, its motions, when on the surface, rather resemble those of a land bird accidentally falling into the water than those of a swimmer."

In the North of Scotland—say from Deeside northwards—woodcocks often stay all the year, and nest and breed. Mr. St. John tells us:—

"The nest is placed at the foot of a tree in a patch of long heather, or indeed in any sheltered place; most frequently in the driest and densest parts of the woods. It is formed of dry grass, leaves, etc., and is shallow, and made without much apparent care. The eggs are four in number, of a pale yellowish brown, blotched and spotted with reddish brown. They, however, vary much. As soon as the young are hatched, the old birds are obliged to carry them to the feeding ground, which is often at some distance. The young, though able to run immediately, are tender helpless little things, and could by no means scramble through the tangled heather and herbage which often surrounds their nest, perhaps for many hundred yards. It long puzzled me *how* this portage was effected. That the old birds carried their young I had long since ascertained, having often seen them in the months of April and May in the act of doing so, as they flew towards nightfall from the woods down to the swamps in the low grounds. From close observation, however, I found out that the old woodcock carries her young, even when larger than a snipe, not in her claws, which seem quite incapable of holding up any weight, but by clasping the little bird tightly between her thighs, and so holding it tight towards her own body. In the summer and spring evenings the woodcocks may be seen so employed passing to and fro, and uttering a gentle cry, on their way from the woods to the marshes. They not only carry their young to feed, but also if the brood is suddenly come upon in the daytime, the old bird lifts up one of her young, flies with it fifty or sixty yards, drops it quietly, and flies silently on. The little bird immediately runs a few yards, and then squats flat on the ground amongst the dead leaves, or whatever the ground is covered with. The parent soon returns to the rest of her brood, and if the danger still threatens her, she lifts up and carries away another young bird in the same manner. I saw this take place on the 18th May; the young were then larger than, or fully as large as, a snipe."

We are happy to say our author is on the side of the small birds in the controversy with the farmer and gardener. He defends the rook too, and even makes a plea for the wood-pigeon now increasing so alarmingly. The hooded crow he gives up as a mischievous and voracious robber. Speaking of the system of vermin-trapping, St. John remarks:—

"One advantage certainly results from birds of prey being killed off: blackbirds, thrushes, and numerous other beautiful little birds, increase in proportion as their enemies are destroyed. In several districts where, a few years ago, these birds were very rare, they are now abundant. The ring-ousel, too, is one of the birds who has benefited by this destruction of its enemies. There are some other birds, such as the wheat-ear and tit-lark, who are seldom killed by a hawk, but whose nests and young are the constant prey of weasels and other ground-vermin. These have also good reason to thank the trapper. Wood-pigeons, whose eggs were formerly taken by the crows and magpies in great numbers, and whose young serve to feed many kinds of hawks, now increase yearly, and begin to be a subject of great complaint amongst farmers; and yet the wood-pigeon during a great part of the year feeds on the seeds of many weeds and plants useless or mischievous."

No country affords better common wild-fowl shooting than that where St. John took his sport; and it gives some game of a nobler and rarer sort. He thus describes making a bag in a winter's evening; the scene is Loch-lee, between Nairn and Brodie:—

"Just before sunset I take up my position in the midst of two or three furze bushes, within easy shot of where a small stream runs into one of the lakes, keeping the water constantly open. Having given my retriever the biscuit which I always carry for him on these cold days, I light my pipe (the great comfort of the patient wild-fowl shooter) and look out towards the bay for the mallards. The bay is nearly half a mile off; but I can see the ducks between me and the sky almost as soon as they leave it. At first a solitary pair or two come, quietly and swiftly, probably making their way to some favourite spring farther inland. With the help of a cartridge, I bring down a brace from a great height, as they pass over; sometimes, tumbling on the ice of the loch behind me, they are nearly split in two; sometimes, when winged, they fall in the rushy stream, and give the retriever no small trouble and cold before he gets them; however, he always succeeds, and having brought the bird and received his reward of ship-biscuit, he lies down again, but with eyes and ears all intent on what is going on. The sea-gull or heron may pass, and he takes no notice of them; but the moment that a wild-duck's quack, or the whistle of his wings is heard, the dog's ears erect themselves, and he watches my face with a look of most inquiring eagerness. I hear the wild-swans trumpeting on the sea, but know that they are not very likely to come where I am placed. Presently, a brace of teal pitch suddenly and unexpectedly within a few yards of me, having flitted in from behind. I kill the drake, but cannot get a shot at the duck, as she flies low, and the smoke, hanging heavily in the calm evening, prevents my seeing her. But all at once the mallards begin to fly from the sea, and, for half

an hour or less, I have to load and fire as fast as I can, as they fly over. I prefer shooting them on the wing, for if I let them pitch in the water, my dog has a swim every time I kill one, and gets half dead with ice and frozen snow.

"The mallards generally fly in from the sea rapidly, and at no great height; but it requires some practice to kill them, as their flight is much quicker than it appears, and they require a hard blow to kill them dead. If wounded only they fly off, and, dropping at some distance, I can seldom get them that night, owing to the approaching darkness. Sometimes my retriever marks the direction of a wounded duck and gets it, but generally they are lost, and serve only to feed the foxes, who seem to hunt regularly for maimed birds round the lakes. Having killed ten mallards and a teal, it becomes too dark to shoot any more, although I still hear their wings as they fly over my head. Besides which, I have nearly three miles to walk; and my keeper, who has also killed two or three, had, before we commenced duck-shooting, sundry animals to carry, the produce of my day's wanderings. We have to walk home too, there being no road near these lakes. So, after I have refilled my pipe, and the old fellow has recharged his nose with a spoonful of snuff, we shoulder our game and set off. Eight or ten fat mallards are no slight load over a rough track in the dark, so we keep the sands as far as possible, listening to the different cries of the sandpipers, curlews, and numerous kinds of wild-fowl who feed on the shallows and sandbanks during the night time. Occasionally, in the moonlight, we catch a glimpse of the mallards as they rise from some little stream or ditch which runs into the bay, or we see a rabbit hurrying up at our approach from the sea-weed which he had been nibbling. In this way, with very little trouble, and often much nearer home, I can generally reckon on getting some few brace of wild-ducks in the winter; shifting my place of ambush according to the weather, the wind, etc., changes in which cause the birds to take to different feeding-places."

It requires more trouble to approach the wary wild goose:—

"To stalk a flock of wild-geese when feeding is as difficult as to stalk a stag, if not more so. From the nature of the ground which they feed on, and their unwearied vigilance, unless you have concealed yourself beforehand within reach of their feeding-place, it is nearly impossible to approach them. . . . One of my boys was out for a walk with a gentleman who was staying with me, to whom he was acting as cicerone or guide to the lochs, as I was unable for some reason to go out with him myself. The little boy took the telescope, which their attendant carried, and having looked along the shores of the lakes and through all the likely parts of the ground, which he knew as well as I did, from having frequently ridden that way to join me, he shut up the glass with the exclamation, characteristic of a deerstalker—"There they are!" My friend's question of course was,

'Who are there?' And on being told it was a flock of geese, he at once understood why he had been led on from point to point under different excuses; for he had good-naturedly followed passively wherever he was told to go. Having been shown the geese, he sat down with the glass and allowed the child to attempt the task of stalking them, but without having the slightest expectation of his success. He watched the boy for some time till he became invisible, having apparently sunk into the ground amongst the rushes and long grass. His attention was next attracted by seeing the geese suddenly rise, and almost immediately perceiving that one fell to the ground. The next instant he heard the double report of the boy's gun. Another goose left the flock and fell at some distance, but it was unnoticed by him and the servant, as their attention was taken up by the young sportsman, who went dashing through water and swamp to seize the first bird that fell. It was nearly as big as himself, and he brought it up to them in triumph, a successful right and left at wild geese being rather an era in the sporting adventures of a boy ten years old."

Ascending in the scale, we have our author stalking the wild swan:—

"March 6.—I have tried two or three days to get at the largest wild swan on Lochlee, but without success; my fruitless attempts I do not mark down—*horas non numero nisi serenas*. However, to-day—a fine sunny day—as I passed at some distance from the lake where the swans were feeding, they rose and alighted on the largest of the pieces of water; seeing this, and that they were not inclined to take to the sea immediately, I sent the boy who was with me round the lake where they were, while I made my preparations for receiving them at their feeding lake, supposing that they would return to it if allowed to rest for an hour or so, and then quietly moved; even if they did not alight, I knew that I was pretty sure of their line of flight to the sea, and they seldom flew very high. I waded across part of the loch to an island, where I determined to await them, and set to work to make up a hiding-place of long heather, etc. This done, I loaded my gun with large shot and cartridges, and established myself behind my barricade. With my glass I saw the boy and retriever go round towards them; the appearance of the swans floating quietly on the water was most picturesque, their white forms being clearly defined on the dark blue water, and their shadows almost as distinct as themselves. They all held their heads erect, watching the boy, who, as he had been instructed, walked to and fro opposite the birds and sufficiently near to put them up, but without appearing to be in pursuit of them. I hoped by this means to drive them over to the loch where I was concealed without frightening them so much as to make them take off to the sea. They seemed unwilling to rise, and little afraid of the boy, whom they appeared to look at with curiosity rather than alarm, and I struck a light in order to smoke the pipe of patience and resignation, for, fine as the day was for

March, my situation in a damp island and wet through above my knees began to be uncomfortable.

"The latakia was not half puffed away when I heard the well-known warning cry of the swans, and immediately looking round, saw them just flapping along the water preparatory to their flight. Cocking my gun, and holding the pipe tighter in my teeth, I waited anxiously to see in what direction they would fly. At first they made straight eastward, as if off for the Bay of Findhorn, but after a short flight in that direction they turned, and I saw them coming three and three together, as usual, straight towards where I was concealed. In a few minutes they were exactly over my head at a good height, but still within shot, flying with their long necks stretched straight out and their black feet tucked up, but plainly visible as they passed over me. I stood up and took a deliberate aim at the largest of them as he ascended higher into the air at my unexpected appearance. The first barrel seemed to have little effect on him, though I distinctly heard the shot rattle on his strong quills; the second, however, which was loaded with larger shot, was more effective: whilst his two companions continued crying to each other, he remained silent. However, he kept up with the rest, and they all went off towards the bay. In the meantime three smaller swans came within twenty yards of me, or less, trumpeting and calling loudly.

"With the glass I watched the bird I had fired at, as I knew he was hard hit. He still, however, held his way with the rest, and they were gradually getting indistinct when I saw him suddenly rise straight up into the air, his snowy plumage shining as it caught the rays of the sun. I saw him a second time rise perpendicularly to a great height; he then suddenly turned backwards in the air and tumbled headlong to the ground perfectly dead. He was above half a mile or more from me, in the direction of the bay, and the whole intervening ground was covered with sandhills and bent, so that I could not see the exact spot where he fell, whether on the dry ground or in the sea. However, I marked the direction as well as I could, and set off after him. Large as he was, I had a long and for some time a fruitless search amongst the broken sandhills. I scanned the bay with the glass in vain, and then came back towards the lochs. At last I hit upon him by finding a quantity of blood on the sand, and following the drops which had fallen almost in a stream: in fact the track of blood, though falling from such a height, was as conspicuous as that of a wounded hare on snow. At length I came on the swan, who was lying stretched out on the sand, and a noble bird he was. I shouldered him as well as his great length would enable me to do, and carried him back to where the boy was waiting for me. I found him no slight burden; he weighed above 27 lbs.; the breadth between his wings 8 feet, and his length 5 feet. Of all the swans I ever killed he was by far the largest, the usual weight being from 15 to 18 lbs."

"No birds offer so striking and beautiful a

sight as a numerous flock of large swans on wing, while their musical cries sound more like the notes produced by some wild-toned musical instrument than the voice of a bird. While they remain with us, they frequent and feed in shallow pieces of water, like Lochlee, Loch Spynie, etc., where the water is of so small a depth that in many places they can reach the bottom with their long necks, and pluck up the water-grasses on which they feed. While employed in tearing up these plants, the swans are generally surrounded by a number of smaller water-fowl, such as widgeon and teal, who snatch at and carry off the pieces detached by their more powerful companions."

We make room for one more extract, of an otter-hunt of a singular kind. It is during a snow-storm on the borders of Ross and Sutherland:—

"We walked on, and soon came across the tracks of two or three otters, where they had been going in and out of the water on their way up stream, after fishing in the deep pools where the two waters met near the house. These pools are favorite resting-places for salmon and sea-trout, and therefore are sure to be frequented by the otters.

"Opposite to a strip of birch-trees one of the largest otters seemed to have left the river, and to have made for a well-known cairn of stones, where I had before found both marten-cat and otter. Half-way up the brae he had entered a kind of cleft or hole, made by a small stream of water, which at this spot worked itself out of the depth of the earth. 'He'll no stop in this,' said Donald; 'there's a vent twenty yards above, and I ken weel that he'll no stop till he is in the dry cairn, forty yards higher up the brae.' Nor was the old man far wrong, for we found where the otter had squeezed himself up to the surface of the ground again, leaving a small round hole in the snow. We carefully stopped up both entrances to this covered way, and then Donald went on with the dog to dislodge him from the cairn, having first given me the strongest injunctions to '*stand quite privately*' a few yards from the hole which we had just stopped up. The dog at first seemed little inclined to leave me, but presently understanding the service upon which he was to be employed, he went off with Donald with right good will, putting his nose every now and then into the tracks of the otter in the snow, as if to ascertain how long it was since his enemy had been there.

"They soon arrived at the cairn, which was of no great extent, and not composed of very heavy stones. After walking round it carefully, to see whether there were any tracks farther on, Donald sent on the dog, who almost immediately began to bark and scratch at a part of the cairn. Donald was soon with him, and employed in moving the stones, having laid down his gun for that purpose, knowing that the otter was quite sure to make straight for the place where I was standing, if he could dislodge him. Presently the dog made a headlong dive into the snow and stones, but drew

back as quickly with a sharp cry. In he went again, however, his blood now well up; but the otter's black head appeared at a different aperture, and now dog and man were dancing and tumbling about amongst the snow and stones like lunatics,—the otter darting from place to place, and showing his face first in one corner and then in another.

"Donald found this would not do; so he again commenced moving the stones. Presently he called out to me, 'Keep private, sir! keep private! the brute is coming your gate!' *Private* I had kept from the moment he had stationed me, till my fingers and feet were nearly frozen. Donald seized the dog and held him, to prevent his running in the way. All this passed in a moment, and I saw the snow heaving up above the otter, who was working through it like a mole; assisted, probably, by the heather, which prevented it from being caked down in a solid mass, as would have been the case on a smooth field. I knew that he would appear at the hole which we had stopped; and therefore I did not risk a shot at him.

"He worked on until he was close to the hole, when he emerged quietly and silently, and crept towards the well-known place of refuge. On finding it completely stopped up, the countenance of the poor animal assumed a most bewildered expression of astonishment and fear; and lifting himself up on his hind legs, he looked round to ascertain what had happened. On seeing me he made off towards the river, with as long leaps as the snow would allow him; and as it was tolerably hard, he got on pretty quickly till my charge of shot put an end to his journey.

"The report of the gun started two fine stags, who had been feeding along the course of a small open rill which ran into the river just above where we were; and I was astonished to see the power with which these two great animals galloped up the hill, although they sank deep at every stride. When half-way up, they halted to look at us, and stood beautifully defined on the white snow; they then trotted quietly off till we lost sight of them over the summit of the hill."

Our notice of this pleasant book cannot be better concluded than in the words of St. John's friend and biographer:—

"I may be allowed to point out for imitation the extreme care and accuracy of his observations of nature—a rare merit—and his guarded and simple statements of the results. His taste for rural pleasures, his love of sport, and his natural unaffected style, will long endear his memory to naturalists."

The Memoir of Mr. St. John brings us acquainted with one of his correspondents of whom we should wish to see more. Sir A. G. Cumming, in describing a fishing adventure among the rocks of the Findhorn, shows a remarkable power of bringing a scene before his reader's eyes, and making him understand and thoroughly to believe a

piece of complex strategy practised against the gallant enemy. There is no attempt at picturesque description; no painting of the scenery, nor exaggerating of the danger and the prowess. The effect is produced by the simplicity of the language, leaving that conviction of truth which is one of the greatest and most uncommon triumphs of style.*

The pretty book we have named second at the head of this Article, was announced to be written "by a Highland gentleman, resident in Normandy." It is now known to be the work of the late Walter Campbell of Islay, a man of good family and high connexion, born to a great estate, for many years keeping up a great establishment and a generous hospitality in his western island—the most benevolent, liberal, popular of Highland landlords, the favorite of rich and poor. At length, falling on evil days, and at a time too when Highland destitution claimed exertions too great for even his fortune, he left his well-beloved home, and chose to live in a country where he could more easily lay aside the trappings of a high position. He went into exile, but he went unbroken in spirit. Active and intelligent, he found sport and objects of curiosity and interest on the beautiful coast of Normandy. Looking down from the height of Avranches over the Bay of Cancale, with the romantic island-fortress of Mont St. Michel in full view, with a long range of sands teeming with fish and molluscs, some good streams yielding trout and a few salmon, in the midst of an interesting race of sea-fishermen, not seamen, gradually forming acquaintance with the gentry of the district and of Bretagne—our Highland gentleman was in a good situation to comply with the suggestion of a friend, who recommended his writing notes on French fishing and natural history, including, most appropriately, French cookery, for even Izaak Walton knew how important a part of the history of a fish is the manner of dressing it.

We confess we wish the author had given these notes in his own person, or that his editor had bravely cut out the slender thread of dialogue between the shadowy "Mr. Hope" and "Mr. Cross" which cumber the narrative, and deprives it of the *vraisemblance* and peculiar interest of a personal narrative, without adding the least bit of dramatic or picturesque effect. In spite of this defect of shape, however, and we cannot but respect the editor's motives for

giving the work untouched as the author left it, we have in these two volumes a great deal of interesting and amusing matter; and though the scene is in Normandy, the book and its author are genuine English, and may help us to illustrate English country life.

We do not care much for the sensible conversations about the state of France and French politics, and we will ask our readers to jump at once to some nice observations on natural history. Hear the history of a kingfisher's nest, captured by an Eton boy:—

"The first nest I ever saw was in the month of May. It was discovered quite by accident. Instead of fishing, I was swimming in the Thames, when I observed one of those beautiful little birds dart out of a hole close to me. I told two of my school-fellows of my discovery, so we provided ourselves with a landing-net, and next day we went to try and catch the bird as she flew out, but she escaped us then, for we saw her fly away when we were some yards distant from the bank. I suspect that they hear footsteps at a great distance when any one approaches their nest, and that they go at once, which is the reason they are so seldom perceived coming out of their holes. As I tell you, this lady escaped us that day, but as we were resolved to obtain her, one of my companions proposed that we should climb out of our dame's house at night, and at all risks make sure of our prize. Though such an expedition was a sort of high treason against the laws of Dr. Keats and Eton College, the temptation overcame all fears of birch. We agreed to go, and having provided a boat, a landing-net, and a spade, as soon as everybody was in bed we clambered over the garden paling, took our way to the river, got into our boat, and dropped gently down the stream till we came to the bank where the nest was. There the boat was softly pushed to the shore, and the bag of the landing-net was fixed over the mouth of the hole. When this was completed we no longer cared about keeping silence; we landed, and began to dig away the bank from above. This work had not continued many minutes when we heard the harsh disagreeable notes of the mother, who had darted from her nest and was screaming in the net, in which she was fairly entangled. The poor bird was soon placed in one of our hats, over the top of which a handkerchief was tied, and she was then deposited in the locker of the skiff, which operation was performed by one of my companions, who got his fingers well bit before it was accomplished. The mother being thus secured, we resumed our digging, which took us so long that day was breaking before we arrived at the nest. We worked very carefully for fear of injuring it, and well worthy was it of our trouble, for when at last we reached it, we saw something that looked like the carved ivory balls that are sent from China. One side only was open, and within were three young birds, nearly full fledged. This prize was placed first in a pocket-handkerchief, and then in a hat; the boat was

rowed back to its hiding-place, and we took our way home across the fields, and re-entered our dame's house without discovery; but we were so delighted with our success, that we were quite prepared to take a flogging without a murmur, had we been missed. The nest, in this instance, was very curious and beautiful; when cleared from the sand that adhered to it, it looked brilliantly white, and on close examination, it proved to be made of myriads of small fish bones, glued together with a brown substance. It was nearly circular, having only one side open; the top, bottom, and sides, were all composed of the same substance; the inside was covered with some of the light sandy soil which surrounded it, and which adhered to the bottom; the outside was beautifully white, and looked, as I said before, like carved ivory or lace."

Our author tells us, and no doubt correctly, that the "carved ivory" of the king-fisher's nest is composed of the accumulated castings of the old birds during incubation.

Then pass on to the peculiar modes of fishing on the sands of the Norman coast, which bring the author acquainted with some gentlemen of the neighbourhood, whom we wish also to introduce to our readers:—

"Those who knew provincial France some fourteen years ago," says the editor, "will recognise the country gentleman of old Norman and Breton type, who has so much in common with his Norse and British relations. They will know the warm, adventurous, hospitable, polite nature that still delights in love and war, danger and hardship; in riding, sailing, shooting, fishing, country life, good living, and good fellowship; and which in the olden time made vikings and gallant knights, hospitable chiefs, good soldiers and minstrels, of Norseman and Norman, Celt and Saxon."

If we could quite trust this friendly painter, or if much of France were such as he pictures Normandy and Bretagne, we should not have thought of contrasting English with Continental rurality. A party of gentlemen of the country, along with "Hope" and "Cross," go out to see the fishing; the French gentlemen dressed like their companions of a humbler rank, and working with their own hands and bodies, and with gay and light heart:—

"I must have a look at your nets, and see you start," said Hope.

"The Baron took his net from his shoulders, unwound it, and opened it to its full width. His elbows he placed against his sides, and grasped the poles about three feet from the upper end, sunk his hands on a level with his hips, holding the net tightly stretched and open, while the upper end of the poles nearly met behind him. He was ready in a moment, and marched into the water, pushing his net before him, and keeping as close as he could to the heel of the projecting rocks. The Mar-

quis and his companion also unwound their net, so that Hope saw it exactly as it had been described; each took a pole and advanced into the water, pushing the pole before them, and by leaning in opposite directions, keeping the net stretched to its utmost extent. Hope had kept his eye on the proceedings of the Marquis, and had not observed what the other two gentlemen were doing, but he now saw them trudging into the water in exactly the same manner as the Marquis and his friend, and was aware that there was no difference in the mode of proceeding. The Baron, with his single net, as we have already said, kept close to the heel of the rocks; the others kept farther out, the Marquis and his friend taking the outside, and in two minutes they were all toiling along up to their waists in the water.

"Half a minute spent in walking brought them to the point, and when they had clambered up a steep ledge the view opened upon them. On this side, as on the other, they saw an immense expanse of wet shining sand; but here several masses of flat red-looking rocks broke the sameness of the view, and several hundred men, women, and children were seen, either wading in the distant blue water, or scattered over the rocks or on the sand. In the far west were the rocks of Chausey; and in front was another promontory, on which stood the town of Granville—the spire of the church, the barracks, and the houses in the old town forming a broken sky-line—while the masts of the ships in the harbour could be distinctly seen cutting against the houses in the lower part of the town. The sea was dotted with the white sails of many of the three-masted luggers which the fishermen of Granville use for trawling. The day was so bright and beautiful that even an uglier scene would have seemed fair; and now there was so much life and movement, that Hope would fain have paused to look and admire for a while a panorama that gave him so much pleasure.

"Very good," said the Baron, examining his net; "I have some famous ones; there is nothing like the single net when it is well handled."

"Capital! Capital!" said the Marquis, who had shortened the net, and who was now looking into the bag which he carried in his hand. "Bah! don't talk of your single net—look here!"

"And look here," said the other couple, who were shaking the contents of their bag into the flat portion of the net.

"In each net there was a considerable quantity of prawns, shrimps, soles, and a few crabs. Many of the prawns were extremely large, and the shrimps were very fine. The crabs were rather larger than a man's fist; the soles were all small, none being larger than a man's hand, and many not half that size, but there were a great many of them.

"The best of the soles were selected and emptied into one basket, the crabs were put into another, and then the prawns and shrimps were thrown together into the other empty ones."

Here is another mode of fishing with

longer nets, "anchored" on the sands within the tide range:—

"I forgot to ask you what is the use of these little bundles of straw that the son had in his basket?"

"Sinks?" said Hope; "straw for sinks! that is something new."

"I was wrong to call them sinks," said Cross, "for in fact they are a sort of anchors. There are string loops fixed at every yard along the bottom of the nets, and at every two or three fathom of the lines; into each of these loops one of those straw bundles is fixed; a hole is then made in the sand, six inches deep; the straw is pushed into the hole, and with the tramp of a heel, the straw is covered, by which arrangement both nets and lines are so firmly fixed in their place, that neither fish nor sea can move them."

On their return they find the tide retired, and the net ready for drawing:—

"The sand was perfectly smooth below the net, showing no mark of the holes that had been dug to sink the straw anchors beneath it. The action of the water had made them quite flat; all that could be seen was about an inch of cord, holding the bottom of the net firmly in its place. . . . As the two fishermen moved along they came to the specks and lumps that had been seen from the end. There were fish of all sorts and sizes; every fish, whether large or small, had made a bag for itself by drawing a portion of the fine middle net through one of the large meshes in either of the outside walls. . . . There were two sorts of skate, the common skate and the thorn-back, some very large gar-fish, a few very fine mackerel, a quantity of soles, some of which were large, two or three demoiselles, one turbot, not large, but very thick and firm, five or six very fine brills, and a number of plaice and flounders.

"In the net these were all, but the lines had caught a great number of skate; no difference was made in the varieties; all were called raés. They had three bass, some conger-eels, and two lythe that would weigh about seven pounds each. Hope was glad to see these, for he at once knew them to be the same fish which are caught in such quantities on the coasts of Scotland, where they bear the same name.

"We must have the turbot, and also the large soles, for our bouillabaise," said Cross."

There is a narrow escape from a rapid return of tide, and a rescue by the help of a brave little fisher girl, described, not indeed with the picturesque power of Scott, but with simplicity and apparent truth; but we prefer some of the fishing scenes. Congers, it seems, are dug out of the sand by the help of a dog:—

"The old woman led the way along the outer edge of the rocks, till she came to a place where the sand run for a considerable distance into the body of the rocks, which rose rather steeply on either side of this sandy estuary. The sand,

however, was not smooth, for in all directions little mounds rose up, breaking the level.

"Go and seek, good dog Trompette," said the old lady when she had entered this creek.

"The dog started off, hunting in all directions. In a quarter of a minute he stopped at one of the little lumps, and began to scratch and whine like a terrier at a rat-hole.

"See! he has one," said the woman, as she ran towards the dog, brandishing her pickaxe. When she reached the place, she looked which way the hole ran, and then began tearing up the sand, which rose in lumps at every blow. After eight or ten strokes out tumbled a conger-eel about the same size as those in her basket; the dog and his mistress made a dash at it; the biped got it; the woman flung it with great force on the hard sand, and then quietly put it in her basket with the rest of her load, shouting, 'Seek again, Trompette.'

"Trompette obeyed, and in this way, within five minutes after entering the creek, the dog found, and the mistress dug up and basketed, three of those eels.

"And is this talent confined to the famille Trompette, or are there other dogs that do the same?"

"Other dogs are taught," said the old lady, "but my dog's family do it at once."

Our readers may wish to know how the fish is turned to account for the evening repast under the personal superintendence of the Marquis, who has laid aside his fishing attire, his ragged straw hat, blue flannel trousers and sabots of the morning, and receives the English strangers in the village hostelry, after their perilous adventure with the tide, in quite another guise.

"At the door stood the Marquis in black trousers, silk stockings, a smart silk waistcoat, a white neckcloth with very large bows, but a linen coat like that of an English under-butler in the morning when about to clean his plate. He held a white apron in his hand, which he began to tie round his waist the moment the Englishmen and their party came in sight. He was in a commiserative, not in an angry mood, which they learnt by his first exclamation.

"Here you are at last, and alive, Grâce à Dieu! what you must have suffered from hunger; you must be famished!"

"The kitchen was beautifully clean, and coming out of the dark, the light from the fire, lamps, and candles, made it so bright, it was a moment before they could see. When their eyes became accustomed to the brilliancy, which they did while the Marquis was speaking, they saw the table spread on one side of the fireplace; the cloth was covered with several dishes, on which were piled pears of various sorts, blue plums and green gages, apricots, two large pyramids of prawns, and a huge melon. Round the fire were a number of pots and pans, deep sunk in hot embers; before it was a long semicircular tin case, something between a plate-warmer and a Dutch oven; this case surrounded a spit, which was turning merrily. All the little charcoal stoves were glowing bright; be-

side them stood some covered stew-pans and a frying-pan, and at a little distance on either side were two of the beehive-looking baskets.

"He urged haste, and so effectually that the twenty minutes were very little exceeded when they again entered the kitchen and dining-hall.

"The Marquis was in all his glory. When they entered, he vanished for a moment and then returned in a coat of the last Paris cut, looking and acting the Marquis of the old school to perfection, as he begged the friends to place themselves at table."

An excellent scene follows, in which the Marquis teaches the Englishman how to cook the fish which the sea so bountifully supplied, and how to serve it and other viands at table—matters in which our countrymen of all degrees require education. He makes them eat melon with their roast mutton; reverses our insular order of the meal, by introducing the roast before the fish, and the vegetables last; gives admirable rules for the mystery of frying; and really reads a useful lesson on everything relating to kitchen and dinner. We are ready to adopt his prescription implicitly, if he will excuse our taking our champagne with the sweets!

We must not yield to such a tempting bill of fare, but merely inform our economical readers that the French *cordon bleu* gives approved practical rules for rendering eatable and savoury, fishes and sea-fowl which among us are thrown out as useless, and describes the proper cookery of snails and slugs. These and many recipes for filling the larder rather than adapted to increase sport, are mixed with observations on the habits of animals. The following, touching the regularity of our birds of passage, is curious:—

"The birds of passage arrive almost on the same day here that they do with us—both those which come to breed and those which come to hibernate. Of the first of these I may mention the nightingale and the landrail, whose voices may be heard almost on the same day that they are in England. This very spring I received a letter from a friend, in which it was said, 'there is a nightingale now singing under the window; it is the first time we have heard him this year.' Now on the very day this letter was written, I was fishing up the river at Ducie. In coming home late I heard a nightingale, and remarked to a friend who was with me that I heard him for the first time that year;—clearly showing that they must arrive at the same time in the two countries; and the same rule applies to the winter birds; one instance of which I may tell you, for it is very marked. I had the means of observing very narrowly the arrival of the brent-geese—*oie-cravant*, as they call them here. It was in a bay in Scotland where I used to watch them; and for five successive years the first flock was seen on the

16th of September. Well, last year, on the 18th of September, I went out in one of the trawling-boats, and took the gun with me. We sailed through a flock of these birds and put them up. I shot one, so that there could be no mistake. It was lean and evidently tired, for it sat so close as to allow me to get within shot of it, proving that it was lately arrived; but, from the number in the flock, it was not the first. In the flock I mention there were at least two hundred birds. Now in all the first flocks that I have seen arrive there never were more than twenty birds, who seemed to be the advanced guard of the great mass that came a few days later; and supposing that the same thing happens in France and in Scotland, I should say that the first *oie-cravant* arrives on the same day here that the brent-geese does in the bays of Ireland and Scotland."

On this subject, hear a voice from t'other side the Atlantic. Mr. Hind, in his interesting *Explorations of Labrador*, tells us the Brent-geese are found on all parts of that coast. They visit it twice a year, in spring and in autumn, as with us, but the marvellous coincidence is in the day of their autumnal arrival from their breeding ground: "They come from the interior with other species of geese, about September 15—remain about a month, then strike direct to the south."* St. John's experience on the east coast of Scotland does not quite coincide. He records that the flocks of Brent-geese appear on the coast of the Moray Firth in the first week of October, "or even as early as the end of September," continually increasing by new arrivals, and staying all winter in the wide firth and the Bay of Cromarty.—(P. 44.)

We hope we have shown our readers that Mr. Campbell's *Life in Normandy* is not a book of sport alone, nor entirely of natural history, nor of both together, like Mr. St. John's. It professes to describe "ingenious foreign devices and engines for ensnaring, growing, and gathering food, and for making it eatable," and it fulfils that undertaking. That such economical purposes are consistent with the other objects of sport is a recommendation which no sportsman should slight. It may enlarge the circle of his game. It will, at any rate, furnish him with useful occupation connected with his pastime. The bag of the sportsman must always derive its value, even in his eyes, from the acceptability of the contents in the kitchen. No doubt a woodcock is esteemed quite out of proportion to the quantity of food it affords. But that is because the delicate quality makes up for the little size. The

* *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula*. Henry Youle Hind, 2 vols. London, 1863, vol. i. p. 17.

love of victory cannot long entice a sportsman to make war on animals useless when killed. Shooting swallows is as difficult as killing snipe; but no grown man derives amusement from swallow-shooting, and it becomes quite irksome to spend a long day in landing salmon uneatable because out of season, however ready to take the fly. It is not only the falcon and kite which go free from the net, according to the Terentian proverb:—

“*Namque ex his nihil lucri est.*”

These volumes are illustrated with some clever drawings of Norman costume and scenery, very well lithographed.

But what is country life in England without fox-hunting? And what fox-hunter is to be named before “Tom Smith”?

Thomas Assheton Smith, while not coming up to our idea of the “English country gentleman,” as his friendly biographer characterizes him, was a type of the English fox-hunter, and embodied many of the qualities that go to make up the character of John Bull. He was good at all exercises and sports—could swim, row, fence, box, and play cricket with any man in England. He was a determined man, a man of strong will, brave as a lion. At Eton he fought “Jack Musters” in a battle which lasted an hour and a half, and was “drawn” at last; and throughout life he was quite willing to right himself by a “turn-up” with a coal-heaver or a rustic champion confident in youth and weight. Hasty, often even violent in language, he was yet just, generous, and humane—the John Bull of the French stage, the English country gentleman of our own middle comedy.

Of a good gentleman’s family, born to a large fortune, which greatly increased in his hands, with no children to provide for, no other expensive tastes to drain his purse, Mr. Assheton Smith—“Tom Smith” of the sporting world—devoted a large share of his income and his time for half a century to keeping hounds and fox-hunting, and was by unanimous consent the foremost rider, the leader of the English sport, the king of the chase. If he made fox-hunting somewhat too much the business of his life, he proved on the other hand that the rough sport does not harden a gentle nature. He loved his good horse, and could make the most ungovernable do his will—(let it be recorded in passing, Mr. Smith held a horse to be a more sensible animal than a dog)—he mourned over the death of a hound as he would over a dear human companion. And his love was returned. When the hounds were at the covert side waiting his arrival,

Dick Burton, the huntsman, used to say, “Master is coming, I perceive by the hounds,” and when he came in sight the pack bounded to meet him. So, in the morning, when first unkennelled, they used to rush to his study window or to the hall door, and stand there till he came out. Although he ranked the horse higher, he loved and valued his hounds. He used to say, there is a gravity and importance of demeanour in the countenance of a good hound, as if he knew his superiority over the rest of the canine species. Nor was this great fox-hunter affectionate only to his horses and hounds. “He had at several times several pet robins whom he constantly fed in the conservatory; and his favourite rooks, who used to come close to his library windows during the severe weather, were never sent empty away.”

With a robust constitution, invigorated by exercise and great temperance, in spite of innumerable accidents—for he had had a fall in almost every field of his Tedworth country—Mr. Assheton Smith seemed to bid defiance to the infirmities of age. He was Master of Hounds for fifty years, and hunted for the most part six days in the week. Until he had reached his eightieth year, says his biographer, he showed no signs of physical or mental decay. His head was as clear, and his hand as firm, as they had been twenty years before. If he felt not quite well of a morning, he used to plunge his head into cold water, and hold it there as long as he could. This, he said, always set him to rights. At that age he had restricted himself to four days’ hunting in the week, it is true; but on those days the farmers were delighted to see him vault on horseback as usual, and gallop down the sheep-fed hillsides with all the joyous alacrity of a boy of eighteen. Once, when he was gathering himself up after a bad fall, and a brother sportsman asked him if he were hurt, the old man answered gaily:—“Thank you, nothing ever hurts Tom Smith!” He lived to be eighty-two, and he hunted regularly till within two years of his death. His biographer, Sir John Eardley Wilmot, gives us a sketch of his life at Tedworth:—

“Let us cross from the kennels to the beautifully smooth lawn in front of the dining-room at Tedworth. The spectator, standing at one of the windows, looks into an open part of the park, studded here and there with noble timber. It is the first morning in November, somewhat dark and lowering, but the clouds, sailing through the sky steadily from the southwest, give indications of a good hunting-day. The leaf has not yet wholly fallen, but the gust is sweeping it in eddies from each group of trees over the stately hall. The woods which fringe the distant hills are clothed with their richest

mantle of russet and gold. The best pack in the kennel are already rolling themselves and disporting upon the grass; the huntsman and whippers-in are not far off, splendidly mounted, and, with their equipments, a sight to look at. In every direction are pouring in horsemen of every age and calling, coats of every colour, but the pink far predominating, and a sprinkling of the loveliest women in the world, either on horseback or in carriages. It is the opening meet of the season, and Tedworth's hospitable mansion is thrown open to every comer. In the midst is the squire on one of his well-known steeds, to all cordial and affable, for all a hearty welcome, for some a sporting joke, for others a jovial laugh. Here may be seen a throng of eager sportsmen, discussing with enthusiasm the prospects and pleasures of the season now about to commence: there a group encircling a lovely horsewoman, to be the subject of many a toast by and by, when the claret circulates freely after the toils and perils of the chase. In the meanwhile what capital cheer within the hall, what barons of beef, what interminable venison pasties! Breakfast ended—and no superfluous time is wasted in despatching it—away go the field.

The mighty hunter died in 1858. When arrangements were making for his funeral, George Carter, his old huntsman, sought an interview with the family friend who had the management, and with much earnestness thus addressed him: "I hope, sir, when I and Jack Fricker and Will Bryce (the whips) die, we may be laid alongside master in the mausoleum, with Ham Ashley and Paul Potter (favourite horses) and three or four couples of his favourite hounds, in order *that we may be all ready to start again together in the next world.*"

The authors of the last two books whose titles are prefixed to this paper, are clergymen; the one an Englishman, the other a Scot, both lovers of nature and the country. The Rev. Mr. Johns dates from "Wilton House, near Winchester;" and from some of his stories we gather that he receives pupils, and attends to their education there. If so, happy is the boy who gets his preparatory schooling in that house; who has the run of the garden so full of birds' nests; who may accompany the parson in his walk on the common; gather mosses, collect shells, tend an aquarium, help at a cherry harvest, or at that famous pear-gathering, where the fun was at least equal to the work.

Mr. Johns and Charles St. John should have been acquainted. How St. John would have liked to introduce his brother-observer to his tame mallards, his pet pochard, his peregrine, or the pet roe; to show him his wider range of sport and bird-study! How it would have delighted him to watch the birds' banquet in Mr. Johns' garden during

a hard frost, where the pugnacious redbreasts tyrannized over chaffinches and sparrows, and were carrying on war even with the warlike Tom-tits, till a common enemy, in shape of the house-cat, scatters the combatants. With what pleasure he would have watched the drama of the young cuckoo, whom Mr. Johns billeted upon the pair of fly-catchers, who were so proud of their monster nursling! The two naturalists would have differed on some points; and so much the better. St. John persuaded himself and some of his readers, that the bullfinches and small birds are beneficial to fruit trees. Mr. Johns lives in a cherry country; and even his love for the little birds cannot blind him to their destructiveness.

"*May 8th.*—I watched for some time this evening a Great Tit, busily occupied in a cherry-tree. He seemed to be searching intently for insects among the tufts of flowers, but his movements were accompanied by an incessant dropping of blossoms, all nipt off close to the calyx. I examined a large number of these, and found that in every case the flower was nipped off either across the tube of the calyx, just below the sepals, or that it contained a hole large enough to admit the beak of a bird, and too large to have been the work of an insect perforating for honey. Query,—does the Tit enlarge a hole in quest of an insect lodged there, or is it the prime originator of the mischief, plucking the blossom for the sake of the honey contained in the calyx-tube? I am inclined to the latter opinion; and if this be the true solution, I can account for the attachment displayed by chaffinches to my polyantheses, scores of which lie scattered on my flower-beds, nipped off just below the expanded petals. The ovary of the cherry blossom I found in every instance uninjured."

"*August 4th.*—A young Garden Warbler was shot yesterday in a neighbouring cherry orchard, having on its beak unmistakable evidence that in the fruit season it is not exclusively an insect-eater. Black cherries are a tell-tale fruit; at this season, not only are the beaks of birds stained of a dark purple hue, but every child one meets declares, without opening his lips, how abundant and popular is this wholesome fruit. But children are not the only cherry eaters; if you meet a grown-up person in this neighbourhood, and hazard the assertion, 'You have been eating cherries,' ten to one that the party addressed grins a confession, and, to prove the charge, shows his blackened teeth. Two years since, a high wind set in at the time when the black cherries were ripe, the effect of which was that the ground was thickly strewn with them. My cherry-trees stand in the same meadow in which I keep my cows. These speedily fell in with the popular taste: they lost their relish for grass, and picked up the scattered fruit with surprising adroitness, presenting a rueful appearance as to their lips."

Mr. Johns is disposed to question Mr. St. John's observation of the water-ouzel walk-

ing and feeding at the bottom of the burn. St. John is corroborated by Dr. Kinahan. On the other side are Mr. Waterton and M'Gillivray. Mr. Johns does not rashly decide. He calls for further observation — and so do we.

Another controversy among naturalists is noticed by Mr. Johns, and we can see how his opinion inclines; but in the old, old quarrel about the toad imbedded in solid rock, he again chooses to call for a fair field and no favour. There is some new evidence; Mr. Godfrey Sinclair indeed comes into the witness-box, without having much to tell of his own knowledge. Still, he has put it to Lord Tankerville, whether the marvellous legend of his Lordship's drawing-room chimney-piece at Chillingham giving birth to a toad, be true; and his Lordship's silence is significant.

The next witness is one who speaks from personal observation. Sir Alexander Cumming of Altyre, a careful observer, says, that during some cutting on a railway near Altyre, "I have myself seen numbers of living toads taken out of the conglomerate, at depths of from fifteen to twenty-four feet from the surface. An extensive and seemingly unbroken bed of rock cover the stratum in which these living toads are found." What Sir Alexander states of his own observation is not disputed. The whole question turns upon the nature of the rock, which *may* contain fissures large enough to allow of the tadpole being washed in from the surface, and of the animal being afterwards fed, and even fattened, upon the insects and minute animals which the water filtering will convey. Now, the controversy turning upon the nature and solidity of the rock, the supporters of the miracle undertook that the workmen should "carry large pieces of the rock to a given place, where they were to be broken in presence of intelligent witnesses;" but that *experimentum crucis* has not been made, or, if made, the examination has not turned out to their mind, for we have had no more of the toads in solid rock.

The question, settled long ago among good naturalists, is not likely to be put quite out of court; because now and then a young observer, finding a toad imprisoned in rock or coal, is very much struck with his own discovery, and has neither time nor inclination to peer about for cracks or chinks, which would end the miracle. He will rather believe that the poor toad has lived in his tight prison for countless thousands of years than that his observation could be imperfect; and yet a really accurate observer is very rare.

Mr. Johns is curious in bird-music and

knowing in bird language. The following is very discriminating: —

"It is not every dweller in the country who can discriminate to a certainty between the song of the Blackbird and that of the Thrush. The following hints may perhaps assist a listener desirous of deciding which of the two is performing: — Most of the notes of the Blackbird are uttered in a loud flute-like whistle; the Thrush also pipes, but in a less mellow tone, and its song is interspersed with passages which partake of the nature of a chirp rather than of a whistle. The song of the latter bird is further characterized by the iteration of short passages, composed of from two to four notes. Precisely the same strain is repeated four or five times without any intercalation of other notes. The performer then drops the theme, and after a short discursive passage takes up another, which it treats in the same way, and then abandons it for a third. Before it has gone through its whole repertory it returns to one of its favourite strains, and again rehearses other previously heard passages, but observing no regular order, and repeating more frequently than the rest some one particular combination of notes, which, though common to all birds of the same kind, is evidently the favourite lay of the individual bird. The Blackbird, on the contrary, after once uttering his favourite strain, which is generally longer than that of the Thrush, takes up another subject before he repeats it. His song contains iterations, indeed; but after each musical passage has been once repeated there comes either a pause, or a sequence of piping notes, which fall on the ear without rhythm."

Now with regard to the language of birds, he says, "A child might fancy a thrush to be saying at intervals of its song, Bo-peep, Bo-peep, Bo-peep, Bo-peep — how d'ye do, how d'ye do, how d'ye do, how d'ye do — Judy, Judy, Judy, Judy — what a pity, what a pity — Judy," etc. That is an English thrush; and we have no doubt he is well understood in the neighborhood of Winchester. Our Scotch mavis uses a north-country dialect. A poor half-witted creature in the country of our youth, named Kitty White, used to complain that the very mavis was jeering her, and calling after her, "Kitty White, Kitty White, Kitty White — Be wise! be wise! be wise!" The last word she pronounced like the German *weiss*.*

* There is some very amusing gossip about the language of animals in several successive numbers of the *Field*, of September and October last. Mr. W. Pinkerton has sought bird-language mostly among the French (and naturally, for, we know French is the language of birds!) As Scotsmen, we repudiate the "*A'am awa—Awa wi ye!*" which is said to be the finale of the cat's caterwauling! Here is a bit of quaint old English humour as our forefathers loved to join it with sacred things. In a Sussex church are paintings on the walls, of animals, represented, with scrolls issuing from their mouths, as

Mr. Johns explodes the theory of the "bleating" of the snipe being caused by the vibration of his wings:

"The characteristic note of the Snipe, which has received this name, is thus described by Yarrell, quoting Selby:—"These calls are always uttered upon the wing, and consist of a piping or clicking note often repeated, and accompanied at intervals by a humming or bleating noise, not unlike that of a goat, apparently produced by a peculiar action of the wings, as the bird, whenever the sound is emitted, is observed to descend with great velocity, and with a trembling motion of the pinions."

"Recent observation tends to show that this statement is inaccurate.

"The male bird, it is now known, sometimes perches on a tree, and Toussenel states that he has twice shot male birds perched on the top branch of an oak which stood in a marshy meadow of the Val-de-Loire. M. Toussenel adds, that the birds, when he shot them, were making the bleating noise described above; and several writers in the *Zoologist* assert that they have heard the same note proceed from the bird while perched on the ground. If this be so, the commonly received opinion that the noise is caused by the vibration of the wings while the bird is in motion through the air, cannot be entertained. The fact that it occurs only during the season of song, for it is never heard in winter, seems to favour the idea that it is a plain song of the bird, not more singular, after all, than the whirr of the Night-Jar or Grasshopper Warbler."

It is worth while extracting the following, to mark the precise time kept by the nightingale:—

"I have been scribbling on till it is not far from midnight, but I cannot put down my pen without making yet one more note. Yesterday, April 16th, is the day in which the Nightingale is generally heard for the first time in this part of Herts. I recollected just now that I had omitted to listen for it, so, to remedy my error as far as possible, I laid down my pen, and softly unbarred the front-door, for all the household but myself were asleep. A charming calm night, a bright moon, clear starlight, no sound but the distant rumbling of a railway train: it dies away; out of its ruins rises a faint shrill piping, indicating pain rather than rejoicing; and before that is well ended, out bursts the liquid gurgling note that no instrument but the throat of the Nightingale can produce. The Nightingale is arrived, and, happy augury, I have heard his song before that of the Cuckoo!"

Mr. Johns is worthy to dwell in a cherry country. He speaks with disgust of the cherries usually found in the city market:—

speaking of Christmas-tide. A cock crows—*Christus natus hodie!* An ox lows—*Ubi? Ubi?* A sheep bleats in answer—*In Bethlehem!* A drake quacks.—*Quando? Quando?* A raven replies in a croak—*In hac nocte!*

"No one of the common fruits is so rarely eaten in perfection as cherries. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, are perishable enough, and, the first two especially, ought to be gathered and eaten at once—and so they often are, for they grow in most gardens; but cherries are less frequent, and are grown, mostly to a limited extent, on trees trained against a wall in the gardens of the wealthy. Those which are sold in the market have been packed and shaken and unpacked, and tumbled from basket to basket, and handled so many times that they have lost the charm of freshness and almost their distinctive character. They are little better than clammy shrivelled skins, containing a mawkish sweet pulp and a large stone. But to plant a ladder against a tree as big as an oak, to mount ten or a dozen rounds, to turn round and lean against the bars, to pull towards you a branch thickly hung with dangling balls black as jet, smooth as glass, filled with juice, liquid, gushing, luscious, and to feel assured that however many you may eat, you have no worse effects to dread than the spoiling of your appetite for the next meal—this is an enjoyment which it would be unfair to call sensual. It ranks with nutting, bilberry-gathering, shrimping, angling, and other amusements which are pursued, not for the sake of indulging the appetite, but as fascinating pastimes."

Oh! to be again a little boy, and go fishing and birds'-nesting with the Rev. E. A. Johns, and to stand upon that twelfth round of the ladder and pull the "black-hearts" in handfuls into the mouth, till hands and lips were as purple as Bacchus!

The "Country Parson," whose "Recreations" stand next on the prefixed list, is not a sportsman—his cloth prohibits that, in Scotland—nor is he much of a naturalist, but he has a genuine love of the country, which entitles him to a place in our gallery; and some of his philosophy is to our present purpose, and we will use it. He has discovered that dwellers in town enjoy the country more than those who live there. He teaches what Shakspeare told us before, that

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;"

—that play is valued most by the hard-working man. The propositions are not new, but the author illustrates them happily. "The end of work," says he, "is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. . . . There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. . . . It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off for the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of everything around him, and quite another thing when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has

brought some worthy work to an end." In like manner, and with perfect analogy, the town man relishes rural scenes most keenly. The "Country Parson" had once lived in Threadneedle Street, and of course thought green fields and trees made Paradise; but found it not so.

"I live in the country now, and have done so for several years. It is a beautiful district of country too, and amid a quiet and simple population; yet I must confess that my youthful notion of rural bliss is a good deal abated. 'Use lessens marvel,' it is said; one cannot be always in raptures about what one sees every hour of every day. It is the man in populous cities pent, who knows the value of green fields. It is your Cockney (I mean your educated Londoner) who reads *Bracebridge Hall* with the keenest delight, and luxuriates in the thought of country scenes, country houses, country life. He has not come close enough to discern the flaws and blemishes of the picture; and he has not learned by experience that in whatever scenes led, human life is always much the same thing. I have long since found that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian innocence; that its apparent simplicity is sometimes dogged stupidity; that men lie and cheat in the country just as much as in the town, and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle; that sorrow and care and anxiety may quite well live in Elizabethan cottages grown over with honeysuckle and jasmine, and that very sad eyes may look forth from the windows round which roses twine."

"Yet, though in a gloomy mood, one can easily make out a long catalogue of country evils,—evils which I know cannot be escaped in a fallen world, and among a sinful race,—still I thank God that my lot is cast in the country. . . . I like the audible stillness in which one lives on autumn days; the murmur of the wind through trees even when leafless, and the brawl of the rivulet even when swollen and brown. There is a constant source of innocent pleasure and interest in little country cares, in planting and tending trees and flowers, in sympathizing with one's horses and dogs—even with pigs and poultry. And although one may have lived beyond middle age without the least idea that he had any taste for such matters, it is amazing how soon he will find, when he comes to call a country home his own, that the taste has only been latent, kept down by circumstances, and ready to spring into vigorous existence whenever the repressing circumstances are removed. Men in whom this is not so, are the exception to the universal rule. Take the Senior Wrangler from his college, and put him down in a pretty country parsonage; and in a few weeks he will take kindly to training honeysuckle and climbing-roses, he will find scope for his mathematics in laying out a flower-garden, and he will be all excitement in planning and carrying out an evergreen shrubbery, a primrose bank, a winding walk, a little stream with a tiny waterfall, spanned by a rustic bridge."

"You look with indescribable interest at an acre of ground which is your own. There is something quite remarkable about your own trees. *You have a sense of property in the sunset over your own hills.* And there is a perpetual pleasure in the sight of a fair landscape, seen from your own door. Do not believe people who say that all scenes soon become indifferent, through being constantly seen. An ugly street may cease to be a vexation, when you get accustomed to it; but a pleasant prospect becomes even more pleasant, when the beauty which arises from your own associations with it is added to that which is properly its own. No doubt you do grow weary of the landscape before your windows, when you are spending a month at some place of temporary sojourn, seaside or inland; but it is quite different with that which surrounds your own home. You do not try *that* by so exacting a standard. You never think of calling your own constant residence dull, though it may be quiet to a degree which would make you think a place insupportably dull, to which you were paying a week's visit."

"I know a man—an exceedingly clever and learned man—who in town is sharp, severe, hasty, a very little bitter, and just a shade ill-tempered, who on going to the country becomes instantly genial, frank, playful, kind, and jolly: you would not know him for the same man if his face and form changed only half as much as his intellectual and moral nature."

Here is our author's description of his return to his own parsonage, after a little absence:—

"You see the snug fire: the chamber so precisely arranged, and so fresh-looking: you remark it and value it fifty times more amid country fields and trees than you would turning out of the manifest life and civilisation of the city street. You are growing cheerful and thankful now; but before it grows dark, you must look round out of doors; and *that* makes you entirely thankful and cheerful. Surely the place has grown greener and prettier since you saw it last! You walk about the garden and the shrubbery; the gravel is right, the grass is right, the trees are right, the hedges are right, everything is right. You go to the stable-yard; you pat your horse, and pull his ears, and enjoy seeing his snug resting-place for the night. You peep into the cow-house, now growing very dark: you glance into the abode of the pig: the dog has been capering about you all this while. You are not too great a man to take pleasure in these little things. And now when you enter your library again, where your solitary meal is spread, you sit down in the mellow lamplight, and feel quite happy. How different it would have been to have walked out of a street-cab into a town-house, with nothing beyond its walls to think of!"

Such a writer has a healthy, happily constituted mind; and his book may help to make men more rural, happier, and better. And so adieu and all luck to the "Country

Parson!" If he is still a country parson, may his lawn and his shrubbery be ever green; may his manse be bright without and within, and his Yule log burn cheerily; may his parish love and value him! But if they have lured him to serve a town cure and to dwell in towered cities and the busy hum of men, may he be as "jolly" as such adverse circumstances will allow!

If a man is to devote himself to sport, there is no country where he can have sport so continuously as in Britain. Horace's usurer, who would give up his Lombard Street and lead an Arcadian life, anticipated some sport among the pleasures of his retirement. In the winter, he was to drive the covert for wild boar; but though he beat the wood with many dogs—*hinc et hinc multo cane*—it was only to drive into snares or traps the tusky pig whom our Indian youth sticks with the spear. The Roman wished to net hares, and thrushes, and cranes—let us hope the birds were ortolans and woodcocks in spite of "Riddle"—at any rate, they were for the pot—those *jucunda præmia*. In spring, summer, autumn, poor Alphius looked for no sport. Not so the English sportsman. Witness the columns of the newspaper, whose title we have joined with worthy company at the head of this Article. What country but Britain could furnish subjects or readers for the weekly sheet devoted to rural pleasures! Under its present management, and showing everywhere the genial influence of Mr. Frank Buckland, and occasionally the curious research of Mr. Pinkerton, *The Field* comes very near to all we desire in a rural paper. It has shaken off the occasional coarseness that offended us in our old friend *Bell's Life*, and without altogether renouncing the old manly prize-fight, and the thoroughly English race-course, it finds room, and turns the attention of its readers—town readers as well as rustics—to the more elegant and civilizing pursuits of natural history and gardening. To one who, like ourselves, does not habitually receive it, a file of *The Field* opens up unexpected enjoyment. It is not any of the subjects of sport or exciting amusement—the hunting, racing, coursing, yachting—that strikes us most. It is the wide-spreading interest the paper proves in subjects of natural history—in times and habits of animals, from deer to snails—in farming and gardening—in all plants and fruits—in everything rural—by people of all ranks and in every situation. It seems as if every village, from Cornwall to Caithness, had a naturalist who communicates his local observations, or states his

puzzles, either honestly signing his name, or modestly veiling it under initials. In a late number (5th December), we observed notices of dilatory migration of swallows from Littlehampton, Sussex; from Burton-on-Trent; from Rochester; from Weston-super-mare; from Hastings: Of uncommon birds, from Camden-town; from Colchester: Of the shrew mouse and frogs, from Marlborough: Of the robin's migration to Malta!—Of the unconjugal fight of the white-headed eagles, who reverse our human customs, for the wife gets in a rage and kills the husband, from Dr. Bree of Colchester: Of black-cap warblers, and golden-crested wrens, and Bohemian waxwings, from Wick,—alas! what did they there in December? These trifling notices open scenes of rural occupation, of intelligent enjoyment free to poor and rich. Were we to make a tour through England—and where will the tourist find so enjoyable a route as that despised one of home-land?—we should seek out these correspondents of *The Field*, and place ourselves under their guidance, each in his own parish.

With the help of *The Field*, a stranger might form some idea of country life among us. The character of the man who can enjoy the whole cycle of its sports is, we fear, beyond foreign comprehension. We would gladly lay aside our editorial impersonality for a page, to make our readers a little acquainted with a real living sportsman, in company with whom we poor scribbler have sometimes lived.

Our friend—we may call him so, without naming him—is high-born, and not being born to estate or wealth, he is free of the entanglements which beset the great, much more than men of low degree will believe. But our friend's birth and connections give him the *entrée* to some of the best sporting quarters in England and Scotland; and his experience and knowledge and hearty love of sport, not to mention the unselfish nature of the true sportsman, make him a welcome addition to any sporting party. Take the manner of his life then, as he has described it to us while we ate our luncheon together by the moorland spring, and while the gillies were emptying the bags on the heather beside us:—"In November, at my brother-in-law's, who keeps foxhounds, but hardly hunts, and leaves their management to me, we have the kennels and drafts to put in order; to see the young hounds out; to enter them with a little cub-hunting; and as the weather gets wintery, and the grass well down in the ditches, we get into the full swing of the hunting season. If frost sets in steadily, the young fellows are off to

town, but one or two old ones like myself, who don't care for London drawing-rooms and clubs, find the country still pleasant. We steal quietly through the covers for a pheasant or a cock—enough for our own larder and for presents to neighbours—but battues are not in fashion with us. When the weather is open we hunt thrice a week, and on the idle days I tie a few salmon flies, read *The Times*, or a good novel, when so rare a thing is to be had."

We discovered later, that his reading is more extensive. He is Eton bred, and didn't he surprise us once with a pretty *jeu d'esprit* in Latin, in good set longs and shorts, right in quantities and in sense! But we must not interrupt our friend:—"As the hunting-season draws to an end, and the birds begin to sing, I am off for the North; for above all sport, far above any other amusement, stands salmon-fishing. I am an old fellow, and I tell you the most exciting moment of my life is when I strike the first fish of the season, and he makes the reel scream as he takes off thirty yards of the line at a dash. For two months of spring I spend most of daylight in the Spey,—not fishing it, as the luxurious Southern do their Tay and Tweed, from a boat, but on foot; from the bank where it is deep, and wading where it gets wadeable."

We have sometimes watched our stalwart friend stalking through the quick streams below the Cruives of Spey, and throwing a long straight line from that huge rod of his, while the bits of floating ice popple harmlessly against his well-cased legs (*εὐκνήμιδας*). But thus he went on:—"In midsummer time there is a space of two months when there is really nothing to do, and I often spend the months of June and July at a pretty German watering-place. I like that country and the people, and it is amusing to figure what might be made of such materials for sporting purposes, if the people were but awake to the capabilities of their country. When the cherries are over, and Baden is getting too hot, it is time for Scotland again; and I am here always before the 12th, with the excuse of something to do in the way of preparation, however well M'Bean looks after his kennel. Grouse-shooting is the perfection of steady autumn amusement. No day without a bag! The autumn months are pleasanter in Scotland too than anywhere else. I have tried in Europe, and the sport suits the season; nice easy work, with exercise enough to brace and bring the constitution up to its highest health. One might tire, indeed, of the unceasing repetition of good grouse-shooting, such as we have it here,

varying only in a few birds more or less in the bag, as the day has been wet and windy, or too hot and still, or just the light breeze that bears the scent to the dogs, and keeps them and us cool. This work might at last tire one, were it not for that dear deceitful river which lures me out day after day to whip its streams, and at this season rewards me only with the sight of a big tail, as the monster flounders through the water beside my fly; or if I do hook him by chance, and succeed in landing him through all that broken water and rock, I find him a black-amoor, such as we were condemned to eat yesterday." Reader, the fish of yesterday was an excellent new-run salmon, in good condition. The cook had dressed it in slices, as salmon should be dressed, and we approved even of its rich colour, though inclining to copper. The dark river soon gives that colour.

"But it is neither the shooting, nor that pretence of fishing, that makes this season and this place the best of my year. It is the fresh, brisk air—the beautiful hill and glen—the solitude of this wild scene; for why need a man shut out a bit of poetry when it runs against him?" Little thought our friend that his whole yarn rung in our ears like an idyl of the most genuine poetry. "Add to all that, the free life we lead at the shieling. Am not I right, that, after a day's shooting, a dinner in our shooting-jackets, with the deal table and the sanded floor for all splendour, with fresh-killed salmon, a leg of that dwarfy mutton, some grouse, a dish of potatoes bursting, their brown jackets, for viands,—all dressed by Mrs. M'Bean and her neat-handed Phyllis, with the permitted pipe, and the tumbler of four-year old Brackla after,—is far above the most careful feast at the 'Trois frères,' or even under the hospitable roof of the 'Père Philippe!' I really don't know why we leave this place so soon as we do. I suppose the weather gets disagreeable to some of the party. For my part, I don't dislike the rough weather of autumn; the fire of peats, with a topping of birch billets, makes a good addition to our evening enjoyments; and for sport, it gets better to the last. Grouse-shooting in the end of September and October is much finer and more exciting sport than the first of the season. A dozen brace then are worth having, and take some skill and patience to bag them, very different from the unfledged chickens of the 12th. But, like everything else that is good, this life comes to an end, and next week we are to have our two days' final driving of the wood in the glen for vermin and roe and fox. It seems against

nature with me to shoot a fox, but the farmer's joy when he sees one rolled over, and carries him home for skinning, reconciles one to the atrocious deed. Last of all, we have our day of the white hares; all the guns along the tops, and the school-children, with whom this is an annual holiday, scattered about the lower grounds to keep the hares moving, who move upwards and meet their fate. The boys have a brace of hares a-piece, and after that distribution there are more than the keepers and gillies can carry away. That is the last scene here, for which reason I mention it; but I have known it occasionally, when the snow was well-baked, and the air still and bright, a very pleasant, lively day.

"The next scene of my life is in a mid-land county, among muddy turnip-fields, and covert sides. Partridge-shooting is the prose of gun sport. It is a pity the season for it and the grouse-time could not be reversed. One might enjoy English shooting *before* a day like this. But even a little partridge-shooting is amusing. The abundance of game is pleasant, coming after the wild season of grouse; the working of the high-bred dogs with their English keeper is a beautiful thing; and as October brings rough weather as well as pheasant-shooting, the change from this stormy hill-side and the sanded floor of our bothy, to the shelter and comfort of an English country-house and ladies' society, is not an unmitigated evil.

"A very small change takes me on from the partridge ground to the kennels and the fox-hounds again, and so I have gone round the dial of my year!"

"Thus sang the swain: . . .

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue,
To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!"

Our friend, this noble sportman, chose to measure and mark the circle of his year by the succession of his sports; but that was a fancy, like the shepherd's, who marks the time of day by the little flowers that blow at certain hours. No one who bore him company in sport; no one who had the privilege of smoking a pipe with him after a day of cheerful exercise, could set him down as a mere hunting, shooting, fishing machine. There is a fund of pastoral feeling, of unconscious poetry, that underlies the character of every sportsman worthy of the name. Very different, to be sure, was the sportsman whom St. John has somewhere mentioned:—C.'s whole occupation was sport. He shot or fished, he said, every week-day, all daylight. "But what of Sunday?" asked St. John: "Oh! on winter Sundays

I tie flies, and in summer there are the wasps to kill in the drawing-room windows." C. *did* live a long way from church.

But cases like these are quite exceptional; and for the most part, be it well understood, it is not he who lives for sport alone that enjoys sport most; it is not the man who hunts six days out of seven, like "Tom Smith," that has most pleasure in fox-hunting. The man who really enjoys a run with the hounds is the tired merchant or student; the overworked lawyer, provided he can still sit a horse across country; the squire whose squireship brings duties and obligations that leave only a little time for sport. Let sportsmen, even of the higher class of mind, remember how St. John regretted being an idle man.

"Sport," however, is emphatically for the rich. *Non cuivis homini contingit*; few can afford Melton, or a deer-forest in Scotland. For this, among other reasons, we welcome another occupation of the rising generation. In our own time a pastime has come in which promises to be for our people what archery was of old. The Rifle requires a good eye, steady hand, nerve, coolness. To have these in perfection supposes vigorous health, the fine condition of the old athlete. Intemperance is fatal to the rifle shot; even the minor intemperance of tobacco is injurious. These are circumstances which should make favour for this pastime as a pastime. But it has other advantages. We do not speak of its military and political effect at present. Rifle contests, like Cricket in England, like Curling in Scotland, mix all classes in friendly trial of skill, where skill alone wins. The gentleman learns to respect the yeoman who can beat him at the target. The tradesman who is beaten bears no ill will to the gentleman whose better eye or nerve, perhaps his greater sobriety, gave him a higher score. He even insinuates that he could have beaten the squire if it had not been for that confounded ale-house. We sincerely hope, on all accounts, that the "Rifle movement" may be general and permanent.

With all these inducements to rural pleasure, we are not afraid of our countrymen becoming too fond of sport,—making it too much their chief object of life, and roughening into Nimrods and "Tom Smiths." The pressure of business and of society is sufficient counter-balance; and with many natures indulgence begets satiety. We have said that our idea of an English country gentleman is somewhat different from that of the biographer of "Tom Smith." But setting aside our *beau idéal*, the usual average every-day English country gentleman is something alto-

gether different from the "Squire Westerns" and "Harkaways" of last century, and, we believe, equally different from the landed proprietor of any other country in the world, in habits and occupation. Look what he is and what he has to do. Our average country gentleman has been educated at a public school and a university, and has brought away some Latin and Greek, and a taste for literature as well as for the classical institutions of cricket and boating. His boyish sports gave him the manly tastes and habits of a sportsman, patient of fatigue, cold, and hunger. Now of middle age, he has duties which fill a great deal of his time. His family, his neighbours, the superintendence of his farm and his whole estate, claim his attention by turns. He is a magistrate (unpaid), and he does duty at Quarter Sessions. He must attend vestry and parish meetings, road meetings, and numerous boards for the local affairs of his district, especially the administration of the poor-law. Then he has some pursuits not of such rigorous duty, and some hobbies. From the general progress of the country he is much richer than his forefathers, who lived roughly on the same land; and with wealth comes luxury. He loves to adorn his place. He has a taste for gardening and such knowledge of art as education and travel give a man. The house of his forefathers—a square ugly edifice of Queen Anne's time—is capable of improvement, and, bit by bit, he breaks it with gables and oriels, dormers, and garden stairs, into a nondescript but very picturesque mansion. The formal old garden and orchard he has to change and diversify with shrubberies of evergreens and glades of green sward, without spoiling the spacious terrace, and the straight avenue of noble elms. Then there is the library to keep up. It is not like the one at Althorp, for our country gentleman is an average one, but it goes back a few generations, and has a sprinkling of Cavalier pamphlets, and a fair representation of the literature when Pope sang and Addison supplied the want of *The Times* and *Saturday Review*. It is a pleasant occupation for time and money to keep it up as it should be, and be assured it requires some judgment and accomplishment. The squire is no deep scholar, but he can correct his boy's exercises, and has even a weakness for Latin verses, and sometimes throws off such jingle as the following:—

"Rideant vernæ attonitusque pagus

Saxa tollentem nitidos per

agros,

picking stones.

Sarculo aut^herbis metuenda
pravis illa *spudding thistles.*
Be minantem.

Liber horarum dominus mearum
Indoli moremque gerens, honestis
Temperem ludum studiis, honesto
Seria ludo;

Quo libet solus vager, ambulansque
Verba connectam socianda chordis
Rustico plectro numeros secutus
Vatis Horati."*

Thus done into English by the young Etonian:—

"Let them still stare and laugh, the village
clowns,
As, picking stones, I wander through the
park,
Or, with my spud in hand, right o'er the
downs,
Death deal to thistles.

Lord absolute of my own acts and hours,
Humouring my wayward fancy, let me mix
Study with sport; and when the work-cloud
lowers,
Find light for play.

Let me at will, alone, still wander forth,
Weaving the words to suit some favourite air,
Or murder, in the jargon of the North,
Horace's sapphics."

The old family pictures, though not of high merit, are to be preserved, and the walls of the new rooms require some good specimens of modern art. Mamma must have her children's pictures by Frank Grant and James Swinton, and a few costly miniatures of Thorburn and Ross, but the squire has a longing for a landscape of Calcott, or a scene by Phillip to remind him of an early ramble in Andalusia.

The yearly visit to Town may be put down as a sacrifice to fashion. But it is not for fashion that the family move in autumn to Scotland. The squire calls that his holiday. He has formed a second home in the glen where his boys have grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing, and the girls if they don't make much of trout-fishing, at least learn to walk. They go down without equipage or horses, and live that free simple life which makes the month at the Glen the happiest of their year. They are getting very fond of half a dozen shepherd's families near them, and pretend that the Highlanders are more gentle, as well as more intelligent, than the sturdy clod-hoppers of their English valley.

* The "English country gentleman" who penned these rustic rhymes was Robert Viscount Hampden. His collected poems—altogether delightful, if the shape and type were not too magnificent, were published at Parma—*typis Bodonianis*—by his son.

Returning from Scotland—business has accumulated, and the squire has not time for partridge-shooting but as needful exercise. A day of pheasant-shooting is hardly sport; but when his duties and occupations leave an idle day, with what pleasure does our squire mount his favourite old horse for a near meet of the Duke's hounds! Perhaps he might not have believed he had leisure, if the young Etonian who is at home for Christmas did not convince him. Together they ride out, and the boy admires "the Governor's" straight riding and knowledge of country. The frost comes just in time, for the full moon has brought a new flight of woodcocks, and the squire makes a holiday to show the young fellow some covert shooting, and make him admire the thriving new plantation and the rides he has cut through the old wood; and to be sure they are admired as only a son can admire a father's work and his own place.

Our English country gentleman unlike his forefathers is quite temperate. The "October" of his grandsire and his father's bottle of Port are fined down into a glass of sherry and a pint of claret. His health is good, because mind and body are sufficiently occupied with cheerful and varied work. He is a good parent, master, landlord, neighbour. His people have always been so in worse times, and he is not to degenerate. It is a slander to say he prefers his pheasants to his tenants, and the cottages on his estate are in good repair as well as his kennels. He is a churchman, of the Established Church, and never thought of any other. The parish living is in his gift, and will be enjoyed by any one of the younger sons who takes to learning and shows a vocation. In politics the family have always been Tories, but our squire has outlived the delusion of "Protection to native industry" from finding that industry thrives best unprotected, and that his rents are rising under free trade. He confesses that the Reform Act was a bitter pill, but it has brought him and the neighbouring farmers to a kindlier understanding, and he is becoming quite acceptable on the hustings and at election canvasses. His son, the young Etonian, who is popular as the captain of the Volunteer Rifles, and leader of the village eleven at cricket, is even getting up some topics for a *concio ad populum* when he shall be old enough to stand for the neighbouring borough, and thinks of enrolling himself as a follower of Lord Stanley.

We feel what we have written is a rough and unworthy sketch of the country life of England. It may serve our present purpose, which is partly to tell foreigners

how we live. When any country can show the proprietors of its soil so occupied, so amused, it will have secured one element of the greatness and the happiness of Britain.

ART. II.—*Exposé de la Théorie Mécanique de la Chaleur.* Par M. VERDET. Paris, Hachette et Cie., 1863.

2. *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion.* By JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S., etc. London, Longmans, 1863.

VARIOUS considerations appear to render it desirable that we should attempt to give a popular account of modern discovery with regard to the nature, and the mode of action, of Heat. And it will be peculiarly gratifying to our readers to find that to this country, which has so far outstripped the rest of the world in the development and use of machines in which heat is the motive power, is also mainly due the credit of having produced those philosophers who have traced to its origin the vast mechanical effect which is everywhere derived from the combustion of coal through the agency of the steam or the air engine. The only popular treatises on this important subject, with which we are acquainted, are indicated above, and will be examined briefly towards the close of the Article.

What is Heat?—We have no wish to stupify our readers with the metaphysical arguments on this question, which, in countless heaps, encumber the shelves of mediæval libraries; nor do we think that if we had ourselves attempted their perusal, we should now be able, with a clear head and unpuzzled mind, to sit down to our work. From the earliest times man's apprehension of the connections and bearings of natural phenomena has been rendered uncertain and imperfect by his wilfully ignoring the great fact that Natural Philosophy is an *experimental*, and not an *intuitive*, science. No *a priori* reasoning can conduct us definitely to a single physical truth, and what has been called the Principle of Sufficient Reason has led to numberless mistakes in science, of the most pernicious character. Hence it matters not to us what Aristotle or Bacon may have laid down, Locke and Descartes imagined, or Leibnitz stolen, with regard to the nature of heat. Locke, it is true, was correct in his *results*, so far at least as our present information enables us to judge, but his *method* will not bear a moment's scrutiny. Let metaphysicians keep to their prop-

er speculations, about mind and thought, where they are, at all events, safe from being proved to be in the wrong, however extravagant their conclusions may appear to the less presumptuous, and therefore (if on no other account) less fallible, student of the laws of matter.

We shall not waste much time in a preliminary sketch of the early history of our subject. It might, perhaps, be made very attractive, but the materials for it have not yet, to our knowledge, been collected. The rapid march of modern discovery renders it not only useless, but destructive, to the progress of the Natural Philosopher to endeavour to explore the beginnings of his science. While he gropes about, seeking the source, his contemporaries are borne, with ever-increasing swiftness, along the broadening and deepening current of the river, to the "great ocean of truth which lies unexplored before them."

In the physical world we are cognisant of but four elementary or primordial ideas besides the inevitable *Time* and *Space*. They are *Matter*, *Force*, *Position*, and *Motion*. Of these, motion is simple change of position; and force is recognised as the agent in every change of motion. Till we know what the ultimate nature of matter is, it will be premature to speculate as to the ultimate nature of force; though we have reason to believe that it depends upon the diffusion of highly attenuated matter throughout space. But, keeping to the four elementary ideas above, it is evident that to one or other of these every distinct physical conception must be referred. To which does Heat belong? The old notions of heat were that it was *Matter*; or, according to some philosophers, *Force*. It is only within about a century that proofs have been gradually arrived at that sensible, or thermometric, heat consists of *Motion*; while the so-called "Latent Heat" of Black may possibly not be heat at all, but may consist of *Position*. These are startling statements, as we have made them, but they will be fully explained, and to some extent developed, in the course of the Article.

Thus it appears, that of the four available hypotheses as to the nature of Heat the *two necessarily erroneous* ones have, till lately, been almost universally adopted. So much for the trustworthiness of the metaphysical treatment of a physical question! Such a lesson should never be lost sight of; so deserved and so complete a refutation of the sophistical nonsense of the school-men, and so valuable a warning to the Natural Philosopher who is disposed to *a priori* argument as more dignified and less laborious

than experiment, can scarcely occur again. Even the despised perpetual-motionist has more reason on his side than the metaphysical pretender to discovery of the laws of nature; he, to his cost — but to his credit also — appeals to experiment to test the validity of his principle; but the mighty intellect of his rival scorns such peddling with apparatus, to *it* all truth is intuitive; nay more, what *it* cannot comprehend cannot be truth. But the days of its authority have nearly expired — luckily for human progress.

When heat was considered to be matter, under the name of *Caloric*, it was regarded of course as uncreatable and indestructible by any process at the command of man. And we cheerfully allow that many very plausible explanations of curious physical phenomena were arrived at by the labour and ingenuity of the partisans of this theory. Thus it was natural to suppose, that when caloric entered the body, or rather combined with it, the body should in general expand; and even when heating produced contraction there were analogies, quite sufficient to bear out the theory, supplied by such mixtures or alloys as alcohol and water, or copper and tin; where the bulk of the compound is considerably less than the sum of the bulks of the components. Conduction of heat, or transference of caloric from one body to another, or from part to part of the same body, also presented no difficulty. So it was with the experiments which led to what was called (from the principles of this theory) the *specific* heat of bodies; it had merely to be assumed that different bodies required different proportions of caloric to be mixed with them to produce equal effects in the form of change of temperature. Thus, the specific heat of water being called 1, that of mercury is .033, *i.e.*, a pound of water requires 30 times more caloric to be mixed with it to produce a given change of temperature (measured by the thermometer), than a pound of mercury. The fact that in heating ice no rise of temperature is observed, however much heat may have been applied, until the whole of the ice is melted — and similar phenomena observed in every case of melting or liquefaction, as well as in boiling or vaporization — led Black to propound the doctrine of Latent Heat. The fundamental ideas of this doctrine, that water differs from ice at the same temperature simply by the admixture of a definite equivalent of caloric; that the steam which escapes from boiling water, though showing the same temperature to the thermometer, contains a vastly greater amount of caloric; and similar ideas for all similar

cases, were thus easily and directly reduced to the caloric theory. The additional quantity of caloric in such cases was supposed simply to change the molecular state of the body, without altering in temperature: hence the name. In all this there need be no hesitation, so far as we can see, in pronouncing the explanations given by the material theory of heat quite satisfactory, although in many cases they are certainly cumbrous, and difficult of application.

But another class of common phenomena afforded no such easy application of the theory, namely, the development of heat by friction or concussion; and it must be allowed that many of the warmest supporters of the caloric hypothesis frankly admitted that their explanations of these effects were not quite satisfactory. The general tendency of these explanations was towards assuming a change in the capacity for caloric to be produced by the disintegration caused by friction or by the compression caused by impact—though it was excessively difficult to see how two such opposite processes could *each* produce a *diminution* of the capacity. And although the difficulty is *lessened* by considering a change in both capacity and latent heat to be produced by attrition or condensation, it is by no means *removed*.

The mischievous consequences of long persistence in a false theory were perhaps never better exemplified than in the case of this supposed materiality of heat; for so completely were the scientific men of last century imbued with it, that when Davy gave a conclusive proof of the *actual creation of heat* in a very simple experiment, his consequent argument against the materiality of heat (or the existence of caloric) attracted little attention, and was treated by many of those who condescended to notice it as a wild and extravagant speculation. It is certain that even Davy himself was led astray in his argument, by using the hypothesis of change of capacity as the basis of his reasoning, and that he might have been met successfully by any able Calorist who, though maintaining the materiality of heat, might have been willing to throw overboard one or two of the less essential tenets of his school of philosophers.

But Davy's experiment, rightly viewed, is completely decisive of the question; and, in spite of the imperfection of his reasoning from it (due entirely to the prevailing sophisms of the Calorists), was perfectly satisfactory to himself. He developed, in a singularly brief and lucid form, the fundamental principles of the true theory, in a tract, forming part of the *Contributions to*

Physical and Medical Knowledge, principally from the West of England, collected by Thomas Beddoes, M.D., published at Bristol in 1799.

Davy commenced by causing two pieces of ice to rub against each other, until both were almost entirely melted by the friction. Here water considerably above the freezing point was produced, and as the capacity of ice for heat was known to be less than that of water, it followed at once from this experiment, that the ice contained more caloric after being melted than before, because—(1.) Its temperature was raised, and its capacity for heat increased; (2.) It had in addition the latent heat of fusion. Unless, then, it had drawn caloric from surrounding bodies there must have been creation of caloric, a result perfectly inadmissible to supporters of the material theory. To show that no heat was abstracted from surrounding bodies, he proceeded to cause two pieces of metal to rub against each other by means of clockwork, the whole apparatus being placed on a block of ice, which had some unfrozen water in a canal on its surface, and enclosed in a very perfect vacuum, produced by the now well-known application of carbonic acid gas and caustic potash. Here again heat was developed by the friction, but it did not come from the ice (for the water in contact with it was not frozen), nor from surrounding bodies (for in this case it must have passed through, and melted, the ice, but the ice remained unaltered). From these perfectly conclusive experiments, Davy proceeds thus:—

"Heat, then, or that power which prevents the actual contact of the corpuscles of bodies, and which is the cause of our peculiar sensations of heat and cold, may be defined a peculiar motion, probably a vibration, of the corpuscles of bodies, tending to separate them. It may with propriety be called the repulsive motion."

"Bodies exist in different states, and these states depend on the differences of the action of attraction, and of the repulsive power, on their corpuscles, or in other words, on their different quantities of attraction and repulsion."

Let us here remark, incidentally, what an immense simplification is at once introduced into our conception of the laws which regulate the intermolecular forces in bodies. Davy, by a single sentence or two, thus demolished for ever the ingeniously unnatural speculations of Boscovich and his school, who represented the law of the force exerted by one molecule or particle of a body on another, by a most complex alternation of attractions and repulsions, succeeding each

other as the distance between the two was gradually diminished, a law so inconsistent with the simplicity of that of gravitation, as to lead us to wonder that it was ever seriously propounded.

Davy, in fact, makes this very application, and illustrates the effect of the repulsive motion in balancing the attraction of cohesion in bodies by the very apt comparison of the orbital motion of a planet preventing its being drawn nearer to the sun. We shall not attempt to follow his further development of this discovery, where he falls into an ingenious mistake in consequence of his belief in the corpuscular theory of light. It has nothing to do with our subject; yet though now known to be erroneous, it is worthy of its author.

The rest of this short tract, so far as it relates to heat, is concerned with the laws of communication of heat, which he shows to be quite analogous to those of the communication of motion. It was not, however, so far as we know, till 1812 that Davy distinctly laid down, in a perfectly comprehensive form, the law of the phenomenon. In his *Chemical Philosophy*, published in that year, he enunciates the following perfectly definite and most important proposition:—

“The immediate cause of the phenomenon of heat, then, is motion, and the laws of its communication are precisely the same as the laws of the communication of motion.” The immense consequences of this statement we shall presently consider, after we have briefly described the labours of a contemporary of Davy, who almost succeeded in 1798, in demonstrating the immateriality of heat; but whose work is especially valuable as containing the first recorded approximation to the measurement of heat in terms of ordinary mechanical units, which, singularly enough, does not appear to have been attempted by Davy.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for the last-named year, there is a most instructive paper by Count Rumford, entitled, *An Inquiry concerning the Source of the Heat which is excited by Friction*. The author's experiments were made at Munich while he superintended the boring of cannon in the Arsenal; indeed, he remarks, that “very interesting philosophical experiments may often be made, almost without trouble or expense, by means of machinery contrived for the mere mechanical purposes of the arts and manufactures.” He was struck with the very great heat developed by the friction or attrition of the steel borer on the brass casting; and especially, in comparing it with the very small quantity of chips or

powder removed from the metal, justly observing that it was inconceivable that a mere *change* of the capacity for heat in so small a relative quantity of brass, could develop heat sufficient in some cases to *boil* a large quantity of water.

“In reasoning on this subject,” he says, “we must not forget to consider that most remarkable circumstance, that the source of the heat generated by friction in these experiments, appeared evidently to be *inexhaustible*.”

“It is hardly necessary to add, that anything which any *insulated* body, or system of bodies, can continue to furnish *without limitation*, cannot possibly be a *material substance*, and it appears to me to be extremely difficult, if not quite impossible, to form any distinct idea of anything capable of being excited, and communicated in the manner that heat was excited and communicated in these experiments, except it be *MOTION*.”

We shall have occasion again, more than once, to make valuable extracts from this extremely lucid and philosophical paper; meanwhile we may merely observe, that Rumford has pointed out other methods to be employed in determining the amount of heat produced by the expenditure of mechanical power, instancing particularly the agitation of water or other liquids, as in churning.

It may be well to pause for a moment at this stage, and carefully consider to what extent the true theory of heat had really been advanced about the commencement of the present century. And it is easy to see from the preceding pages that the following important facts were then completely acquired to science:—

- I. That Heat is Motion; or rather, in strict modern phraseology, Energy.
- II. That the laws of its communication are the same as those of the communication of Motion (or Energy).
- III. Hence that the laws of the communication of Heat are those laid down by Newton with such expressive brevity in the Scholium to his Third Law of Motion.
- IV. Hence, that Heat has a definite mechanical value, and may be converted into mechanical effect, and *vice versa*.
- V. That the determination of the accurate value of the mechanical equivalent of a given amount of heat, is a question to be solved by experiment.
- VI. That Rumford had obtained an ap-

proximation (a pretty close one, as we now know) to the value of this equivalent.

VII. That this equivalent may be determined by expending work in the boring or friction of solids, or in agitating liquids.

For the benefit of such of our readers as may not have read the elements of mechanics, it will be useful to give a few explanations of some of the preceding statements, especially with the view of showing their logical sequence. I. and II. are simply Davy's own expression of his experimental conclusion. As to III., Newton shows, though not in precisely the same words, then when work is expended solely in setting a body in motion, the *energy* of the motion is the measure of the work expended. Work is here used in the ordinary engineering sense of so many "foot-pounds," i. e., so many pounds raised one foot. From this it follows that the sensible heat present in a body is really a certain definite amount of energy of motion, which is equivalent to a certain definite amount of mechanical effect or work. This is statement IV. With reference to VI., which is the only other requiring explanation, it is easily calculated from the data of one of Rumford's experiments (viz., that the work of one horse for 2h. 30m. raised, by 180° Fahr., the temperature of a mass equivalent in capacity for heat to 26.58 lbs. of water), that it requires about 940 foot-pounds of work to be expended to raise the temperature of a pound of water 1° Fahr. We have somewhat altered the result first deduced by Joule from this experiment; for we have used 30,000 instead of 33,000 foot-pounds per minute as the value of a horse-power—the latter, or Watt's estimate, being now allowed to be too great. No account was taken of the heat lost by radiation, which must have been considerable from the high temperature produced, and the duration of the experiment; so that, as Rumford himself noticed, this value must be too high. We now know that it is about 20 per cent. too great; still it is a most remarkable result.

It does not follow that, if the chief fundamental laws and principles of a science are known, the *development* of them is an easy matter. Take, for instance, the law of gravitation. It is scarcely possible to conceive a simpler expression than this for the mutual action of two particles; yet, even for the simplest possible application, the motion of one *particle* about another, the numerical details are very troublesome; and when we have three mutually attracting particles, the

problem (so far as *exact* solution is concerned) completely transcends the power of known mathematical processes. It is, of course, infinitely more formidable when we consider the mutual action of the particles of a body; and without the aid of hypotheses, suggested by experiment, such a case would be incapable of even *approximate* treatment. Thus we are prepared to find that for the practical application of the above facts regarding heat, hypotheses (of a kind suggested by experiment) will always be required until we know the nature of matter, and have immensely improved our mathematical methods.

For a considerable portion of the present century, Davy's discoveries about heat were neglected, or only casually mentioned; but this was of comparatively little consequence, as their early reception might have kept back for a time the grand developments which we have next to mention—immense strides in the theoretical and mathematical treatment of the subject, and to a great extent independent of the nature of heat. These are due to Fourier and Carnot, and it may well be said that it is in great part attributable to their remarkable works that the true theory of heat, when revived some twenty years ago, received so rapidly its present enormous development.

Fourier's *Traité de la Chaleur*, composed before 1812, is one of the most exquisite mathematical works ever written, abounding in novel processes of the highest originality as well as practical utility. It is devoted solely (so far its physical applications are concerned) to the problems of the *Conduction* and *Radiation* of heat. Whatever may eventually be found to be the true laws of conduction and radiation, Fourier gives the means of completely solving any problem involving these processes only, and applies his methods to various cases of the highest interest. He works out in detail these important cases with the particular assumption that the flux of heat is proportional to the difference of temperature of two bodies or contiguous parts of one body. It is only very recently indeed that Forbes has shown that the conductivity of a body for heat diminishes as its temperature increases; and thus that the *details* of Fourier's solutions are not strictly accurate when great differences of temperature are involved. But, besides the fact that Fourier has shown how to adapt his methods to *any* experimental data, the solutions he has given are approximate enough for application to many of the most interesting cases, such as the secular cooling of the earth, underground temperature as depending on solar

radiations, etc. By this publication, Fourier has reduced the treatment of any question involving transference of heat by conduction or radiation to a perfectly definite form; and must therefore stand, in the history of the subject, as one of its greatest promoters.

Very different in form and object from the systematic treatise of Fourier, is the profound and valuable work of Carnot, published in 1824.* The author endeavours to determine *how* it is that heat produces mechanical effect, and though some of his assumptions are not correct, he investigates the question in an exceedingly able and instructive manner. Starting with a correct principle, which, obvious as it is, has been sadly neglected by many later writers, he is led into error by assuming the materiality of heat. But with true philosophical caution he avoids committing himself to this hypothesis, though he makes it the foundation of his attempt to discover *how* work is produced from heat. He says:—

“If a body, after having experienced a certain number of transformations, be brought identically to its primitive physical state as to density, temperature, and molecular constitution, it must contain the same quantity of heat as that which it initially possessed; or, in other words, the quantities of heat lost by the body under one set of operations are precisely compensated by those which are absorbed in the others. This fact has never been doubted; it has at first been admitted without reflection, and afterwards verified, in many cases, by calorimetrical experiments. To deny it would be to overturn the whole theory of heat, in which it is the fundamental principle. It must be admitted, however, that the chief foundations on which the theory of heat rests would require a most attentive examination. Several experimental facts appear nearly inexplicable in the actual state of this theory.”

This fundamental principle of Carnot is still evidently axiomatic, as we know of no case in which heat can be communicated to a body, or abstracted from it, without altering its temperature, its volume, its form, or its molecular constitution. In fact, it is entirely upon our confidence in the accuracy of this idea that our means of measuring temperature by thermometers depend. If we had not, for instance, experimental proof that a mass of mercury has always the same volume at the same temperature, our mercurial thermometers, supposing glass to be perfect in this respect, would be worse than useless, they might be deceptive.

* We are indebted for our knowledge of Carnot to an excellent paper—“*An Account of Carnot's Theory of the Motive Power of Heat,*” etc., by W. Thomson. *Trans. R.S.E.* 1849.

Thus from Carnot's point of view, it is evident that the motive power of heat depends upon its being transferred from one body to another *through* the medium by whose change of volume or form the external mechanical effect is produced, as this medium is supposed to remain at the end of the operation in precisely the same state as at the commencement. Thus for the production of mechanical effect, we are to look to the successive communication of heat to, and abstraction of heat from, the particular medium employed; and to illustrate this it is natural to consider the steam-engine as the most stupendous practical application of the principle.

Carnot's reasoning may easily be made intelligible without mathematical details. In the simple case we shall take, all that is attempted is to show that in the ascent of the piston in the cylinder, *more* work is done against external forces than is required to be done by them to produce the descent and restore the piston to its first position. And in order that Carnot's axiom may be applied with strictness, and yet with simplicity, it is better to consider a hypothetical, than the actual, case.

Suppose we have two bodies, A and B, whose temperatures, S and T, are maintained uniform, A being the warmer body, and suppose we have a stand, C, which is a non-conductor of heat. Let the sides of the cylinder and the piston be also non-conductors, but let the bottom of the cylinder be a perfect conductor; and let the cylinder contain a little water, nearly touching the piston when pushed down. Set the cylinder on A; then the water will at once acquire the temperature S, and steam at the same temperature will be formed, so that a certain pressure must be exerted to prevent the piston from rising. We shall take this condition as our starting-point for the cycle of operations.

First, Allow the piston to rise gradually; work is done by the pressure of the steam which goes on increasing in quantity as the piston rises, so as always to be at the same temperature and pressure. And *heat is abstracted from A*, namely, the latent heat of the steam formed during the operation.

Second, Place the cylinder on C, and allow the steam to raise the piston farther. More work is done, more steam is formed, but the temperature sinks on account of the latent heat required for the formation of the new steam. Allow this process to go on till the temperature falls to T, the temperature of the body B.

Third, Now place the cylinder on B; there is of course no transfer of heat. But if we now press down the piston, we do

work upon the contents of the cylinder, steam is liquefied, and the latent heat developed is at once absorbed by B. Carry on this process *till the amount of heat given to B is exactly equal to that taken from A* in the first operation, and place the cylinder on the non-conductor C. The temperature of the contents is now T, and the amount of caloric in them is precisely the same as before the first operation.

Fourth, Press down the piston farther, till it occupies the same position as before the first operation; additional work is done on the contents of the cylinder, a farther amount of steam is liquefied, and the temperature rises.

Moreover, *it rises to S exactly*, by the fundamental axiom, because the volume occupied by the water and steam is the same as before the first operation, and the quantity of caloric they contain is also the same—as much having been abstracted in the third operation as was communicated in the first—while in the second and fourth operations the contents of the cylinder neither gain nor lose caloric, as they are surrounded by non-conductors.

Now, during the first two operations, work was done by the steam on the piston, during the last two work was done against the steam; on the whole, the work done by the steam exceeds that done upon it, since evidently the temperature of the contents, for any position of the piston in its ascent, was greater than for the same position in the descent, except at the initial and final positions, where it is the same. Hence the pressure also was greater at each stage in the ascent than at the corresponding stage in the descent, from which the theorem is evident.

Hence, on the whole, a certain amount of work has been communicated by the motion of the piston to external bodies; and the contents of the cylinder having been exactly restored to their primitive condition, we are entitled to regard this work as due to the caloric employed in the process. This we see was taken from A and wholly transferred to B. It thus appears that *caloric does work by being let down from a higher to a lower temperature*. And the reader may easily see that if we knew the laws which connect the pressure of saturated steam, and the amount of caloric it contains, with its volume and temperature, it would be possible to apply a rigorous calculation to the various processes of the cycle above explained, and to express by formulæ the amount of work gained on the whole in the series of operations, in terms of the temperature (S and T) of the boiler and condenser of a steam-

engine, and the whole amount of caloric which passes from one to the other.

We wish to avoid formulæ as far as possible, and shall not give any here; since although the above process is exceedingly ingenious and important, it is to a considerable extent vitiated by the assumption of the materiality of heat which is made throughout. To show this, it is only necessary to consider the second operation, where *work is supposed to be done* by the contents of the cylinder expanding *without loss or gain of caloric*, a supposition which our present knowledge of the nature of heat shows to be incorrect. But it is quite easy, as we shall soon see, to make the necessary corrections in accordance with the true theory of heat; and it is but bare justice to acknowledge that Carnot himself was by no means satisfied with the caloric hypothesis, and insinuates, as we have already seen, more than a mere suspicion of its correctness.

But we owe Carnot much more than this, as we proceed to show; and we shall defer to a later portion of our article an examination of the curious particulars in which his results for the steam-, or air-, engine differ from those now received.

If we carefully examine the above cycle of operations we easily see that they are *reversible*, i.e., that the transference of the given amount of caloric back again from B, to A, by performing the same operations in the opposite order, requires that we expend on the piston, on the whole, as much work as was gained during the direct operations. This most important idea is due also to Carnot, and from it he deduces his test of a *perfect engine*, or one which yields from the transference of a given quantity of caloric from one body to another (each being at a given temperature) the greatest possible amount of work. And the test is simply that the cycle of operations must be reversible.

To prove it we need only consider that, if a heat-engine M could be made to give more work by transferring a given amount of caloric from A to B, than a reversible engine N does, we may set M and N to work in combination, M driven by the transfer of heat, and in turn driving N, which is employed to restore the heat to the source. The compound system would thus in each cycle produce an amount of work equal to the excess of that done by M over that expended on N without on the whole any transference of heat, which is of course absurd.

The remarkable consequences deduced by Thomson, by a combination of the methods and results of Fourier and Carnot, with reference to the *dissipation* of heat, and the

final transformations of all forms of energy, though properly belonging to this part of the development of our subject, are left to a future page, so that we may keep as closely as possible to the chronological order, in presenting the most important additions to the science.

A little before the publication of Carnot's work, a second method of procuring work from heat was discovered by Seebeck. It consists in the production of electricity by the action of heat on heterogeneous conducting matter, and the employment of the current to drive an electro-magnetic engine. It is not alluded to by Carnot; and it will tend greatly to the simplicity of this explanatory narrative if we defer to a second article the consideration of the other physical agents which the grand principle of conservation of energy has shown to be so intimately related to heat. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves as strictly as possible to the relation between heat and mechanical effect, which is, however, only one branch of the dynamical theory.

For nearly twenty years after the appearance of Carnot's treatise little appears to have been done with reference to the *theory* of heat. Clapeyron, in 1834, recalled attention to Carnot's reasoning, and usefully applied the principle of Watt's diagram of energy to the geometrical exhibition of the different quantities involved in the cycle of operations by which work is derived from heat by the temporary changes it produces in the volume or molecular state of bodies.

Then there appeared, almost simultaneously, a group of four or five speculators or experimenters whose relative claims have been since pressed, in some cases, with considerable violence. The work of one of these, Rebenstein, we have not seen; that of another, Colding, is in Danish. Of the others, Séguin and Mayer, it seems not very difficult to estimate the claims so far as the discovery either of the true theory, or the mechanical equivalent, of heat is concerned. Séguin in 1839, and Mayer in 1842, gave as values of the mechanical equivalent, the first 363 kilogrammètres, or in terms of the ordinary British units 660 foot-pounds; the second the almost identical numbers 365 or 663. It is curious also to observe that the methods employed were almost identical: that of Séguin being founded on the principle that the work giving out by anybody dilating, and thereby losing heat, is the equivalent of the heat lost; while that of Mayer is, that the heat developed by compression is the equivalent of the work expended in compressing the body. Neither makes the slightest limitation as to the nature

of the substance to be experimented on, both their statements are perfectly general; and, we may add, not only inaccurate, but (with certain exceptions) not even roughly approximate. Mayer professes to found his process on a species of metaphysical reasoning as to the indestructibility of force; we have already shown what value is to be attached to speculations of this nature. Besides, Mayer gives, as an analogy to the compression of a body and the consequent production of heat, the fall of a stone to the earth or the impact of a number of gravitating masses and the consequent heating of all. This, we need scarcely say, is simple nonsense. His hypothesis *might* possibly have been a law of nature, but it never could have had any analogy with the gravitation case he compares it to.

But what it most concerns us to note here is, that Carnot's fundamental principle is entirely ignored by both, viz., that no deduction whatever can be made as to the relation between heat and mechanical effect, when the body operating or operated upon is in different states at the beginning and end of the experiment. Take, for instance, the second operation in the cycle of Carnot as above explained.

The numerical data requisite for the application of either of these erroneous methods were known at the time for only one or two bodies, and even for these, very inaccurately. So that it is not at all remarkable that the equivalents above given are far from exact. Séguin worked with steam, Mayer with air. It happens that this paucity of data led Mayer to choose a substance which Joule afterwards showed was capable of giving, even with the erroneous hypothesis, a result not far from the truth; but, even if Mayer had in 1842 possessed accurate data, and therefore been lucky enough to obtain an approximate result instead of a very inexact one, his determination could never have been called more than a happy guess founded upon a total neglect of correct reasoning. When we hear, as has lately been our lot, that Mayer is the author of the Dynamical Theory of Heat; and that he deduced in 1842, by a simple calculation, as accurate a value of the dynamical equivalent as Joule arrived at in 1849, after seven years of laborious experiment, we wonder whether language has any meaning to those who thus abuse it. Mayer enunciated and applied a false principle, and got a widely erroneous result, which was improved, not by himself but by Joule, years afterwards; when, after finding the true result by a legitimate process, he *proved* that Mayer ought to have got a good approximation, and set

to work to find the requisite experimental data.

Merely premising that much of Joule's work has reference to the general theory of conservation of energy, and that his first determinations of the dynamical equivalent of heat were obtained by means of the magneto-electric machine, we shall in accordance with the definite object we have proposed to ourselves in the present article, confine our present notice of his investigations to those strictly bearing on the *immediate* relation between heat and mechanical effect.

His earliest published experiments of this class are described in the Appendix to a paper published in 1843 in the *Philosophical Magazine*, as it had the not singular misfortune of being rejected by the Royal Society. The valuable discoveries contained in this paper do not properly belong to our present subject, but will be carefully considered in our second article. In the Appendix, however, there is described an experimental method of *directly* determining the mechanical equivalent of heat, so simple, and yet so effective, as to deserve careful consideration. It consisted simply in working up and down in a closed cylinder, filled with water, a piston formed of a number of capillary tubes bound together, so as to constitute a mass with visible pores. The friction of the water when forced to pass through these tubes of course developed heat, which, as well as the work employed in moving the piston, was carefully measured. It is very remarkable, that from the series of experiments, agreeing well with one another, which were made with this simple apparatus, Joule deduced as the dynamical equivalent of heat

770 foot-pounds,

differing by only about a quarter per cent. from the results of his subsequent and far more elaborate determinations. The close agreement of the results of successive trials, was quite sufficient to justify him in publishing this, as, in all probability, a very close approximation to the desired value of the equivalent.

Before leaving this part of our subject we shall complete the enumeration of the results of Joule's direct experiments for the determination of the mechanical equivalent, as they are certainly superior in accuracy to those of any other experimenter.

Repeating, in 1845 and 1847, his experiments on the friction of water—but now by means of a horizontal paddle, turned by the descent of known weights—he obtained results gradually converging, as in each successive set of experiments extraneous causes of error were more completely avoided or

allowed for. The value of the equivalent deduced in 1847 from a great number of experiments with water was 781.5 foot-pounds, and with sperm oil, 782.1. In the paper of 1845, we find his first speculations as to the absolute zero of temperature, or the temperature of a body absolutely deprived of heat. The most interesting of his results are, that the absolute zero of temperature is 480° Fahr. below the freezing-point of water, and that a pound of water at 60° Fahr. possesses, in virtue of its heat, mechanical energy to the enormous amount of 415,000 foot-pounds. Changes have since been shown to be necessary in these numbers, but they are comparatively unimportant. And it must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary results of physical science, that a pound of water at ordinary temperatures contains heat capable (if it could be applied) of raising it to a height of 80 miles.

Finally, in 1849, Joule published the results of his latest and most elaborate experiments, of which, after what we have already said, we need only give the results:—

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| From friction of Water, | 772.692 foot-pounds. |
| “ “ Mercury, | 774.083 “ |
| “ “ Cast-iron, | 774.987 “ |

The conclusions of this valuable paper, after all allowance is made for slight but inevitable losses of energy, by sound and other vibrations, are thus given:—

1st, *The quantity of heat produced by the friction of bodies, whether solid or liquid, is always proportional to the quantity of work expended.*

2d, *The quantity of heat capable of increasing the temperature of a pound of water (weighed in vacuo, and taken at between 55° and 60°) by 1° Fahr., requires for its evolution the expenditure of a mechanical force represented by the fall of 772 lbs. through the space of one foot.*

It is only necessary to observe, that the determination is for the value of gravity at Manchester, and must of course be diminished for higher, and increased for lower latitudes, according to a well-known law.

As no one has pretended to rival in accuracy the experiments of Joule above mentioned, and as his celebrated result of 1843, so very close to the truth, preceded all other sound attempts at the determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we may pass over the results of *direct* methods employed by other observers, with the remark, that they agree more or less perfectly with those of Joule.

We now come to the consideration of the

method suggested by Séguin and Mayer, with which Joule seems to have occupied himself experimentally in 1844. We shall briefly describe his experiments, though not in the order in which they were made, this change being required for the continuity of our article. Joule compressed air to twenty atmospheres or so in a strong vessel, which was afterwards screwed to another previously exhausted. A very perfect stop-cock prevented all passage of air from one to the other until it was desired. The whole was placed in a vessel of water, which was stirred to bring it to a uniform temperature. On opening the stop-cock, the air rushed from the first vessel to the second, so that in a short time the pressure was the same in both. On measuring the temperature of the surrounding water again, *no change was perceptible*, at least after the proper corrections, determined by separate experiments, had been made for the amount of heat produced by the stirring, etc., during the operation. This is a *most important* result, as we shall show immediately, though it is as well to say at once that it is not absolutely exact, as is shown by subsequent experiments capable of even greater accuracy than that just described. The condensed air has been allowed to expand without doing work on external bodies, and though its volume has been greatly increased, no heat has been lost, though we might have imagined such would be the case. From this we are entitled to conclude, that the heat developed by compressing a gas is (to the amount of approximation already mentioned) the equivalent of the mechanical effect expended in the compression, and thus that Séguin's and Mayer's unwarranted assumption is very nearly true for air. Why, then, was Mayer's value of the mechanical equivalent so erroneous? Simply because the direct determination of the specific heat of air is an exceedingly difficult and delicate operation, and had been only very roughly effected before 1842. Rankine and Thomson first theoretically assigned the true value, founding their calculations on Joule's experimental results from the friction of fluids. Joule, by a direct process, obtained a closely accordant value; and finally Regnault, also by direct experiment, obtained *exactly* the number predicted from theory.

What actually took place in Joule's experiment was, the air in the first vessel, suddenly expanding, produced mechanical effect in forcing a portion of its mass with great velocity into the second vessel; this it did at the expense of its store of energy in the form of heat. Thus the first vessel was *cooled* to a certain extent. The air

rushing into the second vessel produced, by friction against the connecting tube and the sides of the vessel, and amongst its own particles, a development of heat. Thus the second vessel was *heated*. But it is obvious that we are not at liberty (without experimental proof) to assume that the loss of heat in the first vessel will be exactly, or even nearly, equal to the gain in the second. But as experiment has shown them to be almost equal, either the heat produced by condensing air, or the cold produced by its expansion from a condensed state, may legitimately be taken as one of the data for a determination of the mechanical equivalent. The last cited paper of Joule's contains five sets of careful experiments made for this purpose by one or other of these methods. The extreme results are 823 and 760 foot-pounds respectively; the mean of the last three sets, chosen as the most likely to be correct, giving the number 798 foot-pounds—only about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. too great.

It may now be asked, does the dynamical theory of heat necessitate any serious change in the important results deduced by Carnot from the caloric hypothesis? This question was answered with greater or less detail in 1849, 1850, and 1851 respectively, by Rankine, Clausius, and W. Thomson.

Rankine's treatment of the subject is based on what he calls the hypothesis of Molecular Vortices. He considers the motions of which we know heat to consist, to be of the nature of vortices or eddies in the ether atmospheres which he imagines to surround, in a condensed state, each particle of matter. From this he has deduced many useful results, but the theory itself, though skilfully developed, can scarcely be considered as a very probable representation of the actual thermal motions in bodies.

Clausius also, while adapting successfully Carnot's method to the true fundamental propositions in Thermo-dynamics, has somewhat confused his reasoning (instead of simplifying it) by introducing at once as a hypothesis Mayer's unwarrantable assumption, so far as regards the development of heat by the compression of a gas. In this he was, no doubt, justified by Joule's experiments last mentioned, but he missed in consequence some valuable results which, though discoverable in permanent gases, become especially prominent in liquefiable gases, such as sulphurous acid and carbonic acid; but it is to be observed to his credit, that he does not assume any such extension of the hypothesis to solids and liquids as was contemplated by Mayer.

One of the most valuable of the results thus deduced by Rankine and Clausius is as

follows:—If saturated steam at any high temperature is allowed to expand, pressing out a piston, in a vessel impervious to heat, it cools so as to keep always at the temperature of saturation; and, besides, a portion of it liquefies. This result appears at first sight inconsistent with the paradoxical experiment long known, that high-pressure steam escaping into the air through a small orifice does not scald the hand, or even the face, of a person exposed to it; while, on the contrary, low-pressure steam inflicts fearful burns. W. Thomson has explained the difficulty thus: The steam rushing through the orifice produces mechanical effect, immediately wasted in fluid friction, and consequently *reconverted into heat*, from which, by Régnault's numerical data, it follows that the issuing steam (in the case of the high-pressure, but not of the low-pressure, boiler) must be over 212° Fahr. in temperature, and *dry*. Clausius has objected to this explanation, but has, we believe, been satisfactorily answered.

In its new form, the theory of the motive power of heat is based upon the two following propositions: the first of which, though really announced by Davy, was only definitely received in science in consequence of Joule's experiments; the second is the axiom of Carnot (already given, with its demonstration on the caloric theory), as adapted by Clausius to the dynamical theory.

I. When equal quantities of mechanical effect are produced by any means whatever from purely thermal sources, or lost in purely thermal effects, equal quantities of heat are put out of existence, or are generated.

II. If an engine be such that, when it is worked backward, the physical and mechanical agencies in every part of its motions are all reversed; it produces as much mechanical effect as can be produced by any thermodynamic engine, with the same temperatures of source and refrigerator, from a given quantity of heat.

In order to prove the second proposition, we must consider in what respect Carnot's proof has become inapplicable, and we find it to be this: we have no right now to assume, as he did, that in a complete cycle of operations in which his fundamental condition is satisfied (*i. e.*, the medium brought exactly to its primitive state) as much heat has been given out to the refrigerator as has been absorbed from the source; because the first of our new propositions shows that this is only true when the medium has had as much work done upon it as it has exerted on external bodies. Clausius proved

the proposition in 1850, by a process strictly analogous to that of Carnot, already given; but based on the additional axiom, that "*It is impossible for a self-acting machine, unaided by any external agency, to convey heat from one body to another at a higher temperature.*" Thomson, from one of whose papers* we have taken this notice, gives the above not very evident axiom in the more convincing form: "*It is impossible, by means of inanimate material agency, to derive mechanical effect from any portion of matter by cooling it below the temperature of the coldest of the surrounding objects.*"

Carnot showed that, on his principles, the amount of work done by transference of a given amount of heat increased indefinitely with the increasing difference of temperatures of the source and refrigerator; and of course it follows from this that the air-engine, in which a much greater range of temperature may be employed with safety than in the steam-engine, should be the more effective of the two. The introduction of the true theory leaves this result unaffected except in *degree*; in fact it shows that the work to be derived from a given amount of heat leaving the source increases indeed with the excess of temperature of the source over the reservoir; but, far from increasing indefinitely as Carnot's theory showed, it has as a superior limit, which it never reaches, the mechanical equivalent of the heat which leaves the source. In fact, the ratio of the heat taken in to that ejected is that of the *absolute* temperature of the source to the *absolute* temperature of the refrigerator.† Thus, in the most favourable circumstances, the steam-engine, and even the air-engine, are exceedingly imperfect; giving at most only about one-tenth of the mechanical equivalent of the heat spent. The theory of what have been called Caloric Engines, where ether, or chloroform, or some such easily vaporized liquid is used in connexion with air or steam to utilize as much as possible of the applied heat, has been given by various investigators, including those last mentioned, but it appears that in practice the method has not realized the anticipations of its proposers.

A most remarkable result of the application of Carnot's reasoning was given by J. Thomson in 1849‡. From this reasoning it is obviously demonstrable, as shown by W. Thomson, that *water at the freezing-point may, without any expenditure of work on the whole, be converted into ice by a me-*

* On the Dynamical Theory of Heat, etc., by W. Thomson, Trans. R. S. E. 1851.

† W. Thomson, Trans. R. S. E. 1851.

‡ Trans. R. S. E. 1849.

chanical process. For a mass of water retains the temperature of freezing unchanged, until it is all converted into ice, and according to Carnot's and even to the dynamical theory, no work is required to make heat pass from one body to another at the same temperature. J. Thomson, seeing that this result, if correct, involved the possibility of producing work from nothing (since water *expands* with great force in the act of freezing), was led, by carefully scrutinizing the assumptions on which it depended, to find that all were correct with the possible exception of the temperature at which water freezes; which he then showed must depend, as the boiling-point had long been known to do, upon the pressure; and he showed that the freezing point of water must be *lower* by 0.0135° Fahr. for each additional atmosphere of pressure. This very curious theoretical deduction was verified, to its numerical details, by means of Ørstedt's Piezometer, by W. Thomson.* Hopkins and Bunsen have since verified, experimentally, that, in cases where bodies contract on solidifying, as is the case with sulphur, wax, etc., the melting point is *raised* by increase of pressure.

The complete theory of all such cases was, however, previously given by W. Thomson in his (already cited) paper of 1851 on the Dynamical Theory of Heat. Without encumbering himself with, or limiting the generality of his results by, any hypothesis, he applies the fundamental propositions of the dynamical theory (already given) to all bodies, and deduces many very curious and important results regarding the specific heats of all substances; with special conclusions agreeing with those of Rankine and Clausius for "perfect" gases, and for mixtures of portions of a body in different states but at the same temperature, as ice and water, or water and saturated steam. Among these we may mention the following:—When a substance contracts as its temperature rises (as is the case, for instance, with water between its freezing-point and its point of maximum density) its temperature will be *lowered* by a sudden *compression*. In two most valuable experimental papers by Joule,† Thomson's formulæ are completely verified (within the limits of experimental error) for substances of the most dissimilar qualities. One very curious result is afforded by india-rubber, which, when suddenly extended, becomes warm; and, in agreement with Thomson's conclu-

sions, is found, when stretched by a constant weight, to contract on being heated, and to raise the weight.

We have several times alluded to the fact, that the amount of heat developed by the compression of air is only *approximately* equal to the equivalent of the work expended in compressing it, although in Joule's experiment of 1844 it appeared to be *exactly* equal to it. There is, as before observed, no *a priori* reason for the existence of any such proportionality, for it is quite conceivable that a gas might exist in which the whole work expended in compressing it, is employed in overcoming repulsive forces among its particles, and would therefore be wholly stored up as mechanical power in the compressed gas, without any change of temperature whatever. That heat, nearly equivalent to the work expended in compression, is actually developed, shows us that the mutual molecular forces among particles of a gas are exceedingly small, and that the pressure of a gas is due almost entirely to the "repulsive motion" of Davy. Clausius, Maxwell, and others, have lately made some very beautiful investigations into the laws of gaseous pressure, diffusion, etc., on the supposition that a gas consists of free elastic particles, exerting no molecular action on each other, but moving in straight lines with immense velocity, until they impinge on each other or on the sides of a containing vessel, when they rebound according to the known laws of impact of spheres. The time has hardly yet come, however, in which much is to be expected from such hypotheses; we are as yet almost completely ignorant of the ultimate structure of the molecules or particles of matter.

A method of experimentally discovering, with very great accuracy, the relation between the heat produced and the work spent in the compression of a gas, was suggested by Thomson in 1851* and employed with some modifications in a series of experiments, which he has since carried on in conjunction with Joule, and whose results have been from time to time published in the Philosophical Transactions during the last ten years, with the title *Thermal Effects of Fluids in Motion*. The principle of this method is excessively simple; it consists merely in forcing the gas to be experimented on through a porous plug, and observing its temperature on each side of the plug. These temperatures should (theoretically) be exactly equal if the heat developed by compression is equal to the

* *Proc. R.S.E.* 1850.

† *On some Thermo-dynamic Properties of Solids, and On the Thermal Effects of compressing Fluids.*—*Phil. Trans.* 1859.

* *Trans. R.S.E.*

work expended, and not unless. By this process it is found that no gas perfectly satisfies the criterion; and as we might expect, the liquefiable gases are those which most diverge from it. By means of a sufficient series of such experiments, carried on at different temperatures and pressures, complete theoretical data for a gas-engine have been obtained; and the extensive and valuable experiments of Regnault (with additions, as to the density of steam at high pressures, supplied by Joule and Thomson) have furnished corresponding data for the steam-engine; so that the theoretical treatment of these important instruments is now at all events approximately complete. But it is no part of our plan to enter into details of *application*.

As already mentioned, we have tried to keep to the *direct* relation between heat and mechanical effect, leaving to another occasion the far more extensive results which have been arrived at with reference to *indirect* relations; and we have refrained from entering upon the consideration of the relations which have been proved to exist between heat and all other forms of energy. What we have given is almost entirely confined to the subject of the thermo-elastic properties of liquids and gases. W. Thomson* has published an extremely general investigation of the laws of this subject, including crystalline solids; but to give a satisfactory account of it would lead us into details and difficulties far too great for any but a *very* small class of readers.

There remains, however, one interesting portion of our subject, which, though having most important bearings upon the subject of energy and its distribution through the universe, is in part a branch of Thermodynamics. This is the consideration, already alluded to, of the *Dissipation of Energy*.† But in accordance with our plan, we shall only consider it at present as regards heat and mechanical effect. In the first place, heat in a conducting body tends to a state of dissipation or diffusion, never to a *concentration* at one or more places. This is a direct consequence of the laws discovered by Fourier for the motion of heat in a solid. Their mathematical expressions point also to the fact that a uniform distribution of heat, or a distribution tending to become uniform, must have arisen from some primitive distribution of heat of a kind not capable of being produced by

known laws from any previous distribution. When Carnot's method, as adapted to the dynamical theory of heat by Clausius, was applied by Thomson to the transformations of heat into work, and work into heat, it led him to the following amongst other propositions.

When heat is created by a reversible process, there is also transference from a cold body to a hot one, of a quantity of heat, bearing to that created a definite ratio depending on the temperatures of the two bodies.

When heat is created by an irreversible process (such as friction) there is a dissipation of energy, and a full restoration of it to its primitive condition is impossible.

From these it follows that any restoration of mechanical effect, from the state of heat, requires the using of more heat than the equivalent of the work obtained, this surplus going into a colder body. We make no further comment on this at present, but in our complementary article it will form a most important feature.

We have, as yet, said nothing of *Radiant* heat, of which the Caloristic idea seems to have been exactly analogous to the Corpuscular Theory of Light. Davy coolly speculates on the combinations of light and oxygen, in the very paper in which he destroyed the notion of the materiality of heat! The first really extensive, and on the whole trustworthy, experiments on radiant heat are those of Leslie, but we need not trouble ourselves with his theoretical speculations. The experiments of Forbes and Melloni showed so complete a resemblance between the laws of reflection, refraction, polarization, absorption, etc., of light and radiant heat, that no doubt could remain as to their *identity*. And as light had, chiefly by the theoretical and experimental investigations of Young and Fresnel, been shown to consist in the undulations of some highly elastic medium pervading all space; it followed that radiant heat also is *motion* and not *matter*. Radiant heat differs from light merely as a grave note does from a shrill one, or as the Atlantic roll differs from the ripple on a lake. Light was shown by Leslie to heat bodies which absorb it, and on this principle he constructed his photometer.

The law of exchanges, as it was called by Prevost, who first enunciated it, explained what was erroneously called the radiation of cold, *i.e.*, that a piece of ice brought near the bulb of a thermometer cooled it, with other more complex but perfectly analogous experimental results. He considered that all bodies radiate heat, but the more the higher is their temperature, so

* *Quarterly Math. Journal*, 1857.

† *On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy*. By W. Thomson. *Proc. R.S.E.* 1852, and *Phil. Mag.* 1852, ii.

that, in the simple case above mentioned, the thermometer gave more heat to the ice than it received from it — a perfectly satisfactory explanation. This theory has since been greatly extended by Stewart, Kirchhof, and De la Provostaye, who have independently arrived at the conclusion that the radiating power of a body for any definite ray of heat is equal to its absorbing power for the same. Light and radiant heat being only different forms of the same phenomenon, we may (with Melloni) speak of the colours of different kinds of radiant heat, and then the analogy with corresponding phenomena in the case of light becomes at once evident. A very curious example of the truth of this proposition, noticed by Stewart, is furnished by heating to whiteness a willow-pattern plate, and looking at it in the dark, when we see instead of a dark pattern on a white ground, a white pattern on a dark ground; those parts which, when the plate is cold, appear dark, do so in consequence of their absorbing the incident light more freely than the white parts, and, when heated to whiteness, they appear bright because they radiate better. Kirchhof derived from his investigation, and verified by conclusive experiments, the explanation of the physical cause of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, which had, however, been previously suggested by Stokes. The very amazing results which Kirchhof and others have recently arrived at by the application of this principle, must be familiar to many of our readers, so that we have the less hesitation in passing over this beautiful part of our subject with so brief a notice.

Leslie's result, that a body, such as coloured glass, is heated by absorbing light, has recently received a most interesting extension from the discovery by Stokes* of the physical cause of certain curious phenomena observed by Brewster and Herschel, in solutions of quinine and certain kinds of fluor-spar, from the latter of which the phenomena have been called by the general name *Fluorescence*. The physical fact is simply this, that these and other bodies, especially the green colouring matter of leaves and "canary" glass coloured with Oxide of Uranium, radiate as *light* instead of heat, part of the light which they absorb. This is, properly speaking, identical with Leslie's result, because the light radiated is lower in the scale than that absorbed, and is in general most freely produced from light so high in the scale as to be invisible to the eye (just as very shrill sounds, such as the

chirp of the cricket, are inaudible to many ears). The most important application of this discovery has been to the rendering visible these invisible rays, and thus studying through a wider range of refrangibility the radiations from any source. Unfortunately, the principle of dissipation forbids us to anticipate any similar method of studying radiant heat by changing it into light, so that here we are literally obliged to grope in the dark for our results. The phenomena of *Phosphorescence*, when not traceable to chemical combination, evidently belong to the same class with those of fluorescence, and have been recently studied with great care by Becquerel, who has obtained many remarkable results.

We shall now, taking for granted the dynamical theory of heat, consider very briefly the explanations which it furnishes of many important phenomena, not alluded to in the preceding semi-historical sketch, because their explanation is very evident as soon as the true theory has been found.

Thus, for instance, Heat of Combination, as it is called, is obviously now to be explained as arising from the mechanical effect of the force of chemical affinity — whatever may be the nature and origin of that force — just as a stone falling to the ground under the action of the earth's attraction generates heat by the impact. From this explanation also follow as obvious truths, the laws of this subject, experimentally arrived at by Andrews, Hess, and others; of which one, — viz., that the cold produced in the decomposition of a compound is exactly equal to the heat produced by the combination of its elements, — may be taken as an instance.

When a salt is deposited in crystals from a supersaturated solution, we have, in general, evolution of heat; formerly this was attributed to the latent heat of solution, it is now easily seen to be, like ordinary latent heat, dependent on the change of relative position of the molecules involved. The contrary effect is of course produced when a salt is dissolved, and even when two crystalline solids, as ice and salt, liquefy in the act of combining. Hence the justice of the popular outcry against the common process of destroying ice on the pavements by sprinkling salt upon it; as, though the ice is melted, a great additional lowering of temperature is produced. Hence also the effect of the combinations called "freezing mixtures," which are of many kinds; from the simplest, such as the solution of nitrate of ammonia in water, to the most complex, such as the mixture of solid carbonic acid and ether in vacuo.

As was cursorily noticed at the com-

* On the Change of the Refrangibility of Light. — *Phil. Trans.* 1852.

mencement of this article, the so-called latent heat probably depends upon molecular arrangement; the heat, which is lost to the thermometer, disappears in producing, or is transformed into, the work of tearing asunder the particles of a solid or liquid, and placing them in the positions of less relative constraint which they occupy in a liquid or a vapour respectively. It is conceivable, however, that it also may be *motion*, but of a kind not tending to diffusion. But it is too early to speculate, with any prospect of useful results, on such a subject.

The heat of the sun, and the internal heat of the earth—both of which, by the principle of dissipation, are now far less than they were ages ago—are to be traced almost entirely to their origin in the original distribution of matter through space, at creation, and the subsequent transformation into heat of the energy with which the various portions which compose the sun or a planet impinged on each other in meeting.

But for the complete consideration of such immense and important transformations, we must refer to our second article, where they will be found to flow naturally from the known laws of transformation and transference of energy.

Reviewing, for a moment, the path we have so far pursued, we may recapitulate briefly the details most important, in a historical point of view, of the *development* (not the applications) of the science. And we find them to be these:—

First, Newton's grand general statement of the laws of transference of mechanical energy from one body or system to another.

Second, Davy's proof that heat is a form of energy subject to these laws.

Third, Rumford's close approximation to a measure of the mechanical equivalent.

Fourth, Fourier's great work on one form of dissipation of energy.

Fifth, Carnot's fundamental principle, and his cycles of operation.

Sixth, Joule's exact determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, and the general reception of the true theory in consequence of his *experiments*.

Seventh, The adaptation, by Clausius and Rankine, and subsequently, with greater generality and freedom from hypothesis, by Thomson, of Carnot's methods to the true theory; with Joule's experimental verification of Thomson's general results.

Eighth, Thomson's theory of dissipation.

As regards the true theory of the connexion of heat with mechanical effect, this list contains all the most important direct steps, nearly in chronological order; but it is to be remembered that experimental in-

vestigation, mainly due to Joule, has indis-
solubly connected by laws of equivalence *all* forms of energy, including even such mysterious forms as are observed in electro-chemistry and electro-magnetism; and that a complete account of the dynamical theory of heat necessarily involves, what we propose to give on another occasion, an account of the *one* grand law of natural philosophy—the CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

In the brief sketch we have given, a vast amount of valuable matter has been of necessity omitted, but we are not conscious of having left unnoticed any direct step of real consequence to the development of the true theory of heat. Where the results of early experiments were sufficiently accurate, we have not alluded to subsequent more perfect ones; and many curious, but not very important, points have not been mentioned. The details of such a history as this would fill volumes.

The work of M. Verdet consists of two lectures delivered in 1862 to the Chemical Society of Paris, and is evidently intended for an audience already well acquainted with the fundamental principles of natural philosophy. Like all the works of the most distinguished of French scientific men, it is clear and distinct almost to a fault; the author has evidently not only read deeply, but carefully arranged his ideas, before writing his lectures; and the consequence is the production of a little treatise, brief but comprehensive, in which every sentence has its meaning and its definite bearing on the development of the subject. We shall not consider the mathematical developments which are interspersed through the text, and which occur freely in the notes, further than to remark that they show how extensive is the author's acquaintance with all that has been done in the extension of the theory. Nor do we profess at present to review even the *popular* portion in all its details, because M. Verdet has considered in his lectures, not merely the direct relation between heat and mechanical effect, to which our article has been limited, but has included in his comprehensive sketch the *indirect* developments of heat from work by the intervention of electrical currents, etc., and has, in fact, treated of the whole theory of energy. To some of his remarks on this subject, we may take exception in our next article; but so far as our present subject is concerned, we consider that M. Verdet has on the whole fairly represented its history, and that he has put it before his readers in an extremely clear and impressive form. More could hardly be said of an essay which does not in

any way pretend to novelty. Since a critic can hardly be supposed to have done his work properly unless he find *some* fault, we are tempted to express our opinion that M. Verdet would have done wisely in devoting much less space to the consideration of Hirn's errors as to the actual amount of heat put out of existence in the working of a steam-engine. Not that we object to the introduction of the *results*, but there appears to be no necessity for such an elaborate refutation of conclusions known to be wrong, especially as M. Verdet tells us that Hirn has renounced his erroneous opinions.

As to the history of the science, we are astonished that M. Verdet should say of Mayer's method of determining the equivalent of heat that it is "*parfaitement exacte quant au principe*"! We have already shown that this idea is untenable. Besides, we can hardly reconcile this statement of M. Verdet's with the last clause of the following sentence, which occurs in the very next page of his work, with reference to Joule: "C'est à ses expériences de 1845, sur les effets calorifiques de la dilatation et de la compression des gaz qu'il appartenait de donner droit de cité dans la science aux idées nouvelles; ce sont ses expériences sur le frottement qui ont donné de l'équivalent mécanique de la chaleur la première détermination digne de confiance; ce sont ses vues sur la constitution des gaz qui ont donné le premier, et jusqu'ici le seul exemple d'une explication complète d'un phénomène dont la théorie fait prévoir les lois sans en indiquer le mécanisme." Nothing could be more candid than this, nor could more have possibly been expected, as M. Verdet has evidently overlooked Joule's friction result of 1843, which was unfortunately only mentioned, in few words and without any details, in an appendix to a paper devoted to a totally different class of experiments. In our second article we shall recur to M. Verdet's very interesting lectures

Dr. Tyndall's volume contains a series of lectures delivered in the Royal Institution in London, which of course are much more popular in form than those of M. Verdet. We wish we could call them as clear and definite. Unfortunately they are deficient in the precise qualities which the French philosopher possesses so completely. Grandiloquence, especially when rising almost to the style of the modern sensational school of fiction-writers, is not adapted even to popular science; true scientific language is ever calm and dignified, and we fear the worst when we hear of magnetic needles moving as if "inspired by a sudden affection" for

the audience, medals "struck dead by the excitement of the magnet," and other catastrophes too numerous to mention. In another sense, also, the language employed is bad; it is ambiguous, and this is utterly indefensible in a scientific work. Examples of such ambiguity can be quoted almost without number, but we shall confine ourselves to one or two of the most important. Thus, the words "force," "strength," and "energy" are sometimes used as antagonistic, and anon as synonymous terms. Energy, again, is confounded with "moving force," which has a perfectly definite meaning in no way related to energy. In collisions, we are told, "the heat generated *increases as the square of the velocity*." This is a palpable mistake, evidently arising from the confusion in the author's mind of the phrase A varies as B (or is proportional to B) with the very different one, A increases as B (*i. e.*, the rate of change of A is proportional to B). Again, what *can* be the meaning of such a sentence as this: "Let me now pass from the sun to something less—in fact, to the opposite pole of nature?" Or this: "as we proceed light will gradually appear, and irradiate retrospectively our present gloom!" It is needless to collect further examples of this constant perversion of the common meanings not only of scientific, but even of popular, words.

With the exception of these blemishes, and of other more serious faults which we shall presently consider, the volume, so far as it goes, is creditable enough. Many experimental novelties, well suited to the lecture-room, are carefully described; and, on the whole, the work is calculated to prove exceedingly interesting even to the scientific reader. But we look in vain through its pages for so much as a mere mention of Carnot; and, beyond a few casual remarks about the disappearance of heat in the production of mechanical effect, there is nothing to give the reader even a hint, that the laws which regulate the production of work from heat are now as well known and as capable of being popularized, as anything in Natural Philosophy. That radiant heat and light are identical, and that there are many peculiarities in their radiation and absorption by matter, which require only patient experiment for their discovery, was known long ago; and though the new results obtained by the author are curious, and in some cases even startling, they can scarcely, even if completely verified by other experimenters, claim anything like the comparative value which has been assigned them in this work, to the exclusion of so much that is of vital importance.

But the dissipation of energy is not even alluded to; and many other remarkable branches of the subject, due as much to the mathematician as to the experimenter, are alike ignored; though, in a volume with such a title as this, they might be expected to have found a corner. They can be made intelligible to any educated reader, and *ought* to have a place in every work, especially a British work, in which the subject is treated with any detail.

But what we most object to in Dr. Tyndall's volume is his erroneous history of the development of the subject. His errors in this way are numerous and great. Thus he says, "Dr. Mayer enunciated the exact relation between heat and work, *giving the number which is now known* as the 'mechanical equivalent of heat.'"—(The italics are our own.) Compare this with the facts as recorded above; first as to the value of Mayer's statements, and second as to the number which Mayer *did* give. Again, "Mr. Thomson suggested that the stretched India-rubber might *shorten*" when heated. We cannot fancy that any one would consider this a fair representation of a prediction mathematically deduced, without hypothesis, as a result *necessarily* following from known facts. The beautiful reasoning of J. Thomson, about the lowering of the freezing-point of water by pressure, is introduced in such a manner that any uninstructed reader would fancy Dr. Tyndall had the chief merit, Messrs. Hopkins and Fairbairn a secondary position, and Thomson merely the credit of making a happy guess, in the establishment of this most important result. For the credit of British science, we hope that Dr. Tyndall will, when a second edition of his really interesting work is called for, pay some attention to the by-no-means microscopic faults which it possesses in such rich profusion.

[*Note.*—Since the above was put in type we have seen in the *Philosophical Magazine* (Jan. 1864) a brief account of the work of Colding. So far as this enables us to judge, he appears to have been led by a species of metaphysical reasoning to the idea of the conservation of energy; but, unlike other speculators, to have appealed to experiment before publishing his views. The value (350 kilogrammètres) of the equivalent of heat which he thus obtained in 1843 from friction experiments, is not much more accurate than that deduced from Rumford's data,—and is not to be compared with Joule's of the same year. Still Colding evidently went to work in the right way, and deserves an amount of credit to which Séguin and Mayer have no claim.]

ART. III. — 1. *Mémoires d'un Bibliophile.* Par M. TENANT DE LATOUR. Paris, 1861.
2. *The Book-Hunter.* By J. HILL BURTON. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1863.

NOTHING, we suspect, is less intelligible to the uninitiated than the sort of pleasure which the inveterate book-collector derives from his peculiar pursuit, or than the intense eagerness which he often displays in it. One of the fraternity—a man of vast knowledge, and of great power as a thinker and a writer—after having followed the "business," as he calls it, from early youth to well-nigh fourscore, lately declared that it "had never palled upon him for a single moment."* Yet, to most persons, this amassing of literary treasures is simply a "mania;" even Mr. Burton, who ought to know better, has thought proper, in his very pleasant and witty *Book-Hunter*, to affect the satirical and depreciatory strain; and whether he intended it or not, the impression left on the minds of his readers is, that a collector is a poor lost creature who greatly needs to be taken care of by his friends; an office, by the way, which these same friends (particularly if they happen to belong to the female order), are always very ready to perform. The great Lord Bacon too once threatened Sir Thomas Bodley, whom he found slow to appreciate his new philosophy, with "a Cogitation against Libraries," to be added to the *Cogitata et Visa*. And we all remember Sir Walter's quiet quizzing of the book-collecting race in the mock heroics which he puts into the mouth of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck: "Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie; and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!"

But notwithstanding our having such high authorities against us, we are about to venture a word or two in defence of this much misunderstood and much calumniated class. And we shall attempt to show that even what are commonly regarded as the oddest and most fantastic of their proceedings, often possess a foundation of intelligent interest which the very dullest must comprehend as soon as it is pointed out to them. To most persons, for instance, the fastidiousness of a genuine book-lover about the editions which he admits into his library; his frequent preference of an old and dingy copy, to the finest modern reprint; and above all, his anxiety to have two or three different editions of the same work in his

* Preface to Catalogue of Books, the Property of a Political Economist [J. R. M'Culloch, Esq.], with Critical and Bibliographical Notices. Lond. (privately printed) 1862.

possession, are quite unaccountable. To a great many even of those who have a tolerably wide acquaintance with literature, a Baskerville and a Bungay edition are all one. Or if they do get the length of preferring the exquisite beauty of the former to the utter ugliness of the latter, this is the utmost stretch to which their discrimination attains. The only idea they have as to the superior intrinsic value of one edition over another is, that it should be "the latest." And hence, in buying a copy of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons, for example, they would probably turn with contempt from the finest old folio of 1668 or 1678, and select, with unhesitating preference, the smug octavo edition of Mr. Thomas Tegg, in which we lately noticed one of the noblest passages of the great preacher disfigured and rendered unintelligible by having "spritefulness of the morning," converted (no doubt after grave consultation among the collective wisdom of the printing-office, and much turning over of Johnson) into "spitefulness."

Charles Lamb declares that he could never read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio, and that he did not know a more heartless sight than the octavo reprints of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. And, as generally happens with a saying of Lamb's, his remark, though given as mere matter of sentiment, has an excellent basis of common sense in it. What do our readers think of the fact that, since Milton's own time, there has not been a single edition of the *Paradise Lost*, in which the text is given strictly as the author left it, and in which the language has not been tampered with in a way that would have given Milton himself (could he have become cognisant of it) the greatest annoyance and vexation? The author of *Paradise Lost*, let it be remembered, besides being a man of the loftiest genius, was also one of the most profound scholars of his day. From his earliest youth he had "applied himself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue."* And although he disavows, as "a toylsome vanity," making "verbal curiosities his end," it is evident that not only in the formation of his vocabulary, but even in the most minute points of orthography, he was singularly careful and solicitous. The minute lists of errata at the end of some of the original editions of his prose tracts furnish curious illustrations of this. And in several copies of the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (the edition of 1644), which lately

came under our eye, we noticed that a number of errata had been carefully corrected with a pen. The corrections were the same in each copy, and the handwriting was also the same; so that there could be hardly any doubt that they were made under the immediate superintendence of the author himself; a striking instance, as it seemed to us, of his close and anxious attention to typographical exactness. We should be sorry to believe the reports of Milton's cruelty to his daughters, but we have a strong suspicion that he was a terrible torment to his printers.*

It is well known to all who have examined the early editions of the *Paradise Lost*, that Milton had made the attempt, altogether singular in his day, to introduce regularity and system into English orthography. He was the first Englishman, so far as we know, who did so. Many of his words and modes of spelling, too, are peculiar to himself, and many of them also not only indicated scholar-like knowledge and precision of view on etymological questions, but were adopted by him with a curious attention to musical effect, and with a most felicitous recognition of the close relation between sound and sense. Yet strange as it may seem, every trace of this phase of Milton's mind has been obliterated from his works. In every modern edition all specialty in his language has disappeared. The orthography is carefully toned down to the tame uniformity of present usage, and from no edition published since his own time, is it possible to discover what were Milton's ideas on the subjects referred to, or even that he had any idea upon them at all.† As an instance of the

* Perhaps, however, this may be a failing common to the whole of the "irritable race." We have now before us a copy of the *Sibylline Leaves*, which seems formerly to have belonged to Mr. Evans, its printer. It is entitled "Waste Office Copy," and has a marginal note, rather strongly indicative of a row in the printing-office. On the poem called "The nightingale," at the line "And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all," the insulted and indignant printer has written, "See the proof returned by Mr. Coleridge, for the justice of his charge of 'gratuitous emendation' on my part." "Gratuitous emendation!" what a fine, thundering, many-jointed missile, a sort of verbal chain-shot, to discharge at the head of a printer. It is clear to us that Mr. Coleridge must have been a practised hand at this sort of work, and we do not wonder that Mr. Evans held his breath, and had to content himself with confiding his wrongs in silence to his "Waste Office Copy." The line complained of will be found altered in the later editions. In addition to the above, the volume before us contains several various readings, none of them, however, of any great importance.

† Perhaps an exception ought to be made in favour of the beautiful edition of the whole works of Milton, published by Pickering in 1851, 8 vols. 8vo. The editor, at least, professes to have followed strictly

* *The Reason of Church Government*, Book second.

manner in which the language of the *Paradise Lost* has occasionally been emasculated by the liberties taken with it by later editors and printers, take the touching passage in the beginning of the third book, in which the author, alluding to his blindness, says—

"But thou

Revisit'st not these eyes that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn."

Now, can any one inform us what possible reason there could be for diluting the full, rich, passionate resonance of *rowle* into the thin prosaic feebleness of *roll*, as has been done by Newton, Todd, and all the rest of the tuneless rout of Milton's editors?

As to the great majority of Milton's orthographical peculiarities, it may or may not be of any very great consequence that he chose to write *sovran* instead of sovereign, *perfet* instead of perfect, *thir* instead of their, *voutsaft* for vouchsafed, *fluts* instead of flutes, *intrans't*, *glimps*, *hight*, *maistring*, *anow* for enough, etc. etc. But it is, at any rate, worth knowing that he did so. Even the crotchets of such a mind are of interest to us—a mind so widely informed with learning and subtile thought,—and possess a value very different to that which belongs to those of the mere shallow and fantastic crotchet-monger. The question, too, as to preserving the orthography of Milton's works, is one altogether distinct from that which is sometimes canvassed among mere antiquaries, of following the old spelling of other writers either of the same period or of an earlier time. For in their case no uniform rules of orthography were observed, and they thought nothing of spelling the same word in half-a-dozen different ways in the same number of consecutive lines; while he, on the contrary, practised a regular unvarying system deliberately formed by himself, and adopted upon choice and aforethought. Besides, it is evident that, to some at least, if not to all of his peculiarities of language and orthography, he himself, with all his indifference to "verbal curiosities," attached considerable importance. At the

the author's own editions, and as far as we have examined, the profession seems to have been honourably fulfilled. But as experience has bred in us considerable distrust of Mr. Pickering's editions in general, we must hesitate to guarantee his Milton. A beautiful duodecimo edition of the *Paradise Lost* was published by the Foulises of Glasgow in 1750 (reprinted in a smaller size, 1761), which bore on the title-page to be "According to the Author's last edition in the year 1672." But, though probably the best edition of the text of *Paradise Lost* printed in last century, we regret to say that it cannot be relied on for absolute accuracy.

end of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, we meet with the following singular item among the errata:—"Lib. ii. v. 414. For *we* read *wee*." Even a tolerably attentive student of the early editions of Milton, might be at a loss what to make of this. It is certain that *we* is to be met with in the *Paradise Lost* quite as often, or rather much oftener, with a single than with a double *e*. It occurs as *we* in the very next line to that referred to above in the list of errata. What then could be Milton's object in desiring its correction in v. 414, while he leaves it unaltered elsewhere? The explanation is simply this, that although in ordinary cases he is accustomed to spell the pronouns *we*, *me*, *he*, *ye*, with a single *e*, wherever special emphasis is intended to be put upon them he makes a point of writing *wee*, *mee*, *hee*, *yee*. At the end of book ix., for example, we find the following passage thus given in the early editions:—

"Thus it shall befall

Him who to worth in woman ever trusting
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not
brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Again, Book x. line 1:—

"Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband *Shee*," etc.

In the same Book, line 137:—

"This woman whom thou mad'st to be my
help,
And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed;
Shee gave me of the tree, and I did eate.
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied:—
Was *shee* thy God that her thou did'st obey
Before his voice, or was *shee* made thy guide
Superior," etc.

Now, all this may not be very important, but it is at least worth knowing as one of the characteristics of Milton's mind, that he was thus curiously ingenious and solicitous about orthographical minutiae. Yet no one could discover the fact from the modern editions of his works. And it would almost appear that, whether an author was, like Shakspeare, utterly careless about the accurate printing of his works, or, like Milton, painfully and laboriously attentive to the correction of the press, in either case he was equally sure of having his text depraved and mutilated by his ignorant and presumptuous commentators and editors.

Take another great author of the seventeenth century—Jeremy Taylor. There is no reason to think that the question of fixing English orthography had engaged his attention, and the later editions of his works which modernize his antique spelling, have therefore done him no wrong thereby. But any one who wishes to read the pure text of Taylor will find just as little reason to trust to the "latest edition" of any of his works, as we have shown he can do to the modern copies of Milton. If we wish to obtain any certainty as to what he really wrote, we must, quite as much as in Milton's case, have recourse to editions published in the author's lifetime. His singular phraseology (as odd often as that of Thomas Carlyle in the present day), the unexpectedness of his turns of thought, and the not unfrequent obscurity of his language, are constantly apt to throw out the printers, and a fine muddle they occasionally make of him. In an ordinary copy of the *Holy Dying*, for example, on turning to chap. i. sect. 3, § 2, 3, we meet with the following passage:—

"And let us a while suppose what Dives would have done if he had been loosed from the pains of hell, and permitted to live on earth one year. Would all the pleasures of the world have kept him one hour from the temple? Would he not perpetually have been under the hands of priests, or at the feet of the Doctors, or by Moses' chair, or attending as near the altar as he could, or relieving poor *Lazarus*," etc.

Now, it might surely have occurred to any one that as Lazarus is represented in the Gospel narrative as having died *before* Dives, and as Taylor's supposition does not include his coming to life again along with the latter, there is something like absurdity in the idea of one of the engagements of his renewed life being that of "relieving poor Lazarus." But if we refer to the edition of 1652, we shall find that the absurdity in question does not belong to Taylor, and we shall also have the satisfaction of lighting on one of those quaint felicities of thought which are so characteristic of this divine, and which in all probability would never have occurred to any other writer but himself. The true reading is *Lazars*, not *Lazarus*. And yet in every edition we have happened to look into, ranging from about 1704 downwards to the present time, the absurd and nonsensical reading *Lazarus* occurs. Thus it is given in an exquisitely printed edition published some years ago by Parker of Oxford; thus also the late Mr. Pickering has given it in all his beautiful editions; and even in the copy of Taylor's whole works, published by the Longmans a few years ago, with

lofty pretensions of being founded on a careful collation of the early copies, the same stupid blunder is repeated. As a specimen of the careless way in which Taylor has been reproduced for modern readers, we may give the following results of a comparison of a few pages taken quite at random, between the second edition of 1652, and Mr. Pickering's elegant reprint of 1840, which most of its possessors probably regard as all but immaculate. In chap. i. sect. iii. § 5, line 4, *casuality* is printed for *causality*; sect. iv. § 3, third last line, *infinities* for *infinites*; sect. v. § 1, a whole line left out; § 2, line 6, *nor* for *not*; *ib.*, ten lines from the end, *unable to eat* for *enabled to eat*; same place, *mariners* instead of *many mariners*. Chap. ii. sect. i. § 2, line 20, *resolved* for *revolved*; § 3, *Bonadventur* for *Bona-venture*; sect. ii. § 1, *signs and tangents* for *sines and tangents*. Now some of these may be mere trifles, others of them, however, seriously affect the sense of the passages in which they occur, and the whole of them together are more than enough to destroy all confidence in the accuracy of an edition in which they are to be found.

Lord Bacon is another great author whose fate it has been to suffer somewhat severely in the reprinting of his works. What are we to think of such an editor as Mr. Basil Montagu, and such a publisher as Mr. Pickering, setting forth a magnificent edition of his works, and in printing many of his letters, never to have examined the only reliable copies of them, viz., those published in the *Resuscitatio* by his chaplain and literary executor, Dr. Rawley, but to have indolently contented themselves with the inaccurate and worthless transcripts contained in the *Cabala*, in which not only many passages have been left out, but in which Bacon's memory has been insulted, by having attributed to his pen a rude and brutal letter to the illustrious Sir Edward Coke, upon the occasion of his falling into disgrace at Court, although it had been pointed out, years before Montagu's edition appeared, that the author of the *Novum Organon* had nothing whatever to do with its composition? Again, it is surely rather hard upon Bacon's fame, that though separate editions of his *Advancement of Learning* have been reprinted times without number during the last two hundred years, it has scarcely ever occurred to any publisher that it would be desirable to incorporate the large additions which Lord Bacon made to the work shortly before his death. Almost every edition published during that time contains nothing more than the two books published in 1605, and no one would discover from the com-

mon modern copies, that the work was afterwards extended to more than double its original size, and issued in the form of nine books in 1623.* It is true that Lord Bacon, in his final recast of the work, thought proper to adopt the Latin instead of the English tongue, but this need have been no obstacle in the way, as a fair enough translation by G. Wats had been published in 1640 (2d edition 1674). Nothing was more easy than to have incorporated the additional matter with Bacon's own original English. But for what reason no one can tell, the *Advancement of Learning* in its perfect state has been as carefully kept out of the hands of the English public as if, instead of containing some of the finest philosophical thought to be found in all literature, it had been filled with matter as perilous to the health of souls as David Hume's long suppressed *Essay on Suicide* and *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*.

So much, then, for the necessity of having recourse to editions published during an author's lifetime, if we wish to ascertain with absolute certainty what he really wrote.

In addition to this there is often great interest in ascertaining the gradual stages by which a great work has been brought to its ultimate form of perfection; and a good deal is often to be learned on this point by comparing the earlier with the later editions issued by the author. Hence the eagerness with which intelligent book collectors seek to assemble these in their libraries. The later editions, for example, of Jeremy Taylor's *Life of Christ* differ most extensively from the first, and show the most minute and careful correction both of the thought and language. The various editions of Hume's *Essays* also vary most materially from each other. Large retrenchments have often been made from the earlier copies, curious changes

of opinion, particularly on political questions, are manifested, and the utmost diligence has been expended in the removal of careless or awkward expression, and in the modification of strong or exaggerated sentiment. In Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* the number of verbal changes made by the author, when he collected the separate papers into volumes, is said to have been not less than six thousand. Bacon's *Essays*,* Thomson's *Seasons*, Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, and Burnet's *Own Times* (the curious suppressions in the earlier editions of the two last of which were brought to light a good many years ago by Dr. Routh), are works which will probably occur to every one as exhibiting the most remarkable variations between the earlier and later editions. It is difficult to conceive any exercise of greater practical utility to the student, who aims at making himself a master of correct thought or of English style, than the minute study of the process, as exhibited in these variations, by which great authors have brought their works to their most finished and perfect state.

Another source of interest in books is that which frequently arises from their association with those in whose possession they may have previously been. Some of our readers may perhaps recollect a fine passage in one of the late John Foster's *Essays*, in which a train of reflection, founded upon associations of this kind, is pursued with that sort of intensity and terrible earnestness which characterized this great master of meditative thought. The kind of interest, however, to which we are now referring, is generally founded upon indications of former possession considerably more special and overt than those which Foster had in his eye; indications which not merely impart a fanciful interest, but often add a palpable value to the volumes which contain them. Let us give a few examples of what we mean from a small pile of relics now lying before us.

The first is a copy of "*The Battaile of Agincourt, and some other poems. By Michael Drayton, Esq.*" London, 1627. Small folio. On the top of the fifth page we meet with the autograph "W^m. Wordsworth, Rydal Mount;" at page 117, where the poem "*Nimphidia, the Court of Fayrie,*" begins,

* We believe that the only edition of the entire work (in English), apart from his collected works, since 1674, is one published by Bohn in 1853. In the *Philosophical Works of Bacon* (3 vols. 4to), published by Dr. Shaw, an English version of the *Instauratio* is introduced, but not only has Bacon's arrangement been absurdly altered, but many important passages are actually excluded altogether. The admirable edition of Bacon's whole works, still in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. Spedding, contains of course a translation of the *De Augmentis* (no doubt incomparably superior to any other that has appeared), but our reference at present is more especially to separate editions of the book in which Bacon's thoughts would be readily accessible to the mass of English readers. It is greatly to be desired, that the version contained in Spedding's edition should be printed in a volume by itself. That published by Bohn cannot be spoken of with much commendation. We greatly prefer to it the old translation by Gilbert Wats.

* See the valuable little edition of Bacon's *Essays*, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright (Macmillan, 1863), in which the variations of all the early copies are exhibited with great care and minute accuracy.

another poet, "Leigh Hunt," has written his name. And on one of the fly-leaves is a memorial of what must surely have been some pleasant social gathering. First, "Leigh Hunt" has inscribed his clear business-like autograph, and then follows, not immediately below his brother poet, but apart by himself, as if he disdained to concede precedence, "W^m. Wordsworth," who is succeeded by "R. H. Horne," "T. N. Talfourd," and "Southwood Smith." The volume has been carefully read, as the frequent pencil-marks on the margin indicate, and, oddly enough, the mode of notation adopted is precisely that described in *The Doctor* as having been practised by Dr. Daniel Dove of Doncaster. "My friend," says Southey, "has noted in it, as was his custom, every passage that seemed worthy of observation, with the initial of his own name [D]. Such of his books as I have been able to collect are full of these marks. These notations have been of much use to me in my perusal," etc. Whether this was really "the Doctor's" copy or not we don't know, but here at least is the "D" occurring over and over again.

Our second example is of somewhat higher interest. It is a copy of the first edition (in 4to) of "*Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem. By Robert Southey. Bristol, 1796.*" It had formerly belonged to S. T. Coleridge, and is, in fact, the identical copy mentioned in a note to the last edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 31. No notice, however, is there taken of the most material and curious part of its contents. It is, in fact, one of those volumes of which Lamb speaks, "enriched with S. T. C.'s annotations, tripling their value." Coleridge, like most men of genius, had caught the trick of speaking out exactly what he thought, without much regard to conventional proprieties, and he has here set down some rather hard truths about Southey's early poem, with a degree of plain-speaking which had evidently greatly shocked his own family, who have made an amiable attempt (though happily not a perfectly successful one) to obliterate his just, though unsparing criticisms on their uncle Southey. We shall give some extracts.

In the preface to the poem, Southey, speaking of Statius and Lucan, mentions that "the French court honoured the poet of liberty by excluding him from the edition *in usum Delphini*," adding, "I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil; his images are strongly conceived and clearly painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself." Against this Coleridge has written:—"The proper petulance of levelism in a youth

of two-and-twenty. I will venture to assert Southey had never read, or more than merely looked through, Statius, or Virgil either, except in school lessons."

Again, "The lawless magic of Ariosto," says Southey, "and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render all rules of epic poetry inapplicable to these authors." On this Coleridge remarks:—"N.B.—It is an original discovery of Southey's that the excellence of an epic poem should render the rules of epic poetry inapplicable to it. The Yorkshire pudding [has] been made with consummate culinary art; the art culinary is therefore inapplicable to the making thereof. There is just the same difference between a poet, the most thinking of human beings, and a mock poet, as between cooks in egg skill."

"So likewise," continues Southey, "with Spenser, the favourite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight." "The marvellous egotism," subjoins Coleridge, "in the curt *ipse dixit* of this Epician!"

Coming to the poem itself, Coleridge sets down the following list of abbreviations, which he proposes to use in his marginal notes:—

N.B.—S. E. means Southey's English, *i.e.*, no English at all.

N. means nonsense.

J. means discordant jingle of sound—one word rhyming or half-rhyming to another, proving either utter want of ear, or else very long ones.

L. M. ludicrous metaphor.

I. M. incongruous metaphor.

S = pseudo-poetic slang, generally, too, not English.

Following this notation, Coleridge proceeds with his criticism on Book First. We print Southey's lines in the first column, and Coleridge's marginal notes in the second. The words in *italics* have been underlined by Coleridge:—

Line 5. Or *slept in death, or lingered* Δ S. E. Δ out
life in chains.

L. 6. I sing: nor wilt thou, Freedom, I really can't promise that tho', quoth
scorn the song. Freedom.

L. 7. Sunk was the Sun; o'er all the *ex-* N.
panse of air

The mists of Evening deepening as they
rose

Chilled the still scene; when thro' the J.*
forest gloom;

* Any jingle of this kind seems always to have struck offensively on Coleridge's quick ear. In a copy of Whistlecraft's (Hookham Frere's) "Prospectus and specimen of an intended national work," which formerly belonged to Mr. Gillman, we find a curious note, in Coleridge's handwriting, on the tenth stanza of the second canto.

"He found a valley closed on every side
Resembling that which Rasselas describes;

Rapt on with lightning speed, in vain
Dunois
Now *checked* with weaker force the un-
heeded *rein*.

S. E.

S. E.

Mercy on us, if I
go on thus I shall
make the book
what I suppose it
never was before,
red all thro'.*

N. B.—Puns are
for the *ear*. Pun-
ning by spelling
are (*sic*) natural
enemies.

Why refulgent?
A polished mirror,
if put in the sun,
is refulgent. The
sun is fulgent, if
there be such a
word.

L. 22. The new-born Sun
Refulgent smiles around.

L. 24. In dubious life Dunois *unseals* his
eyes,
And views a form with *mildly*
melting gaze,

L. 27. And on *her* *rubied* cheek
Hung *Pity's* crystal gem.

L. 30. Silent he gazed, Gaze *versus* gaze.
And gazing wondered.

L. M.

S.

S.

Gaze *versus* gaze.

Then follows a passage from line 34, "When soft as breeze," etc., to line 51, including also line 59, against which Coleridge has pencilled his own initials, indicating that its authorship belonged to him. It, however, did not reappear among the fragments contributed to the "Joan of Arc," which he afterwards printed in the collected edition of his poems, under the title of *The Destiny of Nations*. On this passage, at line 37, "His eye not slept," is corrected into "slept not;" line 39, "Volleys *red* thunder," is pronounced to be S. (pseudo-poetic slang); and line 46, "*Firm* thy young heart," is declared to be "not English."

Line 84. As down the steep descent
with many a step
They urge their way.

No doubt—unless
they rolled down.

L. 89. Softened her eye, and *all the wo-*
man *reigned*.

S.

Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried:
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)," etc.

Over-against this Coleridge has written, "I have ever found an unpleasant effect where the consonances A, C, and E are assonant to the consonances B, D, and F." And the remark having probably long afterwards caught his eye, he then wrote below it in pencil, "What can I have meant by this?" The reader will perhaps be inclined at first to sympathize with his perplexity. Nevertheless, his words are both perfectly intelligible and perfectly well founded. The letters A, B, C, D, E, F are evidently intended to indicate the lines in their order as they stand in the verse. A, C, E and B, D, F severally rhyme together, and are therefore called by Coleridge "consonances." But they are also said to be "assonant" to each other, because the vowels in both series of rhymes are the same, as *side*, *describes*, *wide*, *tribes*, etc. And any one who attends to the effect of the final words upon the ear in reading the stanza will at once be sensible of some confusion in the harmony, and will understand the nature of the "unpleasant effect" of which Coleridge complains.

* Coleridge writes his remarks with a *red* pencil.

L. 92. ——— and the rising smoke
Slow o'er the copse* that floated on
the breeze.

L. 94. She *dried* the tear.

L. 95. ——— Where rolls the Seine
Full to the sea his *congregated*
waves.

L. 118. The mother's *anguished* shriek.

L. 124. For scarce four summers o'er
my head had *beamed* their *ra-*
diance.

L. 127. Too fondly *wished*, too fondly
deemed secure.

L. 129. Heedless of death that rode the
iron storm,
Firebrands, and darts, and
stones, and javelins.

L. 133. ——— have not *effaced* the
scene

From *bleeding* memory.

L. 143. behold thine orphan child,
She goes to *fill* her destiny.

* A striking instance of the utter unfitness for the English language, which has no *cases*, of this dislocation of words. Who would not suppose it was the copse that floated; but that it would be non-sense?

S. E., to dry a cloth, to dry up the moisture on it.

An important epithet, proving that the Seine rolling seaward showed no partiality to any particular wave.

Not English. A participle pre-supposes a verb. Now there is no such verb as "to anguish," *ergo*, there can be no such participle as "anguished." To guard with jealous care the purity of his native tongue, the sublime Dante declares to be the first duty of a poet. It is this conviction more than any other which actuates my severity toward Southey, W. Scott, etc., —all miserable offenders.

S.

Wished for.

S. E., N., L. M.

Verse!

I. M.

S. E.

The following words, at line 221—

"The groves of Paradise
Gave their mild echoes to the choral song
Of new-born beings,"

are marked with the initials S. T. C. So also are the passages from l. 269, beginning, "Dispeopled hamlets," to l. 280; and from l. 455, "From a dark lowering cloud," to l. 460. And against l. 485 to 496 on

p. 33, beginning, "Down in the dingle's depth," Coleridge has written, "Suggested and in part worded by S. T. C."

The greater part of Book Second was written by Coleridge himself, and is marked on the margin as his composition. A long note on l. 34 has not been reprinted in *The Destiny of Nations*. At the long passage beginning, "Maid beloved of Heaven," he has written—"These are very fine lines, tho' I say it that should not: but hang me if I know or ever did know the meaning of them, tho' my own composition."

At the passage beginning l. 398—

"Guiding its course Oppression sat within,
With terror pale and rage, yet laughed at
times,
Musing on Vengeance," etc.

he has written—"These images imageless—these small capitals constituting personifications I despised even at that time; but was forced to introduce them to preserve the connection with the machinery of the poem previously adopted by Southey. S. T. C." The passage, we may mention, is left out in *The Destiny of Nations*.

At line 420—

"Shrieked Ambition's ghastly throng,
—And with them those, the Locust Fiends that
crawled
And glittered in Corruption's slimy track,"

he writes—"If locusts, how could they shriek? I must have caught the contagion of *unthinkingness*." The lines are accordingly altered in *The Destiny of Nations*.

On the words *σπενδοις ὑποζευχθεν*, in the quotation, in the notes, from the Greek Prize Ode on the Slave Trade, he remarks: "ο before ζ ought to have been made long—δῶις ὑπὸς is an Amphimacer, not (as the metre here requires) a dactyle. S. T. C."

To the following lines in the concluding paragraph of his contribution—

"Nature's vast ever acting ENERGY!
In will, in deed, IMPULSE of All to all,"

he appends the following curious note:—"Tho' these lines may bear a sane sense, yet they are easily, and more naturally interpretable into a very false and dangerous one. But I was at that time one of the *mongrels*—the Josephedites [Josephides= the son of Joseph, a proper name of distinction from those who believe in, as well as believe, Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God, before all time.] The lines were allowed to stand as originally written in *The Destiny of Nations*, the only change made being, that "Energy" and "Impulse"

were not printed in capitals. In the line which immediately follows, "Whether thy *Law*," was changed to "*Love*."

In Book Third only two marginal remarks by Coleridge occur. On the following lines, at p. 107,—

"So have I seen the simple snowdrop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation,"—

Coleridge writes—"Borrowed from the *Saccontala*, a Drama translated from the Sanscrit by Sir Wm. Jones."

And a little further on, at p. 110, in the maiden's speech, beginning—

"Father,
In forest shade my infant years trained up,
Knew not devotion's forms," etc.,

Coleridge remarks—"How grossly unnatural an anachronism thus to transmogrify the fanatic votary of the Virgin into a Tom Paine in petticoats, a novel-palming prose-lyte of the Age of Reason."

Here, we suppose, Coleridge got weary of his work of annotation. Enough, however, has been done by him to show the remarkable soundness of his critical judgment, and his singularly quick insight into whatever was false in thought or impure in English diction. The slight appearance of petulance or ill-nature in some of the remarks, no one who really comprehends Coleridge's character will for a moment misunderstand. It was simply, we believe, the almost unconscious outcome of a perfectly natural person, not caring to put any restraint on the full and distinct utterance of the idea or impulse of the moment,—a characteristic not by any means peculiar to Coleridge,—but common to him along with almost all men who think clearly, feel strongly, and are perfectly in earnest in the opinions or principles which they hold. A nature of this sort is almost always deficient in what is called tact, and in stating what it regards as truth is ever apt to be betrayed into forgetfulness of how extraneous persons or things may be affected thereby. But all the while no law of kindness has been violated, no part of the moral being has been impaired, simply because all personal considerations were absolutely and entirely out of view. Coleridge's remarks on Southey's early work form, we think, a very good supplement to the first chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*, and are throughout illustrative of the principles of composition there laid down. We do not think, therefore, that we overrate their value when we venture to commend them to the attentive

study of any one who wishes to acquire good habits of thinking, or a sound and correct English style.

No. 3 is a copy of the *Scriptores de Re Rustica*. Paris, ex officina Roberti Stephani, 1543. In 2 vols. small 8vo. On the fly-leaf is the autograph "Wm. Wordsworth," and the volumes throughout are extensively marked and annotated by his venerable hand. At first one wonders a little what there could have been attractive to Wordsworth in these old writers on agriculture. Books of any kind were not exactly his specialty. Practical, matter-of-fact books probably least so.

"A poet, one who loved the brooks

Far better than the sages' books."

And yet from the traces which have been left by his pencil on these pages, there is reason to think that he had read every word of Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, and did not even omit the "Ennarrationes priscarum vocum per Georgium Alexandrinum," or the "Philippi Beroaldi Annotationes in libros xiii. Columellæ." On second thoughts, however, it is easy to see that the fresh glimpses of ancient out-of-door life, and of those simple scenes, "tasting of Flora and the country green," which these volumes bring before us, could not but have had a powerful interest for the author of "The Excursion." His notes, as might be expected, are totally different in character from those of his friend Coleridge on the "Joan of Arc." They show no critical acuteness—scarcely any attempt at criticism at all—no flashes of shrewd, biting, sarcastic wit. Taken individually and apart from the thought of who wrote them, they hardly give the impression of possessing interest or value of any kind. And it is only when, ceasing to expect anything marked or special in them, we are content to follow Wordsworth in his perusal of the book, "pausing where he had paused, observing what he had noted, and considering what to him seemed worthy of consideration," that we begin to see the kind of interest which they possess. We find that we have got completely upon the track of Wordsworth's thoughts, as he read these singular old treatises, and upon the vein of feeling which they awakened within him. And in turning over the pages of this old book, we discover everywhere the characteristic tendencies of his taste and genius with as much distinctness as we do in perusing his poetry. The points which he has chiefly noted are—anything peculiar, uncommon, or specially felicitous in word or phrase—anything beautiful, simple, tender, or poetical in thought or expression—strange or fantastic beliefs—curious out-of-the-way

notions or observations about natural processes—or anything else, in fact, that helps to indicate the ways, customs, or modes of thinking prevalent in the ancient world. When Cato, for example, uses the expression *naves ambulantes*, Wordsworth notes the oddness of the phrase, and remarks that "*hujus vocabuli* (his annotations are chiefly written in Latin) *usum notavit Gellius*." When the same writer tells us that, in removing dung, it is of great importance that the work should be done *silenti luna* (when the moon is not shining) Wordsworth not only underlines the exquisite words, but carefully writes them out on the margin; such a pearl was too precious to be left upon the dunghill. When you are informed that if your wine contains too much water you should put the liquid into a vessel made of ivy wood, and that then the wine will flow away while the water will remain, *nam non continet vinum vas ederaceum*, the singular fact is noted with a cross. When you are told, in selecting your pigeons for slaughter, to drive those you wish to kill out of the dovecot into the *secluserium*, and there put them to death secretly out of sight of the others, lest the latter, *si videant, despondeant animum*, the whole passage is underlined, and the delicious recognition of the capacity of doves for grief and sad foreboding, in the words *despondeant animum*, is written out on the margin. When Varro gives the remarkable reason for the greater longevity of those who live in the country than of people bred in towns, *quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes*, the singular thought you may be sure does not escape him, and he quotes Cowper's version of the sentiment, "God made the country, but man made the town," at the foot of the page. When Columella tells us that if a mouse or serpent falls into the wine-vat, we must, in order to prevent it from affecting the flavour of the wine, burn the dead body, pour the ashes when cool into the wine, and stir the liquid well with a rake or ladle, and that *ea res erit remedio*, Wordsworth gravely remarks, that it is "*remedium Catone dignum*," meaning, we suppose, that he expected something better from the more advanced intelligence of Columella, but that his *remedium* is no better than some of the absurdities to be found in the earlier treatise of Cato. When Varro tells us of his going to visit Appius Claudius, the augur, at his country place, and finding him seated at table along with Cornelius *Merula*, a man of good consular family, and Fircellius *Pavo* on his left hand; and Munitius *Pica* and Marcus Petronius *Passer* on his right; and how *Axius Appius* (who accompanied Varro)

smiled (*subridens*), and said, "Why, you receive us in your aviary where you sit among the birds,"—Wordsworth, no doubt, thought how English-like the whole scene was—the company the very same you might meet anywhere—Mr. Merle, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Pye, and Mr. Sparrow; and the thin jest, exactly the sort of thing that tells so well and goes so far in kindly English country-houses; and so he fondly underlines all the points of the story. We might go on for pages noticing Wordsworth's curiously characteristic markings, but our rapidly decreasing space warns us to forbear. The condition of the volumes is also characteristic of Wordsworth, at least it confirms Mr. De Quincey's account of his utter indifference about the misusage of books which came into his hands. The binding of both volumes is loose and broken, the body of the book separated from the back, many of the leaves torn out and lost, the whole of the pages pervaded by a deep yellow stain, and a large portion of the work so utterly rotten, that it can hardly be moved without scattering about mealy flakes, of what once was paper. Horace speaks of the infamy of him *qui in patrios cineres minxerit*; we wonder what is to be thought of a poet who performed the same office upon one of his favourite books.

No. 4 is a copy of Dr. Carlyle's translation of the Divine Comedy (out of sight, by the way, the best rendering of Dante in the language. Why has it never been completed?) The former possessor has carefully destroyed all trace of his identity. But the volume contains a note which we think ought to excite some curiosity as to its authorship, because it suggests, we believe, a perfect original and, we are persuaded, a perfectly correct explanation of a very obscure passage in the *Inferno*, on which no commentator hitherto has been able to throw any satisfactory light.

In the third canto, Dante, speaking of those who lived without either blame or praise (*senza infamia e senza lodo*), says, "and I saw the shade of him who from cowardice made the great refusal:"

"E vidi l'ombra di colui
Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto."

The common interpretation is, that Celestine the Fifth, who abdicated the Papacy in 1294, is the person indicated. But we may safely conclude that Dante knew better than to consign a man to eternal pain for having declined the path of ambition. Our ms. annotator has written on the margin: "The reference is probably to Matt. xix. 22." And there cannot be the slightest doubt of it. A

young man came asking our Lord, "What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? Jesus said unto him, if thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." It is the only instance recorded in the Gospels in which "Jesus looking on a man and loving him," asked him to become his friend and companion, but the glorious invitation was declined. Certainly nothing that ever happened in this world could so justly be called "the great refusal." And it is touchingly characteristic of the deep purity and spirituality of Dante's mind that he so regarded it.

No. 5 is the *Biographia Literaria* of S. T. Coleridge, 2 vols. 1847, with the autograph of "Sara Coleridge," on each of the volumes. It contains a considerable number of corrections, for a new edition, and also several ms. notes by that admirable and accomplished woman; one or two of them to us of much interest. If our readers turn to p. 135-6 of the second volume of the *Biographia*, they will find a printed note, by Mrs. Coleridge, in reference to Wordsworth's *Blind Highland Boy* in which she expresses, what many beside herself have felt, considerable regret that Wordsworth should have destroyed the simplicity of the original incident, by substituting the foreign shell for the "household tub," as the vessel in which the Highland boy sailed away. The chief objection, she thinks, to the first form of the poem was, that Wordsworth had introduced the tub in a way so awkward as almost inevitably to suggest a feeling of the ridiculous—

"A household tub like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes."

And in her ms. note, she suggests that this should be altered into

"A tub of common form and size,
Such as each rustic home supplies;"

adding, "Mr. W. might recast the whole stanza so as to avoid the sudden jerk downwards into the mean and trivial, still keeping the original incident. The nine new stanzas might be preserved in an appendix. This I ventured to suggest to the venerable author at Bath, March 1847. He did not reject the notion altogether. S. C." Another note also refers to a poem of Mr. Wordsworth, "The Gipsies." It occurs at p. 154 of the same volume. In a printed note here, Mrs. Coleridge says: "I hope it is not mere poetic partiality, regard-

less of morality, that makes so many readers regret the sublime conciseness of the original conclusion:—

"Oh better wrong and strife,
Better vain deeds or evil than such life."

And at the foot of the page she has written as follows:—"Mr. Wordsworth promised me that this should be restored, at Bath, March 1847. He said that he had made the alteration against his own judgment, in deference to an objection of Charles Lamb's. S. C." Both of these are interesting little bits of literary history. The other notes are principally mere verbal corrections of the text, and could scarcely be of much interest to the reader. They ought all, however, to be used in the event of a new edition of the book being called for.

No. 6 is a copy of the poems of the Rev. John Logan, which formerly belonged to John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Over against the "Ode to the Cuckoo," Mr. Miller has inserted a slip of paper containing the following curious piece of information: "The following note relative to the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' was found among the papers of Dr. Grant, one of Logan's executors:—

"Alas, sweet bird! not so my fate:
Dark scowling skies I see,
Fast gathering round and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me."

"I find that after the stanza 'sweet bird!' he had written the above, but as he did not express a wish to have it inserted, I have omitted it. And it is perhaps too solemn for the tone of the rest of the poem, but it is expressive of that predictive melancholy which was with him constitutional."

Now, of course, Dr. Grant must have been much better qualified to judge than we are as to Logan's disposition to "predictive melancholy." But it is at least remarkable that the "Ode to the Cuckoo" should thus be ascertained to have included a stanza so strikingly characteristic of Michael Bruce, who is, on other grounds, strongly suspected to have been the real author of the poem. The singularly close parallelism of the above with the well-known lines:—

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known,"
etc.

must necessarily strike every one. The stanza we have now given has never, so far as we know, been printed before, and it is a little unaccountable that it should not have reached the hands of Dr. Mackelvie, who published a carefully edited edition of Bruce's poems about thirty years ago, and

who, as we remember, mentions that he had applied to Mr. Miller of Lincoln's Inn for any information that might be in his possession, bearing upon the question as to the authorship of the several poems which have been variously attributed both to Bruce and Logan.*

One other example of the curious value and interest often attachable to books, in consequence of their association with some previous possessor, we must give from the little work whose title we have placed at the head of this Article. One day M. de Latour picked up at a stall in Paris a copy of Thomas A'Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*, with the autograph of Jean Jacques Rousseau on the title-page. It contained only two marginal notes, neither of them of much interest. But it had evidently been read with extraordinary care, and more than half the book was underlined with the pencil. It bore marks too of having been the constant pocket-companion of the unhappy misanthrope. It has been read in the even-

* In this and the previous instance (of the *Biographia Literaria*) we have examples of new and interesting information being sometimes attainable from the ms. *notanda* of previous possessors of a volume. Another curious case of the same kind is given by Dr. John Brown in his letter to Dr. Cairns, published as a supplement to the life of his father. A copy of Richard Baxter's *Life and Times*, belonging to the late Rev. Dr. Brown, contained the autograph of Anne Countess of Argyll, the widow of Archibald Earl of Argyle, who died on the scaffold in 1685, together with a most affecting note by her, on that passage in Baxter (p. 220), where he brings a charge of want of veracity against her eldest daughter who had unfortunately been perverted to Popery, and carried off to a convent in France by her spiritual advisers. The note, according to Dr. Brown, is written "in a hand tremulous with age and feeling." It is as follows:—"I can say wt truth I neuer in all my lyff did hear hir ly, and what she said, if it was not trew, it was by others sugested to hir, as yt she wold embak on Wedensday. She believed she wold, bot thy took hir, alles! from me who never did sie her mor. The minester of Cuper, Mr. John Magill, did sie hir at Paris in the convent. Said she was a knowing and vertuous person, and had retined the living principels of our relidgon, which made him say it was good to grund young persons weel in ther relidgon, as she was one it apired weel grunded." On the volume being shown to Lord Lindsay (whose ancestrix Lady Argyll was, by her previous marriage with the Earl of Balcarras), he wrote to say, that the information it, contained was unknown to him at the time when he wrote the *Lives of the Lindsays*. "I had always been under the impression," he remarked, "that the daughter had died very shortly after her removal to France, but the contrary appears from Lady Argyll's memorandum. That memorandum throws also a pleasing light on the later life of Lady Anna, and forcibly illustrates the undying love and tenderness of the aged mother, who must have been very old when she penned it, the book having been printed as late as 1696."

ings, for there were drops of grease from the candle upon its pages, and it had accompanied him in his country walks, for there were dried flowers stuck here and there between the leaves. It became of interest to ascertain at what period of Rousseau's life he had thus given himself up to the study of the *Imitatio*; and M. de Latour, after much unsuccessful inquiry, was at last able to get some light on the point. In a letter to a Paris bookseller, written from Motiers de Travers, in January 1763, the following sentence was found: "Voici des articles que je vous prie de joindre à votre premier envoi: *Pensées de Pascal, Œuvres de La Bruyère, Imitation de Jésus Christ*, latin." The fact then was plain, that he had begun to make his acquaintance with A' Kempis shortly after he had finished his principal works, about the time he had received, through the kindness of Marshal Keith, a sort of temporary asylum in the Val de Travers in Neuchatel, and when those outcries and persecutions against him had commenced, which by and by seem to have driven him into a state of mind little removed from insanity.

It is surely most curious and interesting thus to find (and this little volume is the sole record of the fact) that at such a time poor Rousseau sought such pure and elevated consolation from his sorrows as that which is to be found in the pages of Pascal and of A' Kempis, and that the latter of these authors at least he had studied with the most devoted attention. It throws a new and tender light on the character of Jean Jacques, and revives a feeling of sympathy and kindness towards him, which his own follies and perversities had nearly destroyed in all our minds. All this was enough to give the greatest interest to the volume, but another curious mark of its old possessor was still to be discovered. In his "Confessions," Rousseau mentions the vivid delight which the finding of a flower of the periwinkle once gave him when ascending a hill near Crossier, in consequence of its recalling to him some interesting circumstance in his connexion with Mad. de Warens thirty years before, not having seen the plant during all that intervening period. His sentimental transport on the occasion forms the subject of a well-known passage in the "Confessions," and on turning over the leaves of the *Imitatio*, M. de Latour found a dried specimen of the periwinkle among the other flowers which, as we have mentioned, the volume contained. Well, the finding of the little flower at Crossier is stated in the "Confessions" to have been in 1764, while the purchase of the *Imitatio* is

proved to have been in 1763, and as it had evidently been carried about in his pocket for a long time afterwards, there was no small probability that it was still his companion when at Crossier, and that this was the identical periwinkle which so powerfully affected him, and of which he makes so much.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and we must now have done. We submit, however, that though we have thus touched on but a very small corner of the subject, we have sufficiently made out our case—that book-collecting really has some solid basis of intelligent interest, that it may legitimately call forth some degree of fervour and enthusiasm, that it cannot altogether be regarded as the pursuit of a mind verging on fanaticism or insanity, and that it must be classed in a totally different category from the taste for old china, old snuff-boxes, old oak chairs, or old swords and daggers. Without such knowledge as the true book-collector generally possesses, and such care and solicitude as he is accustomed to exercise, it is evident from what we have shown; that we shall be pretty certain to miss something that is best in the works of great authors of past times. And so also, the most curious information, the most solid instruction, and the most unexpected and interesting insight both into the character, habits, and tastes, of men of genius, and into other matters not less important, will often be the reward of that quick scent and taste which the zealous book-collector seldom fails to acquire in the exercise of his pursuit.

Before concluding, we may refer to one great difficulty in the way of the book-collector in Scotland, which seems to us too remarkable and characteristic of her people to be passed over. All our best old books have been read nearly out of existence. Printing was not introduced into Scotland till so recently as about 1507 or 1508, but the productions of the Scottish press are infinitely more rare than books printed at a much earlier period in England by Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde. One of the earliest books published in this country was a collection of the poems of some of the Scottish "Makars" of the time. But only one copy* has survived the tear and wear of ceaseless turning over of the leaves by entranced readers. During the later years of the same century, the numerous works of the reformer Knox and his coadjutors, the dramas and satires of Sir David Lyndsay, the grand old

* Even this is very imperfect. It is now in the Advocates' Library, which can boast of a noble collection of specimens of early Scottish typography, many of them beautifully executed, and in singularly fine preservation.

national epics of "the Bruce" and "the Wallace," and others, must have been circulated by thousands through the country. But the bibliomaniac is fortunate above his fellows who can light on any chance trace of them. In the succeeding century it is little better. Calderwood, Robert Bailie, Cowper, the Bishop of Galloway, Forbes of Corse, Hugh Binning, Rutherford, Guthrie of Fenwick, Durham, Dickson, Brown of Wamphray, the authors of "Naphtali" and the "Hind let Loose," with Leighton, Henry Scougal, and many others, all published more or less extensively. But the only form in which most of their works now generally present themselves to us is in that of stained, worn, dirty, decayed fragments, one-half of the book having frequently disappeared, and often only a few disconnected leaves remaining. Even of the popular theological and other publications of the last century, nothing is more difficult than to obtain passably good copies. Thomas Boston's chief works, Willison of Dundee's, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine's, Hallyburton's of St. Andrews, John Brown of Haddington's, and the thousand and one reprints of earlier authors which the Edinburgh and Glasgow presses poured forth, have been read and re-read, thumbed, leant on, dog's-eared, and wept over, till the paper has been fretted almost to wool by black and horny hands, and till the original shape, binding, and colour of the volumes have almost entirely disappeared. Whatever may be the value of Scottish thought as expressed in its popular literature and theology, assuredly it cannot be said that the people of Scotland have not made the most of it. All this is in marked contrast to the state of things in England where works even of the seventeenth century, intended for popular instruction or entertainment, and thoroughly adapted to their purpose, may easily be met with in perfect order, and with the leaves, to all appearance, never separated since they passed out of the hands of the old binder. Perhaps in nothing that we could adduce does the dissimilarity between the two nations more remarkably appear: the one having a peculiarly ignorant, untrained, and unprogressive peasantry; the other a singularly well-educated, thoughtful, and religious one: the one with the mass of the people extremely indifferent to literature of any kind, and with a strong and ready spirit of empirical practicality characterizing almost all classes; the other with a devotion to and belief in books rising sometimes very nearly to superstition.

ART. IV.—1. *Det Norske Folks Historie*. P. A. MUNCH. Vols. i. ii. iii. Christiania, 1852–55.

2. *Den Danske Erobring af England og Normandiet*. J. J. A. WORSAAE. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghandling, 1863.

THE thread of our story was dropped at the death of Magnus the Good (Oct. 25, 1047): we now take it up to tell how his uncle Harold ruled Norway with undivided sway.

The wailing sound of the horns came heavily over the water to the wood in which Thorir and Ref were hid, and they at once set out on their way to Sweyn. They were only just in time, for we are told that Harold sent men after them as soon as the breath was out of his nephew's body, to cut them off, and so stay the message. Next, Harold called together all the Norwegian warriors to a Thing, in which he gave it out that he would not listen to the last wishes of Magnus as to his realm, that he was heir to Denmark just as much as he was heir to Norway, and that his purpose was to make for Viborg, call an Assembly of the Danes, and have himself chosen king of Denmark. If they could only now subdue that land, the Danes would bow their heads before the Norwegians for all time. But Einar again rose to thwart Harold's plans. It was far more his bounden duty, he said, to bear the body of King Magnus, his foster-son, to the grave, and to carry him to his father Saint Olaf, than to war in a foreign land with King Harold, though he were greedy of another king's realm and rule. For his part, he would sooner follow King Magnus dead than any other king alive. Then he took the body and laid it out handsomely in the dead king's ship, and set it up so high that the bier could be seen from all the other ships in the fleet. And then all the Drontheimers, and many other Norwegians, made ready to go home with the body, and the whole host broke up and split asunder. So Harold, against his will, was forced to yield, and to go back with the rest. Off the Cattegat he ran into "the Bay," and landing went slowly up the country, passing from Thing to Thing till he came to Drontheim, and as he went he took an oath of fealty from the freemen that he was sole lawful king in Norway. Long before he reached Drontheim, Einar had got home with his mournful freight. All the dwellers in the town met the corse at the water's edge, and so it was laid in Saint Clement's Church, where his father's shrine was then kept. "Many a tall man," it is said, "stood weep-

ing over the grave of King Magnus, and long grieved they for his loss." As soon as Harold reached Drontheim, he called together the eight districts which were called Drontheim,* and there in a solemn meeting he was chosen king, and now none dared dispute his right to Norway.

Meantime Thorir and his companion had made their way to Sweyn, whom they caught just as he was leaving Denmark. They found him in Scania, which then and long after was Danish soil. He was just about to mount his horse to cross the border into Sweden, and to bid farewell for ever to Denmark. "What news from the host? what are the Norwegians about?" he eagerly asked. Ref told him that Magnus was dead, and gave him the message which made him king in Denmark; the only condition being that he should befriend Thorir. Then Sweyn answered with great feeling, "These are great tidings; as for thee, Thorir, thou shalt be welcome, and we will show thee great honour, for so I trow would the good King Magnus show to my brother if so things had come about. And now I lay this vow in the hands of God, that never again, so long as I live, will I fly from Denmark." Then he sprang on his horse and rode back though Scania, and much folk flocked to him as soon as the news spread that Magnus was dead. That winter Sweyn had all Denmark under him, and all the Danes took him to be their king. The oath which he had given to Magnus was gone. His conscience was free and his people were free to choose whom they would. The struggle with Norway took a new shape, and the Danes went heart and soul with Sweyn.

And Harold though his mind was bent on war with Sweyn had enough to do at home. As the last of Harold Fairhair's race on the swordside none could challenge his hereditary right to the crown, But though he had rights he met with no love. The nation's heart was buried with Magnus. It looked for a stern and unforgiving lord in Harold, and it found one in him. Besides Norway needed such a ruler. The great chiefs and vassals were now too strong. On the ruins of the freemen's allodial rights they had risen to be a power in the State, and their houses were so many fortresses which threatened to defy the king's authority. Saint Olaf had seen the evil and fell in trying to check it. Then came a short period of national repentance, during the greater part of

which the chiefs and vassals were all-powerful, for Magnus was but a child. At the end of his short reign, for he was not twenty-three when he died, the relations between ruler and ruled were hearty and loving, but still the crown was, as it were, in commission in the hands of Einar and his fellows. Now the reign of love was over, the battle must be fought out to the last between the crown and its vassals, and Harold was just the man to win in such a struggle. "He was mighty," says the Saga, "and turned with a will to govern the land at home, and beyond measure wise and understanding, so that all said with one voice there was never a more understanding far-sighted king in the North. Besides, he was a surpassing warrior, strong and well-skilled in all feats of arms, and above all things, a man who knew how to work out his will." "Greedy he was of power, and he grew more and more greedy of it the firmer he felt himself in the land and government, and at last it went so far that most of those smarted for it who dared to speak against him, or to take other things in hand than those he thought good and right." His whole reign, as has been well shown by Munch, was one continuous effort and purpose to carry out his scheme of government with the most unbending will, to strengthen the power of the Crown, crush risings and rebellion, to stifle disturbances, and to bring the whole realm to a state of order and discipline, so that there might be one Norway under one king. Few kings could have done this in the face of strife at home and wasting war abroad; yet Harold did it so well, that he left at his death an orderly, flourishing, firmly-founded, and contented kingdom to his heirs. In him the National Church found a vigorous champion against the encroachments of the See of Bremen, and he left on it a stamp of liberty which the Papacy could not mar for centuries, if it ever quite succeeded. All this he could never have done had he not been a man of wonderful powers of mind, as well as will and daring. He must have had a good head as well as a heavy hand. As Magnus got his by-name "The Good" in his lifetime, so Harold was known almost as soon as he stepped upon the throne by a just and fitting title: Harold Hardrada (Haraldr hinn Hardrádi) was what all men called him. Harold of hard *redes* as we should have said in early English; Harold "the hard-hearted," Harold the stern, a man whose terms were hard, and whose councils and conditions were hard to bear, for they looked to his profit and interest alone. This hardness was no doubt the fruit of the trials he had undergone in youth, not a little help-

* In those days Drontheim was the name of the district, and not of the town. Strictly speaking, the town was called Nidarós, that is, the town at the mouth of the river Nid.

ed perhaps, by that atmosphere of intrigue in which he had spent so many of his best years at the Greek Emperor's Court. And yet this man so hard, so stern, so greedy of fame and goods, had a heart if any one was lucky enough to find the way to it. Many stories prove that he could be affable, condescending, and entertaining, nay, more, that he could be loveable, liberal, and generous. His skill in poetry, and in all the literature of the age, showed a mind full of taste and feeling, and a soul which, in better times, would have been capable of great things, in arts as well as in arms; but along with all those noble gifts he showed a tyrant's temper, in that he was fickle, hasty, and overbearing; none could tell how long he would be of the same mind, and, while basking in the sunshine of his favour, none knew how soon his smile would turn into a frown.

Such was the man whom Providence had pitted against the great Norwegian chiefs, who at one and the same time were vassals of the Crown.* They were a formidable array, even if taken chief by chief, and vassal by vassal; but there had also happened what will ever happen in such a state of things, all these chiefs were more or less bound together by ties of kinship or marriage, and a blow struck at one branch of the tree shook all the rest. Harold's difficulty was the same as that which met and overthrew King Olaf. He had to fight against the same local and personal interests with the old enemy with the old face; but he had one advantage which the Saint had not, while the heads of these great houses clung to the old system, a younger generation was springing up who felt that Norway was a whole, and not a mere gathering together of parts and provinces. The old system might be said to have held together

* First and foremost of these was Einar Paunch-shaker, of whom we have so often heard. He was strong in the Drontheim district, and his wife, Bergliot, was sprung from the great Earl Hacon, so that their son Eindridi might boast of princely blood. Another great chief was the only earl in Norway Orm Eilif's son, of the Uplands, side by side with whom stood his kinsman, the young, fair, and gallant Hacon Ivar's son, whose father was the grandson of the same Earl Hacon. In Ringerike was Step-Thorir, the mightiest man in Gudbrandsdale. In the south-west was Aslak; in the Sognefirth Brynjolf, Helgi's son. In the north-west was the great House of the Arnmodlings. Eystein Orri or the Gorcock, at Giske, and Finn Arni's son, brother of that mighty Kalf, who fled from Norway at the reproaches of Magnus. He lived at Austratt on Yrje, at the mouth of the Drontheim Firth. In Helgeland to the north, in the strip of land between the skerries and the Fells, Einar the Fly of Thjotta had rule. He was Harold's vassal or lendirman, and early in the reign is named as having the wardship of the Finn-skatt or fur trade.

the several atoms of the State by frost, which melted before any hot trial like that of Canute's invasion, and each atom was left to itself. Saint Olaf's system, as worked out by Harold, aimed at welding all the atoms together by repeated blows given by the strong arm of the crown, and when Harold died he left Norway quite annealed and amalgamated; one kingdom, and not a mere congeries of provinces. But besides this advantage arising out of the awaking of national consciousness, he had another in his personal power and craft. He had the end in view, and in his policy the means were hallowed by the end. We have seen that he was already wedded to Elizabeth. She had borne him two daughters, Maria and Ingigerd, but no son. It does not appear that Harold was ever separated from Jaroslav's daughter, and we know that she was with him at his end; but however that may be, it does appear that he strove to break up the compact array of the great chiefs by marrying a kinswoman of the mightiest of them. He turned his eyes therefore on Thora Eystein Gorcock's sister, and so became still more closely related to the Arnmodlings. This step left him with two wives on his hands, for it is certain that he was formally married to Thora, who is constantly called Queen in the Sagas, while Elizabeth is never mentioned except at the beginning and end of his reign. But two wives or one this marriage was a most politic step, for the Arnmodlings were widely connected, and by this single stroke not only Eystein Gorcock, but also Finn Arni's son, Hacon Ivar's son, and Einar the Fly, were brought over to Harold's party, for a time at least, and the stiff-necked Einar Paunch-shaker, Step-Thorir, and some other Upland chiefs were his only enemies. Einar was strong, as we know, about Drontheim the old heart and capital of the country; and now as a set-off and balance to his weight, Harold made his trusty friend and old brother-in-arms, Ulf Ospak's son from Iceland, a vassal of the crown, and gave him great fiefs in the Drontheim district. At the same time he made him his marshal or master of the horse, and to crown all gave him Thora's sister Jorunna to wife, and Ulf by his faithfulness well deserved this good treatment. So Harold began his reign strong in himself and in his second marriage. Of yielding an inch to the unruliness of the freemen there could be no question. All that had been left by Magnus of the Danish imposts and injustice he rigidly maintained, and even added to. No king before or after him ever stood so stiffly for his rights, or so systematically neglected those of others. Einar,

so long as he lived, often upbraided him for breaking the law, but the king, strong in his policy of setting chief against chief, turned a deaf ear to his reproaches, or if he gave way for a moment, it was only to return to his purpose with firmer will and greater force. Nor did he scorn, in his eagerness to add to his resources, to bring in a very common medieval financial operation. He struck coin so debased that scarce one half of it was silver, the rest being copper. These, almost the first coins in Norway, were known as *Harold's bits*. And now armed at all points, he made ready to fight it out with Sweyn.

This war with Sweyn lasted nearly twenty years, and we see at once why it lasted so long. Harold was never, as Magnus had been, chosen king by the Danes, who had now, for the most part, rallied round Sweyn, and who looked upon Harold as a merciless usurper. Nor did Harold make war as a conqueror, but rather as an old Viking rover. Every year he called out his hosts, manned his fleet, and sailed for Denmark; there he harried and wasted the coasts and islands, burning, slaying, and plundering as he went, but seldom going up the country in force. So it was every year so long as the summer lasted. He spent his time in seeking for Sweyn, and sometimes met him, but as soon as winter came, he went back to Norway. He had too much to do at home to render it possible for him to leave the land for a longer time, and every winter Sweyn repaired his losses, and was ready when the spring came to make war with renewed life. Nor, though success was mostly on Harold's side, was he always successful. More than once he was nearly caught by Sweyn at great disadvantage, and only got clear off by extraordinary shifts and efforts. A war so waged might have lasted for ever and ever. Harold's stubborn nature was worn out at last, and he made peace with Sweyn. Nor was his fleet so large as those of the beloved Magnus. The freemen, headed by Einar, were not so willing to stand by him as they had been with their lost darling. Nor must we forget that Harold's policy at home tended to strengthen his foes abroad. Chief after chief fell or fled before him in Norway; but those who fled betook themselves to Sweyn, who welcomed them with open arms, and the friends and kinsmen of those who fell were not slow in following this example. So that Harold's successful efforts to strengthen the Crown in Norway, raised ever and anon new recruits for Sweyn, whose ranks were filled, and whose hosts were led by Norwegian exiles.

In the campaign of 1048, Harold took

vengeance on his bitter enemy, Thorkell Geysa, whose daughters the winter before had mocked at Harold and his power, for they had carved anchors out of cheese, and said they were strong enough to hold Harold's fleet if he dared to show his face in Denmark. Now Harold steered straight for the firth at Randers in South Jutland. No long way from the strand lay Thorkell's house; he was away from home, but his sharp-tongued daughters would not listen to the warning words of the warder as he saw the hostile fleet far off upon the sea. It was only when they were told it was running up the firth that they would believe their eyes. Then it was too late to fly, and when the warder asked them: "What say ye now, ye daughters of Geysi? does Harold dare come to Denmark or no?" all they could answer was: "'Twas yesterday we said that." Harold's men were at the gate. "Now let us show," he said, "Geysi's daughters that our anchors are not of cheese but of stouter stuff." A ring of men was thrown round the house, and Harold bade them fire it. As it began to blaze the maidens begged to be allowed to leave it, and Harold said though they well deserved to burn along with it, still he was willing to see how Norse fetters would fit Danish legs. So they were driven down to the beach in chains. As soon as Thorkell heard what had happened he hastened to Harold, who being then in a good temper allowed him to ransom his daughters at a heavy price. That same summer Harold defeated Sweyn's fleet at Thiolarness, not far from Viborg, and when winter drew near after some other operations sailed north for Drontheim. The grudge between him and Einar's party had only slumbered during the summer to break out with fresh force in winter. Harold, who was always at work, had his hands full with building at Drontheim, where a new church in honour of the Virgin Mary was rising, but with his hands busy his mind was full of forethought and care for the behaviour of his foes. His hand was heavy on the freemen, and Einar was their champion. To such a length did their feud go, that Einar's houses both when at home in the country or in the town were filled with a little army of men. He had eight or nine war-ships, and about 600 warriors always with him. At the head of such a company he rescued a thief whom the king had ordered to be hanged, merely because the culprit had once had shelter under his roof and found favour in his eyes. On another occasion they had a worse quarrel. It happened once, as it often happened, says the Saga, that a ship came to Dron-

them district and ran up to Nidarós. It was a ship from Iceland, and aboard was an Icelander of little goods. He had the watch by night on their ship, and when men were all fast asleep, he saw two men go stealthily up a hill hard by with spades and mattocks, and they fell a digging; and he knew they were seeking for hidden money. So he left the ship and came on them unawares, and he saw they had dug up a chest full of money. So he spoke to the man who was their chief, and whose name was Thorfinn, "How much wilt thou give me to keep your secret as to finding this money?" "How much dost thou ask?" says Thorfinn. "No more than three marks weighed, but if ever I am in need of money then thou shalt give me as much more." Thorfinn agreed to these terms, and weighed him down the three marks, but when they opened the chest, there on the top close up lay a big ring and a heavy necklace. The Icelander saw runes scored on the chest, and the writing said that Earl Hacon had owned those goods. So they parted after that. The Icelander went back to his ship, but Thorfinn became a very wealthy man in a very short time. Then he was call Thorfinn the Chapman, for he had money out in almost every voyage and venture, and he dressed himself most gorgeously in clothes, and got to be a famous man. But the Icelander was unlucky and lost all his goods, and so some summers after he went to see Thorfinn, and begged him to give him some money, but he made as though he knew him not, and said he had no claim to any money from him. Then the Icelander went to Einar Paunchshaker, and bade him for his countenance, and said he was without a penny, as was quite true. He meant to repay him for his kindness by telling him of the treasure-trove, for he thought it only right that Earl Hacon's heirs should have the money if they got their rights. But time went on, and he did not tell, and it slipped out of his mind, but he staid with Einar that winter. But when summer began, and men were getting ready for their journeys, Einar asked what plans the Icelander had. He said he scarce knew what was best to do. He was without a penny in the world, but what he should like best would be to fare to Iceland. "That's best, after all," said Einar; "I will give thee food to last out the voyage, and, besides, a chest full of wares; 'tis but little goods, but yet with them thou mayest buy thyself some needful things." So the Icelander thanked him for his kindness and went away, but he still said never a word about the treasure. He went down to Nidarós, and

tarried there, and took a passage to Iceland. King Harold was then in the town, and one day when men came out of church the king said "Who is yon lordly-dressed man who is walking along the street?" They told him it was Thorfinn the Chapman. Then the king went on: "Many strange things come about, and not the least wonderful is how such men get together such great wealth in so short a time, and are as rich as Jews in few years, though before they were well-nigh beggars." So the king sent after him, and bade him come and see him; and when he came, the king asked whence all that money came which he had got together in a little while. He was loath to say, and made this and that excuse how he had saved it in trading voyages; first of all by lending and borrowing and from partnership with other men; but at last the end was that he had to tell the truth. But when the king heard that, he made them take all his goods and money from Thorfinn, which he had with him, and which he had out at venture alike, and confiscated it to himself, and after all he said he treated Thorfinn better than he was worth, in that he was neither slain nor hanged on a tree. A little money the king left him, and so Thorfinn went away out of the land. Now it came into the Icelander's mind that he had held his peace rather too long as to the finding of the treasure, but still he went and found Einar, and told him the whole story. Then Einar said, "This matter would have taken a better turn for thee and for all of us, if I had had the first chance of getting these goods before the king laid his hand on them; for now it is no easy thing to strive with him about it; but we should have had Thorfinn utterly in our power, and yet he would have been better off than he now is. And as for thee, Icelander, thou canst be not at all a lucky man, so fair as thy lot seemed at first. But still thou shalt have some silver of me, and then fare away out to Iceland, and never come back to Norway while Harold is king over the land." So they parted there and then. A little while after Einar, came down to the town with a great company of his kinsmen and friends, and he made his way to where the king was in church; but when the king came out of church, Einar turned to meet him, and greeted him, and asked if he had laid his hands on those goods and money which Thorfinn the Chapman found. He said, "So it was; for that," he went on, "is the law of the land, that the king shall own all that money and treasure which is found in the earth." "Very true," said Einar, "if men do not know who has owned it; but now, I trow, that Eindridi, my son, and Bergliot

his mother, own all heritage after Earl Hacon, and that is why I think I have a right to take these goods which he owned of yore." Then Einar told the signs and tokens, both as to the runes and precious things themselves, how Earl Hacon had owned this treasure; "And," says he, "if thou wilt not give it up, then we will not spare to seek for it by main force, and do ye guard it if ye will." "Mighty art thou, indeed, Einar," said the king, "for now art thou king over the land rather than I, though I bear the king's name." Then well-meaning men took part in the quarrel, and so took care that no harm came of it, and then all the treasure was handed over to Einar; and so they parted, and they were still called friends by the good dealing of both their friends.

After this quarrel, in which the law of treasure-trove as belonging to the Crown is laid down as precisely as though it were uttered by some high prerogative lawyer of the present day, and which strongly illustrates the recent cases which have happened in England, Harold and Einar remained friends in name, but with the feud still rankling in their hearts. Against such a subject and others of his stamp Harold might well employ a little Machiavellian kingcraft. It happened that Harold had fast bound in prison some Danes, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands. It was known to few that they were even alive—like Joseph in the Egyptian dungeon, they had gone clean out of mind, and been forgotten. To them Harold promised life and liberty if they would do his bidding. That was to go round the country with forged letters in Sweyn's name and seal, and with a large sum of money which Harold gave them, and as they went from house to house to offer the chiefs and vassals money in Sweyn's name, as a bribe, to help him when he fell upon Norway, as he often threatened to do.* The Danes, for liberty, agreed to Harold's terms, and set out on their treacherous journey. It was a perilous proof to stand, and yet Einar stood it. Whatever might be his hatred to Harold he was true to Norway. His pride too was beyond a bribe. When the tempters came to him, told their errand, and showed him the money and letters, Einar said, "'Tis known to all men that King Harold is no friend of mine, while

King Sweyn often speaks of me in a friendly way, and willingly would I be his friend. But if he comes hither into this land of Norway with a host to fall on King Harold, and harries his lands, I will withstand him with all my might, and stand by King Harold with all the strength I can get together and keep his land with him." With that noble answer the bribers went away to Step-Thorir in Gudbrandsdale and showed him the letter. "King Sweyn," said the fickle chief, "ever treats me in a kind and friendly way, and maybe that the spring of his bounty is not yet dry." With those words he took the money and kept it. After trying other great chiefs and vassals, some of whom stood the test well and some ill, the Danes came to the house of Högni Longbjörn's son, a simple freeman, but well-to-do, and a man of many friends. He was worth winning, but when he saw the letters and the money, he said, "Methinks 'tis likely that King Sweyn will set small store by me, in that I am but a boor of low degree; but still there is but one answer to give in this matter. If King Sweyn comes with war and strife into this land of Norway, no boor's son will be a worse foe to him than I." On the whole, King Harold should have been well content with the report of his messengers. When he heard how well Einar had behaved, he said "It was to be looked for that he would talk like a good man and true, but still it was out of little love to me. How fared ye with Step-Thorir?" The messenger said Thorir took the money and spoke fair words of both kings. "Ah," answered the king, "he is the last man out of whom one can get his mind as to anything." But when they told him how Högni Longbjörn's son had answered, the King cried out, "There ye may see the making of a vassal." And now, says the Saga, King Harold knew where his friends lay. Against Einar he could neither say nor do anything. Thorir he tried to seize and punish, and even went unbidden to his house; but the wily chief met him on the way, having had a hint that he was coming. Before the King could speak a word, he bade him to a feast that night, and thrusting a great bag of money into his hands, said, "This was brought by some Danish men who brought money and letters from King Sweyn. I only took it to keep it and hand it over to you, and here it is. Now I must go to settle a quarrel which has sprung up between my people, but I shall be back by evening." With that he rode off. To the feast he never came, and Harold had to confess that he had been entirely outwitted, and went away prophesying that Thorir's fickle temper would bring him soon-

* Munch, by an oversight, says the Danes had Sweyn's signet in their possession. That is at least unlikely, but the Saga says nothing of the kind. It says, "pau (bréf) voru innsiglut undir nafni Sveins Danakonungs," which merely means that they were signed and sealed in Sweyn's name. In fact, they were a forgery of Harold's.

er or later to a bad end. When he went to Högni's house and offered to make him a vassal and give him a fief, the proud but modest freeman answered, "I thank you, lord, for your friendship, and all that I can do for you I will; but a vassal's name I will not have, for that I know that when the great vassals meet together it will be said, as is the truth, Högni must sit last, he is least of vassals, because he is of boorish race, and then my vassal's name will bring no honour with it, for I shall be their laughing-stock. So I will rather be called a freeman, as is my right, and then I shall have honour in the speech of men, for then it will be said, though it is not much to say, when freemen meet together Högni is the first of them. But all honour, goodwill, and friendship I will take with all my heart from you, and give back the same, though I be but a freeman, henceforth as hitherto." The King said that was a wise and noble answer, and so they parted with great love.

But Harold, much as he feared Einar, could not help being touched at the way in which he had withstood temptation. He sent (1049,50) and begged him to come to the town of Nidarós, and made him a great feast. Einar came, and the King made him good cheer, and bade him sit next himself. At even, after they had eaten and the tables were taken away, the king and his court sat down in a ring on the straw round the fire, and they drank and were merry. Down pillows were brought, and laid behind Einar and the king; and so they began to talk and jest, and Harold, a sure sign that he was in a good humour, fell to telling of his doughty deeds in foreign lands. Perhaps Einar had often heard them before, perhaps he only believed half of what he heard; but he was old and fat, full of meat and drink; it was not strange then that he began to nod and doze. The king went on, but he was not over-pleased. At last Einar was fast asleep. Then the fickle turn of Harold's heart showed itself, and he changed from mirth to anger, like an April day. It was all done to show how little Einar cared for him or his exploits, and that at the very time when he had softened his heart and lowered himself to try to be friends with him. All this rushed through Harold's mind; and besides, they had all drunk deep. So there old Einar sat, propped up by his pillow, sound asleep. Harold bent towards a near kinsman of his, named Griótgard, and whispered, "Take a wisp of grass, and twist it tight, and stick it in Einar's hand, and give him a good poke in the ribs, and call out in his ear, 'Wilt thou to bed, Einar?'" Griótgard did the king's bidding, and Einar started up at the poke

in the ribs and shout in his ear, and — what he did at the same time we cannot say, but it was something which, after all he had eaten and drunken, was not wonderful. Up jumped the king and left the hall, we may be sure with a laugh, and there Einar was left the laughing-stock of the court, with the wisp of grass clenched in his hand. In those days such mockery was a deadly insult, for it made a great chief a nidding, and such shame could only be washed out by blood. But Einar went first to bed. As soon as day dawned, he broke into the loft where Griótgard slept, took him out and slew him. Thus the meeting which was to make them friends only ended in making them still worse foes, and the king's wrath was hot against the slayer of his kinsman, though even he might have granted that the man had fallen in his own wrongdoing. Common friends tried to patch this fresh quarrel up, and Harold seemed to listen to their advice; but in his heart he had resolved to put an end to their strife by Einar's death, and though he bade him come and settle the terms of atonement, it was only to be sure of getting Einar into his hands. So Einar, followed by Eindridi, his son, and a great company of his followers, went down to the king's council or parliament chamber, on the banks of the river Nid. Before he came, the king had settled his plan. In the chamber he was to be with a few trusty men, the rest of his Hird were close by in the courtyard. A black deed is best done in darkness, and the shutters which closed the louvre in the roof from the rain were drawn over it. What little light was left struggled through the narrow slits in the side wall. When Einar came into the yard, he said to Eindridi, "Stay thou here outside the hall with our force, so we shall be in no danger;" for what the wary old chief most feared was that they should all be caught inside in a trap, and smoked or burnt to death. Such things had often happened, and might happen again. But Harold's plans were deeper laid. Einar went in without fear, trusting in the king's peace, and sure of retreat in case of danger. He stepped into the hall, with his eyes full of light, and, blinded by the sudden change from daylight to darkness, he cried out, "How dark it is in the king's council-chamber!" Before the words were out of his mouth, Harold's followers fell on him cut and thrust. The old man strove to die hard. He made for the seat where Harold awaited him, and hewed at him with his axe, but here the king's wiliness foiled him. He had armed himself in two byrnies or shirts of mail, one no doubt being his darling "Emma," and the blow fell harm-

less. By that time Einar was sorely wounded. His last words were, "Now the king's hounds bite sharp." They were so loud that Eindridi heard them outside. Drawing his sword he rushed into the chamber only to fall by his father's side. Then the king's men outside rose up and held the door of the hall, and the freemen having lost both of their leaders at once scarcely lifted a hand. Yet they were egging each other on, saying it was a shame not to avenge their chief, but naught came of their attack. The king was not slow, he came out, put himself at the head of his men, set up his banner, and drew up his host in battle array. When he found that the freemen would not make an onslaught he made for his ships and his men with him, and they rowed as fast as they could out of the narrow stream into the broad firth.

It was a bloody deed and a shameful deed, and well it was that the king got clear off before the freemen came to themselves. He had not counted the cost of such a treacherous murder. Bergliot, Einar's wife, hastened up to the hall as soon as she heard the ill-tidings, her heart bent on revenge more than grief, but as she reached it the king's ship was running out of the river. "Now," she cried, "we miss our kinsman Hacon Ivar's son, Einar's banemen would never run out of the river were Hacon here." Then they took up both bodies and laid them by the side of King Magnus. Spite of all Einar's unruliness he was a man of noble patriotic mind. His claims as the freer of his country from foreign rule outweigh all that can be said against him, and though his fall was needful that Norway might be brought to obey her king, the base way in which he was done to death brought at once a host of enemies on Harold's hands.

Now Hacon Ivar's son, the gallant and the fair, was Einar's next of kin, and with him lay the feud of blood. Bergliot sent straight to him, and laid the claim for vengeance in his hands. Harold did not dare to show his face up the country, but made for Yrjar, at the mouth of the Drontheim Firth, where his kinsman by marriage, Finn Arni's son, the Arnmodling lived, and who had hitherto been his fast friend. Him he tried to persuade to play the part of a mediator, and to soothe the feelings of Hacon and his friends, and Finn was well fitted for the task. He was the bosom friend of Hacon, with whom he had been a Viking in the west; maybe too he was not sorry, as one of the heads of a great house, to hear that another great chief had been laid low. At any rate he met the king kindly, and

heard his story out. Finn was a man of sharp and bold tongue, nor did he spare the king in words. "Thou art the worst man I ever knew," he said; "first thou dost all kinds of ill, and afterwards thou art so scared* thou canst scarce tell which way to turn." But the king knew well which way to turn when he came thither. He answered with a laugh, "My errand, brother-in-law, hither, is to get thee to go up to the town and talk the freemen over, and set me at one with them; and if that cannot be brought about, then I wish that thou shouldst go to the Uplands to Hacon Ivar's son, so that he may not stand against me." But Finn was not going on such an errand for nothing. The freemen were so enraged that it was at the risk of a man's life to take up the king's quarrel. "Only go, brother-in-law," said the king, "for I know thou wilt succeed, if any man can, and choose a boon of me for going." Then Finn uttered what had long lain deep in his heart, "Keep now thy word, King, and I will choose my boon, and at once I choose pardon and peace in Norway for my brother Kalf, and that he shall have back all his lands and goods, and along with them all rank and title and power that he had ere he fared out of the land." In his need, the King agreed to that, though Kalf had been a greater man in his day than Einar, and he might think he had only got rid of one enemy to bring a worse foe in his stead. So that was witnessed, and the bargain struck. Then Finn went on to ask what he should offer to Hacon to let the king have peace, for now he had stepped into Einar's place as to influence over the Dronheimers. "First learn," said the king, "what he asks, and then make the best terms for me that thou canst. If the worst comes to the worst, stand out for nothing but the kingdom." After that the king went south to the district of Moeren, and waited to see what would come of it.

So Finn set out with near eighty of his household at his back, and when he came to Nidarós, he held a meeting of the householders and freemen. Then he made them a long and clever speech, and bade them think of all the trouble they had brought upon the land by killing King Olaf. As for Harold, he was ready to make handsome atonement, in fact to do all that good men and true might ask. When Finn had done speaking, the freemen said they were willing to let things stand as they

* Harold, with all his well-known bravery, had been accused of cowardice before by Haldor Snorri's son, a man more outspoken even than Finn, when he and Harold had their passage of words in Sicily.

were till the messenger came back whom Bergliot had sent to Hacon Ivar's son in the Uplands. Now Finn lost no time; he made Orkadale, with his men, then cut across over the Dofrafell, and so got to the Uplands. First he went to his son-in-law, Earl Orm, a great friend of Hacon, and told him his errand. Then they both called Hacon to meet them, and Finn told him that he had come on Harold's part to offer an atonement to stay the blood-feud. At first Hacon would say little but that he was bound to avenge Einar, and meant to do so. All he heard from Drontheim showed him that he should have force enough and to spare to cope with the king. "Well," said Finn, "as thou pleasest; but think how much better it will be to take as much honour from the king as thou thyself chooseth to ask, rather than run the risk of raising a band to march against the king, to whom thou art already bound by ties of fealty. Thou mayest lose the day, and then both life and lands are forfeited; but even if thou conquerest King Harold, thou wilt be called a traitor to thy liege lord, and be left alone and hunted from the fellowship of all good men." Earl Orm backed Finn in all he said, and Hacon thought twice about it. At last he also brought out what lay deep in his heart, for Hacon too had his price. "I will take an atonement from King Harold, and be friends again with him, if he will give me to wife his kinswoman, Ragnhilda, King Magnus' daughter, with such dower as suits her rank, and she herself chooses." "I agree to that at once," said Finn; so that bargain was struck also. Then Finn fared back to Nidarós, having done his errand well and deftly, and took up his abode there; all that strife and feud settled down, and Harold came out of his great strait, and held his realm in peace. "And all men said that Hacon Ivar's son was a greater man than ever his father Ivar the White had been, though he had been a great vassal under Saint Olaf, who set great store by him."

Harold had now two promises to fulfil, one to Hacon in Ragnhilda's marriage, and one to Finn as to his brother's return. The first he was not able to keep at once, for the princess was yet a child. But Kalf came from Orkney, where he had stayed for years in exile with his brother-in-law, Earl Thorfinn, as soon as ever he heard that the ban was raised. He was at once restored to all his rank and lands. This was in 1050 or early in 1051. The summer after Harold showed how he could keep his word to the ear but break it in deed. He sailed for Denmark, as was his wont, to waste the

Danish shores. This year the island of Funen was his prey, but the islanders gathered force enough to do battle for their goods, and Harold sent Kalf, who was one of the first warriors of the time, at the head of a band up the country, telling him that he would soon follow. Kalf obeyed, but only to meet a far greater force. Trusting to Harold's word he fell on them, was soon overpowered, and forced to fly, for Harold never came. Driven headlong to the beach, many fell in the rout, and amongst them Kalf fighting bravely to the last. All this time Harold had never left his ships, and it looked as though he had meant Kalf to fall into the enemy's hands and had left him in the lurch. Finn raised loud complaints, and many said he must have been silly, knowing Harold's character so well, to have thought that he would ever abandon his thirst for vengeance. Harold himself let them talk on. Nor did he care to conceal his joy that another great chief had fallen. In a moment of exultation he burst out into a song, in which he boasted that thirteen of his foes had bit the dust since he came back to Norway. It was hard to be forced to kill, but the wickedness and spite of some folk left him no choice. Who the thirteen victims were is doubtful, their names are untold, but no one then doubted that Einar, Eindridi, and now Kalf were to be reckoned among them. Nor was he rid of his foes by death and murder alone. Finn the great chief, who had done him such service and got so poor a meed, enraged at his brother's death, left land and goods in Norway, and fled to Sweyn (1051), who made much of him, gave him the title of Earl, and set him to guard Halland, the border land between the two kingdoms, against his own countrymen. So it was, as we have already said, that Sweyn's strength was recruited by Norwegian outlaws, and the attempt to bring in order at home only swelled the enemy's ranks. Many others followed the example set them by Finn. "In those days," says the Saga, "the vassals in Norway were so overbearing and quarrelsome, that as soon as ever they disliked anything that the king did they fled away out of the land to King Sweyn south in Denmark, and then he made mighty men out of them, and to some he gave good gifts. Well might Skald Thiodolf sing of the faithless band, who had broken their faith and deserted their lord for Sweyn's service, and declare that their shameful deeds would long be borne in mind. But even Thiodolf when off his stilts must have owned that it was Harold's hard and overbearing system, and the merciless way in which he worked his purpose out,

that drove the best and bravest of his subjects out of the country.

He was now to part with another of his friends, where the fault was certainly not on his own side. We have already spoken of his old comrade, the Iceland, Haldor Snorri's son, and of his sharp tongue. Some time before the events which have just been told took place Haldor had a fit of home-sickness. "He was," says the Saga, "a tall man in growth, and fair of face. One of the strongest and most daring of men, and best skilled in arms. King Harold bore witness that of all men who had been with him Haldor was the one who least showed any change of feeling; whether it were risk of life or joyful tidings that came upon him he was never one whit gladder or less joyful. He never took his meat and drink more or less kindly than was his wont whatever befell, were it foul or fair. Haldor was a man of few words, short-spoken, out-spoken, sulky-tempered, and unyielding; quarrelsome in all things with whomsoever he had to deal, and that suited King Harold ill when he had men enough to choose from, so they hit it off badly after Harold was king in Norway." At first, however, they were very good friends, but as soon as Harold was well seated on the throne, Haldor grew less and less glad, and at last the king asked him what he had on his mind. "My heart is set on going to Iceland, Lord," answered Haldor. "Well," said the king, "many a man might have longed for home sooner, but where are your goods, and how stand your money matters?" "That is soon said," answered Haldor, "for the clothes I stand in are all I have." "Little meed for long service and much risk," answered Harold. "I will get thee a ship and lading, and th'enthy father shall see that thou hast not served me for naught." So Haldor thanked the king, and a few days after the king asked him how many shipmates he had got. "Oh," said Haldor, "all the chapmen had already taken their passages, but as for me I can get no men, and so I fear that ship which you gave me must stay behind, for she has no crew." "Then my gift is not worth much," answered Harold, "we must wait a while and see how we can manage for a crew." Next day the horns blew to call a meeting in the town, and the news ran that the king had something to say to the townsfolk and chapmen. The king came late to the folkmoot, and drew a very long and thoughtful face when he did come, and when he came he said, "We hear that strife and war has arisen in our realm away east in 'the Bay.' King Sweyn is there at the head of the Danish

host, and will do us harm and scathe, but we will by no means give up our land, and for that sake we lay a ban against all ships leaving the land before I get what I want out of every ship both in men and stores, save only one galley of no great burden, which Haldor Snorri's son owns, and which is bound to sail to Iceland. And now, though this may seem rather hard to you who have already made ready to sail, still need drives us to such imposts; but we thought it better that all should bide for better times, and then every man may fare as he likes." After that the folkmoot broke up, and when Haldor and the king met a little while after, the king asked whether he had got any shipmates. "More than enough and to spare," answered Haldor, "for many more come to me than I can make room for, and these come so thick upon me that my house-door is almost broken in by their knocks. I have rest neither day nor night." "Keep now those shipmates with whom thou hast made thy bargain and leave the rest to me." Next day there was another blast for a folkmoot, and then the king came quickly enough. He was the first on the spot, and his face was bright and cheerful. He stood up at once and said—"Now I have good tidings. It was naught but falsehood and lies all that story about the war a day or two ago; and now our will is that every man should sail away with his ship whithersoever he likes, and so come all of ye back next autumn and bring us back costly things, and instead ye shall all have from us goodness and friendship." All the chapmen were overjoyed at that, and said he was the best king that ever lived. So Haldor fared out to Iceland that summer, and was there with his father, and he came back the summer after and went back to King Harold's Hird, and so it is said that Haldor was then not so willing to follow the king as he had been before, and he sat up on evenings after the king went to bed.

This voyage of Haldor's seems to have been in 1048, just before Harold's first cruise against Sweyn. In 1049 he came back, and now it was that his quarrels with Harold began. The winter of 1050-51 Harold spent in Drontheim, after Finn Arni's son had reconciled him with the freemen, and there in his Hall at Nidarós the king kept high state at Yule. Among the king's Hird was one Thorir Englandfarer, for he had been a chapman and sailed to many other lands, but most to England, and he had brought back the king many costly things. But he was old and said to the king, "I am an old man, as ye know, and I am weary with years; methinks I am quite unfit to follow the customs

of the Hird in drinking toasts and memories, as well as in other things that thereto belong, and so I must look out for some other home, though 'tis best and merriest to be with you." "Easy to find a way out of this strait, friend," answered the king; "stay still with the Hird, and drink no more than thou wilt, by my leave." There was another man from the Uplands, Bard by name, a good man and true, and not old. He was in great love with King Harold, and they three, Thorir, Bard, and Haldor, all sat on one bench. Now one evening, just as the king passed by them along the hall, as they sat and drank, Haldor gave up the horn. It was a big bull's horn, and well pared and polished, so that one could see clearly through it, and Haldor had fairly drunk his half with Thorir, but Thorir was long in draining the rest. The king fancied from the time the old man took that Haldor had shirked his drink, and he said sharply, "How long it is before some men are found out, Haldor, when now thou art a dastard at thy drink against this old man, and yet runnest out late at night after light women and dost not follow thy king as of yore." Haldor gave him no answer, but Bard saw that he was hurt, and next morning he rose at dawn of day and went to see the king. "Well! thou art an early riser, Bard," said the king. "Yes," answered Bard, "I am, and I am come to scold you, Lord. You spoke harshly and unfairly yesternoon to Haldor your friend, when you blamed him for drinking like a laggard, for the horn was with Thorir. Haldor had drunk his share; nay, more, when Thorir was about to bear it back to the cask, Haldor took it and drained it more than half. That is also the biggest lie when ye said that he went about with light women by night; but still if his friends could choose, he would be a closer follower to you than he is." Harold said he and Haldor would soon make it up when they met. So Bard went and told Haldor that the king spoke nothing but good of him, and that he must not mind if the king threw such words about, for it was more jest than earnest. Still time went on and the feud lasted. But when Yule came then fines and forfeits were laid down as was the wont at Yule; and one morning there was a change in ringing for matins, for the king's candleswains gave the sacristan money to ring far earlier than was the wont. So Haldor was caught and many more; and so they had to sit in the straw all day, and at night were to drink out their forfeits. But Haldor would do no such thing, he sat sulking in his seat while the others were down in the straw. Still they handed him the horn of forfeit which every man that was fined had

to drain, but he said he would not drink it. So the king was told. "It can't be true," said the king; "he will take it if I hand it him;" so he took the horn and went up to Haldor with it. Haldor stood up and the king handed him the horn and bade him drink it off. "As for that," said Haldor, "I think myself never a whit more worthy a fine because ye choose to play tricks, and change the ringing to matins just for the sake of making men pay forfeits." "Still drink the horn thou must," said the king, "no less than other men." "Maybe you will have your way," answered Haldor; "but Sigurd Sow would never have forced Snorri the Priest to do such a thing if it were against his will." So he seized the horn and drank it off; but the king was very wroth and went back to his seat. But when the eighth day of Yule came then men had their pay given them, and that silver was called Harold's bits, it was most part copper; but when Haldor took his pay he turned it over into the lap of his cloak and looked hard at it, and it seemed to him as though the silver in which he was paid was not pure, and he tossed it up with his left hand underneath his cloak and down fell the silver into the straw. "Now thou hast done ill," said Bard, "for the king will think it an insult when his pay is treated as dross." "Nothing will come of it," answered Haldor; "there's little risk of that."

After Yule the king bade them get ready his ship and meant to go south, but Haldor would not busk himself for the voyage. "Why wilt thou not busk thyself?" asked Bard. "Because I don't mean to go at all," answered Haldor. "I see the king loses no love on me." "But he must wish thee to go," said Bard, and with that Bard went off to the king. He could not afford to lose such a hand at the helm, he said. "Go and tell him that I say he must go," said the king, and say besides, "our feud is all fun and there is nothing earnest in it." So Haldor went at the prayer of Bard, and took the station near the helm as pilot. One night as they sailed along, Haldor called to the man who steered the king's ship, "Down with your helm." "Keep your course," cried the king. Again Haldor called out the second time, "Let her fall off." But the king again called out, "Steady, keep straight on your course." "Well!" said Haldor, "you are steering right for a reef." He had scarce spoken when they ran so hard on the rocks that she knocked off her keel and a hole in her bottom, and they had to get her off and lay her up on shore by the help of other ships, and they lay on land in tents till the ship was repaired. Next morn-

ing Bard woke up to find Haldor busy packing up his baggage. "Whither away now, foster brother?" he asked. "I mean to get on board a trading ship that lies off here," said Haldor, "maybe our chimneys will now smoke far apart if we each go on our way, for I do not wish the king to spoil his ships or other treasures only to put me in the wrong." "Bide a while, messmate," answered Bard, "till I go and see the king." "Early afoot, Bard," said the king. "So I need to be," said Bard, "for here is Haldor going off, and he thinks you have treated him scurvily, as is the very truth, and he says he can't get on with you any longer, and so he is going back to Drontheim to his own ship, and he will sail out to Iceland in wrath. Then that will be a sorry parting, for my mind is that you will hardly get another so faithful follower as he has been." The king said he did not see why they should not still be good friends. And for himself he thought little of all that had happened. But Bard when he went back with these kind words found Haldor still stubborn; "Why should I serve him any longer, when I can't even get my pay in pure silver." In vain Bard told him he was no worse off than other vassals and mighty men. "Well," said Haldor, "all I know is I have never been so hard to deal with in all my wanderings as the king is now about his pay." "True enough," said Bard. "Let me go to the king once more." After much trouble Bard got the king to go out of his way to please Haldor, and he soon brought him back his pay in pure silver of full weight, saying, "Now thou hast had thy wish." But Haldor had still something more to ask. He must have a war-ship to steer of his own. He would stay no longer on board the king's. "But where is a war-ship to come from?" asked Bard. "The great chiefs and vassals will not give one up to please thee. Thou art too greedy of honour." Haldor held his own and would not sail unless he had a ship. Bard went to the king and told him Haldor's demand. "All I know," he said, "is, if all the crew are as trusty as the captain that will be great strength to the fleet." The king thought it was much to ask, but still he let Haldor have his way. But how to get the ship, for ships then, any more than "iron-clads" now, were not made in a day. But Harold soon found one. He sent for Sweyn of Lyrgja, one of his vassals, and said, "Thou art a man of much mark, Sweyn, I must have thee on board my own ship." Sweyn was taken somewhat aback. He thought the king had hitherto rather taken counsel of others than of him. Besides, there was his ship, what was to become of her? "Hal-

dor, Snorri's son, is to have her," said the king. "Well," said Sweyn, "I never thought thou wouldst let an Icelandier rob me of my command." "His family," retorted the king, "is not worse in Iceland than thine is here in Norway. There are many too out there who have not to go far back in their pedigree to tell their descent from mighty and famous men in Norway; nay, it is no long time since that those who dwell in Iceland were Norsemen." So the king had his way and Haldor got the ship, and the king steered for the Bay, and went about there to feast at his vassals' houses.

But one day as the king sat at meat, and Haldor with him, in came Haldor's crew all dripping wet. Their story was that Sweyn and his followers had boarded Haldor's ship and thrown them overboard. "Am I to own the ship you gave," asked Haldor, "or is that gift too not to be kept?" "Kept it shall be," said the king; and so he sent six ships along with Haldor to retake the ship. They found Sweyn, chased him away, and brought the ship back. Sweyn made his peace a little after by throwing the whole case into the king's hand, and by offering to buy back the ship from Haldor. When the king saw that Sweyn was willing to behave well, he bargained with Haldor for the ship, and paid him down there and then its full price in gold and burnt silver. Only half a mark of gold was left outstanding. So the winter wore away, but when spring came Haldor asked over and over again for his money, as he said he must sail away to Iceland. The king did not deny the debt, but he put off paying it from day to day, and made no show of stopping Haldor in his voyage. And now Haldor's ship was "boun" for sea. He was only waiting for a breeze, and one evening late it came. He ran his ship at once out of the river, and then rowed back to land in a boat with a few men. He steered for the king's wharf, turned the boat and backed her in, and made one man hold her while the others lay on their oars, and so waited for him. Then he went up alone into the town with all his weapons, and so to the house where the king slept with the queen. There was a slight noise as he went in and they both started up. The king called out who it was that broke in upon their rest at night. "Here is Haldor," was the answer; "and now I am 'boun' for my voyage, and there is a rattling breeze; 'tis high time to pay that money which is outstanding." "That can't be done so quickly," said the king. "Bide till morning and then we will pay it." "I will have it now, at once," said Haldor. "I will not turn away this time on a bootless

errand. I know thy temper well, and that thou wilt not like my behaviour in coming to fetch this money, however you may feign to like it now. And for the time to come I shall put little trust in thee. It is not at all clear that we shall now see each other so often that I shall ever have a better chance. The game is now in my hands and I will play it out. I see the queen has a goodly gold-ring on her arm, let me have that." "Then," said the king, "we must fetch scales and weigh the ring." "No need of that," answered Haldor, "I'll take it as it is instead of my debt; and now have done with thy prating. Hand it over at once." Then the queen said, "Let him have the ring as he asks. Seest thou not that he stands over thee with his heart full of murder." So she took off her ring and gave it to Haldor. He took it; thanked them both for paying his debt, and wished them long life. Then down he went speedily to his boat, and his men pulled lustily at their oars and rowed out to his ship. They weighed anchor at once and hoisted sail. They had hardly weathered the point ere they heard the blast of horns in the town, and the last thing they saw was three warships launched which stood out after them. There was a roaring breeze, and the galley soon walked over the water; and so when the king's men saw that Haldor was drawing away they tacked and turned back, but Haldor stood out to sea, and so they parted. Haldor had a fine voyage to Iceland, and he and King Harold never saw each other again. When he got to Iceland he set up his abode at Hjärdarholt, the great house built by Olaf the Peacock, in Laxdale in the West. Some winters after Harold sent him word to come back and live with him, and gave him his word if he came that his honour should never have been more, nor would he set any man higher in all Norway of simple birth than him. Only let him come and see. But the wary Haldor knew his man and was not to be trapped so easily. His answer was, "I will not fare back to King Harold. Each of us must now hold what he has gotten. I know his temper, and I know well that he would keep his word when he said he would set no man higher in Norway than me if I would come to him; for he would hang me up on the highest gallows if he could have his way." So Haldor stayed at home. Later on, when Harold's days were drawing to a close, it is said he sent word to Haldor to send him over some fox-skins to throw over his bed, for the king felt he needed warmth at night. And when Haldor heard the message, his first words were, "The old cock is getting

old, is he?" But he sent him the skins. So there Haldor, Snorri's son, lived at Hjärdarholt, and died an old man.

In all this story it is plain if there was any tyrant it was Haldor and not Harold. But Haldor was an Icelander; there lay the secret of his influence with Harold. Nor was it Haldor alone and Ulf Ospak's son whom he treated with favour as his brothers in arms. While he was stern to all his countrymen, all Icelanders were welcome. Just as in other times in other lands foreigners are often well-treated, while native talent goes unrewarded. It is true that the Icelanders well deserved all the favour that they got; none were bolder sailors, or more dauntless warriors; none had so sharp and biting wit; none had such good breeding; none such stately presence. Above all, none had such literary talent; none guarded more jealously their old songs and stories; none could clothe the gallant deeds of mighty captains in such soul-stirring verse. They had the literature of the North, and all its treasures, both in story and verse, in their keeping, and they kept it well. That was not the age of writing, but of telling and reciting, and of both arts the Icelanders were masters. So much so, that in a little while the other nations of the North stood by, as it were, and left all poetry and all saga-telling in the hands of the islanders of the West, who thus became the great depositories of the early literature of the North. This at first handed down from mouth to mouth, was afterwards handed down in books as soon as oral tradition gave way to writing. But Harold's age was still that of telling. The art of writing sagas and composing written song only came half a century after his death. This alone was enough to make Harold, himself a great Skald, treat Icelanders well, and his history is full of striking stories about this or that Icelander. This was the best warrior, that the most amusing jester and buffoon; one refused him a white bear which he meant to give to King Sweyn; and when Harold generously forgave the slight, and allowed him free passage to the hostile land, the Icelander, not to be outdone in good feeling, brought back a costly golden armlet which Sweyn had given him, and so the story of Audun and his white bear rang through the North, and was handed down to all time, linked with the noble bearing of both the kings, who, in this case, vied with each other in generosity. Nor was it so with this or that Icelander alone. Harold was the friend of the whole island, as Saint Olaf had been before him. Olaf, indeed, tried to win them to Christianity, but Harold strove to win them for him-

self. No Norwegian king had ever been so beloved in Iceland, for no king ever showed more kindly feeling for them. So it was that later on, in 1056, when the great hard time and famine came upon the island, and men ate whatever teeth could touch, and many were starved to death, Harold sent four ships laden with food to Iceland, just as in Ireland's need ships came so freighted across the Atlantic, and that food was sold to all buyers at a low price. He gave them a bell for their church at Thingvellir, where the Althing was held, for which Saint Olaf had before sent the timber. On both sides the relation was a kindly one, and it was likely to last, for it was profitable to both. To Haldor, Snorri's son, Harold owed much. He not only had fought for him, but he handed down the memory of his deeds. Even when Harold was still alive he was struck at the wonderful way in which Thorstein the learned, a young Icelfander, who was his guest, was able to tell the king's adventures. "It could not be truer told," said the king. "Who taught thee to tell it?" "When I was at home in Iceland," was the answer, "it was my wont to go year by year to the Althing, and there I learned it all by heart, each year a bit from Haldor, Snorri's son." "Ah!" said the king, "no wonder then thou knowest it so well; but thou shalt have thy meed of memory. Stay with us as long as thou likest." In nothing more did the sullen Haldor show the trustworthiness of his race than that Harold himself, with whom he was at daggers drawn, and whom he now no longer feared, could find no fault with the story of his adventurous life as told by his old henchman out in Iceland at the Althing.

The following little story of the king's dealing with an Icelfander of another stamp is worth telling, because it shows in shorter space perhaps than many other stories of like kind, the unbounded liberality and open-handedness which made a long chapter in the gospel of that age,—“One summer there came from Iceland Brand the son of Vermund of Waterfirth. He was called Brand of the open hand, and that was a true byname. Brand ran with his ship right up to Nidarós. Thiodolf Harold's Skald was Brand's friend, and had often told the king of his liberality and highmindedness. So when Brand came to the town, Thiodolf told the king he was come, and spoke again of his many friendships in Iceland, and of his great gifts. 'We'll soon put that to the proof,' said the king, 'whether he is so open-handed as thou sayest. Go and ask him to give me his cloak.' Thiodolf went and found Brand in a store-room, where he stood

measuring linen. He was clad in a scarlet kirtle, and over all he had a scarlet cloak. He had thrown the strings of his cloak up over his head to keep his hands free, while he measured the linen. In the crick of his arm, that is, in the hollow of his arm, he had an axe with gold-studded haft. 'The king,' said Thiodolf as he came in, 'wishes to ask thee for thy cloak.' Brand went on with his work and answered never a word, but he let the cloak fall back over his shoulders, and Thiodolf took it up and carried it to the king. 'The king asked what had passed between them; he said that Brand had not uttered a word; and then Thiodolf went on to tell the king about his dress and work. The king said, 'Of a truth this is a high-minded man, and I daresay he thinks much of himself, since he had never a word to say. Go again and tell him that now I ask of him that gold-studded axe. Thiodolf said, 'I don't much like going oftener, Lord, I know not how he will take it if I crave the very weapon out of his hand.' 'Thou startedst this matter,' answered the king, 'when thou saidst so much about his open-handedness both now and before, and so thou shalt go. Methinks he is a niggard if he denies me the axe.' So Thiodolf went and told Brand the king wished to have his axe. He stretched out the axe at once, and still said never a word. Thiodolf carried it to the king, and told him what had passed. 'It looks,' said the king, 'as if this man really were more open-handed than most men. See how rich I get.* Go once more and say that I will have the kirtle he stands in!' Thiodolf: 'It beseems me not, Lord, to go on such an errand, maybe he will think that I am making game of him.' 'Go thou shalt,' said the king. So Thiodolf went and told Brand the king would have his kirtle. Then Brand broke off his work and stripped off his kirtle, but still said nothing. He tore one sleeve off it and kept it, but the kirtle he threw to Thiodolf, who bore it to the king. The king looked at it and said, 'This man is both wise and high-minded; 'tis easy to see that he tore off the sleeve to show that I have only one hand to be ever taking but never giving, but now go and fetch him. So it was done, Brand came, and the king made him good cheer and gave him great gifts."

Not less pleasant and lively was the way in which Harold came to know Stuf, one of

* This no doubt is the meaning of the words "ok heldr fénar nú," which Grímur Thomsen, who has done too little in this way, translates "se kun, hvor jeg beriges," in his excellent little book, *Udvalgte Sagastykker. Fordanskede af Mag, Grímur Thomsen*; Copenhagen, 1846.

the wittiest of his skalds. Stuf was the grandson of the famous woman, the heroine of the Laxdale Saga, Gudrun, Osvif's daughter, the wife of four husbands, who behaved worst to him she loved best, Kjartan the son of Olaf the Peacock. His father was Thord Cat, whom Snorri the priest fostered. Stuf was witty and learned, but like many bards he was blind. He left Iceland and came to Norway in Harold's time, and took up his abode with a well-to-do freeman in the Uplands. One day as men stood out of doors they saw a gallant company riding up to the house, and the freeman said, "I know not whether King Harold is looked for in these parts, but this band looks like his following," and as it drew near they saw it was indeed the king. The farmer went up to the king and greeted him, and began to excuse himself for not being able to treat him so well as he would have done if he had known he was coming. "How couldst thou know," said the king, "that we were coming? we ride up and down the land on our business, now here now there. My own men shall look after our horses, and I will go in-doors." The king was in one of his best moods, and the farmer showed him the way in, and sate him down in the seat of honour. "Go in and out goodman!" said the king, "just as thou likest. Don't put thyself out about us." "Thanks," said the farmer, and went out, and then the king began to look about him, and saw a tall man sitting on the other bench, and asked him what his name might be. "My name is Stuf" (Stump), said the man. "A very queer name, scarcely a name at all," answered the king, "but whose son art thou?" "I am Cat's son," he said. "One just as odd as the other," said the king. "Pray what cat was that?" "Guess for thyself, king," said Stuf, and laughed loud. "What art thou laughing at now?" asked the king. "Guess again," said Stuf. "Methinks 'tis hard," said the king, "to guess thy thoughts, but I rather think thou wast wishing to ask what son my father was, and why thou laughedst was because thou durst not ask me that outright." "Rightly guessed," said Stuf. Then the king went on, "Sit a little further on the bench near to me, and let us have a talk." He did so, and the king found him anything but a fool, and when the goodman came back and feared the king found it dull, the king said he was so pleased with his guest, that he shall sit over against me this evening when we drink and pledge me in the horn. When they went to bed the king said he and Stuf should sleep in the same room, that he might amuse him. So Stuf and the king went into the room, and when the king was in bed, Stuf

sang a short song, and when it was over the king begged him to sing another; and so they went on, Stuf singing and the king listening; at last the king said, "How many songs hast thou now sung?" "That I thought you would reckon," said Stuf. "So I have," said the king. "There were thirty of them, but why singest thou ditties and short pieces (*flokka*) and not dirges which are longer?" "As for that," said Stuf, "I know more dirges than ditties, and yet I have not sung half my ditties." "Thou art a learned man indeed," said the king, "but for whose ear art thy dirges meant when thou singest only ditties to me?" "For thee, too," answered Stuf. "When so?" asked the king. "When we next meet," he said. "Why then rather than now?" asked the king. "Because in all fun and amusement that belongs to me I wished you should like me more the longer you knew me." "Well, first of all we will go to sleep," said Harold.

Next morning, when the king was going away, Stuf said, "Grant me a boon, king." "What is it?" "Pass thy word before I ask it." "That is not much in my way," said the king, "but for the sake of the mirth and merriment we have had together I will run the risk." Then Stuf said, "The reason of my journey is this, I have a dead man's heritage to claim east in 'the Bay,' and I wish you to give me your letters patent sealed with your seal, so that I may get the money without trouble." "I will do that willingly," said the king. "Ah!" said Stuf, "but I have another boon to ask." "What is it?" "Pass your word before I ask." "Why," said the king, "thou art a strange fellow, and no man has ever so bandied words with me before, but still I will run the risk." "I wish to make a song on you." "But," said the king, "hast thou any kinship with Skalds?" "There have been skalds in my house," said Stuf; "Glum, Geir's son, was my father's grandfather." "Thou art a good skald, indeed," said the king, "if thou canst 'make' no worse than Glum." "My songs are not worse than his," said Stuf. "Well," said the king, "'tis like enough thou canst 'make,' thou art so learned a man, and so I will give thee leave to make something about me." Again Stuf said, "Wilt thou grant me a boon?" "What wilt thou ask now?" says the king. "Pass thy word to me before I say it." "That shan't be," said the king; "far too long hast thou gone on saying the same thing; tell me now on the spot." "I will be made thy Hird-man." "'Twas well now," said the king, "that I did not give my word; for I must first take counsel with the rest of my Hird, and hear what they say. But

come north to me to Nidarós." So Stuf fared east to the Bay, and soon got the heritage which he claimed, when he showed the king's seal and letters. After that Stuf struck north to seek the king, and Harold made him welcome, and with the consent of the men of the Hird, Stuf went into the king's band, and stayed with him some time. He made a dirge on King Harold's death, which is called *Stufa*, or *Stuf's Dirge*. It is expressly said in the *Saga of Harold's life* that Stuf's poem was based on what he had heard of his early adventures from Harold's own lips, and those of others who had been with him in the East. He sung how the whole land of Jewry had come into his power unwasted either by fire or sword, and how the Captain offered at the Holy Sepulchre and other halidoms in the Holy Land untold wealth in gold and gems. How he put down wrong and robbery in the land, and cut off thieves and robbers, and how he fared to Jordan and bathed there as is palmers' wont.

But though there was often mirth and jollity in Harold's hall, and most of all when wit met wit, and he stood by as judge over the strife of words, we may be sure he was not idle in the darkest period of his history, that, namely, which reaches from Finn Arni's son's flight, in 1051, to when Hacon Ivar's son claimed the hand of Ragnhilda, now no longer a child, in 1061. Every year at least we know that he went out on his summer cruise against Sweyn, but besides these annual attacks he found time in 1053 to sail against the Wends, on the east coast of the Baltic. In 1054 events happened in Scotland which turned Harold's eye thither, and he plumed his wings for a wider flight. We are so apt to take our history of this time from Shakespeare that it is worth while to state the real facts. At this time Macbeth was king of Scotland, and had been king for nearly fifteen years. The later South Scottish annalists, whom Shakespeare followed, represent the North Scottish princes as rebels of transitory sway; but they were not rebels in that sense of the word. In fact they were the more national dynasty of the two. The South Scots leant on England on condition of acknowledging the supremacy of her kings, but the North Scots, led by the great Maormors of Moray, leant on the support of the Northmen settled in Orkney, in Caithness, and the Hebrides. The mightiest man in North Britain at that day was unquestionably Thorfinn, the great Orkney Jarl, who owned only a nominal dependence on the kings of Norway, and was in other respects every inch a king. He was nearly allied to the old North Scottish

dynasty, for his mother was a daughter of Malcolm Melbrigd's son Maormor of Moray and king of Scotland, and grandson of Ruairi the first Maormor of whom we hear. In 1029 Malcolm Melbrigd's son died. He was succeeded by a usurper, whom the Northern sagas called Karl, Hound's son,* but who is better known as the Malcolm Kenneth's son of the South Scottish annalists. With him Thorfinn could not live on good terms, the less because one of the first acts of the new king was to claim tribute from Thorfinn for Caithness. This county the Orkney earl thought fell to him by right of his mother, and he would not hear of tribute. Then followed bitter and bloody strife, which, after many hairbreadth escapes on either side, ended in a decisive battle on the banks of the Oikel, at Torfness, in which Karl-Malcolm was utterly routed. The South Scottish annalists say Malcolm was slain at Glammis by some conspirators, but with them all the opponents of the dynasty which ultimately won the day were rebels or conspirators. However that might be Malcolm fell in 1034, either at or shortly after the battle of Torfness, and Thorfinn, now completely triumphant followed the foe all the way to Fife, burning and wasting and slaughtering as he went. Duncan Malcolm Kenneth's son's nephew, now called king of Scotland by his party, seems never to have been acknowledged in the north of the country. Under the English king he had Cumberland as a fief, and he was married to a kinswoman of Earl Sigurd, Björn's son, the Siward of Shakespeare. The death of Thorfinn's brother Brusi, who was joint-earl with him according to Saint Olaf's settlement of their claims, rendered the great earl still more mighty in the north. But just as he thought himself absolute lord of Orkney and his conquests, a dangerous rival came upon him just as Harold Sigurdson came on Magnus.

The reader will remember that tall, fair-faced man, the fairest of men, who followed Saint Olaf to Sticklestad, brought Harold out of the fight and followed him to Russia. Earl Rognvald, or Ronald, was the son of Brusi, and Thorfinn's nephew, and he was something more. Saint Olaf's settlement gave Brusi two-thirds of the Orkneys, and Thorfinn only one-third; but Brusi was a quiet easy man, and Thorfinn soon had all the islands under his rule, only undertaking to defend both his brother's share and his own. Earl

* One way of reconciling the discrepancy of these names is by supposing that the Northmen in derision only called Malcolm "Karl Hound's son," that is, "The Churl," the low-born King, "the son of the Dog," whom Thorfinn hunted to death.

Rognvald was a mighty warrior, as we have seen. He was now his father's heir to the two-thirds allotted by Saint Olaf, strong in the settlement and friendship of the King, and strong as being the foster-brother of Magnus. Magnus, who, besides his love for Rognvald, wished to recover the supremacy of the Crown over these Islands, gave Rognvald the two-thirds as a fief, and sent him back with three well-manned ships. Just as he came new trouble had broken out with the Scots. Thorfinn was in need of help from such a warrior as his nephew. It was the case of Magnus and Harold over again, only in reverse; and the uncle gave up two-thirds of his rule to the nephew on condition that he should aid him in the war. So the two together went sea-roving, and Thorfinn's sway was soon spread over the whole west of Scotland down to Galloway, as well as over great part of Ireland. Cumberland, too, King Duncan's English fief, felt their fury, and so successful were they that Thorfinn might well call himself Lord of Scotland. This was in 1040, and just about that time an event happened which still further strengthened him, and in which he no doubt had a hand. In that year Duncan was slain by Magbjodr or Macbeth, Maormor of Moray, the son of Finnlaich, the son of Ruairi, and therefore a second cousin of Thorfinn's mother. Thus it was that the older dynasty again overthrew the younger one, and thus it was that by the help of Thorfinn and his Northmen, Macbeth ruled in Scotland for seventeen years. As for Thorfinn, he held no fewer than nine earldoms in Scotland, all the Orkneys, Hebrides, and a great part of Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway nearly to Dublin; for Dublin itself does not seem to have fallen into his hands. No doubt he thought an alliance with the great Norwegian House of the Arnmodlings would add further strength to his dynasty; and so, just about the time that Duncan fell, he wooed and wedded Ingibjorga, the sister of Finn Arni's son. That was why when Kalf fled the land he steered straight for his brother-in-law in the Orkneys. It would be out of place to stop to tell of the quarrels which afterwards arose between Thorfinn and Rognvald. It is enough to say that the nephew was worsted and slain by the uncle, that Thorfinn in vain tried to make his peace with King Magnus, shortly after Harold Sigurdson's return; but that he was more successful with Harold, to whom the earl, now again (1053) threatened with trouble, in all likelihood swore an oath of fealty. The son of "the murdered Duncan" had fled to Cumberland, and

there found shelter with his kinsman Sigurd, first Earl of Huntingdon, and then Earl of Northumberland, who was near akin to King Sweyn. Trouble might always be looked for from that quarter, yet both Thorfinn and his kinsman and ally Macbeth found time for a pilgrimage to Rome about 1050, for in that year Marianus Scotus writes: "King Macbeth of Scotland gave alms to the poor in Rome, by sowing (*seminando*) and scattering his money through the streets."

But in 1054 the storm which had been gathering across the English border burst on Thorfinn and Macbeth. The great rival of Earl Sigurd in his influence with King Edward had been Earl Godwin, who, half Saxon half Northman, tried to keep the balance between both the Northern and Saxon element of the population in his hands. With him, as we have seen, King Sweyn's brothers Björn and Asbjörn found shelter, and Björn was captain of the famous northern or Danish militia called the Thingmannalid. One of Godwin's sons named Sweyn had been cast into exile for a deed of shame. His lands had been given to his brother Harold and Björn Ulf's son, and when he returned to claim them, though neither would give up his land, Björn offered to go with the culprit to the king and try to make peace. On the way Sweyn fell on his companion and treacherously slew him at Bosanham or Bosham in Sussex. But though Sweyn had again to fly for this dastardly deed, the Danish rule and party were so hated that not only was joy felt at Björn's death, but the Thingmannalid itself was shortly afterwards abolished by the advice of Godwin, who knew his own power would increase, as the Confessor's strength, which lay mainly in that famous body guard, was weakened. With it all the Danes fell into disgrace, and Asbjörn had to fly the land, for Godwin who ruled the land had now taken part against them. This was between 1049-51, and Earl Sigurd, who, with Earl Leofric of Mercia, was Godwin's rival, had hard work as King Sweyn's kinsman to hold his own. But in 1053 Earl Godwin died suddenly, and Sigurd's power was at once strengthened. He was not slow in using it. In 1054 Sigurd crossed the Border, and defeated Macbeth in a bloody battle on the Seven Sleepers' Day, July 27th. No fewer than 3000 Scots are said to have fallen, and with them, as it seems, Dolgfinn, one of Thorfinn's sons. Sigurd advanced as far as Dundee, when news came that trouble had arisen in Northumberland, and that his son Asbjörn was slain. He turned back, but the Lothians and Fife were

lost to Macbeth, and Sigurd gave them to Malcolm as Duncan's heir.* Shortly after Sigurd died, 1055, and was buried, strangely enough, in a church dedicated by himself to St. Olaf, at Galmanho.† So far had the saint's vision been verified in twenty-five years. His successor in the earldom of Northumberland was Tostig, Godwin's son. But the war between Malcolm and Macbeth still lasted, and the North Scottish Maormor was driven farther and farther North, till in 1057 he lost his life and kingdom at Lumphanan in Mar, in August or September. His followers made his son Lulach their king, but he too was slain soon after at Esse in Strathbolgie, March 1058, and Malcolm Canmore, or Bighead, seized all that part of Scotland which Macbeth had ruled. Thorfinn suffered, we may be sure, with his ally, whose force was backed so strongly by England.‡ We may readily understand, therefore, why he should turn to Harold, whom for this once he was willing to acknowledge as his liege lord in the hope of help. Thus it was that a Norwegian fleet led by Magnus, Harold's eldest son by Thora, showed itself in British waters. Magnus was but a youth, but older heads led the host, which wasted the English shores, and returned without doing much

hurt. It was too late to help Thorfinn or save Macbeth, but it is memorable as being the first hostile act of Harold against England. Earlier, in 1043, he had sent an embassy to Edward and offered him peace and friendship, which the weak Saxon king willingly accepted; now he had drawn the sword it is true only to sheathe it again. But it was a token that the days were coming when the scabbard would be thrown away in a death-struggle between the two kingdoms.

We must now return to Norway. There, while these things were passing abroad, the feud with Sweyn still lasted, nor were things quite quiet at home. But Harold could still find time for a voyage round the North Cape to Bjarmaland, with the view no doubt of seeing how things went on in Helgeland and Finnmark, and showing the master's eye in that outlying part of his realm. In 1061 he ran his greatest risk from the Danes, for Harold having ventured with a small fleet into Limfirth in Jutland was shut up in it as in a trap by Sweyn's ships, who blockaded the narrow gut at its mouth. But the old sea-rover was equal to the danger. Instead of trying to force his way out he ran his ships right up into the very bight of the firth. There there was but a narrow strip of sandy shore between him and the North Sea. Over this he drew his lightened ships in one dark night, and next morn was sailing on the west coast of Jutland, while his foes were waiting for him on the east. As he had in his youth escaped over the Greek Emperor's chain, so in his older days he got clear from King Sweyn and his ships.

But while all these things were happening Ragnhilda had grown to womanhood, and Harold's promise to Hacon Ivar's son was unfulfilled. Now Hacon pressed his suit, but Harold answered that his word indeed was pledged to give Ragnhilda to Hacon, but it could only be with her own good-will. That Hacon must first secure. When Hacon pressed his suit, the haughty maiden answered, "Now I feel well that King Magnus my father is dead and buried, when I am to be forced to wed a boor's son, however handsome and brave he may happen to be. Were King Magnus alive he would never give me to any but one of princely birth, and I too will have none other for my husband." Hacon went to Harold and said that as Ragnilda must have a title, and the king was bound to keep his word, he ought to make him an earl, to which rank he had every claim. "Saint Olaf my brother," answered the king, "and Magnus the Good too, laid down the rule never to have more than one earl at

* Munch (N. H. ii. 266, note) has unravelled this tangled skein. The Saxon chronicle under the year 1054, Tighernach's Annals, O'Connor, ii. 299, and the *Annals of Ulster*, mention the battle. The last speak of "Dolfinn Finntor's son" as having fallen. Finntor is plainly a perversion of Thorfinn, and Dolgfinn is an Orkney name. *Henry of Huntingdon*, p. 760, Bromton (*Twysden*, p. 946); makes Sigurd send his son to Scotland before him to subdue it. When he fell, the father, with thorough Viking spirit, asked on what part of his body he had got his death-wound. "On the breast." "'Tis well," was Sigurd's answer; "else he had been unworthy of me." Fordun, v. 7, has confused the whole story, by making Sigurd slay Macbeth, and that is how Sigurd (Siward) has come into Shakespeare's tragedy. But Macbeth, as we shall see, fled on that day to fight on another, when he really fell.

† Sigurd bitterly lamented that he should die of a cow-sickness (issue of blood), and died clad in all his war gear. His banner, "Ravenlandeye," that is, "Rafn Landeyda," "the raven waster of lands," he bequeathed to York Minister, where it was long kept.

‡ The true chronology of these events is to be found in Marianus Scotus (Munch ii. 266-7). This is his summary. Duncan reigned five years from St. Andrew's Day, 1035, and so on till the Eve of the Feast of the Virgin's birth, August 14, 1040. Then Macbeth seventeen years till the same feast, August 14, 1057. Then Lulach till St. Patrick's Day, 17th March, 1058, and then Malcolm twenty years. In this summary there is a confusion between the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, August 15th, and the birth of the Virgin Mary, September 8th, so that we do not know whether Macbeth fell on the 14th of August or the 7th of September 1057.

a time in their realm." That rule he meant to keep as well as his word, and so long as Earl Orm of the Uplands lived he would not make another, for he could not rob him of his rank to give it to Hacon. Hacon in a rage followed the example set him by so many others, and betook himself to Denmark, where Sweyn made him welcome with the rest, and gave him the rank he coveted on the Wendish border, giving him at the same time great fiefs. But his service was to be rendered rather by sea than on land.

So things stood in the winter 1061-62, when Harold grew weary of the war, and, determined to try and fight it out once for all, sent and challenged Sweyn to mortal combat in a sea-fight. He fixed the place of meeting at the mouth of the Gottenburg river, and the winner of the day was to be king over both realms. We hear nothing of Sweyn's answer, but Harold made him ready in earnest. Some time before he had laid down a huge ship, and early that summer she was launched. The king's Skalds were warm in her praise, and no doubt she was a wonder of strength and speed. In her Harold embarked, and with him went his Queen Thora; both his sons Magnus and Olaf were in the fleet; Magnus, we know, sailing his own ship. Many great chiefs were with him. First and foremost Ulf his trusty marshal; Eystein the Gorcock and Thorolf Mostrarskegg. When they reached "the Bay," the fleet was scattered by a storm, but they joined company again without much loss. So they made for the Gottenburg river, and there at Thumla near Hisingen the sea-fight was to be. But no Sweyn was to be seen. Still Harold knew that he was not far off. The crafty Dane was waiting till the half month was over during which the freemen's levy was only bound to serve; and as soon as Harold found himself forced to send home those who came from the farthest north, the whole Danish fleet set sail to fall on him. The Norwegian fleet was only 180 ships strong, mostly made up of vessels belonging to the king's vassals, the rest being the levies raised in the south of Norway, whose time was not yet up. When off the Bay of Laaholm, on the coast of Halland, where the river Nizza runs into the sea, and just as Harold was harrying the coast, there came the Danish fleet, 360 ships strong, steering up to them. But just when Harold seemed so overmatched that to fight seemed madness, they saw another squadron come sailing up, and this was Hacon Ivar's son with his ships, who, in that hour of trial, could not find it in his heart to fight against his countrymen. He had come to do battle for Sweyn, with Finn

Arni's son, and went over to Harold, Finn staying with the Danes. Harold, it need scarcely be said, was overjoyed to see him, and thanked him heartily, saying, that he had heard much of his bravery, which would soon be put to the proof. Then he called his captains and their crews together, and said, "Now King Sweyn is come upon us with a great host, as you see, and so I would take counsel with the chiefs and the whole host, whether we shall fight them though they are twice as strong as we." Then many were for flying, King Sweyn's fleet was so strong it was no use fighting them. Others were silent. Then Earl Hacon spoke and said: "It seems to me, Lord, though the Danes have a large host, still their ships are smaller than ours, and I trow their men will once again be proved to be less trusty than Norwegians. It is so with the Danes that they are no laggards at the first onset, but they soon grow cool if they have a bold face shown them. As for you, Lord, you have often fought against great odds, and yet won the day, and so it will be now." The king was glad at that, and spoke in great glee: "I dreamed a dream last night, methought I and King Sweyn met and both had hold of a hank and coil of rope and tugged at it, and methought he drew the hank away from me, and at that I awoke." This dream did not help much to cheer up the hearts of the force; for most read it so that Sweyn would keep what they fought for. But Earl Hacon spoke again and said, "Maybe, Lord, they read this dream aright, but I think it much more likely that King Sweyn will be hanged in this hank, and caught in this coil himself." "So I think," said the king, "and that's the best way of reading the dream; but now we will talk no more about it, but say outright that we will all fall across each other's bodies ere we fly before the Danes without striking a blow." Then Harold drew his sword and went forward to the bow, and hewed thrice straight before him in the air down the wind, and when Hacon asked why he did so, the king answered, "This men call a token of victory in foreign lands, when a king points thus which way his wrath lies." After that Harold drew up his fleet, with his own wardrake in the midst, the inner wing touched the Danish shore, the outer was toward the open sea, and in the same array the Danes came on to the attack, with Sweyn's ship in the midst. On his side the number of the fleet was too great to allow of their being moored and bound together in the usual way. Only those in the centre were so bound, on both wings were many ships free to sail about as they chose. On Harold's side Hacon expressly

begged leave that his ships might not be bound to the rest, but that he might turn from time to time whithersoever he chose as the fight went on. In Sweyn's host it is said there were no fewer than six earls, counting Finn Arni's son as one. But the day, St. Lawrence's Eve, August 9, 1062, was far spent before all this talking and array was over, and night was falling ere battle was joined. Still the long northern night left time to fight, and indeed at that time of the year there is little darkness in the Danish waters. When all was at last ready, Harold's horns sounded for the onslaught, but the Danes were quicker and rowed up fast with a great blare of trumpets and a loud roar of cheering, for they thought at last they had got their old foes on the hip. Sweyn ran his ship towards Harold's, and bade his crew remember what they had suffered from the Norwegians. "Let it now be seen how bravely we can fall on our foe. We have here many great lords and brave lads. If we win the day we shall live in rest and peace ever after." Then the fight began and soon waxed hot. It was now nearly dusk, but King Harold stood at the bow of his ship and shot all through the night with a bow. The first onslaught of the Danes was very hot, as Hacon had foretold, and in the centre they seem to have had some success; but on the wings Hacon Ivar's son had a great advantage from his unfettered ships. First he fell on the outlying ships of the foe who seem not to have had much heart in the struggle. These were soon worsted, for Hacon's big ships ran them down and cleared their decks one after the other and put the rest to flight. Then came tidings that Harold's other wing was hard pressed, and Hacon the hero of the day, flew thither also, and there too the Danes were forced to fall back. Still the Danes fought well and the day might have been theirs had not the men from Scania when the night grew dark cut their hawsers in a panic at Hacon's valour, and stole away from the fleet. They made for the river where they left their empty ships and skulked away to their own country as fast as they could. "Shame upon them and their offspring for all time," says Saxo, with honest indignation at their dastardly desertion. So Hacon the whole night through rowed round the fleet, bringing help wherever it was needed, and scattering the enemy's ships. But now the first streaks of dawn showed themselves, and Sweyn found to his amazement that the Scanians were gone. He soon had to think for himself, for Harold now boarded his foeman's ship, hewing with both hands as he went with his native axe, and the crew

either fell before him or leapt overboard. Sweyn held out to the last man, but he was no match hand to hand for Harold with his huge strength. The last of his crew he jumped into a boat which lay alongside and rowed off while it was still dusk. The other vessels of the fleet saw his banner fall and the rout became general. In their fear they would not stay to cut the hawsers in many ships, but the crews leapt from ship to ship and so to land or overboard, so that in a little while seventy Danish ships were left without a man on board them. All these fell into Harold's hands. But one man refused to fly. Harold's old friend Finn Arni's son now old and almost blind, still sat on the poop of his ship, while every one else fled, and so was taken. Harold was eager to follow the fugitives, but it was no easy matter to make his way through the scattered hosts on either side, nor had Hacon any better success on his side of the battle. Just as he was trying to push through, a boat came alongside pulled by a single man. He was very tall, and had a broad flapping hat over his brows. This man hailed the ship. "Where is the Earl?" he asked. Hacon was standing forward stanching a wound which one of his men had got, and when he heard the voice he looked at the man in the hat and asked him his name. "Here is Wanhope,"* said the man, "come and speak with me, Earl." The Earl bent over the bulwarks towards him, and he said, "I will ask my life of thee, Earl, if thou wilt grant it." Earl Hacon stood up straight and called two of his men, who were both dear to him, and bade them put that man on shore. "Many good turns has Wanhope done me," he said, "guide him to my friend Karl, and bear Karl these tokens that I sent him thither, in that I beg him to let Wanhope have that horse to carry him which I gave Karl yesterday, and his saddle too, and his son besides as a guide." This was just before daylight. Then they stepped into the boat and took to their oars, but Wanhope steered. That was just when the greatest throng of ships was, and some of the runaways were rowing for the land and some out to sea, both in small ships and great. Wanhope steered as he thought was safest through the ships, but whenever a Norwegian ship rowed up to them the Earl's men said who they were, and so all let them

* "Wanhope," an old English word for Despair. "Now cometh Wanhope, that is, despear of the mercy of God,"—Chaucer, *The Persones Tale*. The Norse word is "Vandradr," "one reft of plan," "who knows not which way to turn." It was a name taken by Odin in his wanderings, and now by King Sweyn in his hour of need.

pass as they pleased. Wanhope steered straight along the strand, and did not put in till they had passed out of the fairway of the ships. After that they went up to Karl's house, and then it began to be light. They went into the sitting-room, and there was Karl up and just dressed. The Earl's men told him their errand, but Karl said they must have a snack first, and with that he brought in the board, and gave them water to wash their hands. Then the gudewife came into the room and said at once: "This is a great wonder that we get never sleep nor rest this night for shouting and whooping." "Knowest thou not," asked Karl, "that the kings have fought to-night?" "Who got the better?" she asked. The Norwegian won the day, said Karl. "Then our king must have run away," she said. "We know not," said Karl, "whether he has fallen or fled." "We are wretchedly off with a king," she said, "who is both halt and a coward." The stranger Wanhope said, "Let us rather think, earl, what is more seemly, that the king is no coward but not very lucky in battle." Wanhope began to wash his hands, and when he took the towel he dried his hands in the middle of it, but the gudewife snatched the towel out of his hands and said, "Thou hast not learnt much manners, it is like a ploughboy thus to wet all the towel at once." "Well," said Wanhope, "the day will come by God's leave that we shall be thought worthy to dry ourselves in the middle of a towel." So they sat down to the board and ate and drank a while and went out afterwards. Then Karl's horse was all ready, and his son to follow Wanhope on another horse. They rode into the wood, but Earl Hacon's men went to their boat and rowed back to the earl's ship. The Saga goes on to say, that some time after Sweyn sent for Karl, and gave him lands and goods in Zealand; but he would not hear of his wife's coming too. They had to part, and Karl got a richer though we cannot agree with Sweyn in calling her a better wife, than the old lass who called the king a coward because he ran away, and scolded him for wetting their single towel all over when he washed his hands. Divorces must indeed have been easy at King Sweyn's court, as was likely, if we remember that according to the Icelandic annals he was much smitten by woman's love, and left many pledges of it behind him by his three wives and many concubines.

While Sweyn was thus escaping in the grey dawn, Harold and his men were chasing the flying host. After following them a little way out to sea, the Norsemen turn-

ed back to count the ships they had taken, and to "ken" the dead. Sweyn's ship was thickly strewn with corpses, but among them his body was not to be found, though all were sure he must have fallen. Some time was spent in stanching and binding wounds, and in burying the slain on both sides. After that a great booty was shared among the victors, and the prisoners were brought before Harold. First of these was Finn Arni's son. Harold was joyous at his victory, and said, as soon as he saw his kinsman, "Well, Finn, here we meet again. Last we met in Norway; but how was it that thy Danish bodyguard stood not better by thee? 'Twill be hard work for Norsemen to drag thee blind along with them." "Norsemen," answered Finn, "have now to do many bad things, and, worst of all, when they do what you bid them." "Wilt thou take peace and pardon, though thou art unworthy of it?" asked the King. "Not from thee, thou hound," was the answer. "Wilt thou take it from thy kinsman Magnus, then?" asked the King, for Magnus was steering the ship. "What should such a whelp as that know about peace?" At that the King laughed and thought it great sport to taunt him. "Wilt thou take it then of thy kinswoman Thora?" "Is she here?" asked Finn. "Yes." "Ah," said Finn, "no wonder thou foughtest well when the grey mare was with thee."* At last the king's peace was granted to the blind old man, but he was still unhappy and quarrelsome. In a day or two the King said, "I see thou wilt not be good friends with me or thy kinsfolk, and so I will give thee leave to go to thy King Sweyn." "That offer," answered Finn, "I gladly take. I shall be all the better pleased the sooner I get away." So he was set on shore in Halland, and soon found his way to King Sweyn.

Before this, Harold had heard of his rival's escape, and that it was useless to seek for his body among the slain. With Sweyn's usual activity he was rallying his scattered forces in the island of Zealand, and in a few days was at the head of a powerful fleet; with this he hovered about the host of Harold, ready to cut off any stragglers that he might find, while on shore the woods were filled with levies to ward off any hostile landing. In spite of Harold's orders to his captains to keep close, his own son Magnus and Thorolf Mostrarskegg left the fleet and landed in the night to seek for glory. The two brothers-in-arms had not gone far into the country before the Danes fell upon them in overwhelming numbers. All their

*An allusion to the horse fights, a darling amusement of the northern nations.

followers were slain, and Magnus only escaped by the great strength and endurance of Thorolf, who bore the boy on his back through the woods, and so gave his foes the slip. Next morning they were missed by Harold, and shortly mourned as dead. With a heavy heart at the loss of his son, Harold gave orders to break up the host, and steer for "the Bay." His hard-fought victory had not won him one inch of Denmark. Honour and booty were all he gained, and so, with a large addition to his fleet in Sweyn's empty ships, he made his way back to his own land. But in "the Bay" a welcome surprise greeted him. He had landed his wounded men, and one day when he was on shore looking after their hurts, he saw Thorolf coming down to the strand with Magnus on his back. He had made his way across the country. The Saga may well say "they were much wasted for want of food." Harold scolded them for the fright they had given him, and asked if they thought themselves men enough to beat the whole Danish host, that they went up so unwarily with such a scanty force. They might have been content with the glory the whole fleet had won in common; as it was, they had much minished his victory. The wary king looked upon the exploit in the light of a Balaclava charge, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. After praising Thorolf for his hardihood and faithfulness in helping Magnus, his speech took a more general tone, and he added: "And so, too, must I thank my kinsman Earl Hacon first and foremost; and after him all my liegemen for their good following and daring which they have shown in this battle." These words pleased all who heard them. Thorolf and Magnus were properly fed and cared for, and the freemen's levies were sent home, while the king made ready to pass the winter at Oslo in "the Bay."

As was natural enough, the late battle was the common talk of men that winter, and "every man," as the Saga says, "had something to say about it." So one day as many men were sitting around the fire in a room in the king's palace, the battle was again brought forward, and one asked who had gotten most fame on that bloody day. With one voice all said, "There was none like Hacon Ivar's son; he was the boldest and keenest and luckiest. His help was worth most, and he won the victory." All this time Harold was out in the yard, and heard what was said; he went at once to the door of the room, looked in and said, "No doubt every man here would wish his name were Hacon." He said no more and went his way. As for Hacon the hero of the day, he went

in the autumn to his home in the Uplands. Though jealous Harold still made much of him; he talked over Ragnhilda to marry Hacon, promising to raise him to the rank of earl in the Uplands, to which there was now no hindrance in the way as Earl Orm was dead. On this understanding the marriage actually took place at Yule, but after it was over the King put off from day to day the fulfilment of his word, and at last he told Hacon right out that it could not be. In fact he dreaded his popularity in the Uplands, and feared to raise a rival near his throne. The same day as Hacon went home, Ragnhilda believing that he had gained his end met him at the door, and greeted him with "Welcome home my Earl." But Hacon, noble-hearted as he was, told her the bitter truth, adding that as the King was faithless to his word, he would not have her hand on false pretences. He was ready to give her up, to allow her to have a divorce, and at the same time to give up to her all his goods. But Ragnhilda, who now really loved the chivalrous Hacon, would hear of nothing of the kind. She had taken him for better for worse, and would cling to him to the last. While things were in this doubtful state, fresh fuel was found for the King's jealousy, and the breach between him and Hacon became complete. Later on in the spring one day as men sat at drink, their talk again turned to the battle, and again Hacon was much praised, though some held up others who had behaved as well. At last one man said, "May be other men fought as bravely as Earl Hacon at Nizza, but still no man there had as much luck as he." The rest said, "That was his greatest luck that he put to flight so many of the Danes." "Ay," said the man, "but it was greater luck when he gave King Sweyn his life." "Come," said another, "thou canst not know for a truth what thou now sayest." "I know it for the very truth," he answered, "for I heard it of the man who put the king on shore." "Now," says the Saga, "the saw was proved which says 'many are the king's ears,' for this was carried and told to King Harold on the spot." No wonder he was wroth when he heard it, and planned revenge on his faithless vassal. But Hacon's plans had long been made. He had gone home to his house in Raumarike, and made ready quietly to leave the land, selling his property for ready money. Harold no doubt knew what was going on, for Oslo was not far from Hacon's home, and here too the king's many ears and many eyes must have stood him in good stead. But the news of Sweyn's escape by Hacon's connivance brought their quarrel to a head and

Harold, who before might have been glad that his mighty vassal should steal noiselessly from Norway to find a shelter with King Sweyn, now thirsted for vengeance, and strove to cut his enemy off. With two hundred men* at his back he rode from Oslo at sunset. All that night they rode, and next day they came on men who were going to Oslo with malt and meal. In the King's company was a man named Gamal, an old friend of Hacon's. He spoke to one of the boors whom he knew, and said, "I will bargain with thee for a sum, that thou ridest as fast as thou canst by the shortest cut thou knowest, and so comest to Earl† Hacon's house, and tellest him the King means to kill him, for that he now knows that Hacon put King Sweyn on shore at the battle of Nizza." So they struck that bargain, and the boor rode as fast as his horse would carry him, and reached the Earl's house ere they went to bed, for he was still up a-drinking when he came. But as soon as the boor told his story, the Earl arose and all his men, and he made them flit all his goods and chattels to the woods, and he and all his household left the house. Next day the King came and found it empty, and the bird flown. So he stayed there the night, and then went home foiled in his purpose. But before he went, he declared all Hacon's property forfeit to the Crown.

At first Hacon betook himself across the Swedish border to King Steinkel, and stayed with him that summer. As soon as he heard that Harold had gone north to Drontheim, he crossed into Norway, fell upon the King's men who were set to keep his house, slew them, set the house on fire, launched his ships, and sailed off to King Sweyn. The Danish King received him, as he was bound, with open arms, and gave him the Earldom of Halland, after Finn Arni's son, who was just then dead. But coupled with the dignity, was the request that Hacon would curb the unruly spirit of Asmund, Sweyn's nephew, the son of his brother Björn, who, as we have seen, had been slain by Sweyn Godwin's son in England. At first King Sweyn had shown the boy all favour and brought him up at his Court, but he soon showed an evil spirit, lived by wrong and robbery, was the companion of sea-rovers, and spared neither man nor woman in his passion. The King then stripped him of the fiefs which he had

given him, and ordered him to stay at Court and avoid ill company; but Asmund broke out again and again, and at last Sweyn was forced to keep him fast bound in prison. But fetters could not hold that daring temper. Asmund soon broke loose, joined his old brothers-in-arms, gathered ships and men, and lived a viking life, the terror of the Danish coasts. His boldness grew so great that when Finn Arni's son died, Asmund demanded his earldom of his uncle. In this strait Hacon made his appearance at court, and was told that he might have Finn's earldom if he could catch Asmund. This quest just suited Hacon's temper; he set off at once with his six ships, refusing all other help. In a little while he heard that Asmund lay with his roving squadron of ten ships at the mouth of the Sleii, where an inlet runs up from the Baltic to the town of Sleswig. Without staying to count his enemy's force Hacon at once attacked them. As the ships neared one another, Asmund hailed Hacon and said, "No wonder thou comest on so eagerly when thou hast got a promise of an earldom, but it was a shame of King Sweyn to offer it to thee, and when he did so he could not have remembered the fight at Nizza." "True it is," answered Hacon, "that I stood by King Harold at Nizza, and I felt no shame in helping my king; but as for thee, thou ever aimest at cheating and weakening thy kinsman and king; but to-day thou shalt feel that I am not afraid to cope with thee." After this the fight grew hot and furious, but Hacon won the day. He boarded Asmund's ship, and carried it as far as the bow, where Asmund was taken prisoner. By their bargain Hacon was bound to bring Asmund to King Sweyn, but at the sight of him he could not withstand his wish to rid the world of this firebrand. "Never," he cried, "could I bring to King Sweyn any better gift than this evil head;" as he said this he rushed on Asmund and slew him. But when he got back to Sweyn, the King was angry that Hacon had over-stepped his mission. The uncle seems still to have had a fondness for his scapegrace nephew. He felt for him somewhat as David felt for Absalom, and though he gave Hacon the earldom, he said, "Thou canst no longer be my bosom friend, nor can I take it upon myself to hold thee safe against all our kinsmen who may perhaps crave revenge. Thou wouldst do best, therefore, to withdraw to that side of my realm which is most exposed to hostile attacks, and content thyself with that position." So Hacon went to Halland as Earl, whence he could waste Harold's possessions in "the Bay" whenever he chose.

* Two hundred: these would be "long hundreds," 120 each, so that the number would be 240.

† Hacon was called "Earl" from the earldom which Sweyn had given him; in Norway it was a barren title, with no lands or rights to support it, like a Polish county in England.

No sooner was Hacon firmly seated in his new province than he made his power for harm felt in Norway. He was the darling of "the Uplands," that great district in the heart of Southern Norway in which he and his family lived, and which just then felt itself injured by Harold, who, by bringing all his subjects to one level as regarded the Crown, had robbed the freemen of the Uplands of certain privileges which had been granted to them by Saint Olaf. It added to the bitterness of the blow that Harold who inflicted it was himself an Uplander born. The Uplanders, therefore, were not slow to listen to Hacon's rebellious counsels, the less so when they found that he was backed by the King of Sweden, who gave him the border province of Wermeland as a fief, and allowed the men of West Gothland, another great Swedish province, to flock to his banner. Backed by this force from without, and strong in his popularity in the Uplands themselves, Hacon made an onslaught on Raumarike, where his old home had been, levying taxes and dues as if he had really been Earl of Upland, the title he had so long coveted. The freemen made no resistance, and when Harold, who returned to Oslo for the winter, sent his men to the Uplands to levy his taxes, the proud peasants sent him back word that they had already paid their taxes and dues to Earl Hacon, and meant to pay them to him so long as he was alive. "In other words," as Munch well says, "the Uplanders were in a state little short of rebellion." This outbreak in his native province, supported by a foe so dangerous as Hacon, was quite enough to alarm the politic Harold. He began to reflect on his losses and his gains during his sixteen years' weary warfare with Sweyn, and he was forced to confess that he was now not one inch nearer his object than when he began. He could not attain it when Hacon was his friend and had helped him to win a great battle; he was still less likely to subdue Denmark when Hacon was his bitter foe, raising rebellion in his native province, and when Sweyn was to all appearance as active and vigorous as ever. Harold's thoughts then turned towards peace abroad, in order that he might crush rebellion at home. Nor was Sweyn on his side unwilling for peace. He had always wished to be suffered to rule in peace; in two great battles he had been worsted, and he feared a third time to trust the issue to arms. The freemen on both sides, those warriors who, unlike the King's body-guard, not only paid for the war with their persons, but with their purses as well, they too were weary of warfare, Danes and Norwegians

alike; we may therefore well believe the Saga when it says: "That winter messengers passed between Norway and Denmark, and the purport of the messages was that both sides, Norsemen as well as Danes, wished to be set at one again, and each side bade their king agree to that; and so it came about that a meeting between the kings was fixed for the Gottenburg river, and when the spring came, each king gathered a great force and manned many ships for this voyage." So there, in the spring of the year 1064, Harold and Sweyn met on the border, perhaps on the very islands where the Treaty of the Burnt Islands had been struck between Magnus and Hardicanute. At first, say the Norwegian accounts, "the Danes made such moan for all the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Norsemen, that things for some time looked very unlike peace; but at last, by the help of wise heads and true hearts, peace was made between the kings." The terms were that each king should hold his kingdom so far as its old boundaries stretched, that neither should strive after any part of the other's realm, that there should be no claims for compensation or atonement for harm done during the war, and that each should hold the luck or scathe that he had got. The peace was to last so long as the kings lived, and it was ratified by oaths and hostages on either side. Thus this long-standing feud came to an end. Sweyn returned home, glad at heart to rule his realm in peace; Harold down-hearted at having spent so much blood and treasure in vain, and at the prospect of new strife in the heart of his kingdom with one of his unruly provinces.

After the treaty was concluded Harold returned to "the Bay," taking up his quarters at Oslo, the town which he had founded, where he spent the rest of the summer. As soon as he came back, he sent again to the Uplands to demand his taxes, but the freemen sent back much the same answer: "They had already paid their taxes to Earl Hacon, and now they would wait till Earl Hacon came, and they heard what he had to say." As for Hacon, he was not idle. As soon as he heard of the peace, he assured himself of King Sweyn's friendship, who, though he could not break the treaty just made with Harold by giving him open help, still backed his cause with King Steinkel of Sweden so well, that the Swedish monarch made him Earl of West Gothland as well as Wermeland. So that Hacon had now three earldoms, one Danish and two Swedish, besides exercising an earl's power in the Uplands. Such wide-spread influence must have gladdened the haughty heart of Ragn-

hilda, who brought with her, as part of her dowry, the banner of her father Magnus, well known to many of Harold's men, who had followed it under the leadership of the good and blameless king. Hacon was no despicable enemy but Harold was more than his match. Instead of waiting, like the Uplanders, until Hacon came to him, he resolved to go to Hacon in his Swedish earldom, and stifle his force in the bud, before it had time to ripen into deadly fruit. But his plans were deeply laid. All the summer of 1064 was spent in amusement in "the Bay," but one day as winter drew on, Harold suddenly went to the King's Crag, a royal residence on the east side of "the Bay" at the mouth of the Gottenburg river. Here he seized sixty ships of light draught, manned them with picked warriors, and rowed up the river with them; when they came to a rapid or a fall, the ships were dragged over them by a portage; and so they came safe and sound into the great Vener Lake in the enemy's country. There he crossed to the east side of the lake, where he knew that Earl Hacon lay with an army of Goths. It was cold and snowing when the King landed, but Harold thought that rather a gain, as the soft snow hindered the peasants from flying with their goods, and as the Norwegians were better able, being more warmly clad, to bear the cold than their enemy. Leaving some of his men behind to guard the ships, with the rest he advanced against the Earl. After going some way they came to a hill, from the brow of which they saw Earl Hacon's force down on the other side of a valley, at the bottom of which was a moor. Here Harold made his men sit down on the brow, and wait till Hacon's impatience or the pinching cold drove him to attack, when their favourable position would give the Norsemen a great advantage. On his side too, Hacon bade his men wait for the onslaught of their foe. He had with him Thorvid, the Lawman of West Gothland, who made a speech to his men sitting on his horse, which was tethered to a spike in the ground. "We have a great and fine host," he said, "and here are many brave men; in the Earl we have a doughty leader; let King Steinkel hear that we stood by this good earl as we ought." So he went on, but just as he was speaking up rose all the Norwegian host and shouted their war-cry, and smote their shields with sword and axe. The Goths, who thought the foe were about to fall on them, shouted in their turn; and all this uproar so scared the Lawman's horse that he started, and pulled the spike out of the earth. It flew at the end of the tether about the Layman's

ears. As for him, he thought it was a Norse shaft, forgot on the spot all his brave words, struck spurs into his horse, and fled from the field, bellowing, "Bad luck to thee for thy shot." But it had not been Harold's purpose to begin the onslaught; he only wished to scare the Goths, and provoke them to move. In this he was quite successful. As soon as he heard the war-cry, the Earl Hacon advanced with his banner and crossed the moor. When they got well under the brow of the hill, Harold and his men rushed down on them, and routed them utterly. The Earl himself, and a chosen band who had followed him from home, fought well, but the Goths fled to the woods, and at last Hacon had to turn too. Worst of all, the banner of King Magnus fell into Harold's hands, who had it borne by the side of his own, and called it the fairest prize of victory. It was now getting dark, and Harold made for his ships after following the enemy a little way. All thought the Earl had fallen. But as they went through a narrow pass in the wood—so narrow that but one man could pass abreast of it—lo! when they were least aware, a man leapt his horse across the path, and all at one and the same time he drove a javelin through the man that bore the banner, and clutched the banner by the pole, and rode off with it into the wood on the other side. But when the King was told this, he said, "Get me my byrnie; the Earl lives still! I know my kinswoman Ragnhilda's temper well enough to feel sure she would never let Hacon come near her bed, if he lost that banner." So the King rode about nightfall to his ships, and many said that the Earl had avenged himself, even though he had fled.

It was not Harold's purpose to penetrate further into Sweden after striking this blow; but a strong frost, which came on soon after he got back to his ships, forced him to stay till he could cut them out of the lake, and get them into the river again. While he waited he made raids through the country to get food, but though, from time to time, some of his men were cut off, neither Earl Hacon nor his Goths made any serious efforts to attack him. Nor indeed do we hear anything more of Earl Hacon except that he lived long and prosperously in Sweden and Denmark.

While Harold's men were busy cutting his ships out of the ice, an event occurred which is worth telling, as showing how long a blood-feud lasted in the North, and with what stubbornness of purpose it was followed up. "King Harold lay that night aboard his ships, but next morning when it

was light there was ice taken about his ships so thick that one might walk round them. Then the King bade tell the men that they should cut a way out for the ships; and so they fell to and were busy at hewing the ice. Magnus the King's son was captain of that ship that lay outmost and nearest to the open water, but when men had nearly cut through all the ice, and there was only a bridge left, there came a man running along it to where they were hewing, and began to hew as though he were mad. Then a man spoke and said: 'Now, as oft, it is proved that no man is so good at need as Hall Kodran's bane yonder. See how he hews away at the ice!' But there was a man on board the ship of Magnus whose name was Thormod, he was the son of Eindridi; but as soon as ever Thormod heard Hall called 'Kodran's bane,' he rushed on him, and smote him his death-blow; for Jorunna, the mother of Thormod, was Kodran's cousin. Thormod was but a year old when Kodran was slain, and he had never seen Hall that he knew before that day. Just then the ice was hewn through, and Magnus ran his ship through the break in the ice, hoisted sail and sailed west across the lake; but the king's ship lay furthest in, and so it ran last of all out. Hall had been in the King's company, and very dear to him, and the King was very wroth. When he came into harbour at night, Magnus had packed the manslayer off into the wood, and offered an atonement for him; but the King would not hear of such a thing, and was on the very point of falling on Magnus his son, if their friends had not come between them."

After this bold stroke dealt in the heart of his enemy's country, Harold had his hands free to chastise the rebellious Uplanders. At the head of a great host he marched into those provinces. First he turned to Raumarike, Hacon's country, where the chief offenders dwelt. In vain the freemen pleaded the privileges which Saint Olaf had granted them, privileges which Harold as one of themselves ought to cherish rather than lessen. "King Harold," says the Saga, "would have naught else than that all men in Norway of equal birth should have equal rights." In a word, he would hear of no privileges for this or that province; all should be equal in the eyes of the law; he had come to break down, not to build up special rights and privileges; to make Norway one country under one king. The first part of his reign had been spent in putting down the great chiefs, more especially those about Drontheim; the last two years were spent in curbing the freemen in Upland. So that chiefs and freemen alike,

not in Drontheim or the Uplands alone, should feel and know that the privileges of the provinces and the private rights of the freemen must yield to the superior rights of the kingdom at large, and the prerogative of the King as Lord Paramount. But besides these theoretical questions of right, Harold had his own wrongs to avenge on those who had refused him his dues and mocked at his messengers; on the men who had waited for Hacon to help them, and on Hacon whom he had already tracked and routed in his Swedish lair. Harold did his work well. His path was marked by blood and fire. The unruly freemen paid for their rebellion by life and limb. Some were slain, others maimed, others again lost all their goods.

"Fruitless then was freemen's flouting,
Harold's 'hest they must obey,"

says Thiodolf, who went with Harold on this bloody progress as his Skald. And again,—

"Harold's liegemen learnt a lesson,
Flame leapt fierce from roof to roof."

From Raumarike he passed into Hedemark, Hadeland, and Ringerike, everywhere showing the same sternness; wasting, slaying, and burning as he went.

"Fire as judge sat on the freemen,
Ruddy featured passing sentence,
Ere to them slow leave was granted
Flame to slake or life to save."

When Harold thought he had done enough in the way of punishment, he still stayed in the Uplands for a year and a half, passing from house to house and from feast to feast; in most cases we may be sure no very welcome guest, though Arni, a rich freeman to whom he came, declared that it gladdened all men's hearts to see the King sitting quietly among his loving friends. That this was not always the case is well shown by the following story, which adventurous as it seems may well be founded on truth. At any rate, as Munch says, it was reduced to writing a little more than a century after Harold's death, and shows the mark made by his Upland progress on the minds of the next two or three generations. "Among the Upland freemen was a man named Ulf the Wealthy, for he had fourteen or fifteen farms in the district. His wife bade him ask the King to a feast, as many other wealthy men did. 'He will be sure to take it well,' she said, 'and show thee honour in return.' 'Well,' answered Ulf, 'this king doesn't do by all men as they think they deserve. I have little mind to bid him to my house, for I

think he will be jealous of my wealth and be greedy of my goods more than his right. Methinks his hand will fall heavier on me than on the rest, rather than show me favour as is meet, and that in spite of all the goodwill I may show him.' But though Ulf's words were on this wise, yet for the love he bare his wife he gave in, and bade King Harold to a feast when he left Arni's house. The King said he would come, and Ulf went home and made ready for a great feast. The King came when he was looked for, and found all of the best, furniture, hangings, and ale-stoups. In a word, everything was old and precious, and no feast could be better set out. So one day of the feast, for they lasted several days, when men had taken their seats, the King was merry and his followers, and he said it would be good if the feast were gladdened with a little fun. All said with one mouth 'twas well spoken, adding it would be great honour if such a man as he took the lead in making merriment. 'Well,' said the King, 'I will tell you a little story, and this is how it begins:—Once on a time there was a king named Sigurd the Giant, and he was a son of Harold Fairhair. This Sigurd had a son whose name was Halfdan, and an earl under Sigurd was called Halfdan also; so there were two Halfdans. One of the King's thralls was named Almstein. They were all much of an age—King Sigurd, Earl Halfdan, and Almstein. The king and the earl were foster-brothers, and they had all three played together as children when they were young. Well, time went on, and King Sigurd fell sick, and his heart told him that this sickness would be his death; so he called Earl Halfdan to him, and made him guardian over all his goods and of his son too, for he thought he could trust him best of all to take care of his son, and keep the kingdom for him for the sake of their foster-brotherhood and long friendship, and so a little while after the king breathed his last.

"The Earl became a great strength and support to Prince Halfdan, got in his dues for him, and showed him honour in every way. The Earl had a son too about as old as Halfdan, and they too were very good friends. Almstein, who was now Prince Halfdan's thrall, was a tall man in stature, fair of face, strong in thews, a man who knew many feats, and in short a man of much more mark than most thralls. Of his birth and stock no man knew aught. It befell that this Almstein offered to get in Prince Halfdan's dues for the space of three years, and as he was known to be a fitting man, but more because he had been almost as good as a foster-brother to King Sigurd, who had never reck-

oned him on the same footing as his other thralls, this offer was agreed to. But it turned out that he behaved so in this business that little of the money came to Prince Halfdan. Then Almstein took to sailing about to foreign lands with Prince Halfdan's goods, turning it over and over again in trade, and keeping it as his own, and gaining many friends and followers by gifts both in Prince Halfdan's realm as in other parts. About that time Earl Halfdan died, but as soon as Almstein heard that when he came back, he set off at once with a great band to Prince Halfdan's house and set fire to it; the Earl's son was inside the house along with Prince Halfdan. But when those who were inside were aware of the strife and the blaze outside, then both the Prince and the Earl's son went into a gallery underground which led out into the wood, and so they got safe off. So Almstein burned the house down, and thought he had burnt along with it both the King's son and the Earl's son. The lads were some time wanderers in the woods and wastes, but at last they came out in Sweden to the house of an earl named Hacon, and begged him for shelter. The Earl was slow to answer, and stared at them a long while, but at last he gave them food and lodging, but he showed them no honour, and they were with him three winters. As for Almstein, he seized Halfdan's realm, and made himself king over it, and no one gainsayed him or withstood him, but all thought it ill living under his sway, for he was quarrelsome, unjust, and wanton, so that he took good men's wives and daughters from them, and kept them as long as he chose, and got children by them.

"But when the lads had been three winters in Sweden with Earl Hacon, then they went in before the Earl one day to take leave, and thanked him for their board and lodging. "This shelter, Halfdan," said the Earl, "that I have given you is little thankworthy. So soon as ever I saw you, I knew who ye were. Thy father King Sigurd was my bosom friend, but why I showed you little favour was that it might not be noised abroad that ye were still alive. But now since ye wish to go away hence, I will give you three hundred men as your followers, and that may be some gain to you, though they be but a little band, if ye fall unawares on that wicked niding Almstein, as is not unlikely; for now he must have no dread for his own sake when he weens that you have both been burnt with the house over your heads; and sooth to say it were well done if ye two could win back your power and fame." After that they set off with that band, and not

a whisper was heard of them till they came unawares on Almstein's house and set fire to it. Now when the house began to blaze, the folk went out to whom leave was granted, and then Almstein asked for peace. "Twere but right and fitting," answered Halfdan, "that the same fate should befall thee which thou hadst meant for me with thy dastardly deed; but for that we are not equals, thou shalt have thy life on these terms, that thou goest back to thy true nature, be called a thrall, and be a thrall so long as thou livest, and all thy race after thee that may spring from thy loins." Those terms Almstein chose rather than die there and then. So Halfdan handed him along with his thrall's name a white kirtle of plain shape and straight cut. After that a Thing was called, and Halfdan took a king's name, and he got back all the realm his father had before him, and all men were glad at that change.

"Now to make a long story short Almstein had many children, and I trow Ulf that thy pedigree is this:—Almstein was thy grandfather and I am King Halfdan's grandchild, and yet thou and thy kinsfolk have got into your hands so much of the King's goods as may be seen in all this furniture and these drinking vessels. Take now this white kirtle which my grandsire Halfdan gave to thy grandsire Almstein, and along with it take thy true family name, and be a thrall henceforth for evermore; for so it was decreed at that Thing of which I spoke when Halfdan got back his kingly title, that thy ancestor took the kirtle, and the mothers of his children came to the Thing with him, and they and all their children took kirtles of like hue and shape, and so shall their offspring for ever.

"So King Harold made them bring out a white kirtle, and hold it before Ulf's eyes, and he sang these verses:—

"Ken'st thou this kirtle?
Kine are the king's due;
An ox of full growth too
Thou ow'st to the king;
Fat geese and swine too
Thou ow'st to the king;
Offspring and all thou ownest,
Thou ow'st to the king."

And then the king added this tag,—

"Much guile is now mingled,
The King claims thyself too."

Then Harold went on in prose: "Take now this kirtle, Ulf, which thy friends owned before thee, and along with it such rights and names as they had." Ulf thought the king's fun most unfriendly, but could scarcely dare to say anything against it, and he hardly

knew whether to take the kirtle or not, but his wife and his friends bade him never to accept such an insult whatever the King might say. Then the wife went up to the King with her kith and kin, and asked for peace for Ulf, and that he might not be so shamefully mocked as looked likely, and at last the King listened to their prayer and did not force Ulf to become a thrall, and gave him back one farm out of the fifteen which he owned, but the rest the King confiscated, and all his goods and costly things, gold and silver and drinking cups and all. And so the end of the King's dealings with Ulf was just what Ulf's heart had told him would happen ere he bade the King to a feast. And after that the King fared back to Drontheim and took up his abode at Nidarós."

By this story, whether he invented it altogether or merely applied a well-known tale to the case of Ulf, Harold meant to show that though all men were equal before the Crown, the King's rights bore down all else. Against the King no lapse of time or right of property could avail anything. It was a sermon on the maxim of English law, *nulum tempus occurrit regi*, and nothing shows more how completely he had laid Norway under his feet than the way in which he now meddled with the freemen's rights and sought his victims among the vulgar herd, after having brought down so many mighty chiefs. So there he sat at Drontheim that winter of the year 1065 at peace with all the world, enjoying for once in his busy life a short breathing space, while those mighty events were preparing in the west so full of interest for England and the North, and in which Harold was so soon to play a chief part.

ART. V.—*Publius Papinius Statius*. Recognovit GUSTAVUS QUECK. 2 voll. Leipzig, 1854.

THIS is a new recension of the text of Statius' poems, forming part of Teubner's series of Greek and Roman authors. It has no notes; but a critical preface is prefixed to each volume. We do not pretend to give any estimate of its merits on the only ground which it assumes to itself, that of a compendious critical edition; but we may safely recommend it to our readers as cheap, convenient, and scholarlike, before we pass, as we must now do, from the editor to the poet whose text he exhibits.

There is no stronger attestation of the

influence exercised by Virgil on his country's literature than the large space which the epic occupies in the poetry of post-Augustan Rome. In Greece, after the cessation of that creative activity which produced the poems of the Cycle and the legends of Heracles, the epic muse found scarcely any worshipper worthy of the name. For several centuries the hexameter had the whole field to itself; but when the territory was encroached upon by other settlers, the ancient form of composition dwindled away like an aboriginal tribe in the presence of later civilisation. While the spirit of Grecian song was pouring itself forth in the lyric and the drama, the recollection of Homer was continued only by a few faint echoes, scarcely audible to contemporary ears, and wholly, or almost wholly, lost to modern times; and though Apollonius Rhodius is not, like Panyasis, Choerilus, and Antimachus, or his own Alexandrian brethren, Rhianus and Euphorion, a mere name to us, we feel as we read him that he would hardly have counted as an eminent poet, among a poetical nation like the Greeks, in an age where poetry was still fresh and vigorous. But in Rome the case is far otherwise. As we pass from the golden to the silver age, we are confronted by a body of epic poetry which contains more than four times the bulk of the *Æneid*. The *Pharsalia* of Lucan and the unfinished *Argonautics* of Valerius Flaccus are indeed shorter than Virgil's poem; but the *Thebaid* of Statius, taken together with the fragment of the *Achilleid*, is considerably longer, and the *Punic War* of Silius Italicus is nearly half as long again. These works, in fact, constitute about a third of the extant classical poetry since the Augustan era. Nor have we any reason to think that they have been preserved to us by mere accident, while others, more worthy of being kept alive, have been left to perish. We may not value these vast heroic efforts as we value some of the less ostentatious performances of the same period, the satires of Persius and Juvenal, or the epigrams of Martial. We may prefer, as we doubtless should prefer, the *Silvæ* of Statius to his *Thebaid*, and argue that the other three poets might have expended their powers more profitably in attempts of a less ambitious nature. But we cannot doubt that all four stood high in the estimation of their own period, the period immediately succeeding the acme of Roman culture; two of them conspicuously so; and there is certainly some significance in the fact that so much of the poetical power of a not ungifted generation should have been consumed upon a species of poetry which earlier and

later ages, for very various reasons, have been equally forward to extol, and equally backward to cultivate.

Doubtless there were other influences which tended to recommend the epic to the poets of Cæsarian Rome. In the days of the intellectual glory of Athens, the real successors of Homer were to be found in the great fathers of the drama. To the public, the pleasure of listening to a rhapsodist, however skilled, must have been tame when compared with the charm of a dialogue sustained by well-graced actors, relieved by orchestral music, and set off by the accessories of scenery; while the poet would naturally prefer a field of labour, which, independently of the confessed advantages of novelty and popularity, might appear less interminable and more diversified. But the drama, the tragic drama at any rate, had never taken a thoroughly firm hold on Roman soil; and it withered rather than flourished under the imperial sunshine. The degradation of the chorus stamped it from the first with the character of comparative insignificance; it was Greek tragedy shorn of one half of its glory. Already, in the time of Horace,* the audience had begun to tire of the tragic dialogue, and to care only for the splendour of the spectacle; and it was not likely that under the successors of Augustus the drama should compete advantageously with the shows of the circus. The tragedy of Seneca was probably unacted tragedy; and unacted tragedy, as the public opinion of our day tells us, is a plain confession of weakness. But there was still a field for heroic poetry; a wider one, it might seem, than it had enjoyed even in Virgil's time. The poet of the *Æneid* had read parts of his work in the presence of the imperial family; but if we except a doubtful story of the recitation of his *Eclogues*,† we do not know that he ever appeared before a more general audience. But the atmosphere of imperial Rome was favourable to recitations; and it is evident from Juvenal's language‡ that they formed a more prominent feature in his experience than they had done in that of Horace or Ovid. The same satire which complains that they did not bring money, admits

* Horace, *Epistles*, Book II. Ep. i. 187 foll.

† The story is, that the *Bucolics* were so popular as to be recited repeatedly on the stage, and that Cicero, being present on one of these occasions, pronounced the author "*Magnæ spes altera Romæ*." Cicero was killed before Virgil lost his farm, so the whole may be a figment.

‡ Contrast the early part of the first and seventh satires of Juvenal with such passages as Hor. Sat. I. iv. 23; Ep. I. xix. 37 foll.

that they brought fame. The poet might appear in his own person, and deliver his own verses, with no actor to intercept the rays of popular favour. The *Thebaid*, as we learn from the famous passage in Juvenal, was received with rapture by a crowded assembly. The author himself, in a poem to a friend, speaks of the day when the representatives of Rome's great founders will come to hear his *Achilleid*. We do not know what was the precise nature of the periodical contests for the crown of poetry, which formed so characteristic a feature of this, the silver age of Roman genius, and in which Statius was repeatedly successful; but we may well imagine that the poems submitted to competition would be of a more elaborate kind than the occasional pieces which make up the five books of the *Silvæ*. The Roman Clio had not yet abandoned faith in her origin; she still strove to execute feats which might be worthy of a goddess. In a later age, we find her contenting herself with minor epic excursions, like the Rape of Proserpine of Claudian, while she sometimes condescends, with Ausonius, to compose catalogues of words and names for grammar-schools, and celebrate the conflicting powers of Yes and No. But at present she is confident in her strength, and even fonder of exhibiting it than when that strength was really at its height. The epigram is the amusement of her leisure moments; she may give days or weeks to the composition of a satire: but it is to poems like the *Thebaid*, the product of the vigils of twelve long years, that she looks for enduring glory.*

The early Roman epic had been national in subject, if not in form. Nævius had sung of the great struggle against Carthage; Ennius had recounted the annals of the Roman people from the days of Romulus, if not earlier; Hostius had commemorated the war with Histria. The *Æneid* is the glorification of the forefathers of the imperial nation, who, though vanquished in Phrygia, had been victorious in Italy. But the *Æneid*, though national in one of its aspects, is exotic in another. It might be read by a Roman as a celebration of the antiquarian glories of his country; it might be read as a tale of the Homeric school, a sequel to the *Iliad*, a companion to the *Odyssey*. It would naturally foster the love, not only of Greek mythology in relation to the history of Rome, but of Greek mythology as such; of that wonderful body of legendary lore, by turns terrible and

pathetic, sublime and grotesque, which, even in our alien atmosphere, has such a charm for the imagination of the boy, and for the intellect of the grown man. These two aspects, combined in the *Æneid*, are found separately in the epics of the silver age. Silius and Lucan choose national subjects; the one going back on the traces of Nævius, and celebrating the Punic wars, the other treading on the scarcely extinguished embers of civil discord, and telling the story of Pharsalia. Flaccus and Statius resort to the storehouse of Grecian fable, which furnishes to the former the voyage of the Argonauts, the subject selected by the Alexandrian poet, to the latter the first siege of Thebes, the fertile theme of Athenian tragedy, and the life of Achilles, that grand whole, of which only a part had been appropriated by Homer.

The choice of such a subject as the *Thebaid* is itself a significant one. It was indeed not new to epic poetry; it formed the subject of one of the poems of the Cycle, the substance of which modern critics* have apparently been able to recover by the help of Pindar and Pausanias, though the extant fragments are but few; and it was revived some centuries later by Antimachus of Claros, whose enormous poem, twenty-four books of which were occupied in bringing the Seven Chiefs to Thebes, was listened to, Cicero tells us, by Plato, after all the other auditors had left the room, and is known to have been preferred by the imperial judgment of Hadrian to the works of Homer. Our associations with it are, of course, those of readers of Greek tragedy, in whose gallery of terrible imagery it forms so prominent a feature. There is reason to think, that as treated in the cyclic poem, it was without some of those revolting traits† which now characterize it; but whatever may have been the condition in which the tragic poets received it, there can be no doubt about the horrors which invested it when it left their hands. As handled by Æschylus and Euripides, it pleases more than it shocks; but it is only because we have submitted ourselves to the laws of that species of art, the object of which is to purge the passions by pity and terror. Just before Statius' time, Seneca, if we are right, as we well may be, in ascribing the Theban tragedy to him, had shown what might be made of the subject by a practised rhetorician who should simply abandon himself to the task of drawing out its horrible and loathsome

* See the concluding lines of the *Thebaid*:—
O mihi bis senos multum vigilata per annos
Thebai.

* See Mure, *History of Greek Literature*, vol. ii. pp. 269 foll.

† Such as the self-inflicted blindness of Œdipus.

details. Possibly, by a recurrence to the ancient severity of treatment, it might have been made endurable as a subject for narrative poetry. But such self-restraint was foreign alike to the ambition of the poet and to the taste of his age. Statius appears to have been drawn to the subject, not in spite but in consequence of the features which would have repelled a sounder and more chastened judgment. He wished to produce what, in language with which the somewhat kindred experience of our own time has made us familiar, would be called a work of the "sensation" school; and in the choice of means towards his end, he certainly showed himself not injudicious.

It is of this poem that we intend to speak for the rest of the present article. We shall give a critical account in detail of the conduct of the story; we shall indicate more briefly the principal characteristics of the poet's style; and we shall mention one special point which may seem to entitle him to the praise of incidental success, even though the final verdict should be, as we fear it will be, that the poem, as a whole, is an elaborate failure.

The *Thebaid* is contained in twelve books, the number which the *Æneid* had made classical; and the average content of each is about the same as the average content of the several books of the *Æneid*. But it is made clear at the very outset, that the spirit of Statius is not quite the same as the spirit of Virgil. Instead of the modest "*cano*" with which Virgil informs us of the subject of his song, we are told that Pierian inspiration impels the poet to sing of the strife of the brothers and the guilt of Thebes. He asks rhetorically where he shall commence; whether from the very first, the rape of Europa and the voyage of Cadmus; and concludes that such a starting-place would be too far off, and that he had better confine himself to the family of *Œdipus*. He invokes his *Cæsar*, Domitian, remembering that Virgil had invoked Augustus, but apparently forgetting that it was at the outset, not of the *Æneid*, but of the *Georgics*; and then, after another rhetorical inquiry, which of the invading heroes he shall sing first, plunges into his subject. In the true vein of Seneca, he introduces us at once to the blind *Œdipus*, who, in the depth of his solitude at Thebes, raises the empty sockets of his eyes to heaven, strikes the ground with bloody hands, and implores the Queen of the Furies, by the recollection of his former deeds of horror, to avenge him on his undutiful children, and urge their congenial minds to some crime great enough to gladden their father. The Fury, to the loath-

someness of whose personal appearance full justice is done, makes her way to Thebes, and induces the two young kings to agree to a compact that they should reign alternately, the outgoing king leaving the country at the end of his year. Thebes, we are told, is but a poor kingdom,* yet the lust of sway is as strong in the two brothers as if they were striving for the empire of the world. Eteocles is the first to reign. The people feel some discontent at the arrangement, which they think, not without reason, has been made for the advantage of the brothers more than for their own. Jupiter calls a council, and announces his intention of taking vengeance on the two royal houses of Thebes and Argos for a long series of crimes. Juno puts in a word for Argos, but is sternly overruled, and Mercury is sent down to raise the ghost of Laius, who is to incite Eteocles to break the compact. Meantime Polynices, being excluded by the terms of the compact from Thebes, resolves, for some reason unknown, to visit Argos. He is represented as a veritable exile, without any companion to share his journey, which turns out to be an exceedingly rough one, through rain, wind, and thunder. He finds his way to the palace of Adrastus, the king of Argos, and has just taken shelter in the vestibule, when he is interrupted by another traveller in a similar plight. This is Tydeus, who has had to leave his own home, Calydon, for having killed his brother. The strangers fight with fists, attempt to gouge each other, and would have drawn their swords if the noise had not awakened Adrastus, who separates them, takes them into his house, and entertains them. It is the night of a festival to Apollo, the institution of which is related by Adrastus in a long story, obviously modelled on Evander's narrative of the death of Cacus. A hymn to the great Sun-God concludes the book.

While this is going on, Laius is being conducted to earth by Mercury, not without envious gibes from his brother shades, who solace themselves with thinking that he will like his under-ground dwelling less for having been allowed a glimpse of daylight. On reaching Thebes, he takes the form of Tiresias, and appears to Eteocles in a vision, at the end of which he makes himself known. The scene then changes to Argos again. The morning after the storm, Adrastus makes a speech to his guests, and offers them respectively the hands of his two daughters, whom they had seen at the ban-

* "*Pugna est de paupere regno*" (Book I. 151), one of the very few expressions in Statius that have become in any way proverbial.

quet of the previous night. They accept with thankfulness, and the double nuptials are celebrated with great pomp, which is, however, marred by one bad omen, the fall of a heavy shield from the roof of the temple of Pallas, just as the brides-elect are entering it by torchlight. The wedding festivities over, Polynices begins to sigh for Thebes; and eventually it is agreed that Tydeus, who has now come to be his firmest friend, should undertake the office of ambassador to Eteocles, and remind him that the year of royalty has expired. This duty he discharges in a speech which might have ruffled a more accommodating temper than that with which he has to deal. The king refuses to abdicate, basing his resolution on public grounds, as a change of rulers must be a bad thing for the nation; the ambassador breaks into a fury, denounces war, captivity, and death, and so leaves the presence. Eteocles determines to avenge himself on his audacious visitor, and posts fifty men in ambush along the road by which Tydeus has to travel. And now the poet has got his opportunity, and he uses it unsparingly. The scene is appropriate to a deed of impiety, being a defile overlooked by a rock,—a place where the Sphinx once sat and tore her victims, and which cattle, and even birds of ill omen, avoid with horror. Tydeus is surprised by a dart, which strikes him, but does not draw blood; he vehemently calls on his adversaries to show themselves, springs on the fatal rock, and from that vantage-ground attacks the enemy with a fragment of stone, crushing four and making the rest retire. He comes down from the rock, and they soon assail him again; but he is more than a match for them; he keeps them off with his sword, receives their spears on his shield, and hurls the weapons back with deadly effect. Finally, he stands like Ulysses after the slaughter of the suitors, with all slain but a few unnerved wretches, who vainly beg for life, or attempt a feeble resistance. One of these, who happened to be innocent, is spared at the instance of Pallas, and sent back to Thebes to tell the tale. The conqueror ends the book with another hymn of praise, which this time is to Pallas.

The Third Book brings us back to Eteocles, who has passed a restless night, wondering that he does not hear of the death of Tydeus. In due time the unhappy survivor arrives, tells his tale, inveighs against his wicked master, and ends by stabbing himself. Eteocles refuses him burial; and the poet, with that zeal for freedom which so curiously characterizes the courtiers of imperial Rome, delivers an enthusiastic eulogy

on the man who dares boldly to confront a tyrant. The bodies of the other ambuscaders are brought home and buried, and there is more free speaking against Eteocles. Jupiter has been watching what has happened, and, apparently thinking that Argos and Thebes are not sufficiently likely to quarrel already, sends for Mars, and bids him pay a visit to the Argives. Venus stops her lover as he is going, and pleads her affection for Thebes; he reassures her by a rough caress, hurting her, we are told, against his shield, and says that Fate must have its way, but that when the war has begun, he will bear hardly on Argos. And now we are called back to Tydeus, who reaches his father-in-law's home, and finding a council assembled, urges an immediate march on Thebes; to which Adrastus replies that he will think about it. After a week's deliberation, the Argive king resolves to find out the will of Heaven, and consults two prophets, Melampus and Amphiaraus. They agree to observe the flight of birds, and after a prayer to Jupiter, which reads like a philosophical apology for the practice of augury, are at last rewarded by an omen. They see an innumerable multitude of swans, which from their peaceful appearance they conclude to symbolize Thebes; these are attacked by seven eagles, of course the seven Argive chiefs, which in their turn meet with mysterious fates of various kinds, corresponding to the fates which actually await the doomed warriors. Statius, elsewhere minute even to tediousness, is here obscure and brief; he indemnifies us, however, by denouncing in his own person the passion for prying into futurity. Amphiaraus, being one of the seven intended chiefs, has discovered his own fate; and now, instead of telling what he knows, he buries himself in gloomy privacy, and keeps silence for twelve days. The war-fever rises, and Capaneus, one of the Argive magnates, threatens the augur, and throws contempt on his act. On this he speaks, and in terms which, though somewhat enigmatical, clearly announce coming ruin, warns his hearers to abandon the expedition. Capaneus retorts in a speech, where, by a happy inconsistency of impiety, the gods are alternately blasphemed and denied, and carries the people with him. Argia, the wife of Polynices, pays a midnight visit to her father, and presses on him her husband's claims. He soothes her, and the book closes.

At the opening of the Fourth Book we find that a second year has been spent in preparation, and that the expected day has come at last. The seven chiefs are recounted in order, Adrastus himself, Polynices, Tydeus, Hippomedon, Capaneus, Amphia-

raus, Parthenopæus; some of them apparently leaders of independent contingents, others appointed to command tribes subject to the Argive crown. One or two incidents occur:—Eriphyle, the wife of Amphiaraus, is bribed by a fatal necklace, the property of the princess Argia, to induce her husband to join the army; Atalanta, the mother of Parthenopæus, parts with her son in words which show that she does not expect to see him again. The scene shifts, and we are at Thebes, which has already heard the rumour of invasion. As at Argos, there is a wish to explore the future; and the blind Tiresias and his daughter Manto perform magical rites. At last the infernal world opens, and Manto is proceeding to describe the commonplace features of it for her father's benefit, when he tells her that he knows them already, and bids her concentrate her attention on the spirits of Argos and Thebes. These accordingly pass in a somewhat tedious review, when Tiresias, finding that a kind of second-sight is given to him, singles out the ghost of Laius, and by a mixture of threatening and encouragement extorts the information that Thebes will conquer, that Polynices will not gain the throne, and that Œdipus will have his will. We leave the invaded, and return to the invaders, who are on their march through the forest of Nemea. Bacchus, the patron of Thebes, resolves to trouble them, and prevails on the nymphs of the spot to dry up the rivers. Burning with thirst, in their wanderings they meet with Hypsipyle, the nurse of the child of Lycurgus, the king of the country, and are guided by her to a small stream which is still flowing. Upon this they throw themselves pell-mell, struggling for the water with a fury like that of an army in action, and continuing to drink when it is already foul and muddy. Again the book is ended by a sort of hymn, which on this occasion is addressed to the god of the stream, by one of the chiefs from the middle of the water.*

The Fifth Book contributes but little to the progress of the poem. Adrastus, wishing to show his interest in the benefactress of his army, asks Hypsipyle who she is, and hears a story in reply which occupies no less than 450 lines, more than half the book. She was a noble lady of Lemnos, and was living there with her father Thoas, when Venus, deeming herself neglected by the Lemnian women, made them first estrange

themselves from their husbands, and finally resolve to slaughter the whole male population,—a resolution which they accomplished on the occasion of their husbands returning from an expedition against Thrace. Hypsipyle saved her father, who escaped to Chios, under the guidance of his father, Bacchus; but this act of splendid mendacity was not known, and the Lemnian ladies made her their queen. They were beginning to repent of their crime, when they were visited by the Argonauts, whom they first attempted to repulse, but finally fell in love with, Hypsipyle herself becoming the mother of twins by Jason. With the spring the Argonauts left them, and about the same time news arrived that Hypsipyle's father was alive. She fled, but fell in with pirates, who sold her to the master whose child she now nurses. This lengthy and irrelevant tale is told, like the story of the Thebaid itself, with much rhetorical indirectness; a good deal of effort is required to follow it; and whether it tired the hearers or no, it certainly tires the readers. However, if not important in one sense, it is important in another. While the nurse is telling her troubles, the infant is killed by a serpent, which the poet supposes to carry its sting in its tail. The serpent is attacked by the heroes, and killed by Capaneus, who expresses a hope that he may be slaying a favourite of the gods; the Nymphs and Fauns mourn for the reptile, and Jupiter is nearly avenging it by lightning. Hypsipyle is frantic at her loss, as is her royal employer, the child's father, who would have killed her on the spot, but for the interposition of the Argive chiefs, and the sudden appearance of her two sons, who happen just at that moment to have arrived at the palace in quest of their mother. This time the book is ended, not by a hymn, but by an oracular utterance from Amphiaraus, who tells the afflicted father and the Argives that the child's death was destined, but that, by way of compensation, it has been made a deity.

The Sixth Book has often been pointed to as a signal instance of Statius' want of judgment. Like the Twenty-third Iliad and the Fifth Æneid, it is taken up with funeral games celebrated by the heroes in honour of the deified infant, as though the poet thought a book of games a constituent part of an epic, and introduced it without asking whether it was appropriate to the story or not. A favourable critic of the last century, who published a translation of the book,* thinks it at

* There is a difficult line in this part, (v. 829), which is not cleared up by such commentators as we have been able to consult:—

"Hac sævisse tenus populorum incepta tuorum Sufficiat."

Read "in-cepta," and all will be plain.

* Harte, quoted by Malone in a note on Dryden's "Discourse on Epic Poetry" (Dryden's Prose Works, vol. iv. p. 428).

once a pleasing relief from the horrors of the story, and a gentle introduction to the wars that are to come; an opinion in which we do not think a continuous reader of the poem will agree with him. A somewhat better vindication will be found in the fact that this celebration seems to have formed part of the original Theban story, being, in fact, the legendary account of the institution of the Nemean games. But however the episode might have fared in the hands of a more judicious poet, in those of Statius it merely serves to distract us by a needless variety of incident. The games are conducted by the Argives, the father and mother simply abandoning themselves to wild and furious grief. There is a chariot-race, in which Polynices drives his father-in-law's horse, the famous Arion, and shares the fate of Phaethon, with whom he is compared. There is a foot-race, which is disturbed, like that in Virgil, by a trick, the second runner pulling the first back by the hair; but they run again, and the author of the foul play is fairly beaten. There is a throwing of quoits, which affords no remarkable incident. There is a boxing-match, where the gigantic Capaneus is confronted by a cooler combatant, who baffles him, but whose life he would apparently have taken had he not been appeased by the prize. There is a wrestling-match, where Tydeus throws an opponent of Herculean bulk, complacently observing, as he takes the prize, how much more he might have done had he not left so much of his blood on the plains of Thebes. There was to have been a combat with cold steel, had not it struck Adrastus that his chiefs had better reserve their fury for the enemy than expend it on each other. All the seven generals have now shown some kind of superiority but Adrastus, who is accordingly complimented by being asked to volunteer a display of his strength or skill in shooting with the bow or hurling the javelin. He shoots at an ash-tree in the distance; the arrow hits the mark, but flies back to the place whence it had been shot. The spectators assign it to natural causes; but it is really a portent, signifying that he alone is to return from the expedition.

The Seventh Book is much more business-like, not only bringing the heroes to Thebes, but accomplishing one of the chief events of the war. Jupiter, giving a nod, which, we are assured, adds sensibly to the burden of Atlas, sends Mercury to stimulate Mars, who is to be told how the Argives are waiting their time, and to have the option given him of carrying on matters more vigorously, or abandoning his office of war-god, and leaving the conduct of the invasion to Pallas. Mars is found in his palace, which is de-

scribed after the manner of Ovid; and he is not long in putting himself into motion. A false alarm is raised, and the Argives are made to think that the Thebans are advancing to meet them. Bacchus pleads to Jupiter for Thebes, and complains that he is being sacrificed to his step-mother; Jupiter answers that he is not influenced by Juno, but by the Fates, and that, though the race of Œdipus must perish, Thebes itself is to be respited. Eteocles prepares to defend the city, and assembles his forces. Antigone appears on the walls as she does in the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, with an aged attendant, whom she questions about such of the Theban leaders as she does not know by sight. The old man enters into a long rhetorical detail, which is, as usual, obscure from want of simplicity, and breaks off weeping at the thought of Laius, his ancient master. Eteocles harangues his army, briefly and with some vigour. The invaders march on, though forbidding portents spring up along the whole line of their route; rivers flowing backward, showers of stones, oracles struck dumb, ghosts of great criminals appearing, and weeping statues. The Asopus swells as if to oppose their passage, but Hippomedon dashes into the stream, and the rest follow him. When they reach Thebes, Jocasta insists on seeing Polynices, and produces a momentary impression, which, however, a fierce speech from Tydeus is sufficient to dispel. The war is precipitated by an accident, evidently borrowed from the Seventh *Æneid* of Virgil. There are two tame tigers, which, having drawn the car of Bacchus in the famous Indian campaign, are allowed to run loose, and honoured with semi-divine observances. A fury, who is apparently in attendance on Mars, brings back their savage nature; they attack the Argives, and are pierced through and through with javelins, and driven to Thebes. The sacrilegious author of their wounds is killed in his turn, and the battle begins. Amphiaraus, the doomed augur, performs prodigies of valour. In the midst of them his charioteer is killed, and Apollo takes the vacant place, when a scene ensues, which Mr. Merivale* justly characterizes as a really fine one, though overdrawn and overloaded. Apollo reveals himself, and tells his votary that the hour of doom is come. Amphiaraus answers, shortly and sadly. The earth is felt to shake; a chasm opens at the horses' feet; and the augur goes down alive into the depth in his chariot, with one hand still on the reins, and the other on his weapon.

* History of the Romans under the Empire.

If Statius is able to draw a striking picture, he certainly is not able to leave it alone when drawn. The Eighth Book follows Amphiaraus down the chasm, and describes, at considerable length, the effect of his sudden appearance on the shades; how Pluto rises in gloomy wrath, but is appeased by the augur's prayers, and spares him as a lion is contented with trampling on a fallen foe. In the upper world the lamentation is long and loud. The Argives spend the night in weeping, the Thebans in festivity. A new augur is appointed, who conducts his predecessor's funeral, and sings a rhetorical hymn to the earth. The battle recommences; and we have one of those enumerations of slaughter which are natural in Homer, scarcely tolerable in Virgil, and insufferable in a less simple and more ambitious writer, the chief actor being Tydeus. The daughters of Œdipus are exchanging their sorrows in their chamber, when young Atys, who had been plighted to Ismene, is borne into the palace, having received his death-wound from the terrible Ætolian. At last, a Theban, Melanippus, succeeds in striking down Tydeus, though he is struck down by him in return. Tydeus begs his comrades to bring him his enemy's head, and, after gloating on it, is impelled by the Fury to gnaw it to the brain, just as Pallas was coming with Jupiter's permission to make him immortal. The pure goddess veils her face with the Gorgon shield, flies away with loathing, and leaves her fiendish favourite to die.

The Ninth Book opens amid the horror of the Thebans and the grief of the Argives and Polynices, who speaks of Tydeus' last action as prompted by excess of friendship to himself. There is a fight over the body which would have been rescued by Hippomedon, had not the Fury, who has an interest in Tydeus' remaining unburied, raised the false alarm that Adrastus is in the hands of the enemy. Hippomedon, finding himself baffled, mounts the dead man's horse, and rides to the river Ismenus, where there is a furious combat, like the Homeric combat at the Scamander. The new Achilles, like his prototype, is in danger of being overwhelmed by the river-god, whose grandson he has killed. Juno begs that he may escape drowning, and Jupiter assents; but as soon as he has landed, he is overpowered and slain. Three of the Argive chiefs have now fallen, and a fourth is shortly to follow. The mother of Parthenopæus, away in Arcadia, forebodes the death of her son, and prays to her patroness, the huntress-queen. Diana goes to Thebes, where Apollo consoles her by telling her that he has himself had to lose his votary, Amphiaraus: she resolves,

however, to avenge her favourite's death, from whatever hand it may come. It is, as our readers will have seen already, the story of Camilla over again. The goddess does her best to make his career a splendid one, filling his quiver with heavenly shafts, and sprinkling him with ambrosia, which is to guard him against every wound but the last fatal one. After he has inflicted many deaths, she attempts to stop him from going further, but in vain: and meantime Venus, who has been viewing her interference with jealousy, sends down Mars to order her away. Parthenopæus is struck down, and expires with a rather touching address to his mother, which closes the book.

Another night follows: as before, the Argives are dispirited, and the Thebans confident, insomuch that they contemplate a night attack on the quarters of the enemy. Meanwhile, the Argive matrons at home go in supplication to the temple of Pallas: and she resolves to trouble the Thebans, though she feels that she cannot conquer them. Accordingly, she sends down Iris to the cave of Sleep, which is elaborately described, and incites that drowsy power to fall on the host of Thebes, while the Argives are to be kept wakeful. Adrastus is moved by the advice of Amphiaraus' successor, who has been favoured with a vision of Amphiaraus himself, to send out a small band against the sleeping foe; and the new augur, with two others, and a company of thirty men, offers himself for the service. Not content with thus copying the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, as Virgil copied that of Ulysses and Diomed, Statius has chosen to remind us yet more pointedly of the deeds and fate of the two Trojan friends. The expedition has succeeded and is retiring, when two members of it, Hoplaus and Dymas, companions respectively of Tydeus and Parthenopæus, resolve to look for their leaders' bodies. They find them, and are going off, each with his prize, when they are discovered. Hoplaus is killed: Dymas offers to forego life and burial for himself if his young chief may be buried. He is offered his own life and the body of his chief if he will tell what the Argives are intending; but he will not sink to the level of the Homeric Dolon, and stabs himself on the spot, Statius expressing a hope that he and Hoplaus will be welcomed as kindred spirits by Euryalus and Nisus. The Argives make a furious assault on the town, and the Thebans retire within the walls which they defend desperately. There are murmurs against Eteocles, and Tiresias is bidden to tell the future. He replies that Thebes may be saved by the death of the youngest of the posterity of

Cadmus. The goddess of Virtue or Worth, a somewhat strange personage to introduce into a Greek legend, inspires Menœceus, the youngest son of Creon, to offer himself willingly for his country. Pretending to his father that he does not mean to comply with the oracular voice, he mounts the walls, addresses the gods, stabs himself, sprinkles the tower with his blood, and falls, not to the earth, but into the arms of Piety and Virtue, who waft his body gently down, while his spirit ascends to heaven. And now the poet girds himself to sing of the actions and death of Capaneus, and invokes the aid of all the Muses at once. That tremendous warrior climbs the walls, torch in hand, breaks off the battlements, and shatters Thebes with its own stones. The gods are in confusion, glaring at each other on each side of the throne of Jupiter. Capaneus dares them to hinder him: the sky darkens, but he presses on, declaring that the lightning will serve to rekindle his torch. A thunderbolt strikes him, and he begins to burn, first his crest, then his shield, and finally, his body; yet he still breathes defiance to heaven, and all but requires a second bolt to extinguish him.

The death of Capaneus is felt to be a relief, not only by the Thebans, but by the gods. They congratulate Jupiter as they did after his victory over the giants, and even the Thunderer feels respect for one who knew so well how to hold his own. Far from being thrust down to Tartarus, which we feel would have been his sentence had he fallen into the hands of Virgil, he is received with honour by the whole infernal world, and refreshes his august spirit at the Stygian streams. Meantime, two of the Furies agree to bring about a combat between the brothers. Polynices challenges Eteocles, and Eteocles accepts the challenge, after a quarrel with Creon, who taunts him with cowardice. Various attempts are made to stop the meeting: Jocasta flies to her son; Antigone, from the tower, calls to her brother; Adrastus protests, and finding himself unheeded, makes his way from the field back to Argos; the goddess of Piety comes down and urges the two armies to interpose, but is driven from the scene by the Fury, who shakes her serpents and torches in her face. The combat is conducted like that in the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, except that, in Statius, Eteocles receives his death-wound first, and Polynices is stabbed while leaning over him and taking his spoils. Œdipus emerges from his cell, and insists on being taken to the bodies. He repents of the curses he has invoked, and says that natural piety has returned to him, which he

shows by wishing that he had his eyes back to be pulled out again in sign of grief. Creon who has succeeded to the throne, with the insolence of an upstart monarch, bids him leave Thebes. He replies indignantly, Antigone submissively, and they are allowed to withdraw to Cithæron. The Argives retire in confusion from the Theban territory, and the Eleventh Book ends.

The story is now exhausted, and it is not easy to see why the poet should have prolonged it, unless perhaps in compliance with the practice of his predecessors. But there is a class of readers who are curious to know the sequel of every tale, who wish for a sixth act to Hamlet, and wonder what Edgar and Albany did after the death of Lear: and it may gratify these to find that Statius occupies a twelfth book with telling us that Creon buries his son magnificently, Eteocles obscurely, and Polynices not at all; that the widows of the Argive chiefs set out for Thebes to beg their husbands' bodies, but, on hearing of Creon's tyranny, turn aside to Athens, and implore the aid of Theseus; that Argia, Polynices' wife, goes to Thebes nevertheless, and is proceeding to lay out the corpse when she falls in with Antigone, who had come on the same errand; and that Theseus leads an army to Thebes, conquers it with little or no resistance, and kills Creon. The meeting of the husbandless wife and brotherless sister is strikingly told, and might have been admired had it occurred elsewhere: the conquering expedition of Theseus is hurried over in a couple of hundred lines, as if it were a trifling episode. The poet himself seems to feel his mistake: he tells us that he cannot describe how the Argive ladies severally wailed their dead: it would be an extensive subject even for a new poem, and after his long voyage he wants to get into port. And so he takes leave of his work, which is already approved by Cæsar, and studied by the schoolboys of Italy, and will, he trusts, have an immortality of its own, though a less glorious one than that of the *Æneid*.

Such is an outline of the principal work of a writer, who, in the opinion of the elder Scaliger,* stands above all Greek and Roman epic poets, save Virgil alone; being superior to Homer in the quality of his verses, the number of his figures, the distribution of his characters, and the elaboration of his sentiments. To our readers, we fear, he will appear to have produced a medley of confused and exaggerated effects, crowding disproportioned incidents and overdrawn or underdrawn characters within the

* *Poetics*.

framework of a story, which may be a striking one, but which he did not invent, but borrow. He has been compared to Ovid, and with some justice, as both are apt to sacrifice taste to ingenuity, simplicity to show; but while Ovid, with all his faults, tells his tale excellently, Statius tells his indifferently. Nor can we agree with the praise which has been bestowed by two eminent critics, Mr. Hallam* and Mr. Merivale, on the structure of the Thebaid, as though it had the advantage of other epic poems in unity and greatness of action. The March to Thebes is one thing, the Siege of Thebes another: the former interests us only as the preparation for the latter, and to spend half the poem on it is really to fall into the error of the writer, who, as we said earlier in this paper, could not despatch that part of his subject under twenty-four books. It may be true that the incidents of the march formed a recognised portion of the Theban legend, and could as little be dispensed with in a traditional exposition of the story as the incidents of the siege; but while we admit that there may be an excuse for the fault, we must not speak as if the fault had not been committed.

Our limits do not allow us to give our readers as adequate a notion as we should wish of the style of Statius. There is a family likeness among most, if not all, of the writers of the silver age; point, terseness, clever condensation, are characteristic of them all; their fault is a want of simplicity and repose. These characteristic features Statius may be said to exaggerate and distort. Everything with him is, so to say, of the second intention; thoughts are locked up in epigrams, facts in allusions. The great masters of this art were, we need not say, the writers of the corresponding period of Greek cultivation, the school of Alexandria. When Lycophron wants to describe Heracles, he speaks of him as one whom a dead man killed with swordless guile. But Statius is hardly less successful in darkening his meaning, when, at the outset of his poem, he says† he shall content himself with speaking of the arms of Aonia, and the sceptre fatal to two kings, the fury that stopped not after death, and the flames that waged fresh war on the funeral pile, and the royal deaths that found no burial, and the cities that were drained by alternate

carnage. Sometimes, in interpreting him, we have to balance probabilities between his love of the obscure and his love of the horrible; as when he tells us that the sons of Œdipus trampled on their father's eyes as they fell from his head,* and we are left in doubt whether he means what he says, or whether it is merely his way of saying that the sons insulted their father's blindness. But we shall exemplify the qualities of his style best by analysing a very short passage. He is speaking of the Fury as she appears on earth.†

"Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerastæ,
Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis
Ferreæ lux oculis, qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracia rubet arte labor."

"A hundred uncoiled vipers shaded her brow, not half the multitude of that terrible head: deep in her sunken eyes sits an iron light, like as by Thessalian skill the agony of Phœbe glares red through the clouds." We want our readers to observe the choice of the word "cerastæ" for the common "angues" or serpentes; the enigmatical expression "turba minor," signifying that the snakes were innumerable, as one hundred was less than half their number; the boldness with which the light is called "ferreæ," iron-red, and made to sit in the eyes; the exaggeration of speaking of the eyes as "abacti," driven away into the head; the novelty of making the labour of the moon look red, instead of the labouring moon herself; and the use of the recondite word "Atracian," from one of the tribes of Thessaly, for the ordinary word "Thessalian." We do not mean to say that most of these might not be paralleled from other poets, but we think it will be admitted that the allowance of strange expressions is large for three lines and a half.

It would be too much to say that the style of the silver age is essentially ill adapted to the production of broad pictorial effects in narrative. We are at once confronted by the fact that Tacitus, the most graphic historian of Rome, perhaps of any nation, belongs not only by accident of birth, but by the quality of his genius, emphatically to the silver age. His narrative may indeed be called, as Mr. Carlyle's has been called in our own day, history read by flashes of lightning; but that vivid and fitful intensity leaves a more distinct as well as more powerful impression on the mind than

* *History of Literature of Europe.*

† Satis arma referre

Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis post fata modum flammæque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumulisque carentia regum
Funera et egestas alternis mortibus urbes.—

Book I. 33 foll.

* "Nati, facinus sine more, cadentes calcavere oculos" (Book I. 238). There is a similar doubt about verse 72, "miseraque oculos in matre reliqui," which may only mean that Œdipus blinded himself at the time of his mother's death.

† Book I. 103 foll.

the equable moonlight glow of Livy. But Tacitus is enabled to produce this effect by the presence of that stern self-restraint which accompanies power of the highest class. The flashes of his genius are no mere idle coruscations, but obey a fixed law which makes each subservient to a general result. But for this restraining principle, we should have not a history, but a series of epigrams. And this restraining principle is precisely what Statius wants. The consequence is that we have a narrative which is full of short cuts and compendious expedients, and at the same time incredibly tedious. We are always out of breath, and yet seem never to arrive at our journey's end. The paradox of the arguers against motion is realized, and progress is shown to be impossible by the infinite divisibility of the ground which has to be passed over. Let us contrast the narrative of the Thebaid for a few moments with the narrative of the *Æneid*, choosing a place in the two stories where they really come into competition, the description of the prize fight in the funeral games. We must trust that our readers' recollection will supply them with the details in Virgil's account, while we endeavour to give them some notion of those in the tale as told by Statius.

As soon as Adrastus has proclaimed that the boxing-match is to begin, which he does by commending the prowess shown in boxing as "*bellis et ferro proxima virtus*," Capaneus rises like the Homeric Epeios or the Virgilian Dares, puts the lead-weighted gauntlets on hands as hard as they, and asks for an opponent, intimating that he would rather have a Theban, whom he might fairly have killed, instead of being obliged to shed the blood of a citizen. Alcidas, a young Spartan, rises at last, to the surprise of all but his compatriots, who know that he is a child of the palæstra, having been trained by Pollux:

"Ipse deus posuitque manus et brachia finxit
Materiam (suadebat amor): tunc sæpe locavit
Cominus, et simili stantem miratis in ira
Sustulit exultans, nudumque ad pectora
pressit."

The passage is not altogether easy; but we suppose the meaning to be that Pollux had moulded the rudimentary gristle of his young favourite into bone and muscle, had stood up with him repeatedly, and had been so charmed with his spirit and endurance as to catch him to his breast and embrace him then and there. Now let us think of Virgil's notice of Dares' victory over Butes, or Entellus' companionship with Eryx, and we shall be better able to appreciate this

unseasonable attempt to interest us by minute word-painting in the antecedents of a personage on whom the eye is only meant to rest for a second or two. Capaneus is indignant, scornful, and affectedly contemptuous; at length, however, his languid sinews swell, and he stands up to fight. They confront each other, the one like what Tityos would be if the birds would suffer him to rise; the other so young as to arrest the sympathies of the spectators, who tremble at the prospect of seeing him bleed.

"Quem vinci haud quisquam, sævo nec sanguine tingi
Malit, et erecto timeat spectacula voto."

At first they are prudent and cautious, sparing rather than hitting: "*explorant cæstus hebetantque terendo*." Alcidas continues this Fabian policy, and keeps his fury in reserve, "*differet animum*:" Capaneus becomes enraged, and expends both his hands recklessly: "*ambas consumit sine lege manus*." The young Spartan has the advantage, parrying his opponent's hits; while he sometimes goes into him (the word is Statius' own, "*intrat*,") like a wave breaking on a rock, and finally plants a wound on his forehead. Capaneus hears the shout of the spectators, but is unconscious that blood has been drawn; at last, however, he puts up his hand to his brow, when the sight of the stains makes him more furious than a wounded lion; he rushes on Alcidas, who is driven before him, preserving his coolness nevertheless.

"Non tamen immemor artis,
Adversus fugit, et fugiens tamen ictibus obstat."

The mad effort soon exhausts them both, and they pause to take breath; and the poet takes breath too in a short simile:

"Sic ubi longa vagos lassarunt æquora nautas
Et signo de puppi dato posuere parumper
Brachia, vix requies, jam vox ciet altera remos."

The giant makes another rush, but his nimble adversary first eludes him and then butts him over, "*sponte ruens mersusque humeris*," knocking him down again as he is rising till he is alarmed at his own success. The Argives raise a shout which the shores and woods but faintly echo; but Adrastus sees that Capaneus is not beaten, but only made more dangerous, and interposes to prevent murder from being done.

"Ite, oro, socii, furit: ite, opponite dextras,
Festinate, furit, palmanque et præmia ferte:
Non prius effracto quam misceat ossa cerebro
Absistet, video: moriturum auferte Lacona."

Tydeus and Hippomedon with some difficulty hold Capaneus, telling him that he has conquered, and that it is graceful to spare a vanquished foe who happens to be an ally; but he thrusts aside the prize, and complains that he is not allowed to beat the minion to a mummy, and send him back thus to his patron. The Spartans welcome their champion, and indulge in a distant laugh at Capaneus' blustering, and so the scene is ended.

We feel that this summary has done but little justice to the real points of the narrative, which is at once far more ingenious, and for that reason possibly more tedious, than our plain prose can make it. Almost every line contains some terse, pointed expression; not a few of them are distinguished by graphic and picturesque touches, which we have been compelled to omit. Yet we cannot doubt what the verdict will be, if we now call upon our readers to decide between Statius and Virgil. The narrative in the *Æneid* reflects the simple majesty of the veteran Entellus, rising modestly, only gradually warming into passion, and finally retiring from the victorious field with a tribute to his patron, such as we can fancy Virgil paying to Homer. In Statius all is noise, glare, and confusion, whether we attempt to sympathize with the baffled giant whom failure is turning into a fiend, or to join in the laugh with which his threats are received by the backers of his young opponent. Yet it is not the absence of art which makes Virgil what he is. Every line in him will bear examination; and every line will be seen upon examination to have been made conducive to the purpose of the entire narrative. Take for instance the figure of Dares; he is drawn with just sufficient definiteness to make him seem as a foil to Entellus; beyond that we are not intended to think of him either with sympathy or with aversion. He is dragged away from the scene as any other beaten combatant might be, his plight being represented in words translated from the description of the Homeric Euryalus. By a single word we are made to feel that his backers are beaten as well as their champion; it is only after having been *called*, "*vocati*," that they come and receive the prize for him; over everything else a veil is drawn, and we are not distracted by traits designed to individualize him or them. "*Semper ad eventum festinat*" might be said of Virgil as truly as of Homer; but his haste is not hurry; he sees the goal before him, and can wait till he reaches it; he does not require to be always reassuring himself by some small piece of immediate success, like the hunters after applause complained of by Sir Walter

Scott, who, not content with running swiftly down the stream, must needs taste the froth from every stroke of the oar. He can be summary when he pleases; no writer more effectively so; but he is not for ever calling our attention to the fact by those sharp jerks which make us feel that the poet after all would have found his best employment in composing epigrammatic arguments for the several books of his own work, and remind us that in another generation or two the art of narrative composition at Rome will culminate in such productions as Ausonius' *Periochiæ* of the *Iliad*.

But perhaps we shall give a better view of Statius, both in his weakness and in his strength, if we task the patience of our readers by quoting a passage *in extenso*. It is when Hypsipyle, after having been accosted by Adrastus, disclaims, like Nausicaa in the *Odyssey* and Venus in the *Æneid*, the divine character ascribed to her by her querist, and then guides him to the fountain, leaving the infant on the grass:—

"Dixit et orantis media inter anhelitus ardens
Verba rapit, cursuque animæ labat arida lingua.

Idem omnes pallorque viros, flatusque soluti
Oris habet: reddit demisso Lemnia vultu:

'Diva quidem vobis, et si cælestis origo est,
Unde ego? mortales utinam haud transgressa
fuissem

Luctibus! altricem mandati cernitis orbam
Pignoris: at nostris an quis sinus, uberaque
ulla,

Scit deus: et nobis regnum tamen, et pater
ingens.

Sed quid ego hæc, fessosque optatis demoror
undis?

Mecum age nunc, si forte vado Langia perennes
Servat aquas: solet et rapidi sub limite cancri
Semper, et Icarii quamvis juba fulgeret astri,
Ire tamen.' Simul hærentem, ne tarda Pe-
lasgis

Dux foret, ah miserum vicino cespite alumnum,
(Sic Parca voluere,) locat, ponitque negantem
Floribus aggestis, et amico murmure dulces
Solatur lacrimas: qualis Berecynthia mater,
Dum circa parvum jubet exultare Tonantem
Curetas trépidos: illi certantia plaudunt
Orgia, sed magnis resonat vagitibus Ide.

At puer in gremio vernæ telluris, et alto
Gramine, nunc faciles sternit procursibus
herbas

In vultum nitens; caram modo lactis egeno
Nutricem clangore ciens, iterumque renidens,
Et teneris meditans varba illucantia labris,
Miratur nemorum strepitus, aut obvia carpit,
Aut patulo trahit ore diem: nemorisque ma-
lorum

Inscius, et vitæ multum securus inerrat.
Sic tener Odrysia Mavors nive, sic puer ales
Vertice Mænali, talis per littora reptans
Improbis Ortygiæ latus inclinabat Apollo."

At first we seem to meet with nothing

but misplaced ingenuity. The thought of calling attention to the parched tongues and panting breath of Adrastus and his comrades might have occurred to Ovid, but would not have occurred to Virgil, especially as the speech which Adrastus has just delivered by no means reminds us of the gasping utterance of physical distress, being, like all Statius' speeches, epigrammatic and rhetorical. Nor is Hypsipyle's reply expressed in the terms which would be most appropriate to the comprehension of thirsty men. To talk to persons in such a condition about the orphaned nurturer of an intrusted pledge, who knows not whether her own children have any breasts to suck, is to stipulate that before receiving any relief they shall guess an enigma. Even when she comes to speak of water she cannot refrain from astronomical and mythological details, Cancer and the name of the Icarian star. After this the description becomes only pleasing and graceful; we are charmed with the picture of the nurse laying down the child and soothing its crying, and we do not resent the comparison to Cybele and the infant Jupiter, though we feel it to be somewhat ambitious. Virgil might have said this, or something like this, just as before taking Cupid to Dido's palace he gives us a momentary glimpse of Ascanius in Idalia. But with the end of the paragraph Virgil would have stopped. Statius, on the contrary, feels that his chance of displaying his talent has come, and he will not forego it. Thus we have the picture, an exceedingly pretty one, of the babe propelling itself along the grass face foremost, crying for its nurse, and then laughing and talking broken words, wondering at the forest noises, pulling to pieces what falls in its way, and taking in the breath of heaven through its parted lips. It is beauty out of place, but it is beauty still. The simile or congeries of similes, that follows, is more questionable. After having heard of the infant Jupiter among the Curetes, we do not care to hear of the infant Mars in the snow, or the infant Mercury on the mountain-top; still less can we be said to require to have our apprehension assisted by the grotesque, if ingenious, portrait of the infant Apollo crawling along Delos, and nearly turning it over on its side.

When we examine the *Thebaid* as a whole, we can only speak of it as a monument of misused power. It is only when we contemplate it in its parts that we see evidences of power directed towards an object, attaining to it, and resting in it. Every ingenious expression might be regarded in this way as a result gained: it is bad if viewed

as a means; good if viewed as an end. But to criticise a work of art in this spirit is not to criticise at all; it is in fact, to turn the ordered hierarchy of poetical creation into anarchy and chaos. There are, however, parts which are more capable than others of being regarded apart from the whole, even though we may feel that a censure on the poet is involved in the very act of so regarding them. The description of the infant which we have just quoted is one of these. But there are some which stand so completely in a class by themselves as to deserve a few words of separate commemoration. We allude to the similes of the poem. Two or three of them we have incidentally cited or referred to already; others will be familiar to the reader of Copleston's *Praelectiones Academicæ*, where it is well remarked that their details, even when irrelevant, are often pleasing from their exceedingly natural character. As parts of the narrative they are sometimes felt to be excrescences: as pieces of independent description they are well worth studying. The poet evidently liked them himself: he is never tired of introducing them; indeed there is scarcely a page without them. We will quote a very few of them, rendering them more or less closely into English. Here is one from a tiger: *

"Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas somnosque excussit
inertes,
Bella cupit, laxatque genas, et temperat
ungues,
Mox ruit in turmas natisque alimenta cruentis
Spirantem fert ore virum: sic excitus ira
Ductor in absentem consumit proelia fra-
trem." †

"As when a tigress, on hearing the horn of the hunters, has bristled her spotted skin, and shaken off the sloth of slumber, she yearns for battle, and eases her stiff jaws, and trims her talons; soon she rushes among the companies, and carries off in her mouth a living man to feed her savage whelps: so, stirred up with wrath, the prince squanders deeds of arms on his absent brother." The Theban general is compared to a shepherd: ‡

"Perspicuas sic luce fores et virgea pastor
Claustra levat, dum terra recens: jubet
ordine primos

* Book II. 128 foll.

† "Horruit in maculas" seems to mean no more than what we have made it mean. Addison, however (*Spectator*, No. 81), applying it to the patches worn in his day, says it is reported of the tigress that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, and quotes an imitation by Cowley—

"She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on every side."

‡ Book VII. 393 foll.

Ire duces, media stipantur plebe maritæ:
Ipse levat gravidas et humum tactura parentum
Ubera, succiduasque apportat matribus agnas."

"Thus the shepherd opens at daybreak the transparent doorwork and the wattled enclosures, while there is freshness abroad on the earth; he bids the rams lead the way; the mediate throng crowds on the ewes; with his own hand he supports those heavy with young, and lifts the udders which would else sweep the ground, and brings to the mothers their dropping lambs." Human as well as animal life is made to furnish comparisons. The newly-chosen successor of Amphiaras reminds the poet of a young Persian monarch: *

"Sicut Achæmenius solium gentesque paternas
Excepit si forte puer, cui vivere patrem
Tutius, incerta formidine gaudia librat,
An fidi procures, ne pugnet vulgus habenis,
Cui latus Euphratæ, cui Caspia limina mandet.
Sumere tunc arcus ipsumque onerare veretur
Patris equum, visusque sibi nec sceptrâ capaci
Sustentare manu nec adhuc implere tiaram."

"Even as when the heir of Achæmenes succeeds to the throne and the peoples that were his father's, himself a mere boy, for whom it had been safer were his father still alive, he wavers between the flutterings of joy and fear—Can the nobles be trusted? Will the common herd rebel against the yoke? To whom must he commit the frontier of Euphrates? To whom the gates of the Caspian? He is too modest to bend his father's bow or make his father's steed feel his weight; he cannot think his hand yet strong enough for the sceptre or his brow large enough for the tiara." Following Virgil, he draws, as we have seen, similes from mythology, but with a much less sparing hand. The joy of Œdipus on emerging from his solitude is paralleled with that of Phineus when freed from his Harpy tormentors: †

"Qualis post longæ Phineus jejunia pœnæ,
Nil stridere domi volucres ut sensit abactas,
Necdum tota fides, hilaris mensasque torosque
Nec turbata feris tractavit pocula pennis."

"Even as Phineus, when his long penal fast was over, soon as he perceived the birds driven off, and no screeching at his doors, ere he wholly credited his bliss, handled gaily board and couch and winecups, unturmoiled by those fierce flapping wings." And there is surely some grandeur, if there is some exaggeration, in the comparison of the flight of Adrastus from Thebes to the

first entrance of Pluto into his infernal realm,* a sort of anticipation of the Satan of Milton:

"Qualis

Demissus curru lævæ post præmia sortis
Umbrarum custos mundique novissimus heres
Palluit, amisso veniens in Tartara cælo."

"As when, dismounting from his car, after the award of the luckless lot, the warden of the shades, the last sharer of the world's inheritance, grew pale as he entered Tartarus, and felt that heaven was lost."

Mr. Merivale has observed with much justice that Statius is a miniature painter employed by the caprice of a patron or his own unadvised ambition on a great historical picture. Such exaggerations as his are indeed the fruit of weakness quite as often as of ill-regulated strength. The commonplace aspects of a monstrous story may be seized by any quick apprehension, and reproduced by any fertile fancy: it is only high genius that can render them human and credible. Dryden † compares Statius to his own Capaneus engaging the two immortals, Virgil and Homer, and reaping the fruit of his daring. We would rather compare him to his own Atys, ‡ the plighted husband of Ismene, who is slain by the mighty arm of Tydeus. The love of his Theban bride leads him into war; he challenges the champion of the field, and falls at the first shock; and he lies in death pale and bloody, yet in the pride of youthful beauty and golden armour.

ART. VI.—*Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral: with other Poems.* By JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP. Macmillan and Co. 1864.

If romantic scenery and romantic traditions were the main conditions of poetic inspiration, the names of Scotch Highlanders would probably have been as common among the ranks of eminent British poets as they are in the lists of eminent British soldiers. If Scotland, as her greatest son has said, is indeed the "meet nurse for a poetic child," and if there is any intimate connexion between the nature of our country and the genius of our people, the romance of our national literature might have been expected to arise from the stern wilderness of our northern and western scenery, rather than from the tamer beauties or sometimes

* Book xi. 443 foll.

† "Discourse on Epic Poetry," prefixed to the *Aeneid*.

‡ Book viii. 555 foll.

* Book viii. 286 foll. † Book viii. 255 foll.

dreary ugliness of our Lowlands. Even in the present day the most commonplace sportsman or tourist feels that he has passed into a new atmosphere—that he has come under the influence of an entirely new set of feelings—when he first reaches his moor or starts over the mountains on a walking excursion. A sense of the more immediate presence of nature, in her lonely grandeur and loveliness, mingles unconsciously with the passion of the salmon-fisher and the deer-stalker; while it is consciously and vividly enjoyed by the man of modern culture, who visits our country under no other attraction than the love of natural beauty. As a remarkable instance of the impression produced by our Highland scenery on a highly-gifted stranger, we would remind our readers of the late Mr. Clough's pastoral, *The Bothie of Toper-na-vuolich*, which deserves to be read and remembered by every Scotchman. But in addition to this influence of nature, which may be felt as strongly perhaps by a stranger as by a native of the district, the latter is more likely to feel a special interest in the life and character of the people, and in the wild traditions which are still preserved amongst them. We should thus have expected to find the poetry of the Highlands sung by a Highlander. But whatever may be the merits of Gaelic Bards and Sennachies, the Highlands have not yet produced a poet of their own. The romance of their history and the poetry of their scenery have been sung and celebrated by Lowland Scotchmen or by Englishmen. The interest which the world feels in the past history of the Highlands is due almost entirely to *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, and *The Legend of Montrose*; while the very "genius" of the land seems to find a voice in the "Solitary Reaper" and the "Glen Almain" of Wordsworth.

Mr. Shairp has selected as the subject of the poem which gives its name to this volume, the real life of a family living in the Western Highlands, during the quiet generation midway between the eventful times of the '45 and the rapid changes of the present day. He has endeavoured to preserve the memory of a kind of life which is now passing or has passed away, but which deserves not to be unremembered or unhonoured. His aim seems to have been not to shape some idea into poetic form, but to record what has actually been, and to show what a charm and beauty, and what a source of moral and spiritual strength there was in the plain every-day life of a simple Highland household. He brings before us in a series of poems the memories and impressions of this early home in Cantyre, as

moulding the character of one of its inmates from a bright and happy childhood to a peaceful and beautiful old age. The record of this life forms the main stream of the poem of *Kilmahoe*, but with this main stream others intermingle. Thus, the traditions and history of the whole district are introduced as the source of the romantic feeling which blended with a character chiefly remarkable for its simple goodness, piety and strength of affection. From his love of his subject, and his determination to treat it exhaustively, Mr. Shairp seems to us to overlay it too much with detail; to introduce more particulars not sufficiently varied from one another, and to dwell longer on many of those particulars than is necessary to produce the impression which he wants to leave on the reader's mind. And this appears to us to be the chief defect in the conception of the poem. His object might have been better attained by greater compression of his materials, and by leaving more to the imagination of the reader. But, on the other hand, the poem has this great merit, that it does leave on the mind a very real, consistent, and worthy impression. As we read its several parts, the author's conception seems gradually to gather shape and completeness in our minds. We fancy that we see the life which he wants us to see; we realize its deep charm and its deeper worth; we recognise once more the truth of which Wordsworth was the great preacher, that the materials for poetry lie everywhere around us in the familiar aspects of Nature and of human life, if we only had the eye and feeling to observe them. The reader, who once feels his interest in the subject of this poem awakened, will often return to it; he will find it thoroughly in harmony with his best and healthiest thoughts; if it does not aim at giving him new ideas, it gives him many new and genuine impressions, both from the outward and the inward world.

Mr. Shairp can hardly, indeed, expect that his subject will have for all readers the same intense interest that it has for himself. The strong local colouring which he gives to it, while it will enhance its interest to those who are familiar with Highland scenery and with the old Highland life, can scarcely be expected to awaken a corresponding enthusiasm in the hearts of more distant readers. Mr. Shairp appears to be a man not only of more fervent patriotism than the majority even of his countrymen; but he seems to attach a peculiar value to every memory and association connected with the ancient traditions of Scotland,—even to the Gaelic names of places, and to all the turns of expression in our ancient ballads. We are

sometimes inclined to think that his hearty feeling carries him too far in this direction; but it is pleasant to meet with only the more poetical and more generous side of our national enthusiasm in this volume. He is never tempted into any ebullition of that vain boasting and silly impertinence which has more than once, in recent times, made sensible Englishmen laugh at us, and sensible Scotchmen feel ashamed. His national and local enthusiasm acts in a much worthier way. It inspires him to throw his whole soul into his subject, to vivify it with all the strength of his natural feeling, and to adorn it by the labour of his intellect. In this devotion to his task he fulfils the first and most indispensable condition by which

“The world is wrought
To sympathy with things it heeded not.”

The specially poetical gift, which we seem to recognise in this volume in a greater degree than in most of our recent poetry, is the power of feeling and drawing out the peculiar “genius” of different kinds of scenery. The power of conveying the sentiment as well as the outward features of particular aspects of nature, is exhibited in many of the smaller poems,—for instance, “The Moor of Rannoch,” “The Last of the Forest,” “The Bush aboon Traquair,”—as well as in “Kilmahoe.” What this sentiment is, what its source and what its meaning, how far it is the result of old associations, how far it arises spontaneously out of the mysterious sympathy which the spirit of man has with the spirit of Nature, are questions constantly suggesting themselves, and very difficult to answer. Few people, however, who are capable of enjoying something of the charm both of nature and of poetry, but are sensible that certain places affect them in a way peculiar to themselves, not by their mere beauty or grandeur, but by a power which comes more home to human sympathies; and this way of looking at nature they find in some poets—in Wordsworth, for instance, and in Scott—much more than in others. Mr. Shairp appears to us to possess this kind of poetical sensibility in a very high degree; and in him it seems to result from the union of his love of nature with his love of his own country. With every place that interests him he connects some associations, either in the past or the present, which deeply move his personal affections and sympathies. He imparts to the strange and rugged names of Highland mountains or passes, or to the more familiar names of Border hills and rivers, the hearty feelings of pride and admiration

with which he regards the loyalty and gallantry of the Highland clans, or the piety and sterling worth of the old Scottish peasantry. Thus, in the poem of Kilmahoe we find not only the grandeur and beauty of nature, as displayed in our Western Highland scenery, presented to us as they are in Mr. Clough’s *Bothie*, but we seem to feel also the personal ties by which these features of nature have bound themselves to the many generations of men who have lived within their range.

The poem has evidently been carefully planned and executed. It seems to be the result of permanent feelings and convictions, and much thought and pains appear to have been bestowed on its style and rhythm. It is written in a great variety of metres, which have been selected—in general very happily—in harmony with the feeling, whether grave or gay, which they are intended to convey. In this respect, though in no other, the poem has an outward resemblance to *Maud*; but notwithstanding the great variety of metres which the author handles, there are very few of them which recall the tones of any of our recent poetry. The rhythm is, on the whole, good and true; if it occasionally sounds abrupt or irregular, this obviously arises from no failure in musical ear, but from the wish to break the monotonous smoothness of a long poem composed in rhyme. The style is also very pure and good; plain and homely, where a plain and homely treatment is appropriate; grave and dignified where it appeals to our more serious feelings. Though its notes are in many places cheerful and joyous, there is a quiet and sober undertone heard throughout. One fault we find occasionally in the style, the result of what seems to us a caprice in taste, not certainly inadequate power of expression. It arises from the author’s love of everything Scotch, and especially of Scotch ballads. Thus it happens not unfrequently that the effect of long passages written in very noble English is suddenly marred by the introduction of some, perhaps not ignoble, but certainly incongruous Scotch words. The English style in this volume is very pure and excellent; so too is the Scotch; in fact we know of no recent poetry in which the old dialect of our best songs and ballads is used so happily and with such absolute freedom from mawkishness or vulgarity; but even Burns himself could not make a happy combination out of the high-strained diction of English poetry, and the simple pathos of his native dialect. In the present day, when every educated person in Scotland both writes and speaks English, such a combination appears

still more incongruous. We see no reason why the old language of Scotch poetry may not still continue to be written, as it has often been, by our poets. Mr. Shairp, however, not only claims to spread his Scotch words over the fields hitherto appropriated to them, but to allow the favourites of his flock to wander at large over fresh fields and pastures new, into which they have never sought admittance before his time.

The poem is divided into sixteen parts. The earlier cantos describe the childhood and youth of two sisters, the younger members of a family living in simple, almost patriarchal style, on a small Highland estate. These cantos bring before us their earliest recollection and impressions of this home, and of the old laird, their father, who died in their childhood; the daily tasks and life of the household; the occasional adventures, not without perilous incident, which left their vivid print in the memories of the children; their enjoyment in wandering over the shores and hills on beautiful spring and autumn days, when they mingled in happy and kindly intercourse with the country people, and listened to the wild traditions of older times; and lastly, as the crowning influence, subduing and harmonizing all the rest, the religious observances under which their youth was trained. The later poems trace the presence of all these impressions and influences on the life and character of one of these sisters, who marries and leaves her home, but retains through life the love of nature and romance, the kind and affectionate heart, the simple faith, the unworldliness, and the sense of duty, of which the germs were fostered by the happy and pious influences of home. The main idea which the poem seems to embody is expressed in these lines:—

“Ah! simple and long
Are the faiths that they keep,
The roots of their love
Strike more clingingly deep,

Whose childhood has grown
By calm mountains enfurled,
Not tossed on turmoil
Of a feverish world.”

The later events in this life are rather touched upon or alluded to than described, but the whole result is summed up in the concluding stanzas, called “Ingathering,” from which we extract the following fine passage, describing the last reunion of the two sisters, whose bright and happy childhood forms the subject of the earlier poems:—

“She, too, the earliest, as the latest friend,
Her sister playmate on the Highland braes,
Came to the home of Moira, there to tend
The evening of her days.

For she had lived for others, one by one
Had watched them fade, the dear ones of
her house,
And propped their failing feet, then wept alone
Above their darkened brows.

She came to see the rose blush, once so sweet,
Pale on the cheek, the dreamlight all gone dim
In those rich eyes, the life-blood feebler beat
Through every pulse and limb;

Albeit their orbs, the flashing hues all gone,
Had won a far-off spiritual range,
A pensive depth of peace, as resting on
Things beyond time and change,

Yet full of human tenderness, that drew
All hearts to her; the old smile lingering yet,
Seemed to wish good, here and hereafter too,
To every soul she met.

And still the high white brow serenely bent
Wore calm that crowns long duty meekly
done
O'er faded lineaments with a light not lent
By any earthly sun.

A year and more, they two beneath that roof
Mingled the memories bright from Kilmahoe
With calm thoughts fetched from that still
world aloof,
Whereto they soon must go.

At times when all were gathered round the
blaze,
In nights of later autumn, she forsook
Her seat beside them, long to stand and gaze,
From the deep window nook,

On the hairst moon, that from alcove of blue
Silvered the garden, every bower and bield,
Hedges of glistening holly and dark yew;
And up the household field

Slanted the shadows of twin-silver firs
To white sheep couching on the moon-bathed
sward,
Till thought was lost in years that once were
hers,—
A far and fond regard.

And oft when nor' winds round the gables
blew,
In their low talk beside the gloamin' fire,
Fair faces long since faded smiled anew,
And old days of Kintyre.

In summer from the odorous garden walks,
Or from cool seats o'ershadowed by ash-trees,
Would come the murmur of their quiet talks,
Blended with hum of bees.

Those old springs down the Lecar'side, prim-
rose nooks,
And coves that rang with pleasant voices then,
And elder faces meeting them with looks
Of love long gone from men,

All the fresh fragrance of that early time,
Lived once more on their memory and their
tongue,
All their long wanders o'er the hills of thyme,
When limb and heart were young,

Many a scene conn'd o'er, hour brought to
mind,
And dear name named for the last time on
earth,
Then to the grave of their mute thoughts
consigned,
Till the new heavens have birth.

And when the end was come, and only truth
Might go with her down the death-shadowed
vale,
He whom she leaned on from her dawn of youth
That dread hour did not fail.

Then in that home was sorrow, not despair :
Like goes to like, and she had gone within,
One dweller more among the many there,
Her spiritual kin ;

Blending that season of first yellowing leaves,
And ripe ingathering the bright land abroad,
With thought, how safe are stored His holy
sheaves,
In the garner-house of God."

The reader will see from this extract what is the main purpose of this poem. It presents to us many pictures and incidents of a kind of life, not in itself very eventful or remarkable, yet of considerable poetical interest, from its simple reality and close relation to nature; and it gives unity to these various representations by showing how they all aided in the formation of a character, very beautiful both in its human and spiritual aspects. Much of the charm and worth of the poem consists in its happy union of religious with poetical feeling. The spirit in which it is written is in some places grave and solemn; in others bright and cheerful; in others romantic and picturesque; but mingling with its gravest tones we recognise a fresh and genial enjoyment of nature; while even in the author's poetic sympathy with the wild, half-savage men of "Old Kintyre," we never miss the presence of a strong vein of religious meditation.

Perhaps the best of the various poems which are strung together in *Kilmahoe*, is that called "The Sacramental Sabbath." Even apart from its connection with the other poems of the series, this deserves to be ranked among the most successful efforts to treat a sacred subject, and also among the best pictures from Scottish life, which we know of in recent poetry. It deserves to be read in the most pious and in the most cultivated homes in Scotland; and we should hope that it will remain not unknown to many English readers, who may have

formed their notion of the great religious observance of our National Church from the terrible satire of Burns. We wish that we could quote the whole poem, and we are sure that our readers will be glad to exchange our own comments for the two following extracts from "The Sacramental Sabbath:"—

"And the western shores Atlantic,
All the rough side of Kintyre,
Send small bands since morn, far-travelled
O'er hill, river, moss, and mire,
Down the mountain shoulders moving
Toward this haven of their desire.

Sends each glen and hidden corry,
As they pass, its little train,
To increase the throng that thickens
Kirkward, like the growing gain
From hill-burns, which some vale-river
Broadening beareth to the main.

While the kirkyard throng and thronger
Groweth, some their kindred greet ;
Others in lone nooks and corners
To some grass-grown grave retreat,
There heed not the living, busy
With the dead beneath their feet.

Here on green mound sits a widow,
Rocking crooningly to and fro,
Over him with whom so gladly
To God's house she used to go ;
There the tears of wife and husband
Blend o'er a small grave below.

There you might o'erhear some old man
Palsied speaking to his son,
'See thou underneath this headstone
Make my bed, when all is done,
There long since I laid my father,
There his forebears lie, each one.'

Sweet the chime from ruined belfry
Stealeth ; at its peaceful call
Round the knoll whereon the preacher
Takes his stand, they gather all :
In whole families seated, o'er them
Hallowed stillness seems to fall.

There they sit, the men bareheaded
By their wives ; in reverence meek
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
Many lips not heard to speak,
Mutely moving, on their worship
From on high a blessing seek.

Some on grey-mossed headstones seated,
Some on mounds of wild thyme balm,
Grave-browed men and tartaned matrons
Swell the mighty Celtic psalm,
On from glen to peak repeated,
Far into the mountain calm.

Then the aged pastor rose,
White with many a winter's snows
Fallen o'er his ample brows ;
And his voice of pleading prayer,
Cleaving slow the still blue air,
All his people's need laid bare.

Laden with o'erflowing feeling
Then streamed on his fervid chant,
In the old Highland tongue appealing
To each soul's most hidden want
With the life and deep soul-healing,
He who died now lives to grant.

Slow the people round the table
Outspread, white as mountain sleet,
Gather, the blue heaven above them,
And their dead beneath their feet,
There in perfect reconciliation
Death and life immortal meet.

Noiseless round that fair white table
'Mid their fathers' tombstones spread,
Hoary-headed elders moving,
Bear the hallowed wine and bread,
While devoutly still the people
Low in prayer bow the head.

Tender hearts, their first communion,
Many a one was in that crowd;
With them in mute adoration,
Breathless Moira and Marion bowed,
While far up on yon blue summit
Paused the silver cloud.

And no sound was heard—save only
Distance-lulled the Atlantic roar,
Over the calm mountains coming
From far Machrahnish shore,
Like an audible eternity
Brooding the hushed people o'er."

The different divisions of "Kilmahoe," though forming parts of one whole, may each be read and enjoyed as separate poems. They are composed in a great variety of styles, and are, we think, of somewhat unequal merit, or, at least, of unequal interest. There is, moreover, some want of continuity in the poem, regarded as a whole. The scenes described, and the impressions recorded, are indeed connected together by a common purpose, which is always kept in view; but in some places, it looks as if the purpose had been brought in as an after-thought, instead of having suggested the choice of the details. There is, in fact, a double purpose in the poem, viz., that of describing nature and human life in a particular district of the Highlands, and that of tracing the growth of one beautiful character from childhood to old age. In some parts of the poem the connexion between these two purposes is close and natural; in others it strikes us as being much more remote. All the scenes and incidents described and recorded are represented as having left their impression on the mind of the principal personage; but this is a somewhat slender thread on which they hang together. The parts too in which the personages of the poem are made to express themselves are, we think, less successful than the descriptive and reflective parts. But if there

is little of dramatic or narrative interest in "Kilmahoe," we feel as we read it that we are in contact with real impressions and real thoughts, coming freshly and immediately from the human heart, and from the heart of nature. We acquire a new interest in the life, the traditions, and the scenery of the Highlands; we feel as if we were present among the hills and glens and sea-shores that are here so vividly described; and we seem to gain a new insight into the beauty and worth of a good and gentle nature. While the whole subject is treated in a thoughtful, meditative spirit, there is a clear avoidance of all obscure speculation and recondite analysis. It is a great comfort in the present day to be able to read a new volume of poetry without having to familiarize one's-self with a new psychological theory, and an entirely new way of looking on all human problems. Simply as a change, we are glad once more to read a poem, the charm of which consists in the feeling with which the familiar aspects of nature and life are represented. Yet while in its general tone it is calm and moderate, it is not wanting in passages of lyrical fire and spirit. Among these we would especially notice "The Highland Fox-Hunter," which describes a kind of sport very different from, but not less adventurous and exciting than that familiar to the low country; and also "The Clearance Song," which may be read with admiration by every lover of poetry, whether he may or may not think that the poetic point of view is also the true point of view from which this question is to be looked at.

As our last quotation from "Kilmahoe," we select the descriptive passage with which the poem opens:—

"Upon a ledge of hillside lea,
'Mid native woods the white house peeps,
Down one green field upon the sea,
And o'er the sea to Arran steeps.
In front far out broad reaches smile
Of blue sea, flanked on either hand,
Here by a porphyry-columned isle,
There by a forward brow of land.
No day nor season but doth wear
Some grandeur or some beauty there;
Spring with its song-birds all alive
Through the copse and mountain leas,
While Ailsa every morn doth hive
With gull and gannet to swim or dive
That sheen of sunny seas.
And though summer-time from sea and hill
May many a rainy day distil,
Yet when sunshine comes, it comes so
bright,
Each breath you draw is a new delight;
One day of that transparent air
Is worth a hundred days elsewhere.
But, bright or dark, from year to year,

All seasons, happy or austere,
That home behind its hillside lawn,
Among its biolding woods, withdrawn
Apart, with this secluded shore
Wholly to itself made o'er,
Hears, night and day, the murmurous lave
Of the flowing and backgoing wave,
Up the burn-hollows borne, combine
Soothingly with the sighing pine
Blend with the shimmering summer leaves
Around the swallow-haunted eaves,
And make through the lone glens the sound
Of all their torrents more profound
And slumberous, as from mountains thrown,
They plunge to presence of a moan
More everlasting than their own."

We believe that Mr. Shairp has, on the whole, succeeded in the object which he proposed to himself in writing "Kilmahoe." That poem will awaken an interest in and maintain the memory of a kind of life "which prevailed in the lower Highlands" about the beginning of this century; some of the features of which have not even yet passed away. But we think that some of the shorter poems in this volume establish more conclusively his right to be ranked as a poet. The nature of these shorter pieces is more suited to his natural powers. He seems to us to possess the poetic gift of interpretation rather than of creation, and to be more at home in short lyrical or descriptive pieces, than in continuous narrative or dramatic presentation of character. To maintain the interest of a long poetic composition, it is almost necessary that it should contain the evolution of some story, or action, or speculative principle. The success of a short poem consists in the power with which the true meaning of any incident or character, or of any scene or aspect of nature, is brought to the light. And it is with this power of feeling and seizing the true poetical spirit of particular places and circumstances, that Mr. Shairp is especially endowed. In these shorter pieces, we find scarcely any trace of that tendency to dilute his materials, and of those caprices of taste which, to a certain extent, detract from the merit of the longer poem. They are all composed either in genuine English or in genuine Scotch, and it is seldom that even a stanza appears to be thrown away. They are works of art in which the details are immediately suggested by the central feeling or idea.

While different in form and style, they are nearly all inspired by the fervent national spirit which animates "Kilmahoe." In many of them we trace also the same vein of humane and charitable religious thought which characterizes the former poem. We find also, that the author of these poems is as familiar with the scenery of our inland

Highlands, and with the Lowlands and the Border-country as with "Old Kintyre." He has an impartial love and admiration for the Highland boatman and the Lowland ploughman. His sympathies are equally with the Covenanter and the Jacobite of old times. This is, to our mind, a far more truly poetical way of looking at our past history, than the political partisanship, which has identified nearly all our national poets—with the exception of the very greatest, Scott and Burns—heart and soul with one or the other side. It may be quite right that, in our opinions, we should side with one cause or the other; but we are glad also, with Mr. Shairp, to feel our heart stirred by the chivalrous and gallant spirit of one party, without doing injustice to the stern earnestness and self-sacrifice of the other. We do not want the poet or the artist to determine for us which was the right cause, but rather to make us feel what was most genuine and characteristic in the personal qualities of those who condemned and fought against each other.

Among the shorter pieces, "The Moor of Rannoch" appears to us to be one of the finest. It has perhaps more force of imagination, and a more sonorous power of words and rhythm, than any of the others. The feeling of the grandeur of desolation, and of the majesty of nature's forces, is very strikingly conveyed in the following stanzas:—

"Yea! a desert wide and wasted,
Washed by rain-floods to the bones;
League on league of heather blasted,
Storm-gashed moss, grey boulder-stones;

And along these dreary levels,
As by some stern destiny placed,
Yon sad lochs of black moss water
Grimly gleaming on the waste;

East and west, and northward sweeping,
Limitless the mountain plain,
Like a vast low heaving ocean,
Girdled by its mountain chain:

Plain, o'er which the kingliest eagle,
Ever screamed by dark Lochowe,
Fain would droop a laggard pinion,
Ere he touched Ben-Aulder's brow:

Mountain-girdled,—there Bendoran
To Schihallion calls aloud,
Beckons he to lone Ben-Aulder,
He to Nevis crowned with cloud.

Cradled here old Highland rivers,
Etive, Cona, regal Tay,
Like the shout of clans to battle,
Down the gorges break away.

And the Atlantic sends his pipers
Up yon thunder-throated glen,
O'er the moor at midnight sounding
Pibrochs never heard by men.

Clouds, and mists, and rains before them
Crowding to the wild wind tune,
Here to wage their all-night battle,
Unbeheld by star and moon.

Loud the while down all his hollows,
Flashing with a hundred streams,
Corrie-bah from out the darkness
To the desert roars and gleams.

Sterner still, more drearily driven,
There o' nights the north wind raves,
His long homeless lamentation,
As from Arctic seamen's graves.

Till his mighty snow-sieve shaken
Down hath blinded all the lift,
Hid the mountains, plunged the moorland
Fathom-deep in mounded drift."

In "The Lad of Loch Sunart" and "The Lass of Loch Linne," Mr. Shairp shows that he can feel and make us understand the poetry of human life as well as of nature, in the Highlands; and in the "Weird Wife of Bein-y-Vreich," he seems thoroughly to have identified himself with the very spirit of mountain mists and of the old Celtic mythology.

We have equal pleasure in passing to the more familiar but not less poetical ground of the "Borders" and the "Lowlands." Among the poems connected with these districts, "The Bonspiel," "The Run," and "The Loosing Time," are all excellent in their way, and true expressions of the enjoyment or the toil of country life in Scotland. There are, we believe, many good songs which embody the spirit and joy of fox-hunting, but we know of none which suggests the poetry of sport in the way in which we are made to feel it in this account of "The Run," which begins among Lowland dells, passes over "plough and lea," and then on to the hills, and "west away" to the moorlands:—

"THE RUN.

"Hark hollo! brave hearts!
'Twas the hounds I heard;
With the sound of their going
All the land is stirred.
They have made every peasant
From work stand still,
With gazers they've crowned
Every crag and hill.

And the ploughman cried loud,
By my team I stood,
And heard them crashing
Yon old fir wood.
Down yon ash-tree river banks,
Where the sunbeams slant and fall,
Flashed the dappled hounds,
Making the dells musical.
For sweeter they be,
Than any chime of bells,

The melodies that linger
All year in yon dells,
Till the hounds come by and awake them.

And the pedlar answered,
From beneath his load,
At noon they went streaming
Right o'er my road.
From the farmsteads the lassies
Rushed out to see,
How they skimmed like swallows,
Over plough and lea.
As they went to the hills
What a head they bare!
Like snow-drift scudding
On the stormy air,
And few were the steeds could o'ertake them.

Forward waved the shepherd,
They are west away,
On the moorlands startling
The plover grey.
Ever on as they sped,
More mute they grew,
And the riders waxed fewer,
And yet more few,
Till only one hunter attended.

And the widow, as she sat
On her lone cottage-floor,
Heard their cry thro' the dark
On the midnight moor;
And at morn came the worn hounds
Home, one by one,
And the huntsman knew
That the chase was done,
Never knew how nor where it ended."

In conclusion, we do not hesitate to say that no volume of such true national poetry has appeared in Scotland for a long time. Mr. Shairp's poetry is something very different from a mere echo of Burns, or Scott, or our old ballads. He has found for himself, in his wanderings over Highlands and Lowlands, fresh fountains of inspiration. That which chiefly distinguishes this volume from the hundreds of meritorious verses which are written, and sometimes printed, in the present day, is that the author has really got a worthy and unhackneyed subject, which he cares for and understands better than any one else, which affords him great enjoyment, and which stirs his feeling to its depths.

ART. VII. — *Vie de Jésus.* Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris : Michel Lévy Frères, 1863.

TIME enough has elapsed since the publication of this remarkable volume to allow us to estimate its force and its weakness. We fear it must be ranked as one of the

greatest outrages that has ever been offered to that Name which stands upon the title-page; and surely not less an outrage that the buffet on the cheek is only a filip from the glove of a learned professor; that the "Away with him!" is a sentimental rhapsody of 460 pages, endurable but for the insolence of its praise, in which the supposed decadence of a noble moral nature is described; that instead of the preference of Barabbas, we have a patronizing comparison with Çakya-Mouni. The style is graceful and perspicuous; the descriptions of scenery are touched with the true hand of an artist. Yet we are able to see why M. Renan's picture can never be accepted by any considerable number of persons in this country as the true one. Sparks of doubt will be scattered into the stubble of many minds, and here and there they will kindle into fresh flame; but this particular torch that scatters them has blazed, and will die out. For us the writer, eloquent and ingenious if you will, aims at too little or too much. If we have here nothing divine, nothing but genius and originality; if he who scattered miracles round him as a sower the seed; who put forth claims such as man never dreamt of before, to be God and the Son of God, be only man, a precursor of Renan, who needs Renan to set him up on the right historical basis; and if so much of the Gospel history as conflicts with this theory is to be deducted as pure falsehood, nay, so much of the words of Jesus himself,—then for a people like us, self-willed indeed and strong, self-indulgent yet still at heart veracious, the Bible is closed for ever. Who could spend his heart's best affections upon the fabulous history of a false Messiah? Who could follow out with any real credence the ambidextrous process by which the Christ whom Paul and John preached is here pared down into an ignorant enthusiast of Nazareth, whose strong religious insight does not prevent him from degenerating into an impostor, deceiving and being deceived?

In order to arrive at this position, M. Renan is obliged, in the first place, to deal with the Gospels as no other historical materials have ever yet been dealt with. He demands from them a firm historical foundation; and at the same time the utmost plasticity. Strange to say, with M. Renan the Gospels are not regarded as compilations of the second century; they are restored to their place in the first. A certain measure of authority must be re-vindicated to them; otherwise a life of Jesus must be all doubts and negations. The work of Strauss is after all an elaborate attempt to show the life that he did *not* lead. M. Renan regards St.

Luke as one regular whole, written, or rather compiled, by a companion of St. Paul; of which the date "can be ascertained with much precision by considerations drawn from the work itself." He knows from the 21st chapter that it "was certainly written after the siege of Jerusalem, and only a short time after." The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark have not the same distinct impress of the author's personality, but quoting the well-known passage of Papias, M. Renan infers that in our present gospel of Mark we have the narrative of facts and sayings mentioned by Papias, and in our present St. Matthew the collection of sayings (*λόγια*) assigned to him by the same writer. These are important concessions. We have narratives that come from the time and circle in which apostles lived. Even the Gospel of St. John is admitted, though with doubt; all of it, says M. Renan, may not have been written by John, but

"As a whole this Gospel may have originated towards the close of the first century, from the great school of Asia Minor, which was connected with John. That it represents to us a version of the life of the Master worthy of high esteem, and often to be preferred, is demonstrated, in a manner which leaves us nothing to be desired, both by external evidence and by the examination of the document itself."

But these admissions are made to be recalled. With an arbitrary dogmatism he rejects all miracles; that is, he scarcely leaves one chapter standing of the very documents on which all his history is to rest. He dismisses at once, in terms which we will spare our readers, all the discourses recorded by John. In order to give a colourable fairness to this treatment of his materials, M. Renan betakes himself to the old theory of a succession of editions of gospels, and that with a heartiness for which, to do him justice, we seldom find a parallel amongst modern writers. The Gospels, he thinks, were at first little cared for, in comparison with oral traditions:—

"There was no scruple about inserting additional matter, about combining them in divers ways, and completing the one by the other. The poor man that has but one book wishes it to contain all that touches his heart. These little books were lent from one to another, each transcribed in the margin of his copy the words and parables which he found elsewhere, and which touched him. And so the most beautiful thing in the world has issued from an obscure and entirely popular process of elaboration" (p. 22).

Has M. Renan ever considered what it is which he here asks us to believe? A com-

munity that cared little about books, because the world was coming to an end, occupies itself in an incessant labour of borrowing, copying, collating, altering, and mending its books. A community which, even from the first, erred in excess of personal attachment to a leader, and pushed it on to party spirit, took the "things said and done" which bore St. Mark's name, and the Logia which bore St. Matthew's, and without scruple, assimilated, altered, added to them, and forgetful of any claim of Matthew or Mark, made each his little gospel of what touched his own heart most. Was this state of things possible? There is no kind of record of it; we confess ourselves unable to conceive it clearly, even as one supposition. It is quite opposite to what Papias describes. The Hebrew Matthew, interpreted into Greek by different readers and instructors, has nothing to do with this incessant tampering with and obliteration of an apostle's undoubted work. But give M. Renan all he asks; attribute, and without a smile, all this strange literary activity, this free handling of apostolic writings, to the simple, unlettered, reverent Christians of the first age, and two questions will still need an answer,—How comes it that all the earliest records of the formation of the canon give us our four Gospels and no more, after a process that must have tended either to form a multitude of gospels, or to assimilate all to each other, and so merge them into one? and secondly, Why, in this supposed age of free gospellers, did not many a variation of the text disappear, which has since perplexed the minds of harmonists from the days of Ammonius of Alexandria? When the Gospels emerge into the period of written Church history, they are the Gospels that we have at present; and such difficulties as the two genealogies, which even the dullest editor could have removed by a few strokes of the pen, are at least a testimony to a certain reverence which withheld the hands of editors, if that race existed. But these considerations trouble M. Renan but little. His purpose requires two things, and he secures them both. There must be some historical basis for his romance; and as the history that is available abounds with miracles, is intractably interwoven with miracles, he submerges it a little in a sea of popular editing and copying, in the hope of being able decently to avoid reading what he does not desire to read, in their stained and altered pages.

This is not the only instance of unfair dealing with the reader. The argument by which the Gospel of Luke is proved to have

been written at a particular date is compressed into the following sentence:—

"The date of this Gospel can be determined with much exactness by considerations drawn from the book itself. The 21st chapter of Luke, inseparable from the rest of the work, was certainly written after the siege of Jerusalem, and only a little after. Here then we are upon solid ground, for we are dealing with a work written wholly by the same hand, and of a most perfect unity."

A few references to verses in the 21st chapter are given in the notes, and one to the 22d chapter, and from these we dimly discern an objection to admit that any prophecy of our Lord had really been uttered before the event. We wronged the subtlety of the argument. Thanks to a writer whom M. Renan quotes elsewhere with approbation, M. Nicolas,* we discover that the words of our Lord, yes, of our Lord, in St. Matthew, which describe in one grand cluster of images the national judgment of the Jews and the general judgment of the world, show an erroneous belief that these two judgments would be contemporaneous, and therefore must have been written before the destruction of Jerusalem, before events had proved that the two judgments were to be distinct; and yet not much before, for we are not to attribute them to prophecy. In Luke, M. Nicolas finds that the two events are distinguished, which shows that one of them must have occurred already; but on the other hand, the fresh expectation that the second would follow directly upon it, belongs, as M. Nicolas thinks, to a time just after the fall of the holy city. Observe the assumptions to which M. Renan does not even deign to call attention, in his dogmatic self-confidence; there can be no prophecy, the evangelist shaped even the words of the Lord to suit current facts, and the omitting to distinguish as clearly as an almanac the day and hour which no man was to know, could only proceed from ignorance! Grant these postulates, and we will give you in return the exact date of St. Luke's Gospel "from internal evidence."

Meanwhile we have been always taught that the internal evidences led to a conclusion quite different from this. The author of the Acts and of the Gospel are the same; M. Renan admits it. The Gospel, which he admits to be a complete whole, was written before the Acts; the inspired author says so.† If then, the Acts ends abruptly with

* *Etudes Critiques sur la Bible*, p. 10.

† Acts i. 1.

St. Paul's imprisonment at Rome, because St. Luke was writing at that very time, and so the facts of the history were all told out, then the Gospel must have been written before the end of Paul's imprisonment; and no writer places this so late as the destruction of Jerusalem, or indeed later than A.D. 65. Not a word does M. Renan say of all this; these tame facts are overruled by the necessity that there should be no prophecy; the verse, Luke xxi. 24, must have been written after the event. On M. Renan's own principles the Gospel was written about six years before the event. On our principles, we would rather consider that words ascribed to Jesus were spoken by him, than bow to M. Renan's misconceptions.

Not more ingenuous is the treatment of the well-known testimony of Papias. We shall be pardoned by some readers if we translate here the whole of it:—

"This also," wrote Papias, "the elder said. Mark being the interpreter of Peter, wrote accurately whatever he remembered, yet not in the order in which Christ either spake or did them. For he was neither a hearer of the Lord nor a follower. But, as I said, he was afterwards the companion of Peter, who preached the gospel with a view to the profit of his hearers, and not with the intention of giving a continuous history of the oracles of the Lord (τῶν κυριακῶν λόγιων). Wherefore Mark committed no error in that he wrote some things as they came into his memory. For it was his chief aim to omit none of the things that he had heard, and to deliver nothing that was false therein. Thus much Papias relates concerning Mark. Concerning Matthew he says, Matthew composed his Divine oracles (λόγια) in the Hebrew tongue, and every one interpreted them as he was able."*

M. Renan lays great stress upon this passage, as others have done before him. He says:—

"Papias mentions two writings on the acts and words of Christ: (1) a writing of Mark the interpreter, brief, incomplete, not arranged in chronological order, comprising narratives and discourses (λεχθέντα ἢ πραχθέντα) composed after the instructions and reminiscences of the apostle Peter; (2) a collection of sentences (λόγια) written in Hebrew by Matthew. It is certain that these two descriptions answer tolerably well to the general features of the two books now called 'Gospel according to Matthew' and 'Gospel according to Mark;' the first characterized by its long discourses, the second full of anecdotes, brief even to dryness, barren of discourses, and somewhat faulty in style. That these two works, as we now read them, are absolutely similar to those which Papias read, cannot be maintained; first, because the writing of

Matthew, as Papias knew it, was wholly composed of discourses in Hebrew, of which there were various (*assez diverses*) translations in circulation. . . . That which appears most likely is that neither of Matthew nor of Mark have we the exact original editions; that our two first Gospels are already arrangements in which attempts have been made to supply the defects of one text by the other. Every one wished, in fact, to possess a complete copy. He who had only discourses in his copy wished to have narratives also, and the opposite. It is true that the Gospel according to St. Matthew is found to have incorporated almost all the anecdotes of Mark, and that 'the Gospel according to Mark' contains at present many features taken from the Logia of Matthew."*

Here we have a fair example of the way in which our author tampers with his materials. This particular passage has been the subject of much controversy. From the days of Schleiermacher every German writer on the Gospels has had his theory about it. And among the opinions that now command respectful attention at least is this, that the passage gives no ground at all for the supposition that Matthew wrote all the discourses and Mark all the Acts of our Lord. *Logia* mean divine utterances, whether of history or discourse; when the apostle speaks of the Jews as having committed to them "the oracles (*logia*) of God,"† the Mosaic history cannot be excluded, although "the lively oracles,"‡ given to the fathers, may refer more to the utterances of God than to the history with which they are entwined. As in the Old, so in the New Testament, such a distinction of facts and teachings is almost impossible to maintain. Act becomes doctrine and doctrine act. Our Lord answers his own question not by a word but a deed: "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath-day? . . . He took him, and healed him, and let him go." The real contrast between the two Evangelists, intended by Papias, consists probably not in one recording *Logia* and the other not; but in Matthew's account being more orderly in arrangement than that of Mark. M. Renan gives no hint of this flaw in his argument, which every writer has been aware of. Minor inaccuracies are of less account, but that they all look one way; the author needs for his romance to show that the Gospels have been altered. The opinion which M. Renan assigns to Papias is not his at all, but one quoted by him from an older source—Aristion or John the Presbyter. Mark is not said to have written "briefly," nor "incompletely;" on the contrary, he "made it his aim to omit nothing." Papias

* Eusebius, *Hist.* iii. 39.

* Pp. 18-20. † Rom. iii. 2.

‡ Acts vii. 38.

does not say that the two were "profoundly distinct, and written without any knowledge of each other." With this supposed original contrast between the two, the subsequent approximation also falls to the ground. If M. Renan's theory of "every man his own evangelist" be true, and every one who could lay hold upon copies of the two Gospels proceeded without scruple to assimilate them, the process, we must say, was conducted with great carelessness and marvellous ill success. The vivid description of the one demoniac in St. Mark still stands parallel with the more succinct account of the two in Matthew; the first impulse of the compilers would have been to remove at a stroke the seeming discrepancy, and to add the colouring of St. Mark to the outline of St. Matthew. On the other hand, St. Mark still is silent on the greatest of those discourses which St. Matthew records. What were the persons about "who wished to have a complete copy" out of the two, and yet forgot to adopt the Sermon on the Mount? Two very small books, subjected to this process of active assimilation, still show marks of independence in every chapter, and the background of resemblances throws out the differences into stronger relief. Had the object been to produce one gospel out of two, any unskilful hand used freely for a couple of days, would have produced a more successful result than a whole community, working as M. Renan supposes, has done. But we repeat that of this process going on in the earliest time there is not a trace. The descriptions of the two evangelists in this much-vexed passage are such as correspond sufficiently with the Gospels as we have them. The statement as to the want of order in St. Mark is no more than a criticism, with which some later harmonists are disposed to agree, and some to differ. The testimony is very ancient; for Papias himself was Bishop of Hierapolis in the first half of the second century, and the person whom he quotes is older still. We agree with Hilgenfeld, that in calling them "disciples of the Lord," Papias does not necessarily mean immediate personal disciples. But Aristion and John the Presbyter (clearly not identical with the apostle), standing upon the threshold of the second century, knew of these two Gospels, with distinct characters of their own, already existing. We thank M. Renan for the prominent place he gives to this witness of Papias, for it goes far to prove the authority of these two accounts of our Lord's earthly life.

Why, then, does our author strive to blunt the force of his own admission by insisting that a process of free alteration, long

withheld, has deprived us of the original Gospels? One strong bias sways every page in the book—the determination that there shall be nothing miraculous in the life of the Lord. This beautiful volume with its bursts of family affection, its idyllic descriptions, its occasional appreciation of what is good, is tainted by the fixed idea that there shall be no miracle. No bigot for tradition ever held his dogma firmer through every inconsistency than does our author his theory that no miracle is admissible. A miracle, according to him, has no worth until it has been reported upon by a committee of *savans* appointed by the Government, who shall have it repeated for them under new combinations of circumstances, that make delusion and imposture impossible. Right, M. Renan, if the miracle be of the nineteenth century, wrought by some hysterical village girl, with no purpose, bound up with no doctrine. But the miracles which John and Matthew witnessed, which Paul had experience of, are not such aimless wonders. They are the footprints of Him who has since marched down the high road of history with the gospel of love and peace in his hands. Surely the *first* of anything is always a miracle; the first plant is a breach of all previous laws; and the first animal, and the first man. But it is justified by its successors: it passes from an outstanding exception to be the first link in a chain. These gospel miracles are the firstlings of a new order of things. To us, and we wish we could add to our author, the intrinsic purpose of the Lord makes possible, nay probable, nay passing easy, the extrinsic signs and wonders that fell from it:—the food multiplied, the palsied nerves restored, even the dead recalled to life, all suit with a scheme for man's uplifting and restoration and eternal wellbeing. Without the Word of Christ, the acts of Christ had been hard to comprehend; but with the Gospels as they are, word and act fortify each other. Committees of French Philosophers may blunder; we have read the discussions about the jawbone at Abbeville, and the flint-axes of all too modern make. They really could not help us; neither with them nor without them could we venture an opinion upon an isolated marvel. But here, the lives and words and works of the apostles of Christianity go together, and proclaim that miracles were possible. Was the gospel successful? Did it convert thousands? It carried with it always the tidings of a miracle; it never preached anywhere but it preached Jesus and the resurrection.

The author nowhere cautions his readers

that the problem of the Gospels is of all literary questions the most difficult, and most needing a circumspect and delicate treatment. As regards the "synoptic" Gospels, no other books are so like without being identical. Intentional resemblances with variations that must equally be intentional meet us on the same page, nay, sometimes even in the same verse. Minute peculiarities of expression are common to all three. The diminutive form of a substantive,* the double augment,† an unusual form of a tense,‡ a peculiar combination of particles,§ run through the parallel places in all three Evangelists. So far there is no wonder. But that these minute and delicate coincidences should be found with variations equally marked, that three writers who take such pains (so to speak) to be at one, should so constantly assert their independence of expression, and of selection of events, is a problem that has been found hard to solve. We have got beyond the day when such theories as those of M. Renan will go down. Scores of critics have made the attempt at the solution, and amongst them the theory of two gospels, one of discourses and one of facts, assimilated by a perpetual and unlimited transference, will hardly now find favour. Perhaps the chief lesson of this great controversy is one of diffidence. For when men came to account for these striking resemblances by ascertaining the order in which the Evangelists wrote, there was no possible arrangement which did not find a loud advocate. Luke, whom M. Renan ranks without hesitation as one who writes from former materials, selecting and combining them, has been held by no mean authorities to have furnished the original from whence the other two have drawn; but whether Matthew or Mark was the third in the series, on this the authorities differ. The Gospel of Mark has been held up now as the original germ of the two others, now as the latest epitome of them. Even when this line of argument was exhausted, Eichhorn proposed to find the original source common to all three, in some distinct document, now lost. And through twenty critics this hypothesis ripened, until with Bertholdt we are supposed almost to see the little historical manual or text-book, drawn up by authority of all the Apostles at Jerusalem, in the Aramaic language, a copy of which was given to each apostle and teacher as he went forth on his mission; but there will lurk in our mind the distressing question which Ber-

tholdt forgot to answer, Where is this book gone, so unique in its authority, so highly honoured in the earliest age of our religion? And upon the whole, nothing is perhaps more clear than that there was no such book; for if there had been, would not Papias have rather told us about that, than about the Gospels of Matthew and Mark? The way out of this new difficulty Gieseler pointed out; the common source to which the Gospels owed their resemblance was an oral, and not a written work. It was the form into which the preaching of the facts of the life of our Lord had gradually settled during the first few years after the resurrection. As the aim of the apostles would be to preach everywhere one gospel, they would seek rather than avoid the same modes of expression, and thus the very words of their teaching would gradually become everywhere the same. The list of theories would not be complete if we did not mention the theory of *tendency*, which attributed to each Gospel a special party aim and bias, turning the simplest and most candid history into a covert polemic, now in favour of Judaic, now in favour of Pauline or universal ideas, and torturing the most colourless expression into a party innuendo. One would have thought that critical perversity could hardly have gone further; but a greater refinement was behind. As this theory somewhat broke down in the working, its advocates, still asserting that the Gospel was prepared for some party interest, assumed that an editor had gone over it and softened down the party tendency; so that criticism assumed not only that it could detect a polemical design, but that it could discover it after it had been removed. What spark of truth there was in this theory is probably summed up in what we are taught at school, that St. Matthew's Gospel was written for Jews primarily, and so dwells more upon points that concern them; whereas St. Luke turns rather towards the Gentiles. Into what various combinations these four theories have been recast during the last few years, let the readers ascertain from some history.* One almost trembles at unfolding before a British public this dreary page of barren disputation, into which few of our countrymen have taken the trouble to look. But one great consolation remains to us. A cloud of obscurity hangs over the earliest stages in the formation of our canon. As the first century ends this cloud lifts, and the Gospels that we have begun to be mentioned, and no others. The precise mode

* Matt. xxvi. 51.

† Matt. xii. 13.

‡ Matt. ix. 2, 5.

§ Matt. ix. 17.

* *Ex. gr. Holtzmann, Synoptischen Evangelien.*

in which our gospels took their present form will never be known to us. Hardly can we expect now any fresh collateral evidence. But this does not detract from our faith in the four Gospels. The guarantee for their inspiration is the inspiration of the Church in which they grew up. It is now historically certain that three of the four Gospels belong to the first age; if there is still some controversy about the fourth, it is at least true that it purports to be the work of the apostle John; that, as Ewald remarks, "it bears no trace of a book written under a false name; nay, that one could not even conjecture why the writer should wish to ascribe it to this apostle," if he were not the apostle himself.* With the authorship we fix the date as within, or just at the close of, the first century. And the Holy Spirit had gladdened that age with the pentecostal unction, and infused and quickened every tongue and heart and head. St. Paul speaks of those miraculous tokens of the Spirit's presence with calm confidence,—appeals to them, calculates on them. He divides and classifies "the diversity of gifts." He speaks of the miraculous presence as undoubtingly as he speaks of the members of the body, or the collections for the saints, or the disputes that troubled them.† In the Acts, the agency of the Holy Spirit is witnessed by almost every chapter. It matters little to us whether Matthew wrote without conference with, or aid of, any human agent, since Matthew was an inspired apostle, and those with whom he might have taken counsel were sharers also in the heavenly gift. The inspired words of the Evangelist suffer no loss, appropriate no gain, if we should discover that the inspired preaching of all the apostles had already cast itself into this very form of words. The opinion that Peter took cognisance of Mark's Gospel may have hastened the adoption of that Gospel by the Church; but Mark already by the fact of his position was a sharer in the heavenly gift which all possessed.‡ How gladly would we follow those speculations which have occupied the learned, if there were any hope of a clearer light upon a question of such high literary interest. But the doctrine of inspiration is not imperilled by the discussion, to those that believe in the power and the presence of the Holy Spirit. We are told sometimes that the Evangelists do not profess inspiration, do not claim it, do not even mention the subject. It was the common possession

of all that in those days taught the gospel. The Holy Ghost had fallen upon all of them. Had the anointing been from one unhappy brother withheld, then we should have heard of it, as we hear of those who "have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." But as it is, they speak as the Spirit gives them utterance, without professing in words to possess that without which they had not been teachers at all. Does the artist write upon his masterpiece "In doing this I solemnly assert that I used eyes?" When St. Paul in an often quoted passage says, "I think also that I have the Spirit of God," then, whatever we may say as to the particular passage, the absence of this cautious expression from other places is a tacit claim of inspiration. We trace our Gospels—precious to us for that they bring us the person and presence of Christ—to the time in which the Church of Christ was cradled. Tongues as of fire lighted on the believers; the great miracle of Pentecost was re-enacted in smaller companies afterwards. Weak brethren, the same that fled from the side of Jesus on that night of disaster, stood face to face with kings, and were not discomfited. Ignorant brethren, shut up until the very crucifixion in narrow notions of a resuscitated Jewish monarchy, and utterly cast down at the idea of a king discrowned by a disgraceful death, preached Christ crucified, and were not ashamed of such a Master. Is it possible at all that the Gospels, the product of this time of marvelous force and power, are devoid of the very life which all shared, which He who speaks in their pages promised should come? Is it possible that when the whole soil was teeming and bursting with a new life, and putting forth shoots that should burgeon and blossom into world-sheltering trees, the Gospels are lifeless—are but a kind of wooden chess-board on which German critics may fool-mate and scholarsmate one another? Gentlemen, we thank you for your elaborate investigations, which have given employment to at least fifty writers of treatises, and all the printers of the same; but we are still more thankful that the Gospels are not in your hands to make or unmake, and that when you have told us some elementary facts about their origin, your power over them ceases.

But for M. Renan they are materials of the most tractable plasticity. They shall establish nothing miraculous, and the Gospel of John shall not be true either as to discourses or miracles. One hardly sees at first the difference between such an acceptance and a total rejection of the fourth Gospel. But the author needs the chronological data

* *Christus*, p. 127.

† 1 Cor. xii.; Eph. iv. 4-6, 11, 12; Rom. xii. 6-8; Eph. iii. 3-6, 10.

‡ Comp. Acts xix. 4.

of St. John. Our readers know that the usual computation, that the ministry of Jesus lasted three years, depends upon two verses in St. John, and upon the time that we suppose to be included between them.* The plan of M. Renan demands this space for its complete evolution. Or rather he professes to adopt this usual view,† and then extends the ministry by a pardonable oversight to more than four years. ‡

The life which the author describes within these limits makes hardly any pretensions to a historical induction. There are, indeed, references enough in the notes to the Gospel texts, but they rarely prove that for which they are cited. Of this "fallacy of authorities" we have never met so striking an example. The work is not a history but an endeavour of the author to depict by his own insight a life for which he thinks there are no trustworthy materials. Jesus was born in Nazareth and not in Bethlehem, M. Renan maintains; he quotes three texts to prove it. They all prove that he is spoken of as belonging to Nazareth, as springing thence; of the actual place of his birth they say nothing. The child of the Princess of Hesse was born at Windsor; is the child then not to be spoken of as Hessian? If some future historian should speak of it as a Hessian, will that be proof that it was not born at Windsor? We thank M. Renan for a description of Nazareth, an idyll full of grace and beauty; but this does not atone for the suppression of the historical evidence which there is that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, whilst his "parents" were of Nazareth. Justin asserts it; Celsus threw it out as a reproach that Jesus was born in a Judean village. The unbroken testimony of antiquity would be entitled to some respect. But it also enables us to harmonize two sets of passages of the Gospel; and yet—or rather, therefore—our author tosses it aside. We are next informed that Cana and not Nazareth became the home of Mary, as being the place from which she may have come originally. Two texts are quoted for this; they show that Jesus was twice in Cana, and they neither show nor suggest anything more. But enough. This is not history; it is a work of art. It is a statue of the Lord, like the Moses of Michael Angelo; and the texts are quoted to justify the accessories which the sculptor has introduced. They are not

proofs, but apologies for poetic license exercised somewhat too freely.

Let us come, then, to the conception of the career of our Lord as the author represents it. M. Renan claims peculiar advantages for his work on the ground that, to write the history of a religion the historian ought first to have believed it, and then to have ceased to do so; for in the first stage he would learn to understand, and in the second to criticise it. Is there not a risk that the writer will exaggerate the reasons for his own desertion, that he will be nervously anxious to prove that there was no safety nor shelter in the temple from which he has come out? The personal argument is never pleasant to use; but here M. Renan challenges it. He understands the Master better because he denies him. No wonder that his critics accept the challenge. It was not necessary that this ex-seminarist of St. Sulpice should sully with base interpretation, acts that in themselves suggest nothing of ignorance or imposture. But M. Renan has shaken off the dust of his feet. The short hair of the growing tonsure irritates him. He has to make good his case against the religion he has deserted. One of his critics compares him to Madame George Sand, "whose romances are all so many justifications for separating from her husband." M. Renan is conscious of no such motive, nor is it so conspicuous in him as his position might make natural. M. Renan would be the last to ascribe to such a cause his hostility to John, whom he describes as an old man, writing his Gospel in order to show that he had played a part as conspicuous as that of Peter (!), and his tender tone towards "poor Judas," who finds here, at last, an apologist. M. Renan would not attribute to such a cause his strange attempt to connect the name of John with the crime of Judas,* as though it were not the act of Judas only, but in some degree of all the disciples. Yet we cannot well forget that the disciple who excites his wrath, is the one who kept close to the cross when Jesus hung thereon, and the disciple who wins his pity is the disciple who deserted him. It is a fine stroke, and the finer because unstudied, by which a shadow from the crime of "poor Judas" is thrown over the name of the disciple whom Jesus loved.

According to our author, the career of Jesus divides itself naturally into three parts.

* John v. 1; vi. 4. † P. 270.

‡ P. 206.—Where his remark upon John's account of the first Passover, that there is a transposition of dates and a confusion of facts, seems to cut away the whole framework on which M. Renan's scheme rests.

* "One would rather believe in the existence of some sentiment of jealousy, some internal dissension among the disciples. The peculiar hatred which John manifests against Judas confirms this hypothesis."—P. 381.

In the first, which may have lasted for about a year, the young teacher preached the morality of the synagogue, borrowing its aphorisms, condescending to its phrases, but ever with a strong sense of the relation of God to us, as that of a father to a child, and of the common brotherhood of men as sons of God, which gave an originality and force to precepts that in themselves were mostly legal. To this time would belong parts of the Sermon on the Mount, except those portions which speak of the new theocracy—the kingdom of Heaven. This period of the ripening and development of the religious ideas of Jesus lasted until the Lord came within the scope of the Baptist's influence, which M. Renan considers to have been hurtful to his religious development. After the arrest of John, about the summer of 29,* the Lord returns to Galilee; and a fresh era of his preaching begins. "The kingdom of heaven" is now actively preached. Jesus is no longer a delightful moralist; he is a revolutionist, who seeks to renovate the world from its very basis, by the advent of a reign of goodness, in which the power of evil shall be thoroughly put down, the wheat and tares separated. Of this revolution he was the chosen instrument. There was nothing political in it; the revolution was moral only. The title of Messiah is appropriated by the Lord, is given by his disciples to him, as the head and the prince of this great revolution. Miracles were the tokens of his power to effect it. M. Renan finds, however, a certain reluctance to work them, and a wish that they should not be reported: and he thinks that Jesus did not allow himself to work them until late in his life. In the year 31, Jesus made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to attack Judaism in its stronghold, and to preach there the doctrine of the kingdom. He returned disappointed; the hopes of a regeneration of society from a Jewish standpoint being quite extinguished. Now, denunciations of the Pharisees hostile to him, impenetrable in their hypocrisy, fall powerfully from his lips. Now, visions of a future world, after this shall pass in storm and ruin, where the truth, so inhospitably received in this one, shall find its perfect realization, begin to take possession of him. The progress of enthusiasm is accompanied by passionate excitement. Great mental suffering and agitation afflict him. His passionate temperament overstepped all bounds. His original gentleness seemed to have deserted him. His disciples often failed to understand him; and a sort

of fear of him sprung up in their minds. Such a tone of high-wrought passion could not endure for a long time. The death which it tended to provoke, by its denunciation of the Jewish system, cut it short, and by so doing, provided the only dignified solution of it.

This is the picture which M. Renan gives of the character of the Lord of life. It is more than a work of art; it is a work of artifice. In order to describe a process of gradual deterioration of character, he has had recourse to this division of the period of development into three parts: that of moral ideas, of Messianic hopes, and of passionate denunciations of an opposing and intractable society. Not only is there no trace of this division in the Gospels; but there are positive proofs that the evangelists knew nothing of it. The highest lessons of simple morality are many of them found in the latest portions of the ministry, and cannot be dragged into the earliest. The miracles began with its very opening; towards the end they slacken. One of the expressions usually quoted against Jesus for its harshness was spoken at the very first miracle, and at the beginning of the ministry: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" In a word, there is no trace at all of this kind of separation of epochs which M. Renan demands. His sketch may be true of some John of Leyden or Judas of Galilee; it is entirely at variance with all the records that we possess when he pretends to apply it to our Lord. Again, this theory of development requires time; and the author extends the duration of the ministry accordingly to something like five years. We have said already that the utmost range which the Gospels give us is three years. M. Renan raises no discussion on this point, but he tacitly feels that the canvas is not broad enough for his picture, and enlarges it. Every conceivable violence is done to the details of the history; but it would be in vain to plead such errors with M. Renan; the answer is ever ready, "I have reserved leave to discredit any particular part of the Gospels." Nothing, for example, can be more false to history than the account of the early ministry in Galilee. Insert other names, and it will serve for a pastoral poem; this joyous band, wandering at ease in a fine climate, through a fair country, to the marriage feast, with the publican and the harlot admitted to their company. It is false throughout. Nazareth tried to slay him, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum were terribly condemned for rejecting him. Repentance was the sole passport to his company, for publican or harlot. The Sermon on the Mount, which belongs

* It will be seen how greatly the chronology is thus extended. A year has elapsed of our Lord's ministry in Galilee; and still four years remain.

to this period, is full of the deepest humility, the severest self-judgment, the most stringent self-denial. If, as this historian hints, the miracles were a kind of concession to popular belief, into which Jesus allowed himself to be drawn not reluctantly; if, to speak plainly, the confirmation of his teachings was obtained by a half-involuntary imposture, then this belonged to the first part of the ministry as to the last. Nay, towards the end of his career the miracles grow rarer, and the teaching more full. In the promise of the great coming miracle so frequently repeated during the last few months, that Christ should suffer and also rise again, there is a kind of hush of expectation, during which smaller wonders are not wrought. In short, all this division into epochs, these swift transitions of character, this gradual transformation of a pure and calm soul into a seething pool of turbulent passions, glaring self-deceits, and disappointed ambitions, are not merely doubtful,—they have no support from Holy Scripture whatsoever.

We close M. Renan's volume. What has it done against us? Spoken to many and many a soul that never heard such words before, that Jesus is not the true Son of God, but a gifted teacher and self-duped impostor. Spoken it in tones musical with pity and admiration, so that at first it hardly revolts them. What has he done for us? He has brought out in strong relief that contrast between the person of Jesus, and the time and country where he was reared, which would always be the miracle of Christianity if every other would possibly be explained away. With M. Renan we stand on one of the many gently-rounded hills that encircle and conceal the green basin of Nazareth, whose name is for ever wedded in memory with the name of the Lord. On the slope stands the village. Here the Lord Jesus grew and waxed strong in the spirit. Unknown to the Old Testament, known for evil in the New, Nazareth, with its rugged and passionate handful of people (from amongst whom could any good thing come?), sent forth a Prophet who has changed the world. Words which he spoke there and in the vicinage, vibrate through our spirits now, make grief endurable, give beauty to self-restraint, interpret to a new meaning the passage through the valley of the shadow of death. They are the instruments in our hands whereby we fashion the eager minds of our children; out of the eighteen ages are stretched forth his hands to bless the children of the nineteenth, and the clear voice bids us suffer them to come to him. In this rough village, Joseph, the husband of Mary, was a working carpenter,

and Jesus wrought there at the same trade. They were very poor; and all the limitations of social intercourse which that implies should be remembered. It was surprising to his fellow-countrymen that he should have any education, or sign of it: "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"* We cannot say that he had one associate whose intercourse would be likely to stimulate his young mind; to supplement his ignorance of life with a larger experience; to bring into him the history of that outer world, which lay beyond the fifteen hills that restricted his horizon. Time, however, will sometimes compensate for disadvantages of position; with good education, good society, and favourable opportunities for getting experience, men bear fruit earlier, but those who are less favourably placed may still bear fruit. With Jesus such compensation had no place. At thirty years of age he began to teach; after two years of teaching, or three at most, he died a violent death. So that his teaching was that of a young and untaught man, and likely on that account to provoke opposition which would retard it; and such as it was, it endured for three years only, and it was not written down in a book, but was committed to the minds of listeners, more or less unprepared, and chiefly those of twelve uncultivated men, who, taken from the same class, and having access to the same means of knowledge, could not even understand up to the hour of his death the true bearing of the doctrines which he powerfully inculcated. There is no example in all history of such teachings as these, so prepared and so propagated, taking their place above philosophic and religious systems, and for eighteen centuries stirring the world's conscience as a present and active power. These are thoughts in which M. Renan would not refuse to join, when looking on what remains of the humble town, despised by the rest of despised Galilee. The rose has indeed blossomed in the arid wilderness, and the living well has gushed suddenly out of the stony rock.

But let us look at the teaching itself more closely. Perhaps it may account for the strange conquest over all difficulties which the gospel history shows us. M. Renan discovers a time during which Jesus preached a morality, new to the Jews in that it was higher and purer, but by no means strange to them in respect of its forms; so that he sees in Jesus a Jewish Rabbi, only more original, more attractive. If this were true, we might find it difficult to

* John vii. 15.

account, for the acquirement of the training for such a vocation; but the training being presupposed, some of the difficulties as to the reception of the doctrines of the Lord would disappear. Books of much power have been produced by cobblers and bricklayers, and the intrinsic force of them makes us forget to inquire whence these men had their learning. The book is its own commendation, whencesoever it may have come. But the peculiarity of the Lord's teaching keeps the difficulty before us in full force. From first to last, in every part of it, the eyes of those who listen to Jesus are turned to his person, and he directs them thither. The Sermon on the Mount is not the teaching of a Rabbi, but the proclamation of a King; its tone throughout is that of one who perfects the law, having authority to deal with it. He is the way, the truth, and the life; he has not come to destroy but to fulfil; those who have seen him have seen the Father. The rebellious thoughts of those who heard such claims would go back to that secluded Nazareth, rich in nothing but in evil repute, and would ask, "Is not this the carpenter?" If, as M. Renan affects to believe, this personal preaching was an excess of self-assertion, and the first indication of a declining moral state, then the apostles at least might have tacitly remedied the error, and, leaving out all mention of the person of that Master who had been taken from their head, might have repeated his moral lessons. But they knew no such error, no such distinction between person and doctrine. They preached Christ. He was preached in Samaria to a hostile people; preached in the synagogues of Damascus by one who had persecuted all that bore the Christian name; preached to Cornelius, a Roman, preached to Greeks in the land of Socrates and Plato. The apostles accepted "the offence of the Cross" without compromise. If they preached not Jesus, they preached nothing. Therein does the teaching of Jesus differ from that of Schammai and Hillel, that the person of the teacher is all in all to it; and when the teacher was the carpenter of Nazareth, without letters, without knowledge of the world, without influence of position, we may fairly say that the power of his teaching over that of prophet or rabbi is more difficult to account for, because of the personal element that is never wanting to it.

It is this personal element which gives the teaching in every part of it a complete originality. "Never man spake like this man," was in some form or other the verdict of the people that heard it. He who speaks, be it always remembered, is the

carpenter, of Nazareth, whose home the pen of M. Renan paints for us with such brilliant force. He preaches the kingdom of heaven, and of God, as something which he is appointed to complete. He represents himself as coming to satisfy the yearning of all religious hearts under the law, and that by manifesting the Father and the Father's will to his people, through himself the Son, and also by reconciling God's people to him. These truths do not appear in his teaching by slight hints and obscure suggestions. They pervade it thoroughly. All that he says is subservient to this manifestation and this reconciliation. There are no attempts to build up an abstract conception of God in the minds of the hearers; no elaborate views of man's nature and the nature of sin. Both God and man are spoken of with reference to the great act which the life of Jesus and his teaching, inseparable from one another, do constitute; God as the Father of his people, of the world, and man as the being whose task it is to return to the Father, and the Son of God, Son of Man, through whom alone the Father can be found and approached; these are the constant elements in the teaching. Who is this that claims to himself the keys of the Father's counsels, the power of opening again the closed fountains of the Father's love? Who is this that builds for himself a throne of God? It is the man whom we saw upon the green slopes of the secluded Nazareth. Do not the difficulties thicken around us if we have to accept the carpenter not as teacher merely but as God? M. Renan, indeed, would probably tell us that those discourses in which the Lord is most clearly set forth as God are found in the fourth Gospel; and he would set them aside. We will not abandon them: still our argument does not need them. It would be strange, indeed, if upon such a claim, so vital to the whole position of our Lord, the three synoptic Gospels were silent. But the formula with which he deals with the old law: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, . . . but *I say unto you*;"* the way in which he deals with forgiveness of sins; † with the questions of the Sabbath: ‡ are found in one of the synoptic Gospels. In them, too, it is recorded how he turned men's eyes towards himself in a way which no prophet had ever done: "He who is not with me is against me."§ "He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."|| Instead of faithfulness to Jehovah, which is the test between good and bad in

* Matt. v. † Matt. ix. 2-6. ‡ Matt. xii. 8.
§ Matt. xii. 30. || Matt. x. 37.

the Old Testament, faith in and love of himself is exacted of those who would come to him. The three Gospels furnish us with stronger evidence even yet. Jesus claims that Elias has gone before him; that where two or three are gathered in his name he will be there in the midst of them; that he will send the promise of the Father upon the disciples. Lastly, the words with which he sends his disciples forth are recorded by St. Matthew: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." What claim can be higher? We do not need, though we are thankful for, the passages in St. John which bring out more explicitly the divine attributes of Jesus. Of divinity there is no more and less. Any one of the texts we have quoted raises the whole question. Who is it that is thus omnipotent, omniscient, the sender of a new Spirit, the founder of a new faith? A carpenter of Nazareth, a "superior person," a "delightful Rabbi," answers M. Renan. No: one of two. Either a being who calmly claims the honour that is his due, because he is indeed the eternal Son of the Father; or one whose words are inexcusable blasphemy. That alternative the Jews saw clearly, and decided it more than once against Jesus. That alternative apostles accepted, and preached Jesus the Son of God. One of the apostles in particular had been a persecutor of Christians; had not shared the lot of Jesus when on earth, so that the personal character of the Master could be supposed to have biased his judgment to believe an untruth. Paul, with his strong mind, with his Jewish education, which had made him jealous for the one true God, fell at the feet of Jesus, and confessed him the Son of God; and for years of trouble preached him and his resurrection. Every congregation must have seen the same alternative, when belief in Jesus and the resurrection was put before them. Yet God blessed this preaching with abundant success. M. Renan, hardened against all physical miracles, accepts the marvel that the great tree of the Gospel, which overshadowed as it grew nation after nation, had its roots in delusion, was preached by a false Messiah, and supported with false wonders. Great is the credulity of unbelief!

These are the difficulties. The poor untaught carpenter, with no preternatural help, gathered into himself by some process

of education to which we know no parallel, such knowledge as enabled him to teach; and he taught no lesson but—himself. He found thirteen other men to preach the same thing. And these thirteen found a world to believe it; and God blessed it. Joy and peace, and the conviction of reconciliation with God, were shed abroad in many hearts thereafter. And yet, we are told, this teaching was fundamentally wrong, was the first stage in the aberration of a "delightful rabbi," who ought to have preached morality, and did indeed begin so to preach, but fell away to preaching his own personal claims, from a mistaken fancy that he was the Messiah of Jewish expectation. When we look at the character of Jesus, the difficulties are even increased. Since the Gospel, as preached by Jesus and his apostles, is an account of the great doings of Christ for the reconciliation of men with God, all is risked upon the character of the Redeemer. Every eye is directed towards him. The slightest shade upon his conduct or his wisdom is fatal to the whole scheme of doctrine, because the man and the doctrine are one. It is not so with the mere thinker. The controversies about the public conduct of Bacon have no effect on an estimate of his *Advancement of Learning*. Milton's opinions about divorce may lower him in our eyes, but they do not affect a line of *Paradise Lost*. But one who comes as Lawgiver and Deliverer from sin, must stand or fall with his character for purity and holiness. Now, from the first there has gone along with the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus an assertion of his sinlessness; and there is no other character in history of whom this can be said. Our Lord himself does not strongly assert this dogma, and this is in accordance with the humility of his whole character; but he does what is better; he presents the pattern and picture of a sinless man in his own life, and all who saw him drew the same inference from it. But his silence upon this point is full of meaning. He so truly humble, so sensible of the evil of sin, so keenly anxious to deliver his people from it, never once accuses himself, or expresses the need of a deliverer for himself. The question, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" is not decisive evidence of sinlessness in itself; it might have been put by one who was guilty before God, yet who felt that men could not accuse him. But coming where it does, amongst strong assertions of holiness in particular points and of authority, the very asking of such a question is a significant fact. "If God were your Father, ye would love me. . . . He that is of God heareth God's words" (i.e.,

the words of Christ). "I honour my Father. . . . My Father honoureth me. . . . I seek not my own glory. Before Abraham was, I am;" these are all parts of the same conversation. Then, if ever, was the time to admit any limitations, if there were any, to his power and holiness. Prophets did not scruple to admit that they were men of unclean lips, unworthy of the weight of that authority they were sent to bear. Jesus makes no such admission; he challenges comment upon any contradiction that could be alleged between his claims and his character; and such a question at such an opportunity seems to imply a strong assertion. But he showed himself sinless; and apostles, drawing their influence from his life, made for him the singular claim which had not been made for or by even the prophets, that he was absolutely free from sin. In him, they said, was no sin; he knew no sin; he did no sin;*—of all claims the most hazardous, of all challenges the most easy to meet. For it was put forward in the course of a strong endeavour to make every act and word of Jesus known; the apostles, as we have seen, preached him and his miracles and discourses, before all things. For us that criticise from a greater distance, four Gospels, offering many points of comparison and of discussion, are filled with the life of the Lord. What is the honest impression on our minds? M. Renan admits that his mind was of the highest moral temper, even though he expressly denies his sinlessness:

"The human race offers an assemblage of low beings, selfish, and superior to the animals only in that its selfishness is more reflective. From the midst of this vulgar uniformity, there are columns that rise towards the sky, and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the highest of these columns, which show to man whence he comes and whither he ought to tend. In him was condensed all that is good and elevated in our nature. He was not sinless; he has conquered the same passions that we combat; no angel of God comforted him, except his good conscience; no Satan tempted him, except that which each one bears in his heart. In the same way that many of his great qualities are lost to us, through the fault of his disciples, it is also probable that many of his faults have been concealed. But never has any one so much as he made the interests of humanity predominate in his life over the littlenesses of self-love. Unreservedly devoted to his mission (*idée*), he subordinated everything to it to such a degree that, towards the end of his life, the universe no longer existed to him. It was by this access of heroic will that he conquered heaven. There never was a man, Çakya-

Mouni perhaps excepted, who has to this degree trampled under foot the claims of family, the joys of this world, and all temporal care. Jesus only lived for his Father, and the divine mission which he believed himself destined to fulfil.

"As to us, children evermore, condemned to feebleness, we who labour without reaping, and who will never see the fruit of that which we have sown, let us bow before these demi-gods. They knew that which we do not: how to create, to affirm, to act. Will great originality be born again, or will the world content itself henceforth by following the ways opened by the bold creators of the ancient ages? We know not. But whatever may be the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will not be surpassed. His worship will constantly renew its youth, the tale of his life will cause ceaseless tears, his sufferings will soften the best hearts; all the ages will proclaim that, among the sons of men, there is none born greater than Jesus."

From one who rejects so much, this is high testimony. We assert that the records of the life of the Lord, taken together, make upon us the impression of a perfect human character; that they effect this, not by obtrusive assertions that he is sinless, not by forcing into prominence this or that virtue; not by descanting upon facts, and pointing out therein the elements of holiness; but by a simple unadorned record of the facts themselves. We assert that these facts, taken together, present a character such as has never had its equal for harmony and completeness. It is not that of a thinker who to round off a system or a book renounces practical life, and forgets the claims of to-day and of his own smaller circle in favour of posterity and of the whole race. It is not that of a busy philanthropist cheated out of thought and meditation by the daily claims of practical duty. It is the unique combination of a lofty intelligence, utterly untinged by the colours of the unfavourable atmosphere in which it moved, joined to a lowly and most sympathetic heart, to which no tale of present trouble ever was addressed in vain. It is the combination of the highest self-reliance with the most patient humility; a self-reliance which took up the task of reforming all the world, without seeking to propitiate the political powers, without the aid of armed force, without the resources of science,—a humility which withdrew itself from outward praise and honour, which never chafed under poverty, or contempt, or even under the worst indignities. Scattered through that mixed society lay all the materials of political conflagration; fanatics brooding over the desperate prospects of an ancient nationality; a Roman yoke which the nation

* 1 John iii. 5; 1 Pet. ii. 22; 2 Cor. v. 21.

hated in the name of God; bands of zealots ready to gather sword in hand on every mountain side, in every desert retreat, upon the call of some self-elected leader; and, behold, here is a young and ardent mind, accepted as a worker of miracles, acceptable as King of the Jews, if so he will have it; here he stands with the torch ready to his hand, and a touch will kindle the loose flax and straw into a flame. And the tempter comes to him with scowl of a double treason on his face, and, faithless to Cæsar and Messiah both, asks if it is lawful to pay Cæsar tribute; there is an infinite self-reliance and self-denial in the calm reply: "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's." Again the combination is not less singular, of claims unspeakably high, joined to the most perfect self-abnegation. Ever there spoke in his mind the consciousness that the powers of nature, that sin itself, that the powers of hell, were subject to him, and yet his life was one continued act of self-sacrifice, of self-abasement. The King of kings walking about Galilee as the servant of servants, with a court around him of fishers from the Sea of Tiberias, often with the starry vault of a Galilean sky for a palace, common to him and the leper and the beggar. This is what a reader of the Gospels finds. M. Renan thinks we shall never see the like, and we are glad to agree with him. It is this balance of qualities which is the true evidence of the Lord's perfection. History records for us many strong characters, many sweet ones. But human heroes pay the price of their good qualities in the shape of a certain one-sidedness. Great independence and self-reliance have been shown by many a reformer. But opposition hardens these qualities into something like ferocity. Many a Christian has so well learned his Master's lesson as to give himself wholly to works of love, and to resign all worldly pleasures in this behalf. But to blend the reformer's public mission with the private labours of charity, and to do this without the slightest trace of self-consciousness, was reserved for one alone. We might re-write the pages of Ullmann, Dorner, and De Pressensé* without exhausting this subject. But we commend it to the reflections of any honest reader of the Bible. It is the picture of a perfect man, of one adorned with the highest virtues, yet rich in sym-

thy for every human creature, for every incident of human life. And the sacred writers do not present any evidence of plan and contrivance, they do not even assert that they are describing the perfect. They overstrain nothing. They leave all the facts to our own interpretation; and a very few of them, as the "What have I to do with thee?" addressed to Mary at Cana, have been explained wrongly. The world has since confessed that the Gospels do describe a faultless moral character. M. Renan speaks of him as a "demi-god." The centurion who saw the close of his life said, "Truly this was the Son of God." We hold with the centurion. Jesus Christ himself is the great miracle of the gospel.

One argument that has been glanced at would require explanation. The claims of Jesus and his apostles are not a question of more or less. They are either true, or false beyond all pardon. Jesus was either a deliverer of men, a revealer of the Father, a worker of wonders in the power of God, a pure and spotless spirit free from the universal taint of human nature; or else—. We will not fill up the sentence with those terms that seem to belong to one that had usurped the awful prerogative of God. Now, no one questions that the Gospel has been a successful system, whether as to the extent of its conquests, the civilisation that has gone along with it, the literature that it has amassed, the power over human character to soften, raise, elevate, and control, which it has exerted all along. In point of results no system can compete with it. Now, are we to ascribe these results to the truth or to the falsehood of the message that has produced them? Do not glance over kingdoms and count the millions that delight to call themselves by Christ's name. But think only upon one single soul reclaimed from vice, re-fashioned for God in the image of Christ, ruled as from afar by the will of Christ, as the trained horse obeys the touch of a finger upon a rein; is this real work (how real any pastor knows) to be traced to the fact that one falsely called himself the Sent of God, put forth false claims to miraculous power, made fantastic promises of intercession with the Father, and was held up as sinless only by a fond delusion of his followers? If falsehood about the holiest things is so blessed with fruit that is not false, then surely there is no such divine rule of truth and justice over the world as we had supposed; and grapes may blossom upon the thorns, and figs be sought among the thistles. God blesses alike the truth and the lie. And the record of eighteen centuries of Church history is the account

* Ullmann, *Sündlosigkeit Jesu*; Gotha, 1863. Dorner, on the same subject, in *Jahrbücher für Deutsche Theologie*, vol. vii. E. De Pressensé, *Rédempteur*. Second Edit. Let us mention here an excellent work on the whole subject: Dr. Young's *Christ of History*.

of the exuberant vitality of a pious fraud at best, and at worst of simple fraud and falsehood. From the edge of this precipice even the non-Christian would try to struggle backwards. This moral earthquake, where an underlying falsehood shakes all the firm ground of truth, which we thought solid to the axis, we can only think of with horror.

But now the wonders of Nazareth are complete. This little town gave birth to a poor carpenter, who, with nothing to redeem him from the usual conditions of poverty in an obscure town, came forth as a teacher of men, and offered them deliverance from sin, and reconciliation with an offended God, in the name of that Father whose Son he claimed to be. His whole message is admitted to be original, powerful, elevating to the soul. His character was unique in its purity and in its strength. The priests and rulers were able to kill him, but they were not able to prevent the spreading of his doctrine; and multitudes embraced it, Jews and Greeks, upon the strange condition of belief in Jesus and his resurrection. God indeed has blessed this doctrine with marvellous success, and to this hour it is a powerful agent in the world, the cement of society, the comfort of mourners, the tamer of unruly wills and affections, the bringer of peace. Of the miracles that enforced the doctrine, we have as yet said nothing. In fact, a supposed antecedent impossibility of miracles leads some to a view of this history which is itself impossible. That this young unlettered man imagined, with no supernatural aid, a system which stands quite alone; that this youth, born in corrupt and evil times, in a town noted for worthlessness even in those times, of a people whose hopes were debased, whose apostacy from God was almost complete, whose literature was Talmuds and rabbinical trifling, stepped forth complete in all that makes a wise mind and a powerful will, and a fine and tender heart, with no savour whatever of the bad soil from whence he sprung; that God blessed his teaching with unparalleled success; and yet that all the most characteristic features of his teaching and life were either imposture and delusion, is a great marvel. Why should we dogmatize against physical miracles, and be so easy of belief as to moral miracles? The physical marvel, forsooth, is a mere rupture of the chain of causation: is not the moral miracle the same? Is it more surprising that Jesus called back life to the widow's son, and changed the morbid pallor of the dead face into the rosy hues of life, than that he himself rose out of the pale corpse of Judaism in the young bloom of spiritual health and

strength, and with a voice as from the dead proclaimed the meaning of law and prophets, and promised to fulfil them? Is it in the course of natural causation that, when Judaism was most corrupt, a character more perfect than that of all her prophets should illustrate her decline, and spring from a race whose every act and feeling was in violent contrast to his own? Surely if we understood moral causes as well as we do physical, and even this would be but a little, we should see it is a marvel, as a divine intervention, that Nazareth unconsciously produced One who contained all that the world required from its Saviour, power and wisdom and love unspeakable. If Christ rose not from the dead, if he wrought no miracles, then our conception of Christianity must be one that shocks every moral feeling; false claims of power, pretended miracles, deceived apostles, deluded converts, and a creed that placed on God's right hand an equal Son, blessed by that God whose glory it invades with every token of favour. It cannot be. By bandying about the records of the life of Jesus, and pruning and adding, the character, we are told, was shaped by degrees into its present purity, the doctrine acquired its present proportions. But this process, if it took place at all, was the work of the lowest orders; for such were the first believers. But what parallel is there in history for such a process? What notions were there, either Jewish and Pagan, at that time, out of which such an ideal could have been formed? We shall be answered that it was the Christians, those whom Christ attracted and formed, who formed the conception of Christ himself such as we have it. This is indeed reasoning in a circle. It would have needed preternatural wisdom in the disciples to fashion the system of the Gospel, and a higher standard of holiness than we have any trace of elsewhere to conceive his only character. Fatigued with these speculations which have no historic basis, which are really undertaken to get rid of miracles, of facts that rest on as good evidence as any historical fact whatever, we rest at last upon the oldest and best hypothesis, that this Jesus of the Gospels is represented as wise beyond man, as pure beyond angels, as resolute to the death, because such a man so lived, so taught, so acted, so loved; because he is verily the Son of God, the conqueror of death, the glorified Redeemer!

ART. VIII.—*Thackeray.*

THAT Mr. Thackeray was born in India in 1811; that he was educated at Charter House and Cambridge; that he left the University after a few terms' residence without a degree; that he devoted himself at first to art; that in pursuit thereof he lived much abroad "for study, for sport, for society;" that about the age of twenty-five, married, without fortune, without a profession, he began the career which has made him an English classic; that he pursued that career steadily till his death,—all this has, within the last few weeks, been told again and again.

It is a common saying that the lives of men of letters are uneventful. In an obvious sense this is true. They are seldom called on to take part in events which move the world, in politics, in the conflicts of nations; while the exciting incidents of sensation-novels are as rare in their lives as in the lives of other men. But men of letters are in no way exempt from the changes and chances of fortune; and the story of these, and of the effects which came from them, must possess an interest for all. Prosperity succeeded by cruel reverses; happiness, and the long prospect of it, suddenly clouded; a hard fight, with aims as yet uncertain, and powers unknown; success bravely won; the austerer victory of failure manfully borne; these things make a life truly eventful, and make the story of that life full of interest and instruction. They will all fall to be narrated when Mr. Thackeray's life shall be written; we have only now to do with them so far as they illustrate his literary career, of which we propose to lay before our readers an account as complete as is in our power, and as impartial as our warm admiration for the great writer we have lost will allow.

Many readers know Mr. Thackeray only as the Thackeray of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *The Virginians*, the quadrilateral of his fame, as they were called by the writer of an able and kindly notice in the *Illustrated News*. The four volumes of *Miscellanies*, published in 1857, though his reputation had been then established, are less known than they should be. But Mr. Thackeray wrote much which does not appear even in the *Miscellanies*; and some account of his early labours may not be unacceptable to our readers.

His first attempt was ambitious. He became connected as editor, and also, we suspect, in some measure, as proprietor, with a weekly literary journal, the fortunes of which were not prosperous. We believe the

journal to have been one which bore the imposing title of "The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts." Thackeray's editorial reign began about the 19th Number, after which he seems to have done a good deal of work—reviews, letters, criticisms, and verses. As the *National Standard* is now hardly to be met with out of the British Museum, we give a few specimens of these first efforts. There is a mock sonnet by W. Wordsworth, illustrative of a drawing of Braham in stage nautical costume, standing by a theatrical sea-shore; in the background an Israelite, with the clothes'-bag and triple hat of his ancient race; and in the sky, constellation-wise, appears, a Jew's harp, with a chaplet of bays round it. The sonnet runs:—

"Say not that Judah's harp hath lost its tone,
Or that no bard hath found it where it hung
Broken and lonely, voiceless and unstrung,
Beside the sluggish streams of Babylon:
Slowman* repeats the strain his fathers sung,
And Judah's burning lyre is Braham's own!
Behold him here! Here view the wondrous

man,

Majestical and lonely, as when first,
In music on a wondering world he burst,
And charm'd the ravish'd ears of Sov'reign
Anne.†

Mark well the form, O reader! nor deride
The sacred symbol—Jew's harp glorified—
Which, circled with a blooming wreath, is
seen

Of verdant bays; and thus are typified
The pleasant music, and the baize of green,
Whence issues out at eve Braham with front
serene."

We have here the germ of a style in which Thackeray became famous, though the humour of attributing this nonsense to Wordsworth, and of making Braham coeval with Queen Anne, is not now very plain. There is a yet more characteristic touch in a review of Montgomery's "Woman the Angel of Life," winding up with a quotation of some dozen lines, the order of which he says has been reversed by the printer, but as they read quite as well the one way as the other, he does not think it worth while to correct the mistake! A comical tale, called the "Devil's Wager," afterwards reprinted in the *Paris Sketch-Book*, also ap-

* "It is needless to speak of the eminent vocalist and improvisatore. He nightly delights a numerous and respectable audience at the Cider Cellar; and while on this subject I cannot refrain from mentioning the kindness of Mr. Evans, the worthy proprietor of that establishment. N.B.—A *table d'hôte* every Friday."—W. Wordsworth.

† "Mr. Braham made his first appearance in England in the reign of Queen Anne.—W. W."

peared in the *National Standard*, with a capital woodcut, representing the devil as sailing through the air, dragging after him the fat Sir Roger de Rollo by means of his tail, which is wound round Sir Roger's neck. The idea of this tale is characteristic. The venerable knight already in the other world, has made a foolish bet with the devil involving very seriously his future prospects there, which he can only win by persuading some of his relations on earth to say an Ave for him. He fails to obtain this slight boon from a kinsman successor for obvious reasons; and from a beloved niece, owing to a musical lover whose serenading quite puts a stop to her devotional exercises; and succeeds at last, only when, giving up all hope from compassion or generosity, he appeals by a pious fraud to the selfishness of a brother and a monk. The story ends with a very Thackerayan touch:—"The moral of this story will be given in several successive numbers;" the last three words are in the Sketch-Book changed into "the second edition."

Perhaps best of all is a portrait of Louis Philippe, presenting the Citizen King under the Robert Macaire aspect, the adoption and popularity of which Thackeray so carefully explains and illustrates in his Essay on "Caricatures and Lithography in Paris." Below the portrait are these lines, not themselves very remarkable, but in which, especially in the allusion to Snobs by the destined enemy of the race, we catch glimpses of the future:—

"Like 'the king in the parlour' he's fumbling
his money,

Like 'the queen in the kitchen' his speech
is all honey,

Except when he talks it, like Emperor Nap,
Of his wonderful feats at Fleurus and Jemappe;

But alas! all his zeal for the multitude's
gone,

And of no numbers thinking except Number
One!

No huzzas greet his coming, no patriot club
licks

The hand of 'the best of created republics.'
He stands in Paris, as you see him before ye,
Little more than a snob. That's an end of
the story."

The journal seems to have been an attempt to substitute vigorous and honest criticism of books and of art for the partiality and slipslop general then, and now not perhaps quite unknown. It failed, however, partly, it may be, from the inexperience of its managers, but doubtless still more from the want of the capital necessary to establish anything of the sort in the face of similar journals of old standing. People get into a

habit of taking certain periodicals unconsciously, as they take snuff. *The National Standard*, etc. etc., came into existence on the 5th January 1833, and ceased to be on the 1st February 1834.

His subsequent writings contain several allusions to this misadventure; from some of which we would infer that the break-down of the journal was attended with circumstances more unpleasant than mere literary failure. Mr. Adolphus Simcoe* (*Punch*, vol. iii.), when in a bad way from a love of literature and drink, completed his ruin by purchasing and conducting for six months that celebrated miscellany called the *Lady's Lute*, after which time "its chords were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them aside with such joy went forth a wretched and heart-broken man." And in *Lovel the Widower*, Mr. Batchelor narrates similar experiences:—

"I daresay I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I daresay I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses (to a being who shall be nameless, but whose conduct has caused a faithful heart to bleed not a little). I daresay I wrote satirical articles, in which I piqued myself on the fineness of my wit and criticisms, got up for the nonce, out of encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astonished at my own knowledge. I daresay I made a gaby of myself to the world; pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man."


Silence for a while seems to have followed upon this failure; but in 1836 his first attempt at independent authorship appeared simultaneously at London and Paris. This publication, at a time when he still hoped to make his bread by art, is, like indeed everything he either said or did, so characteristic, and has been so utterly forgotten, that an account of it may not be out of place, perhaps more minute than its absolute merits deserve.

It is a small folio, with six lithographs, slightly tinted, entitled *Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique dédié à—par Théophile*.

* The portrait of Mr. Adolphus, stretched out, "careless diffused,"—seedy, hungry, and diabolical, in his fashionable cheap hat, his dirty white duck trousers strapped tightly down, as being the mode and possibly to conceal his bare legs; a half-smoked, probably unsmokeably bad cigar, in his hand, which is lying over the arm of a tavern bench, from whence he is casting a greedy and ruffian eye upon some unseen fellows, supping plenteously and with cheer,—is, for power and drawing, not unworthy of Hogarth.

Wagstaffe. Between “à” and “par” on the cover is the exquisite *Flore* herself, all alone in some rosy and bedizened bower. She has the old jaded smirk, and, with eyebrows up and eyelids dropt, she is looking down oppressed with modesty and glory. Her nose, which is long, and has a ripe droop, gives to the semicircular smirk of the large mouth, down upon the centre of which it comes in the funniest way, an indescribably sentimental absurdity. Her thin, sinewy arms and large hands are crossed on her breast, and her petticoat stands out like an inverted white tulip—of muslin—out of which come her professional legs, in the only position which human nature never puts its legs into; it is her special *pose*. Of course, also, you are aware, by that smirk, that look of being looked at, that though alone in maiden meditation in this her bower, and sighing for her *Zephyr*, she is in front of some thousand pairs of eyes, and under the fire of many double-barrelled lorgnettes, of which she is the focus.

In the first plate, *La Danse fait ses offres sur l'autel de l'harmonie*, in the shapes of *Flöre* and *Zephyr* coming trippingly to the footlights, and paying no manner of regard to the altar of harmony, represented by a fiddle with an old and dreary face, and a laurel wreath on its head, and very great regard to the unseen but perfectly understood “house.” Next is *Triste et abattu, les séductions des Nymphes le (Zephyr) tentent en vain*, *Zephyr* looking theatrically sad. Then *Flöre* (with one lower extremity at more than a right angle to the other) *déplore l'absence de Zephyr*. The man in the orchestra endeavouring to combine business with pleasure, so as to play the flageolet and read his score, and at the same time miss nothing of the deploring, is intensely comic. Next *Zephyr* has his turn, and *dans un pas seul exprime sa suprême désespoir*—the extremity of despair being expressed by doubling one leg so as to touch the knee of the other, and then whirling round so as to suggest the regulator of a steam-engine run off. Next is the rapturous reconciliation, when the faithful creature bounds into his arms, and is held up to the house by the waist in the wonted fashion. Then there is *La Retraite de Flöre*, where we find her with her mother and two admirers—*Zephyr*, of course, not one. This in Thackeray’s strong unflinching line. One lover is a young dandy without forehead or chin, sitting idiotically astride his chair. To him the old lady, who has her slight rouge, too, and is in a homely shawl and muff, having walked, is making faded love. In the centre is the fair darling herself still on

tiptoe, and wrapped up, but not too much for her *fiacre*. With his back to the comfortable fire, and staring wickedly at her, is the other lover, a big, burly, elderly man, probably well to do on the Bourse, and with a wife and family at home in their beds. The last exhibits *Les délassements de Zephyr*. That hard-working and homely personage is resting his arm on the chimney-piece, taking a huge pinch of snuff from the box of a friend, with a refreshing expression of satisfaction, the only bit of nature as yet. A dear little innocent pot-boy, such as only Thackeray knew how to draw, is gazing and waiting upon the two, holding up a tray from the nearest tavern, on which is a great pewter-pot of foaming porter for *Zephyr*, and a rummer of steaming brandy and water for his friend, who has come in from the cold air. These drawings are lithographed by Edward Morton, son of “Speed the Plough,” and are done with that delicate strength and truth for which this excellent but little known artist is always to be praised. In each corner is the monogram  which appears so often afterwards with the M added, and is itself superseded by the well-known pair of spectacles. Thackeray must have been barely five-and-twenty when this was published by Mitchell in Bond Street. It can hardly be said to have sold.

Now it is worth noticing how in this, as always, he ridiculed the ugly and the absurd in truth and pureness. There is, as we may well know, much that is wicked (though not so much as the judging community are apt to think) and miserable in such a life. There is much that a young man and an artist might have felt and drawn in depicting it, of which in after years he would be ashamed; but “*Theophile Wagstaffe*” has done nothing of this. The effect of looking over these *juvenilia*—these first shafts from that mighty bow, now, alas! unbent—is good, is moral; you are sorry for the hard-wrought slaves; perhaps a little contemptuous towards the idle people who go to see them; and you feel, moreover, that the *Ballet*, as thus done, is ugly as well as bad, is stupid as well as destructive of decency.

His dream of editorship being ended, Mr. Thackeray thenceforward contented himself with the more lowly, but less responsible, position of a contributor, especially to *Fraser's Magazine*. The youth of *Fraser* was full of vigour and genius. We know no better reading than its early volumes, unsparing, indeed, but brilliant with scholarship and originality and fire. In these days, the staff of that periodical included such men as Maginn, “Barry Cornwall,” Coleridge, Carlyle, Hogg, Galt, Theodore Hook, Delta, Gleig,

Edward Irving, and, now foremost of them all, Thackeray. The first of the *Yellowplush Correspondence* appeared in November 1837. The world should be grateful to Mr. John Henry Skelton, who in that year wrote a book called *My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct*, for to him is owing the existence of Mr. Charles Yellowplush as a critic, and as a narrator of "fashionable fax and polite annygoats." Mr. Yellowplush, on reading Mr. Skelton's book, saw at once that only a gentleman of his distinguished profession could competently criticise the same; and this was soon succeeded by the wider conviction that the great subject of fashionable life should not be left to any "common writin' creatures," but that an authentic picture thereof must be supplied by "ONE OF US." In the words of a note to the first paper, with the initials O. Y., but which it is easy to recognise as the work of Mr. Charles himself without the plush:—"He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned. It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with the only authentic picture of fashionable life which has been given to the world in our time." The idea was not carried out very fully. The only pictures sketched by Mr. Yellowplush were the farce of "Miss Shum's Husband," and the terrible tragedy of "Deuceace," neither of them exactly "pictures of fashionable life." We rather fancy that, in the story of Mr. Deuceace, Mr. Yellowplush was carried away from his original plan, a return to which he found impossible after that wonderful medley of rascality, grim humour, and unrelieved bedevilry of all kinds. But in 1838 he reverted to his original critical tendencies, and demolished all that *The Quarterly* had left of a book which made some noise in its day, called *A Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*; and wrote from his pantry one of the "Epistles to the Literati," expressing his views of Sir Edward Lytton's *Sea Captain*, than which we know of no more good-natured, trenchant, and conclusive piece of criticism. All the Yellowplush papers except the first are re-published in the *Miscellanies*.

In 1839, appeared the story of *Catherine*, by Ikey Solomon. This story is little known, and it throws us back upon one still less known. In 1832, when Mr. Thackeray was

not more than twenty-one, *Elisabeth Brownrigge: a tale*, was narrated in the August and September numbers of *Fraser*. This tale is dedicated to the author of *Eugene Aram*, and the author describes himself as a young man who has for a length of time applied himself to literature, but entirely failed in deriving any emoluments from his exertions. Depressed by failure he sends for the popular novel of *Eugene Aram* to gain instruction therefrom. He soon discovers his mistake:—

"From the frequent perusal of older works of imagination I had learnt so to weave the incidents of my story as to interest the feelings of the reader in favour of virtue, and to increase his detestation of vice. I have been taught by *Eugene Aram* to mix vice and virtue up together in such an inextricable confusion as to render it impossible that any preference should be given to either, or that the one, indeed, should be at all distinguishable from the other. In taking my subject from that walk of life to which you had directed my attention, many motives conspired to fix my choice on the heroine of the ensuing tale; she is a classic personage,—her name has been already 'linked to immortal verse' by the muse of Canning. Besides, it is extraordinary that, as you had commenced a tragedy under the title of *Eugene Aram*, I had already sketched a burletta with the title of *Elisabeth Brownrigge*. I had, indeed, in my dramatic piece, been guilty of an egregious and unpardonable error: I had attempted to excite the sympathies of the audience in favour of the murdered apprentices, but your novel has disabused me of so vulgar a prejudice, and, in my present version of her case, all the interest of the reader and all the pathetic powers of the author will be engaged on the side of the murderer."

According to this conception the tale proceeds, with incidents and even names taken directly from the *Newgate Calendar*, but rivalling *Eugene Aram* itself in magnificence of diction, absurdity of sentiment, and pomp of Greek quotation. The trial scene and speech for the defence are especially well hit off. If *Elisabeth Brownrigge* was written by Thackeray, and the internal evidence seems to us strong, the following is surprising criticism from a youth of twenty-one—the very Byron and Bulwer age:—

"I am inclined to regard you (the author of *Eugene Aram*) as an original discoverer in the world of literary enterprise, and to reverence you as the father of a new '*lusus naturæ* school.' There is no other title by which your manner could be so aptly designated. I am told, for instance, that in a former work, having to paint an adulterer, you described him as belonging to the class of country curates, among whom, perhaps, such a criminal is not met with once in a hundred years; while, on the contrary, being

in search of a tender-hearted, generous, sentimental, high-minded hero of romance, you turned to the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*, and looked for him in the list of men who have cut throats for money, among whom a person in possession of such qualities could never have been met with at all. Wanting a shrewd, selfish, worldly, calculating valet, you describe him as an old soldier, though he bears not a single trait of the character which might have been moulded by a long course of military service, but, on the contrary, is marked by all the distinguishing features of a bankrupt attorney, or a lame duck from the Stock Exchange. Having to paint a cat, you endow her with the idiosyncracies of a dog."

At the end the author intimates that he is ready to treat with any liberal publisher for a series of works in the same style, to be called *Tales of the Old Bailey, or Romances of Tyburn Tree*. The proposed series is represented only by *Catherine*, a longer and more elaborate effort in the same direction. It is the narrative of the misdeeds of Mrs. Catherine Hayes, — an allusion to whose criminality in after days brought down upon the author of *Pendennis* an amusing outpouring of fury from Irish patriotism, forgetting in its excitement that the name was borne by a heroine of the *Newgate Calendar* as well as by the accomplished singer whom we all regret. The purpose of *Catherine* is the same as that of *Elisabeth Brownrigge* — to explode the *lusus naturæ* school; but the plan adopted is slightly different. Things had got worse than they were in 1832. The public had called for coarse stimulants and had got them. *Jack Sheppard* had been acquiring great popularity in *Bentley's Miscellany*; and the true feeling and pathos of many parts of *Oliver Twist* had been marred by the unnatural sentimentalism of Nancy. Mr. Ikey Solomon objected utterly to these monstrosities of literature, and thought the only cure was a touch of realism; an attempt to represent blackguards in some measure as they actually are: —

"In this," he says, "we have consulted nature and history rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that — bless the little dears! — their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we are to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and

create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves and sympathizing with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the *Newgate Calendar*, which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtue. And if the British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, — we shall be content. We shall apply to Government for a pension, and think that our duty is done."

Again, further on in the same story: —

"The public will hear of nothing but rogues; and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram, or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin, or prate eternally about τὸ καλόν, like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die whitewashed saints, like poor Biss Dadsy in *Oliver Twist*. No, my dear madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathize with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney. Men of genius, like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable, to be feeding your morbid fancies, or indulging their own with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history; they are all rascals every soul of them, and behave 'as sich.' Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it; don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there."

Neither of these tales, though it is very curious to look back at them now, can be considered quite successful. And the reason of this is not hard to find. It was impossible that they could be attractive as stories; while, on the other hand, the humour was not broad enough to command attention for itself. They were neither sufficiently interesting, nor sufficiently amusing. They are caricatures without the element of

caricature. In *Elisabeth*, we have little but the story of a crime committed by a criminal actuated by motives and overflowing with sentiments of the Eugene Aram type. *Catherine* is more ambitious. In it an attempt is made to construct a story—to delineate character. The rival loves of Mr. Bullock and Mr. Hayes, and the adventures of the latter on his marriage-day, show, to some extent, the future novelist; while in the pictures of the manners of the times, slight though they are, in the characters of Corporal Brock and Cornet Galgenstein, and M. l'Abbé O'Flaherty, we can trace, or at least we now fancy we can trace—the author of *Barry Lyndon* and *Henry Esmond*. *Catherine* herself, in her gradual progress from the village jilt to a murderess, is the most striking thing in the story, and is a sketch of remarkable power. But nothing could make a story interesting which consists of little more than the seduction of a girl, the intrigues of a mistress, the discontent of a wife growing into hatred and ending in murder. At the close, indeed, the writer resorts to the true way of making such a *jeu d'esprit* attractive—burlesque. He concludes, though too late altogether to save the piece, in a blaze of theatrical blue-fire; and it was this idea of burlesque or extravagant caricature which led to the perfected successes of *George de Barnwell* and *Codlingsby*. In a literary point of view, it is well worth while to go back upon those early efforts; and we have dwelt upon them the more willingly that their purpose and the literary doctrine they contend for would be well remembered at this very time. We have given up writing about discovered criminals only to write more about criminals not yet found out; the *lusus nature* school has given place to the sensational; the literature of the *Newgate Calendar* has been supplanted by the literature of the detective officer—a style rather the worse and decidedly the more stupid of the two. The re-publication of *Catherine* might be a useful, and would be a not unpleasing specific in the present diseased state of literary taste. We have said that the hand of the master is traceable in the characters of this tale. We have also a good example of what was always a marked peculiarity, both in his narrative writings, and in his representations of composite natures, what some one has called his “sudden pathos,” an effect of natural and unexpected contrast always deeply poetical in feeling, such as the love of Barry Lyndon for his son, the association of a murderess eyeing her victim, with images of beauty and happiness and peace. We quote the passage, although, as is always the case with the best

things of the best writers, it suffers greatly by separation from the context, the force of the contrast being almost entirely lost:—

“Mrs. Hayes sat up in the bed sternly regarding her husband. There is, be sure, a strong magnetic influence in wakeful eyes so examining a sleeping person; do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?”

In 1840, the *Shabby Genteel Story* appeared in *Fraser*, which broke off sorrowfully enough, as we are told, “at a sad period of the writer’s own life,” to be afterwards taken up in *The Adventures of Philip*. The story is not a pleasant one, nor can we read it without pain, although we know that the after fortunes of the Little Sister are not altogether unhappy. But it shows clear indications of growing power and range; Brandon, Tufthunt, the Gann family, and Lord Cinqbars, can fairly claim the dignity of ancestors. The *Great Hoggarty Diamond* came in 1841. This tale was always, we are informed in the preface to a separate edition in 1849, a great favourite with the author—a judgment, however, in which at first he stood almost alone. It was refused by one magazine before it found a place in *Fraser*; and when it did appear it was little esteemed, or, indeed, noticed in any way. The late Mr. John Sterling took a different view, and wrote Mr. Thackeray a letter which “at that time gave me great comfort and pleasure.” Few will now venture to express doubts of Mr. Sterling’s discernment. But in reality we suspect that this story is not very popular. It is said to want humour and power; but, on the other hand, in its beauty of pathos and tenderness of feeling, quite indescribable, it reaches a higher point of art than any of the minor tales; and these qualities have gained for it admirers very enthusiastic if not numerous. *Fraser* for June of the same year has a most enjoyable paper called “Memorials of Gormandizing,” in which occurs the well-known adaptation of the “*Persicos Odi*”—“Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is;” a paper better than anything in the “Original,” better because simpler than Hayward’s *Art of Dining*, and which should certainly be restored to a dinner-eating world. To say nothing of its quiet humour and comical earnestness, it has a real practical value. It would be invaluable to all the hungry Britons in Paris who lower our national character, and, what is a far greater calamity, demoralize even French cooks, by their

well-meant but ignorant endeavours to dine. There is a description of a dinner at the Café Foy altogether inimitable; so graphic that the reader almost fancies himself in the actual enjoyment of the felicity depicted. Several of the Fitz-Boodle papers, which appeared in 1842-43, are omitted in the Miscellanies. But in spite of the judgment of the author himself we venture to think that Mr. Fitz-Boodle's love experiences as recorded in "Miss Löwe" (October 1842), "Dorothea" (January 1843), and "Ottilia" (February 1843), are not unworthy of a place beside the "Ravenswing," and should be preserved as a warning to all fervent young men. And during these hard-working years we have also a paper on "Dickens in France," containing an amazing description of Nicholas Nickleby as translated and adapted (bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated indeed!) to the Parisian stage, followed by a hearty defence of Boz against the criticisms of Jules Janin; and "Bluebeard's Ghost," in its idea—that of carrying on a well-known story beyond its proper end—the forerunner of Rebecca and Rowena. "Little Travels" is the title of two papers, in May and October 1844,—sketches from Belgium, closely resembling, certainly not inferior to the roundabout paper called a "Week's Holiday;" and our enumeration of his contributions to *Fraser* closes with the incomparable "Barry Lyndon." "The Hoggarty Diamond" is better and purer, and must therefore rank higher; but "Barry Lyndon" in its own line stands, we think, unrivalled; immeasurably superior, if we must have comparative criticism, to "Count Fathom;" superior even to the history of "Jonathan Wild." It seems to us to equal the sarcasm and remorseless irony of Fielding's masterpiece, with a wider range and a more lively interest.

Mr. Thackeray's connexion with *Punch* began very early in the history of that periodical, and he continued a constant contributor at least up to 1850. The acquisition was an invaluable one to *Mr. Punch*. Without undue disparagement of that august dignitary it may now be said that at first he was too exclusively metropolitan in his tone, too much devoted to "natural histories" of medical students and London idlers—in fact somewhat cockney. Mr. Thackeray at once stamped it with a different tone; made its satire universal, adapted its fun to the appreciation of cultivated men. On the other hand, the connexion with *Punch* must have been of the utmost value to Mr. Thackeray. He had the widest range, could write without restraint, and without the finish and completeness necessary in more formal publica-

tions. The unrestrained practice in *Punch*, besides the improvement in style and in modes of thought which practice always gives, probably had no small share in teaching him wherein his real strength lay. For it is worthy of notice in Mr. Thackeray's literary career that this knowledge did not come easily or soon, but only after hard work, and much experience. His early writings both in *Fraser* and *Punch* were as if groping. In these periodicals his happier efforts come last, and after many preludes—some of them broken off abruptly: "Catherine" is lost in "George de Barnwell;" "Yellowplush" and "Fitz-Boodle" are the preambles to "Barry Lyndon" and "The Hoggarty Diamond;" *Punch's* "Continental Tour" and the "Wanderings of the Fat Contributor" close untimely, and are succeeded by the "Snob Papers" and the kindly wisdom of the elder Brown. Fame, indeed, was not now far off; but ere it could be reached there remained yet repeated effort and frequent disappointment. With peculiar pleasure we now recall the fact that these weary days of struggle and obscurity were cheered in no inconsiderable degree by the citizens of Edinburgh.

There happened to be placed in the window of an Edinburgh jeweller a silver statuette of *Mr. Punch*, with his dress *en rigueur*,—his comfortable and tidy paunch, with all its buttons; his hunch; his knee-breeches, with their ties; his compact little legs, one foot a little forward; and the intrepid and honest, kindly little fellow firmly set on his pins, with his customary look of up to and good for anything. In his hand was his weapon, a pen; his skull was an inkhorn, and his cap its lid. A passer-by—who had long been grateful to our author, as to a dear unknown and enriching friend, for his writings in *Fraser* and in *Punch*, and had longed for some way of reaching him, and telling him how his work was relished and valued—bethought himself of sending this inkstand to Mr. Thackeray. He went in, and asked its price. "Ten guineas, sir." He said to himself, "There are many who feel as I do; why shouldn't we send him up to him? I'll get eighty several half-crowns, that will do it;" (he had ascertained that there would be discount for ready money). With the help of a friend, who says he awoke to Thackeray, and divined his great future, when he came, one evening, in *Fraser* for May 1844, on the word "*kinopium*,"* the half-crowns were

* Here is the passage. It is from *Little Travels and Roadside Sketches*. Why are they not republished? We must have his *Opera Omnia*. He is on the top of the Richmond omnibus. "If I were a great prince, and rode outside of coaches (as I should

soon forthcoming, and it is pleasant to remember, that in the "octogint" are the names of Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton, who gave their half-crowns with the heartiest good will. A short note was written telling the story. The little man in silver was duly packed, and sent with the following inscription round the base:—

GULIELMO MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ARMA VIRUMQUE

GRATI NECNON GRATÆ EDINENSES

LXXX.

D. . . . D. . . . D.

To this the following reply was made:—

13, YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON SQUARE,

May 11, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The arms and the man arrived in safety yesterday, and I am glad to know the names of two of the eighty Edinburgh friends who have taken such a kind method of showing their good-will towards me. If you are grati I am gratior. Such tokens of regard & sympathy are very precious to a writer like myself, who have some difficulty still in making people understand what you have been good enough to find out in Edinburgh that under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman who means not unkindly to any mortal person. I can see exactly the same expression under the vizard of my little friend in silver, and hope some day to shake the whole octogint by the hand gratos & gratas, and thank them for their friendliness and regard. I think I had best say no more on the subject lest I should be tempted into some enthusiastic writing of w^h I am afraid. I assure you these tokens

if I were a great prince), I would, whether I smoked or not, have a case of the best Havannahs in my pocket, not for my own smoking, but to give them to the snobs on the coach, who smoke the vilest cheroots. They poison the air with the odour of their filthy weed. A man at all easy in circumstances would spare himself much annoyance by taking the above simple precaution.

"A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back, and asked for a light. He was a footman or rather valet. He had no livery, but the three friends who accompanied him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets, with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

"After tapping me on the back, and when he had finished his cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind instrument, which he called a 'kinopium,' a sort of trumpet, on which he showed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the kinopium an abominable air, which he said was the 'Duke's March.' It was played by the particular request of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

"The noise was so abominable, that even the coachman objected, and said it was not allowed to play on *his* bus. 'Very well,' said the valet, '*we're only of the Duke of B—'s establishment, THAT'S ALL.*'"

of what I can't help acknowledging as popularity—make me humble as well as grateful—and make me feel an almost awful sense of the responsibility w^h falls upon a man in such a station. Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind, and to laugh at many things w^h men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, & to see it aright, according to the eyes w^h God Almighty gives me. And if, in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel and am thankful for this support. Indeed I can't reply lightly upon this subject or feel otherwise than very grave when people begin to praise me as you do. Wishing you and my Edinburgh friends all health and happiness believe me my dear Sir most faithfully yours
W. M. THACKERAY."

How like the man is this gentle and serious letter, written these long years ago! He tells us frankly his "calling:" he is a preacher to mankind. He "laughs," he does not sneer. He asks home questions at himself as well as the world: "Who is this?" Then his feeling "not otherwise than very grave" when people begin to praise, is true Conscientiousness. This servant of his Master hoped to be able "to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me." His picture by himself will be received as correct *now*, "a sentimental gentleman, meaning not unkindly to any mortal person"—sentimental in its good old sense, and a gentleman in heart and speech. And that little touch about enthusiastic writing, proving all the more that the enthusiasm itself was there.

Of his work in *Punch*, the "Ballads of Pleaceman X," the "Snob Papers," "Jeames' Diary," the "Travels and Sketches in London," a "Little Dinner at Timmins," are now familiar to most readers. But besides these he wrote much which has found no place in the Miscellanies. M. de la Pluche discoursed touching many matters other than his own rise and fall. "Our Fat Contributor" wandered over the face of the earth gaining and imparting much wisdom and experience, if little information; Dr. Solomon Pacifico "prosed" on various other things besides the "pleasures of being a Fogy;" and even two of the "Novels by Eminent Hands," *Crinoline* and *Stars and Stripes*, have been left to forgetfulness. "Mrs. Tickletoby's Lectures on the History of England," in vol. iii. are especially good reading. Had they been completed, they would have formed a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history. His contributions to *Punch* became less frequent about 1850,

but the connexion was not entirely broken off till much later; we remember, in 1854, the "Letters from the Seat of War, by our own Bashi-Bazouk," who was, in fact, Major Gahagan again, always foremost in his country's cause. To the last, as *Mr. Punch* has himself informed us, he continued to be an adviser and warm friend, and was a constant guest at the weekly *symposia*.

In addition to all this work for periodicals, Mr. Thackeray had ventured on various independent publications. We have already alluded to *Flore et Zephyr*, his first attempt. In 1840, he again tried fortune with "The Paris Sketch-Book," which is at least remarkable for a dedication possessing the quite peculiar merit of expressing real feeling. It is addressed to M. Aretz, Tailor, 27, Rue Richelieu, Paris; and we quote it the more readily that, owing to the failure of these volumes to attract public attention, the rare virtues of that gentleman have been less widely celebrated than they deserve:—

"SIR,—It becomes every man in his station to acknowledge and praise virtue wheresoever he may find it, and to point it out for the admiration and example of his fellow-men.

"Some months since, when you presented to the writer of these pages a small account for coats and pantaloons manufactured by you, and when you were met by a statement from your debtor that an immediate settlement of your bill would be extremely inconvenient to him, your reply was, 'Mon dieu, Sir, let not that annoy you; if you want money, as a gentleman often does in a strange country, I have a thousand-franc note at my house, which is quite at your service.' History or experience, Sir, makes us acquainted with so few actions that can be compared to yours—an offer like this from a stranger and a tailor seems to me so astonishing—that you must pardon me for making your virtue public, and acquainting the English nation with your merit and your name. Let me add, Sir, that you live on the first floor; that your cloths and fit are excellent, and your charges moderate and just; and, as a humble tribute of my admiration, permit me to lay these volumes at your feet.—Your obliged faithful servant, M. A. TITMARSH."

Some of the papers in these two volumes were reprints, as "Little Poinset" and "Cartouche" from *Fraser* for 1839; "Mary Ancel" from *The New Monthly* for 1839; others appeared then for the first time. They are, it must be confessed, of unequal merit. "A Caution to Travellers" is a swindling business, afterwards narrated in *Pendennis* by Amory or Altamont as among his own respectable adventures; "Mary Ancel," and "The Painter's Bargain" are amusing stories; while a "Gambler's Death" is a tale quite awful in the everyday reality of

its horror. There is much forcible criticism on the French school of painting and of novel-writing, and two papers especially good called "Caricatures and Lithography in Paris," and "Meditations at Versailles," the former of which gives a picture of Parisian manners and feelings in the Orleans times in no way calculated to make us desire those days back again; the latter an expression of the thoughts called up by the splendours of Versailles and the beauty of the Petit Trianon, in its truth, sarcasm, and half-melancholy, worthy of his best days. All these the public, we think, would gladly welcome in a more accessible form. Of the rest of the *Sketch-Book* the same can hardly be said, and yet we should ourselves much regret never to have seen, for example, the four graceful imitations of Béranger.

The appreciative and acquisitive tendencies of our Yankee friends forced, we are told, independent authorship on Lord Macaulay and Sir James Stephen. We owe to the same cause the publication of the "Comic Tales and Sketches" in 1841; Mr. Yellowplush's memoirs having been more than once reprinted in America before that date. The memoirs were accompanied with "The Fatal Boots" (from the *Comic Almanack*); the "Bedford Row Conspiracy," and the Reminiscence of that astonishing Major Gahagan (both from the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1838-40, a periodical then in great glory, with Hood, Marryat, Jerrold, and Laman Blanchard among its contributors); all now so known and so appreciated that the failure of this third effort seems altogether unaccountable. In 1843, however, the "Irish Sketch-Book" was, we believe, tolerably successful; and in 1846 the "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo" was still more so; in which year also *Vanity Fair* began the career which has given him his place and name in English literature.

We have gone into these details concerning Mr. Thackeray's early literary life, not only because they seem to us interesting and instructive in themselves; not only because we think his severe judgment rejecting so many of his former efforts should in several instances be reversed; but because they give us much aid in arriving at a true estimate of his genius. He began literature as a profession early in life—about the age of twenty-five—but even then he was, as he says of Addison, "full and ripe." Yet it was long before he attained the measure of his strength, or discovered the true bent of his powers. His was no sudden leap into fame. On the contrary, it was by slow degrees, and after many and vain endeavours that he attained to anything like success

Were it only to show how hard these endeavours were, the above retrospect would be well worth while; not that the retrospect is anything like exhaustive. In addition to all we have mentioned, he wrote for the *Westminster*, for the *Examiner*, and the *Times*; was connected with the *Constitutional*, and, also, it is said, with the *Torch* and the *Parthenon*—these last three being papers which enjoyed a brief existence. No man ever more decidedly refuted the silly notion which disassociates genius from labour. His industry must have been unremitting, for he worked slowly, rarely retouching, writing always with great thought and habitual correctness of expression. His writing would of itself show this; always neat and plain; capable of great beauty and minuteness. He used to say that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed (not the Athanasian) in the size of one. He considered and practised caligraphy as one of the fine arts, as did Porson and Dr. Thomas Young. He was continually catching new ideas from passing things, and seems frequently to have carried his work in his pocket, and when a thought, or a turn, or a word struck him, it was at once recorded. In the fulness of his experience, he was well pleased when he wrote six pages of *Esmond* in a day; and he always worked in the day, not at night. He never threw away his ideas; if at any time they passed unheeded, or were carelessly expressed, he repeats them or works them up more tellingly. In these earlier writings we often stumble upon the germ of an idea, or a story, or a character with which his greater works have made us already familiar; thus the swindling scenes during the sad days of Becky's decline and fall, and the Baden sketches in the *Newcomes*, the Deuceaces, and Punters, and Lodgers, are all in the *Yellowplush Papers* and the *Paris Sketch-Book*; the University pictures of *Pendennis* are sketched, though slightly, in the *Shabby-Genteel Story*; the anecdote of the child whose admirer of seven will learn that she has left town "from the newspapers," is transferred from the "Book of Snobs" to Ethel Newcome; another child, in a different rank of life, whose acquisition of a penny gains for her half-a-dozen sudden followers and friends, appears, we think, three times; "Canute," neglected in *Punch*, is incorporated in *Rebecca and Rowena*. And his names, on which he bestowed no ordinary care, and which have a felicity almost deserving an article to themselves, are repeated again and again. He had been ten years engaged in literary work before the conception of *Vanity Fair* grew up. Fortunately

for him it was declined by at least one magazine, and, as we can well believe, not without much anxiety and many misgivings he sent it out to the world alone. Its progress was at first slow; but we cannot think its success was ever doubtful. A friendly notice in the *Edinburgh*, when eleven numbers had appeared, did something, the book itself did the rest; and before *Vanity Fair* was completed, the reputation of its author was established.

Mr. Thackeray's later literary life is familiar to all. It certainly was not a life of idleness. *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, *Philip*; the Lectures on the "Humorists" and the "Georges;" and that wonderful series of Christmas stories, *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*, *Our Street*, *Dr. Birch*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, and *The Rose and the Ring*, represent no small labour on the part of the writer, no small pleasure and improvement on the part of multitudes of readers. For the sake of the *Cornhill Magazine* he reverted to the editorial avocations of his former days, happily with a very different result both on the fortunes of the periodical and his own, but, we should think, with nearly as much discomfort to himself. The public, however, were the gainers, if only they owe to this editorship the possession of *Lovel the Widower*. We believe that *Lovel* was written for the stage, and was refused by the management of the Olympic about the year 1854. Doubtless the decision was wise, and *Lovel* might have failed as a comedy. But as a tale it is quite unique—full of humour, and curious experience of life, and insight; with a condensed vigour, and grotesque effects and situations which betray its dramatic origin. The tone of many parts of the book, particularly the description of the emotions of a disappointed lover, shows the full maturity of the author's powers; but there is a daring and freshness about other parts of it which would lead us to refer the dramatic sketch even to an earlier date than 1854. This imperfect sketch of his literary labours may be closed, not inappropriately, with the description which his "faithful old Gold Pen" gives us of the various tasks he set it to:—

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused
pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart
bled.

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Bidding to the wine that long has ceased to
flow,

Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answered
all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery;
Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie."

"En réalité," says the writer of an interesting notice in *Le Temps*, "l'auteur de *Vanity Fair* (la Foire aux vanités) est un satiriste, un moraliste, un humoriste, auquel il a manqué, pour être tout-à-fait grand, d'être un artiste. Je dis tout-à-fait grand; car s'il est douteux que, comme humoriste, on le puisse comparer soit à Lamb, soit à Sterne, il est bien certain, du moins, que comme satiriste, il ne connaît pas de supérieurs, pas même Dryden, pas même Swift, pas même Pope. Et ce qui le distingue d'eux, ce qui l'élève au dessus d'eux, ce qui fait de lui un génie essentiellement original, c'est que sa colère, pour qui est capable d'en pénétrer le secret, n'est au fond que la réaction d'une nature tendre, furieuse d'avoir été désappointée." Beyond doubt the French critic is right in holding Thackeray's special powers to have been those of a satirist or humorist. We shall form but a very inadequate conception of his genius if we look at him exclusively, or even chiefly, as a novelist. His gifts are not those of a teller of stories. He made up a story in which his characters played their various parts, because the requirement of interest is at the present day imperative, and because stories are well paid for, and also because to do this was to a certain extent an amusement to himself; but it was often, we suspect, a great worry and puzzle to him, and never resulted in any marked success. It is not so much that he is a bad constructor of a plot, as that his stories have no plot at all. We say nothing of such masterpieces of constructive art as *Tom Jones*; he is far from reaching even the careless power of the stories of Scott. None of his novels end with the orthodox marriage of hero and

heroine, except *Pendennis*, which might just as well have ended without it. The stereotyped matrimonial wind-up in novels can of course very easily be made game of; but it has a rational meaning. When a man gets a wife and a certain number of hundreds a year, he grows stout, and his adventures are over. Hence novelists naturally take this as the crisis in a man's life to which all that has gone before leads up. But for Mr. Thackeray's purposes a man or woman is as good after marriage as before it—indeed rather better. To some extent this is intentional; a character, as he says somewhere, is too valuable a property to be easily parted with. Besides, he is not quite persuaded that marriage concludes all that is interesting in the life of the man: "As the hero and heroine pass the matrimonial barrier, the novelist generally drops the curtain, as if the drama were over then, the doubts and struggles of life ended; as if, once landed in the marriage country, all were green and pleasant there, and wife and husband had nothing but to link each other's arms together, and wander gently downward towards old age in happy and perfect fruition." But he demurs to this view; and as he did not look on a man's early life as merely an introduction to matrimony, so neither did he regard that event as a final conclusion. Rejecting then this natural and ordinary catastrophe, he makes no effort to provide another. His stories stop, but they don't come to an end. There seems no reason why they should not go on further, or why they should not have ceased before. Nor does this want of finish result from weariness on the part of the writer, or from that fear of weariness on the part of readers which Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham expresses to Miss Martha Buskbody:—"Really, Madame, you must be aware that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion; just like your tea, which, thought excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already vapid, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language." It arises from the want of a plot, from the want often of any hero or heroine round whom a plot can centre. Most novelists know how to let the life out towards the end, so that the story dies quite naturally, having been wound up for so long. But his airy nothings, if once

life is breathed into them, and they are made to speak and act, and love and hate, will not die; on the contrary, they grow in force and vitality under our very eye; the curtain comes sheer down upon them when they are at their best. Hence his trick of re-introducing his characters into subsequent works as fresh and life-like as ever. He does not indeed carry this so far as Dumas, whose characters are traced with edifying minuteness of detail from boyhood to the grave; Balzac or our own Trollope afford, perhaps a closer comparison, although neither of these writers—certainly not Mr. Trollope—rivals Thackeray in the skill with which such re-appearances are managed. In the way of delineation of character we know of few things more striking in its consistency and truth than Beatrix Esmond grown into the Baroness Bernstein: the attempt was hazardous, the success complete.

Yet this deficiency in constructive art was not inconsistent with dramatic power of the highest order. Curiously enough, if his stories for the most part end abruptly, they also for the most part open well. Of some of them, as *Pendennis* and the *Newcomes*, the beginnings are peculiarly felicitous. But his dramatic power is mainly displayed in his invention and representation of character. In invention his range is perhaps limited, though less so than is commonly said. He has not, of course, the sweep of Scott, and even where a comparison is fairly open, he does not show Scott's creative faculty; thus, good as his high life below stairs may be, he has given us no Jenny Dennison. He does not attempt artisan life, like George Eliot, nor, like other writers of the day, affect rural simplicity, or delineate provincial peculiarities (the Mulligan and Costigan are national), or represent special views or opinions. But he does none of these things,—not so much because his range is limited as because his art is universal. There are many phases of human life on which he has not touched; few developments of human nature. He has caught those traits which are common to all mankind—peer and artisan alike, and he may safely omit minor points of distinction. It is a higher art to draw men, than to draw noblemen or workingmen. If the specimen of our nature be brought before us, it matters little whether it be dressed in a lace coat or a fustian jacket. Among novelists he stands, in this particular, hardly second to Scott. His pages are filled with those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. Almost every passion and emotion of the heart of man finds a place in his pictures. These pictures are taken mainly

from the upper and middle classes of society; with an occasional excursion into Bohemia, sometimes even into depths beyond that pleasant land of lawlessness. In variety, truth, and consistency, they are unrivalled. They are not caricatures, they are not men of humours; they are the men and women whom we daily meet; they are, in the fullest sense of the word, representative; and yet they are drawn so sharply and finely that we never could mistake or confound them. *Pendennis*, *Clive Newcome*, *Philip*, are all placed in circumstances very much alike, and yet they are discriminated throughout by delicate and certain touches, which we hardly perceive even while we feel their effect. Only one English writer of fiction can be compared to Mr. Thackeray in this power of distinguishing ordinary characters—the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*. But with this power he combines, in a very singular manner, the power of seizing humours, or peculiarities, when it so pleases him. *Jos. Sedley*, *Charles Honeyman*, *Fred. Bayham*, *Major Pendennis*, are so marked as to be fairly classed as men of humours; and in what a masterly way the nature in each is caught and held firm throughout! In national peculiarities he is especially happy. The Irish he knows well; the French, perhaps, still better. How wonderfully clever is the sketch of “*Mary Queen of Scots*” and the blustering Gascon, and the rest of her disreputable court at Baden! And what can those who object to Thackeray's women say of that gentle lady *Madame de Florac*—a sketch of ideal beauty, with her early, never-forgotten sorrow, her pure, holy resignation? To her inimitable son no words can do justice. The French-English of his speech would make the fortune of any ordinary novel. It is as unique, and of a more delicate humour, than the orthography of *Jeames*. Perhaps more remarkable than even his invention is the fidelity with which the conception of his characters is preserved. This never fails. They seem to act, as it were, of themselves. The author having once projected them, appears to have nothing more to do with them. They act somehow according to their own natures, unprompted by him, and beyond his control. He tells us this himself in one of those delightful and most characteristic *Roundabout Papers*, which are far too much and too generally undervalued:—“I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, How the dickens did he come to think of that? . . . We spake anon of the inflated style of some

writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style; when a writer is like a Pythoness, or her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ?" Take one of his most subtle sketches—though it is but a sketch—Elizabeth in *Lovel the Widower*. The woman has a character, and a strong one; she shows it, and acts up to it; but it is as great a puzzle to us as the character of Hamlet; the author himself does not understand it. This is, of course, art; and it is the highest perfection of art; it is the art of Shakspeare; and hence it is that Thackeray's novels are interesting irrespective of the plot, or story, or whatever we choose to call it. His characters come often without much purpose; they go often without much reason; but they are always welcome, and for the most part we wish them well. Dumas makes up for the want of a plot by wild incident and spasmodic writing; Thackeray makes us forget a like deficiency by the far higher means of true conceptions, and consistent delineations of human nature. *Esmond*, alone of all his more important fictions, is artistically constructed. The marriage, indeed, of Esmond and Lady Castlewood marks no crisis in their lives; on the contrary, it might have happened at any time, and makes little change in their relations; but the work derives completeness from the skill with which the events of the time are connected with the fortunes of the chief actors in the story—the historical plot leading up to the catastrophe of Beatrix, the failure of the conspiracy and the exile of the conspirators. In *Esmond*, too, Thackeray's truth to nature is especially conspicuous. In all his books the dialogue is surprising in its naturalness, in its direct bearing on the subject in hand. Never before, we think, in fiction did characters so uniformly speak exactly like the men and women of real life. In *Esmond*—owing to the distance of the scene—this rare excellence was not easy of attainment, yet it has been attained. Every one not only acts, but speaks in accordance certainly with the ways of the time, but always like a rational human being; there is no trace of that unnaturalness which offends us even in Scott's historical novels, and which substitutes for intelligible converse long harangues in pompous diction, garnished with strange oaths,—a style of communicating their ideas never adopted, we may be very sure, by any mortals upon this earth. Add to these artistic excellencies, a tenderness of feeling and a beauty of style which even Thackeray has not elsewhere equalled, and we come to

understand why the best critics look on *Esmond* as his masterpiece.

Nor, in speaking of Thackeray as a novelist, should we forget to mention—though but in a word—his command of the element of tragedy. The parting of George Osborne with Amelia; the stern grief of old Osborne for the loss of his son; the later life of Beatrix Esmond; the death of Colonel Newcome, are in their various styles perfect, and remarkable for nothing more than for the good taste which controls and subdues them all.

But, as we said before, to criticise Mr. Thackeray as a novelist, is to criticise what was in him only an accident. He wrote stories, because to do so was the mode; his stories are natural and naturally sustained, because he could do nothing otherwise than naturally; but to be a teller of stories was not his vocation. His great object in writing was to express himself,—his notions of life, all the complications and variations which can be played by a master on this one everlasting theme. Composite human nature as it is, that sins and suffers, enjoys and does virtuously, that was the "main haunt and region of his song." To estimate him fairly, we must look at him as taking this wider range; must consider him as a humorist, using the word as he used it himself. "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds and speaks and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him." Adopting this point of view, and applying this standard, it seems to us that no one of the great humorists of whom he has spoken is deserving equally with himself of our respect, esteem, and love;—respect for intellectual power, placing him on a level even with Swift and Pope; esteem for manliness as thorough as the manliness of Fielding, and rectitude as unsullied as the rectitude of Addison; love for a nature as kindly as that of Steele. Few will deny the keen insight, the passion for truth of the week-day preacher we have lost; few will now deny the kindness of his disposition, but many will contend that the kindness was too much restrained; that the passion for truth was allowed to degenerate into a love of detecting hidden faults. The sermons on women have been objected to with especial vehemence

and especial want of reason. No one who has read Mr. Brown's letters to his nephew—next to the Snob Papers and Sydney Smith's Lectures, the best modern work on moral philosophy—will deny that Mr. Thackeray can at least appreciate good women, and describe them:—

"Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world, vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady: look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as, in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman! drive to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

"Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good Bob, into another drawing-room. There sits an

old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her. What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

"Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a Duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a Countess blazing in diamonds, had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle, as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is,—in beauty, in goodness, in high-bred grace and simplicity; at least, I can't fancy her better, or any Peeress being more than her peer."

But then he is accused of not having represented this. "It is said," to quote a friendly critic in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1848, "That having with great skill put together a creature of which the principal elements are indiscriminating affection, ill requited devotion, ignorant partiality, a weak will and a narrow intellect, he calls on us to worship his poor idol as the type of female excellence. This is true." Feminine critics enforce similar charges yet more vehemently. Thus, Miss Brontë says,—"As usual, he is unjust to women, quite unjust. There is hardly any punishment he does not deserve for making Lady Castlewood peep through a key-hole, listen at a door, and be jealous of a boy and a milk-maid."

Mrs. Jameson criticises him more elaborately:—"No woman resents his Rebecca—inimitable Becky!—No woman but feels and acknowledges with a shiver the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation; but every woman resents the selfish inane Amelia. . . . Laura in *Pendennis* is a yet more fatal mistake. She is drawn with every generous feeling, every good gift. We do not complain that she loves that poor creature Pendennis, for she loved him in her childhood. She grew up with that love in her heart; it came between her and the perception of his faults; it is a necessity indivisible from her nature. Hallowed, through its constancy, therein alone would lie its best excuse, its beauty and its truth. But Laura, faithless to that first affection; Laura waked up to the appreciation of a far more manly and noble nature, in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendennis and marrying him! Such infirmity might be true of some women, but not of such a woman as Laura; we resent the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait. And then Lady Castlewood,—so evidently a favourite of the author, what shall we say of her? The virtuous woman, *par excellence*, who 'never sins and never forgives;' who never resents, nor relents, nor repents; the mother who is the rival of her daughter; the mother, who for years is the confidante of a man's delirious passion for her own child, and then consoles him by marrying him herself! O Mr. Thackeray! this will never do! Such women may exist, but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art."

But all these criticisms, even if sound, go to this only, that Mr. Thackeray's *representations* of women are unjust: they are confined solely to his novels. Now, if the view we have taken of Mr. Thackeray's genius be the true one, such a limitation is unfair. He is not to be judged only by his novels as a representer of character, he must be judged also by all his writings together as a describer and analyser of character. In the next place, the said criticisms are based upon wonderfully hasty generalizations. Miss Brontë knew that *she* would not have listened at a key-hole, and she jumps at once to the conclusion that neither would Lady Castlewood. But surely the character of that lady is throughout represented as marred by many feminine weaknesses falling little short of unamiability. Is the existence of a woman greedy of affection, jealous, and unforgiving, an impossibility? Her early love for Esmond we

cannot quite approve; her later marriage with him we heartily disapprove; but neither of these things is the fault of the writer. With such a woman as Lady Castlewood, deprived of her husband's affection, the growth of an attachment towards her dependant into a warmer feeling, was a matter of extreme probability; and her subsequent marriage to Esmond, affectionate, somewhat weak, and above all, disappointed elsewhere, was, in their respective relations, a mere certainty. Not to have married them would have been a mistake in art. Thus, when a friend remonstrated with him for having made Esmond "marry his mother-in-law," he replied, "*I didn't make him do it; they did it themselves.*" But as to Lady Castlewood's being a favourite with the author, which is the gravamen of the charge, that is a pure assumption on the part of Mrs. Jameson. We confess to having always received, in reading the book, a clear impression to the contrary. Laura, again, we do not admire vehemently; but we cannot regard her returning to her first love, after a transient attachment to another, as utterly unnatural. Indeed, we think it the very thing a girl of her somewhat commonplace stamp of character would certainly have done. She never is much in love with Pendennis either first or last, but she marries him nevertheless. She might have loved Warrington had the Fates permitted it, very differently; and as his wife, would never have displayed those airs of self-satisfaction and moral superiority which make her so tediously disagreeable. But all this fault-finding runs up into the grand objection, that Thackeray's good women are denied brains; that he preserves an essential alliance between moral worth and stupidity; and it is curious to see how women themselves dislike this—how, in their admiration of intellect, they admit the truth of Becky willingly enough, but indignantly deny that of Amelia. On this question, Mr. Brown thus expresses himself:—

"A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all Shakspeare's heroines: they all seem to me pretty much the same, affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers, each man seems to draw from one model: an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life."

In the face of Rosalind, Beatrice, and Portia, it is impossible to concur with Mr. Brown in his notions about Shakspeare's

women; but otherwise he is right. Yet it is but a poor defence for the deficiencies of a man of genius, that others have shown the like short-comings. And on Mr. Thackeray's behalf a much better defence may be pleaded; though it may be one less agreeable to the sex which he is said to have maligned. The defence is a simple plea of not guilty; a denial that his women, as a class, want intellectual power to a greater extent than is consistent with truth. They vary between the extremes of pure goodness and pure intellect—Becky and Amelia—just as women do in real life. The moral element is certainly too prominent in Amelia; but not more so than in Colonel Newcome, and we can't see anything much amiss in Helen Pendennis. Laura, as Miss Bell, is clever enough for any man; and, though she afterwards becomes exceedingly tiresome and a prig, she does not become a fool. And what man would be bold enough to disparage the intellectual powers of Ethel Newcome? Her moral nature is at first incomplete owing to a faulty education; but when this has been perfected through sorrow, wherein is the character deficient? Besides, we must bear in mind that virtue in action is undoubtedly "slow." Goodness is not in itself entertaining, while ability is; and the novelist, therefore, whose aim is to entertain, naturally labours most with the characters possessing the latter, in which characters the reader too is most interested. Hence they acquire greater prominence both as a matter of fact in the story and also in our minds. Becky, Blanche Amory, 'Trix are undeniably more interesting, and in their points of contrast and resemblance afford far richer materials for study than Amelia, Helen Pendennis, and Laura. But this is in the nature of things; and the writer must not be blamed for it any more than the readers. Taking, however, the Thackerian gallery as a whole, we cannot admit that either in qualities of heart or head, his women are inferior to the women we generally meet. Perhaps he has never—not even in Ethel—combined these qualities in their fullest perfection; but then how often do we find them so combined? It seems to us that Thackeray has drawn women more carefully and more truly than any novelist in the language, except Miss Austen; and it is small reproach to any writer, that he has drawn no female character so evenly good as Anne Elliot or Elizabeth Bennet.

If this is true of his women, we need not labour in defence of his men. For surely it cannot be questioned that his representations of the ruder sex are true, nay, are on

the whole an improvement on reality? The ordinary actors who crowd his scene are not worse than the people we meet with every day; his heroes, to use a stereotyped expression, are rather better than the average; while one such character as George Warrington is worth a wilderness of commonplace excellence called into unnatural life. But then it is said that his general tone is bitter; he settles at once on the weak points of humanity, and to lay them bare is his congenial occupation. To a certain extent this was his business. "Dearly beloved," he says, "neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger, or cleverer, or wiser, or better than any of you." Nevertheless he was a preacher, though an unassuming one; and therefore it lay upon him to point out faults, to correct rather than to flatter. Yet it must be confessed that his earlier writings are sometimes too bitter in their tone, and too painful in their theme. This may be ascribed partly to the infectious vehemence of *Fraser* in those days, partly to the influence of such experiences as are drawn upon in some parts of the *Paris Sketch-Book*; but however accounted for, it must be condemned as an error in art. As a disposition to doubt and despond in youth betrays a narrow intellect, or a perverted education; so in the beginning of a literary career, a tendency towards gloom and curious research after hidden evil, reveals artistic error or an unfortunate experience. Both in morals and art these weaknesses are generally the result of years and sorrow; and thus the common transition is from the joyousness of youth to sadness, it may be to moroseness in old age. But theirs is a truer and higher development, who reverse this process,—who, beginning with false tastes or distorted views, shake these off as they advance into a clearer air, in whom knowledge but strengthens the noble powers of the soul, and whose kindness and generosity, based on a firmer foundation than the buoyancy of mere animal life, are purer and more enduring. Such, as it appears to us, was the history of Thackeray's genius. Whatever may have been the severity of his earlier writings, it was latterly laid aside. In the *Newcomes* he follows the critical dogma which lays down, that "fiction has no business to exist unless it be more beautiful than reality;" and truthful kindness marks all his other writings of a later date, from the letters of Mr. Brown and Mr. Spec in *Punch*, down to the pleasant egotism of the "Roundabout Papers." He became disinclined for severe writing even where deserved: "I have militated in former times, and not without glory, but I grow peace-

able as I grow old." The only things towards which he never grew peaceable, were pretentiousness and falsehood. But he preferred to busy himself with what was innocent and brave, to attacking even these; he forgot the satirist, and loved rather honestly to praise or defend. The "Roundabout Papers" show this on every page, especially, perhaps, those on Tunbridge Toys, on Ribbons, on a Joke I heard from the late Thomas Hood, and that entitled *Nil nisi bonum*. The very last paper of all was an angry defence of Lord Clyde against miserable club gossip, unnecessary perhaps, but a thing one likes now to think that Thackeray felt stirred to do. "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions," says Foster, "and yet be able to preserve, when occasion requires it, an immovable heart, even amidst the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest condition of humanity." These words do not describe the nature of a man who would pay out of his own pocket for contributions he could not insert in the *Cornhill*; but if for heart we substitute intellect, they will perfectly describe his literary genius. He was always tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, but his intellect amidst any emotions remained clear and immovable; so that good taste was never absent, and false sentiment never came near him. He makes the sorrows of Werther the favourite reading of the executioner at Strasbourg.*

Few men have written so much that appeals directly to our emotions, and yet kept so entirely aloof from anything tawdry, from all falsetto. "If my tap," says he, "is not genuine, it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it." It was at all times thoroughly genuine, and is therefore everything to us. Truthfulness, in fact, eager and uncompromising, was his

* Among his ballads we have the following somewhat literal analysis of this work:—

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passions boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

main characteristic; truthfulness not only in speech, but, what is a far more uncommon and precious virtue, truth in thought. His entire mental machinery acted under this law of truth. He strove always to find and show things as they really are—true nobleness apart from trappings, unaffected simplicity, generosity without ostentation; confident that so he would best convince every one that what is truly good pleases most, and lasts longest, and that what is otherwise soon becomes tiresome, and, worst of all, ridiculous. A man to whom it has been given consistently to devote to such a purpose the highest powers of sarcasm, ridicule, sincere pathos, and though sparingly used, of exhortation, must be held to have fulfilled a career singularly honourable and useful. To these noble ends he was never unfaithful. True, he made no boast of this. Disliking cant of all kinds, he made no exception in favour of the cant of his own profession. "What the deuce," he writes to a friend, "our two-penny reputations get us at least twopence-halfpenny; and then comes *nox fabulaeque manes*, and the immortals perish." The straightforward Mr. Yellowplush stoutly maintains, in a similar strain, that people who write books are no whit better, or actuated by more exalted motives than their neighbours: "Away with this canting about great motifs! Let us not be too proud, and fancy ourselves martyrs of the truth, martyrs or apostles. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let us be praying pompisly about our 'sacred calling.'" And George Warrington, in *Pendennis*, is never weary of preaching the same wholesome doctrine. Thackeray had no sympathy with swagger of any kind. His soul revolted from it; he always talked under what he felt. At the same time, indifference had no part in this want of pretence. So far from being indifferent, he was peculiarity sensitive to the opinions of others; too much so for his own happiness. He hated to be called a cynical satirist; the letter we have quoted to his Edinburgh friends shows how he valued any truer appreciation. Mere slander he could despise like a man; he winced under the false estimates and injurious imputations, too frequent from people who should have known better. But he saw his profession as it really was, and spoke of it with his innate simplicity and dislike of humbug. And in this matter, as in the ordinary affairs of life, those who profess little, retaining a decent reserve as to their feelings and motives, are far more to be relied on than those who protest loudly. Whether authors are moved

by love of fame, or a necessity for daily bread, does not greatly signify. The world is not concerned with this in the least; it can only require that, as Mr. Yellowplush puts it, they should "try to work honestly;" and herein he never failed. He never wrote but in accordance with his convictions; he spared no pains that his convictions should be in accordance with truth. For one quality we cannot give him too great praise; that is the sense of the distinction of right and of wrong. He never puts bitter for sweet, or sweet for bitter; never calls evil things good, or good things evil; there is no haziness or muddle; no "topsy-turvifications," like Madame Sand's, in his moralities:—with an immense and acute compassion for all suffering, with a power of going out of himself, and into almost every human feeling, he vindicates at all times the supremacy of conscience, the sacredness and clearness of the law written in our hearts.

His keenness of observation and his entire truthfulness found expression in a style worthy of them in its sharpness and distinctness. The specimens we have quoted of his earlier writings show that these qualities marked his style from the first. He laboured to improve those natural gifts. He steadily observed Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation touching poetical composition: "Take my advise, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's genrally best in poetry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps." He always expressed his meaning clearly and in simple words. But as, with increasing experience, his meanings deepened and widened, his expression became richer. The language continued to the last simple and direct, but it became more copious, more appropriate, more susceptible of rhythmical combinations: in other words, it rose to be the worthy vehicle of more varied and more poetical ideas. This strange peculiarity of soberness in youth, of fancy coming into being at the command and for the service of the mature judgment, has marked some of the greatest writers. The words in which Lord Macaulay has described it with regard to Bacon may be applied, with little reservation, to Thackeray:—"He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply and judged as temperately, when he gave his first work to the world, as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth." Confessedly at the last he was the greatest mas-

ter of pure English in our day. His style is never ornate, on the contrary is always marked by a certain reserve which surely betokens thought and real feeling; is never forced or loaded, only entirely appropriate and entirely beautiful; like crystals, at once clear and splendid. We quote two passages, both from books written in his prime, not merely as justifying these remarks, but because they illustrate qualities of his mind second only to his truthfulness—his sense of beauty, and his sense of pathos. And yet neither passage has any trace of what he calls the "sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking." The first is the end of the *Kickleburys on the Rhine*:—

"The next morning we had passed by the rocks and towers, the old familiar landscapes, the gleaming towers by the river-side, and the green vineyards combed along the hills; and when I woke up, it was at a great hotel at Cologne, and it was not sunrise yet. Deutz lay opposite, and over Deutz the dusky sky was reddened. The hills were veiled in the mist and the grey. The grey river flowed underneath us; the steamers were roosting along the quays, a light keeping watch in the cabins here and there, and its reflection quivering in the water. As I look, the sky-line towards the east grows redder and redder. A long troop of grey horsemen winds down the river road, and passes over the bridge of boats. You might take them for ghosts, those grey horsemen, so shadowy do they look: but you hear the trample of their hoofs as they pass over the planks. Every minute the dawn twinkles up into the twilight; and over Deutz the heaven blushes brighter. The quays begin to fill with men; the carts begin to creak and rattle; and wake the sleeping echoes. Ding, ding, ding the steamers' bells begin to ring; the people on board to stir and wake; the lights may be extinguished, and take their turn of sleep: the active boats shake themselves, and push out into the river: the great bridge opens and gives them passage: the church bells of the city begin to clink: the cavalry trumpets blow from the opposite bank: the sailor is at the wheel, the porter at his burthen, the soldier at his musket, and the priest at his prayers. . . . And lo! in a flash of crimson splendour, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world, and all nature awakens and brightens. O glorious spectacle of light and life! O beatific symbol of Power, Love, Joy, Beauty! Let us look at thee with humble wonder, and thankfully acknowledge and adore. What gracious forethought is it—what generous and loving provision, that deigns to prepare for our eyes and to soothe our hearts with such a splendid morning festival! For these magnificent bounties of Heaven to us, let us be thankful, even that we can feel thankful (for thanks surely is the noblest effort, as it is the greatest delight, of the gentle soul); and so, a grace for this feast, let all say who partake of it. . . .

See! the mist clears off Drachenfels, and it looks out from the distance, and bids us a friendly farewell."

Our second quotation describes Esmond at his mother's grave—one of the most deeply affecting pieces of writing in the language:—

"Esmond came to this spot in one sunny evening of spring, and saw, amidst a thousand black crosses, casting their shadows across the grassy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's resting-place. Many more of those poor creatures that lay there had adopted that same name with which sorrow had re-baptized her, and which fondly seemed to hint their individual story of love and grief. He fancied her, in tears and darkness, kneeling at the foot of her cross, under which her cares were buried. Surely he knelt down and said his own prayer there, not in sorrow so much as in awe (for even his memory had no recollection of her), and in pity for the pangs which the gentle soul in life had been made to suffer. To this cross she brought them; for this heavenly bridegroom she exchanged the husband who had wooed her, the traitor who had left her. A thousand such hillocks lay round about, the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them, and each bearing its cross and *requiescat*. A nun, veiled in black, was kneeling hard by, at a sleeping sister's bedside (so fresh made, that the spring had scarce had time to spin a coverlid for it); beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpses of life and the world, and the spires and gables of the city. A bird came down from a roof opposite, and lit first on a cross, and then on the grass below it, whence it flew away presently with a leaf in its mouth; then came a sound of chanting, from the chapel of the sisters hard by: others had long since filled the place which poor Mary Magdalene once had there, were kneeling at the same stall and hearing the same hymns and prayers in which her stricken heart had found consolation. Might she sleep in peace—might she sleep in peace; and we, too, when our struggles and pains are over! But the earth is the Lord's as the heaven is; we are alike his creatures here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock and kissed it, and went my way like the bird that had just lighted on the cross by me, back into the world again. Silent receptacle of death! tranquil depth of calm, out of reach of tempest and trouble. I felt as one who had been walking below the sea, and treading amidst the bones of shipwrecks."

Looking at Mr. Thackeray's writings as a whole, he would be more truthfully described as a sentimentalist than as a cynic. Even when the necessities of his story compel him to draw bad characters, he gives them as much good as he can. We don't remember in his novels any utterly unredeemed scoundrel except Sir Francis Clavering. Even Lord Steyne has something like genuine sympathy with Major Pendennis' grief at the illness of his nephew. And

if reproof is the main burden of his discourse, we must remember that to reprove, not to praise, is the business of the preacher. Still further, if his reproof appears sometimes unduly severe, we must remember that such severity may spring from a belief that better things are possible. Here lies the secret of Thackeray's seeming bitterness. His nature was, in the words of the critic in *Le Temps*: "*furieuse d'avoir été désappointée.*" He condemns sternly men as they often are, because he had a high ideal of what they might be. The feeling of this contrast runs through all his writings. "He could not have painted Vanity Fair as he has, unless Eden had been shining brightly before his eyes."* And this contrast could never have been felt, the glories of Eden could never have been seen by the mere satirist or by the misanthrope. It has been often urged against him that he does not make us think better of our fellow-men. No, truly. But he does what is far greater than this—he makes us think worse of ourselves. There is no great necessity that we should think well of other people; there is the utmost necessity that we should know ourselves in our every fault and weakness; and such knowledge his writings will supply.

In Mr. Hannay's Memoir,† which we have read with admiration and pleasure, a letter from Thackeray is quoted very illustrative of this view of his character:—"I hate Juvenal; I mean I think him a truculent brute, and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. *Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred.*" We think the terrible Dean had love as well as hate strong within him, and none the worse in that it was more special than general; "I like Tom, Dick, and Harry," he used to say; "I hate the race;" but nothing can be more characteristic of Thackeray than this judgment. Love was the central necessity of his understanding as well as of his affections; it was his fulfilling of the law; and unlike the Dean, he could love Tom, and also like and pity as well as rebuke the race.

Mr. Thackeray has not written any history formally so called. But it is known that he purposed doing so, and in *Esmond* and the *Lectures* he has given us much of

* Essays by George Brimley. Second edition. Cambridge, 1860. A collection of singularly good critical papers.

† A *Brief Memoir of the late Mr. Thackeray*. By James Hannay. Edinburgh, 1864.

the real essence of history. The *Saturday Review*, however, in a recent article, has announced that this was a mistake; that history was not his line. Such a decision is rather startling. In one or two instances of historical representation, Mr. Thackeray may have failed. Johnson and Richardson do not appear in the *Virginians* with much effect. But surely in the great majority of instances, he has been eminently successful. Horace Walpole's letter in the *Virginians*, the fictitious "Spectator" in *Esmond* are very felicitous literary imitations. Good-natured trooper Steele comforting the boy in the lonely country-house; Addison, serene and dignified, "with ever so slight a touch of *merum* in his voice" occasionally; Bolingbroke, with a good deal of *merum* in his voice, talking reckless Jacobitism at the dinner at General Webb's, are wonderful portraits. And, though the estimate of Marlborough's character may be disputed, the power with which that character is represented cannot be questioned. But the historical genius displayed in *Esmond* goes beyond this. We know of no history in which the intrigues and confusion of parties at the death of Queen Anne are sketched so firmly as in the third volume of that work; in fact, a more thorough historical novel never was written. It is not loaded with historical learning; and yet it is most truly, though or rather *because* unpretendingly, a complete representation of the time. It reads like a veritable memoir. And it will hardly be disputed that a good historical novel cannot be written save by one possessed of great historical powers. What are the qualities necessary to a historian? Knowledge, love of truth, insight into human nature, imagination to make alive before him the times of which he writes. All these Mr. Thackeray had. His knowledge was accurate and minute,—indeed, he could not have written save of what he knew well; a love of truth was his main characteristic; for insight into human nature he ranks second to Shakspeare alone; and while he wanted that highest creative imagination which makes the poet, he had precisely that secondary imagination which serves the historian, which can realize the past and make the distant near. Had he been allowed to carry out his cherished design of recording the reign of Queen Anne, a great gap in the history of our country would have been filled up by one of the most remarkable books in the language. We might have had less than is usual of the "dignity of history," of battles and statutes and treaties; but we should have had more of human nature; the actors in the drama would have been brought before us living and

moving, their passions and hidden motives made clear; the life of England would have been sketched by a subtle artist; the literature of England, during a period which this generation often talks about, but of which it knows, we suspect, very little, would have been presented to us lighted up by appreciative and competent criticism. The *Saturday Reviewer* gives a reason for Mr. Thackeray's failure as a historian, which will seem strange to those who have been accustomed to regard him as a cynic. He was so carried away by worth, says this ingenious critic bent on fault-finding, and so impatient of all moral obliquity, that he could not value fairly the services which had been rendered by bad men. And the instance given is that a sense of what we owe to the Hanoverian succession was not allowed to temper the severity of the estimate given of the first two Georges;—an unfortunate instance, as the critic would have discovered had he read the following passage in the lecture on George the Second:—

"But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars, which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humoured resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us; we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of parliaments, that dissolute, tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it."

The truth is, that Mr. Thackeray, while fully appreciating the blessings of the Hanoverian succession, knew well that the country did not in the least degree owe the stability of that succession to the Hanoverian kings, but, on the contrary, to that great minister, whose character is sketched, in a powerful passage, of which the above quotation is a part. In fact, Mr. Thackeray judged no man harshly. No attentive student of his works can fail to see that he understood the duty of "making allowance," not less with regard to historical characters, than with regard to characters of his own creation. He does full justice, for example, to the courage and conduct of Marlborough, as to whose moral character the opinion of Colonel Esmond is in curious accordance with the historical judgment given later to the public by Lord Macaulay.

These "Lectures on the Georges" were made the ground of a charge against Mr.

Thackeray of disloyalty. This charge was urged with peculiar offensiveness by certain journals, which insinuated that the failings of English kings had been selected as a theme grateful to the American audiences who first heard the lectures delivered. Mr. Thackeray felt this charge deeply, and repelled it in language which we think worthy to be remembered. At a dinner given to him in Edinburgh, in 1857, he said:—

“I had thought that in these lectures I had spoken in terms not of disrespect or unkindness, and in feelings and in language not un-English, of Her Majesty the Queen; and wherever I have had to mention her name, whether it was upon the banks of the Clyde or upon those of the Mississippi, whether it was in New England or in Old England, whether it was in some great hall in London to the artisans of the suburbs of the metropolis, or to the politer audiences of the western end—wherever I had to mention her name, it was received with shouts of applause, and with the most hearty cheers. And why was this? It was not on account of the speaker; it was on account of the truth; it was because the English and the Americans—the people of New Orleans a year ago, the people of Aberdeen a week ago—all received and acknowledged with due allegiance the great claims to honour which that lady has who worthily holds that great and awful situation which our Queen occupies. It is my loyalty that is called in question, and it is my loyalty that I am trying to plead to you. Suppose, for example, in America—in Philadelphia or in New York—that I had spoken about George IV. in terms of praise and affected reverence, do you believe they would have hailed his name with cheers, or have heard it with anything like respect? They would have laughed in my face if I had so spoken of him. They know what I know and you know, and what numbers of squeamish loyalists who affect to cry out against my lectures know, that that man’s life was not a good life—that that king was not such a king as we ought to love, or regard, or honour. And I believe, for my part, that in speaking the truth, as we hold it, of a bad sovereign, we are paying no disrespect at all to a good one. Far from it. On the contrary, we degrade our own honour and the Sovereign’s by unduly and unjustly praising him; and the mere slaver and flatterer is one who comes forward, as it were, with flash notes, and pays with false coin his tribute to Cæsar. I don’t disguise that I feel somehow on my trial here for loyalty, for honest English feeling.”

The judgment pronounced by the accomplished Scotch judge who presided at this dinner-trial, a man far removed, both by tastes and position, from any sympathy with vulgar popularity-hunting, will be accepted by every candid person as just:—

“I don’t,” said Lord Neaves, “for my part, regret if there are some painful truths told in these lectures to those who had before reposed

in the pleasing delusion that everything royal was immaculate. I am not sorry that some of the false trappings of royalty or of a court life should be stripped off. We live under a Sovereign whose conduct, both public and private, is so unexceptionable, that we can afford to look all the facts connected with it in the face; and woe be to the country or to the crown when the voice of truth shall be stifled as to any such matters, or when the only tongue that is allowed to be heard is that of flattery.”

It was said of Fontenelle that he had as good a heart as could be made out of brains. Adapting the observation, we may say of Thackeray that he was as good a poet as could be made out of brains. The highest gifts of the poet of course he wanted. His imagination, to take Ruskin’s distinction, was more penetrative than associative or contemplative. His mind was too much occupied with realities for persistent ideal work. But manliness and common sense, combined with a perfect mastery of language, go a long way at least to the making of very excellent verses. More than this, he had the sensibility, the feeling of time and of numbers essential to versifying; and his mind fulfilled the condition required by our greatest living poet:—

“Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river.”

His verse-making was a sort of pleasaunce—a flower-garden in the midst of spacious policies. It was the ornamentation of his intellect. His ballads do not perhaps show poetic feeling more profound than is possessed by many men; they derive for the most part their charm from the same high qualities as mark his prose, with the attraction of music and rhyme superadded. Writing them seems to have given him real pleasure. The law of self-imposed restraint, of making the thought often wait upon the sound, necessary in rhythmical composition, rather than, as in prose, the sound upon the sense—this measuring of feeling and of expression had plainly a great charm for his rich and docile genius. His verses give one the idea of having been a great delight to himself, like humming a favourite air; there is no trace of effort, and yet the trick of the verse is perfect. His rhymes are often as good as Swift’s and Hood’s. This feeling of enjoyment, as also the abounding fertility in strange rhymes, is very marked in the *White Squall*; and hardly less in the ease and gaiety of *Peg of Limavaddy*. Take, for instance, the description of the roadside inn where Peg dispenses liquor:—

“Limavaddy inn’s
But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
Whiskey and potatoes;

Landlord at the door
 Gives a smiling welcome—
 To the shivering wights
 Who to his hotel come.
 Landlady within
 Sits and knits a stocking,
 With a wary foot
 Baby's cradle rocking.
 To the chimney nook,
 Having found admittance,
 There I watch a pup
 Playing with two kittens;
 (Playing round the fire,
 Which of blazing turf is,
 Roaring to the pot
 Which bubbles with the murphies)
 And the cradled babe
 Fond the mother nursed it,
 Singing it a song
 As she twists the worsted!"

Peg herself and her laugh—

"Such a silver peal!
 In the meadows listening,
 You who've heard the bells
 Ringing to a christening;
 You who ever heard
 Caradori pretty,
 Smiling like an angel,
 Singing 'Giovinetti';
 Fancy Peggy's laugh,
 Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
 At my pantaloons
 With half a pint of beer full!
 See her as she moves!
 Scarce the ground she touches,
 Airy as a fay,
 Graceful as a duchess;
 Bare her rounded arm,
 Bare her little leg is,
 Vestris never show'd
 Ankles like to Peggy's;
 Braided is her hair,
 Soft her look and modest,
 Slim her little waist
 Comfortably boddiced."

In a similar light and graceful style are the Cane-Bottom'd Chair, Piscator and Piscatrix, the Carmen Lillienne, etc.; and all the *Lyra Hibernica*, especially the rollicking Battle of Limerick, are rich in Irish absurdity. That compact little epic the Chronicle of the Drum, the well-known Bouillabaisse, and At the Church Gate—the first literary effort of Mr. Arthur Pen-dennis—seem to us in their various styles to rise into the region of real poetry. The Chronicle of the Drum is a grand martial composition, and a picture of the feelings of the French soldiery which strikes on us at once as certainly true. The Ballads of Pleace-man X. are unique in literature—as startlingly original as Tam O'Shanter. Jacob Homnium's Hoss is perhaps the most amusing; the Foundling of Shoreditch the most serious; but through them all there runs a

current of good sense, good feeling, and quaint fun which makes them most pleasant reading. They remind one somehow of John Gilpin—indeed there is often the same playful fancy and delicate pensiveness in Thackeray as in Cowper. We should like to quote many of these; but we give in preference Miss Tickletoby's ballad on King Canute, long though it be, because it is not included in the collected ballads, and has not, we fear, obtained great popularity by being incorporated into *Rebecca and Rowena*—a rendering of poetical justice less generally read than it should be:—

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reign'd
 for years a score;
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing
 much and robbing more,
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by
 the wild sea-shore.

'Twix the chancellor and bishop walked the
 king with steps sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver
 sticks and gold sticks great,
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the
 officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he
 chose to pause;
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the
 courtiers dropp'd their jaws;
 If to laugh the king was minded, out they
 burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him, that was
 clear to old and young,
 Thrice his grace had yawn'd at table, when his
 favourite gleeman sung,
 Once the queen would have consoled him, but
 he bade her hold her tongue.

'Something ails my gracious master,' cried the
 keeper of the seal,

'Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at
 dinner, or the veal!'

'Psha!' exclaimed the angry monarch, 'keeper,
 'tis not that I feel.

'Tis the heart and not the dinner, fool, that
 doth my rest impair;

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet
 know no care?

Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary.'—Some one
 cried, 'The king's arm-chair!'

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my
 lord the keeper nodded,
 Straight the king's great chair was brought
 him, by two footmen able-bodied,
 Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably
 wadded.

'Leading on my fierce companions,' cried he,
 over storm and brine,
 I have fought and I have conquer'd! Where
 was glory like to mine!'

Loudly all the courtiers echoed, 'Where is glory
 like to thine?'

'What avails me all my kingdoms? Weary
am I now, and old,
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see
me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath
the silent mould!

'O remorse, the writhing serpent! at my
bosom tears and bites:
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put
out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my
bed of nights.

'Cities burning, convents blazing, red with
sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for
their slaughter'd sires—'
—'Such a tender conscience,' cries the bishop,
'every one admires.'

'But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my
gracious lord, to search,
They are forgotten and forgiven by our holy
Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in
the lurch.

'Look! the land is crown'd with ministers,
which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and
heaven are daily praised;
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my con-
science, I'm amazed!

'Nay, I feel,' replied King Canute, 'that my
end is drawing near;

'Don't say so,' exclaim'd the courtiers (striving
each to squeeze a tear),

'Sure your grace is strong and lusty, and may
live this fifty year.'

'Live these fifty years!' the bishop roar'd with
actions made to suit,

'Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to
speak of King Canute!

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his
Majesty will do't.

'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Me-
thusela,

Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't
the king as well as they?'

'Fervently,' exclaim'd the keeper, 'fervently,
I trust he may.'

'*He* to die,' resumed the bishop. 'He a mortal
like to *us*?

Death was not for him intended, though *com-
munis omnibus*;

Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil
thus.

'With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a
doctor can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up
clean upon their feet;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his High-
ness think it meet.

'Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun
upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the
silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were
his sacred will.'

'Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir
Bishop?' Canute cried;

'Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her
heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can com-
mand the tide.

'Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop,
if I make the sign?'

Said the bishop, bowing lowly, 'Land and sea,
my lord, are thine.'

Canute turn'd towards the ocean—'Back!' he
said, 'thou foaming brine.'

'From the sacred shore I stand on, I command
thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach
thy master's seat;

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not
nearer to my feet!'

But the sullen ocean answer'd with a louder,
deeper roar,

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling
sounding on the shore;

Back the keeper and the bishop, back the king
and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel
to human clay;

But alone to praise and worship that which
earth and seas obey,

And his golden crown of empire never wore he
from that day.

King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist
always.

We must say a few words on his merits
as an artist and a critic of art. We can
hardly agree with those who hold that he
failed as an artist, and then took to his
pen. There is no proof of failure; his art
accomplishes all he sets it to. Had he, in-
stead of being a gentleman's son, brought
up at the Charter-house and Cambridge,
been born in the parish of St. Bartholomew
the Great, and apprenticed, let us say, when
thirteen years old, to Raimbach the en-
graver, we might have had another, and in
some ways a subtler Hogarth. He draws
well; his mouths and noses, his feet, his
children's heads, all his ugly and queer
"mugs," are wonderful for expression and
good drawing. With beauty of man or
woman he is not so happy; but his fun is,
we think, even more abounding and *funnier*
in his cuts than in his words. The love of
fun in him was something quite peculiar.
Some writers have been more witty; a few
have had a more delicate humour; but
none, we think, have had more of that
genial quality which is described by the
homely word *fun*. It lay partly in imita-
tion, as in the "Novels by Eminent Hands."
There were few things more singular in
his intellectual organization than the coinci-
dence of absolute originality of thought and
style with exquisite mimetic power. But it
oftener showed itself in a pure love of non-

sense—only nonsense of the highest order. He was very fond of abandoning himself to this temper; witness the “*Story à la Mode*” in the *Cornhill*, some of the reality-giving touches in which would have done credit to Gulliver. Major Gahagan is far funnier than Baron Munchausen; and where is there more exquisite nonsense than “*The Rose and the Ring*,” with the “little beggar baby that laughed and sang as droll as maybe?” There is much of this spirit in his ballads,* especially, as we have already said, the series by Pleaceman X.; but we are inclined to think that it finds most scope in his drawings. We well remember our surprise on coming upon some of his earlier works for *Punch*. Best of all was an impressive series illustrative of the following passage in the *Times* of December 7, 1843:—“The agents of the tract societies have

* We subjoin an astonishing piece of nonsense—a species of song or ditty which he chanted, we believe, *extempore*; [in singing, each line to be repeated twice:]—

“LITTLE BILLEE.

There were 3 sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she:

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now very soon, they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
‘I am extremely hungaree.’

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
‘We have no provisions, so we must eat we.’

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
‘O gorging Jim! what a fool you be!’

There's little Bill is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.’

‘O Bill! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie.’

When Bill received this infumation,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

‘Oh! let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.’

‘Make haste, make haste,’ says guzzling Jacky,
While Jim pulled out his snickersnee.

So Bill went up the main-top-gallant mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps, ‘There's land, I see.

There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee.

There's the British fleet a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K. C. B.’

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.”

lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles *securely corked*: and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving at the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been read with much interest*.” The purpose of the series is to hold up to public odium the Dissenting tract-smuggler—Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero. The first cut represents a sailor, “thirsty as the seaman naturally is,” rushing through the surf to seize the bottle which has been bobbing towards him. “Sherry, perhaps,” he exclaims to himself and his friend. Second cut: the thirsty expectant has the bottle in position, and is drawing the cork, another mariner, and a little wondering boy, capitally drawn, looking on. “Rum I hope,” is the thought of each. Lastly we have the awful result: our friend holds up on the cork-screw to his companion and the universe “a Spanish translation of the Cow-boy of Kensington Common,” with an indignant “Tracts, by jingo!” Then there is John Balliol, in *Miss Tickletoy's Lectures*, “cutting” into England on a ragged sheltie, which is trotting like a maniac over a series of boulders, sorely discomposing the rider, whose kilt is of the shortest. Even better is the cut illustrative of the ballad of “King Canute,” the king and his courtiers on the shore, with bathing-machines and the Union jack in the distance; and a most preposterous representation of the *non Angli sed Angeli* story. We wish Mr. Thackeray's excellent friends, the proprietors of *Punch*, would reprint all his odds and ends, with their woodcuts. They will get the laughter and gratitude of mankind if they do.

He is, as far as we recollect, the only great author who illustrated his own works. This gives a singular completeness to the result. When his pen has said its say, then comes his pencil and adds its own felicity. Take the original edition of the *Book of Snobs*, all those delicious Christmas little quartos, especially *Mrs. Perkins' Ball* and the *Rose and the Ring* (one of the most perfectly realized ideas we know of), and see how complete is the duet between the eye and the mind, between word and figure. There is an etching in the *Paris Sketch-Book* which better deserves to be called “high art” than most of the class so called. It is Majesty in the person of “Le Grand Monarque” in and stripped of its externals, which are there also by themselves. The

lean and slippered old pantaloons is tottering peevishly on his staff, his other hand in his waistcoat pocket; his head absolutely bald; his whole aspect pitiable and forlorn, querulous and absurd. To his left is his royal self, in all his glory of high-heeled boots, three-storied flowing wig, his orders, and sword, and all his "dread magnificence," as we know him in his pictures; on his right we behold, and somehow feel as if the old creature, too, is in awe of them—his clothes, *per se*—the "properties" of the great European actor, set ingeniously up, and looking as grand and much steadier than with him inside. The idea and the execution are full of genius. The frontispiece of the same book contains a study of Heads, than which Hogarth certainly never did anything better. These explanatory lines are below the picture:—

"Number 1's an ancient Carlist, number 3 a Paris artist;
Gloomily there stands between them, number 2, a Bonapartist.
In the middle is King Louis Philip standing at his ease,
Guarded by a loyal grocer, and a sergeant of police;
4's the people in a passion, 6 a priest of pious mien,
5 a gentleman of fashion copied from a magazine."

No words can do justice to the truth and power of this group of characters; it gives a history of France during the Orleans dynasty.

It would not be easy to imagine better criticisms of art than those from Mr. Thackeray's hand in *Fraser*, in *Punch*, in a kindly and beautiful paper on our inimitable John Leech in the *Quarterly*, in a Roundabout on Rubens, and throughout his stories—especially the *Newcomes*—wherever art comes in. He touches the matter to the quick; and touches nothing else: and while sensitive to all true and great art, he detects and detests all that is false or mean. He is not so imaginative, not so impassioned and glorious, not amazing in illustration, and in painting better than pictures, as Mr. Ruskin, who has done more for art and its true interests than all other writers. But he is more to be trusted because he is more objective, more cool, more critical in the true sense. He sees everything by the *lumen siccum*, though it by no means follows that he does not feel as well as see; but here, as in everything else, his art "has its seat in reason, and is judicious." Here is his description of Turner's Old Téméraire, from a paper on the Royal Academy in *Fraser*. We can give it no higher praise than that it keeps its own with Ruskin's:—

"I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river piece, by J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R. A., 'The Fighting Téméraire,' as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old Téméraire is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. . . . It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's 'Battle of Vittoria,' in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of 'God save the King,' was introduced. The very instant it begun, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his 'Fighting Téméraire,' which, I am sure, when the art of translating colours into poetry or music shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music."

When speaking of *The Slave Ship* by the same amazing artist, he says, with delightful naïveté, "I don't know whether it is sublime or ridiculous,"—a characteristic instance of his outspoken truthfulness; and he lays it down that the "first quality of an artist is to have a large heart," believing that all art, all imaginative work of the highest order, must originate in and be addressed to the best powers of the soul, must "submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

Mr. Trollope says, in the *Cornhill* for this February, "that which the world will most want to know of Thackeray is the effect which his writings have produced." In one sense of the word, the world is not likely ever to find this out; it is a matter which each man must determine for himself. But the world can perhaps ascertain what special services Mr. Thackeray has rendered; and it is this probably which Mr. Trollope

means. His great service has been in his exposure of the prevailing faults of his time. Among the foremost are the faults of affectation and pretence, but there is one yet more grievous than these—the sceptical spirit of the age. This he has depicted in the gentlest and saddest of all his books, *Pendennis*:—

“And it will be seen that the lamentable stage to which his logic at present has brought him” (Arthur Pendennis), “is one of general scepticism and sneering acquiescence in the world as it is; or if you like so to call it, a belief qualified with scorn in all things extant. . . . And to what does this easy and sceptical life lead a man? Friend Arthur was a Sadducee, and the Baptist might be in the wilderness shouting to the poor, who were listening with all their might and faith to the preacher’s awful accents and denunciations of wrath, or woe, or salvation; and our friend the Sadducee would turn his sleek mule with a shrug and a smile from the crowd, and go home to the shade of his terrace, and muse over preacher and audience, and turn to his roll of Plato, or his pleasant Greek song-book babbling of honey and Hybla, and nymphs and fountains and love. To what, we say, does this scepticism lead? It leads a man to a shameful loneliness and selfishness, so to speak—the more shameful because it is so good-humoured and conscienceless and serene. Conscience! What is conscience? Why accept remorse? What is public or private faith? Mythuses alike enveloped in enormous tradition.”

The delineation is not a pleasant one, but it is true. The feeling hardly deserves to be called scepticism; it is rather a calm indifference; a putting aside of all things sacred. And as the Sadducees of Judea were, on the whole, better men than the Pharisees, so this modern Sadducean feeling prevails not only among the cultivated classes, but among those conspicuously honourable and upright. These men, in fact, want spiritual guides and teachers. The clergy do not supply this want; most of them refuse to acknowledge its existence; Mr. Thackeray, with his fearless truthfulness, sees it, and tells it. To cure it is not within his province. As a lay-preacher, only the secondary principles of morality are at his command. “Be each, pray God, a gentleman,” is his highest sanction. But though he cannot tell the afflicted whither to turn, it is no slight thing to have laid bare the disorder from which so many suffer, and which all, with culpable cowardice, study to conceal. And he does more than lay bare the disorder; he convinces us how serious it is. He does this by showing us its evil effect on a good and kindly nature. No teaching can be more impressive than the contrast between Pendennis under the influence of this sceptical spirit, and Warrington, over

whom, crushed, as he is, by hopeless misfortune, it has no power.

The minor vices of affectation and pretension he assails directly. To do this was his especial mission from the first. What success may have attended his efforts we cannot certainly tell. It is to be feared, however, that, despite his teaching, snobs, like poverty, will never cease out of the land. But all who feel guilty—and every one of us is guilty more or less—and who desire to amend, should use the means: the “Book of Snobs” should be read carefully at least once a year. His was not the hortatory method. He had no notion that much could be done by telling people to be good. He found it more telling to show that by being otherwise they were in danger of becoming unhappy, ridiculous, and contemptible. Yet he did not altogether neglect positive teaching. Many passages might be taken from his works—even from the remorseless “Book of Snobs” itself—which inculcate the beauty of goodness; and the whole tendency of his writings, from the first to the last line he penned during a long and active literary life, has invariably been to inspire reverence for manliness and purity and truth. And to sum up all, in representing after his measure the characteristics of the age, Mr. Thackeray has discharged one of the highest functions of a writer. His keen insight into modern life has enabled him to show his readers that life fully; his honesty and high tone of mind has enabled him to do this truly. Hence he is the healthiest of writers. In his pages we find no false stimulus, no pernicious ideals, no vulgar aims. We are led to look at things as they really are, and to rest satisfied with our place among them. Each man learns that he can do much if he preserves moderation; that if he goes beyond his proper sphere he is good for nothing. He teaches us to find a fitting field for action in our peculiar studies or business, to reap lasting happiness in the affections which are common to all. Our vague longings are quieted; our foolish ambitions checked; we are soothed into contentment with obscurity—encouraged in an honest determination to do our duty.

A “Roundabout Paper” on the theme *Nisi bonum* concludes thus:—

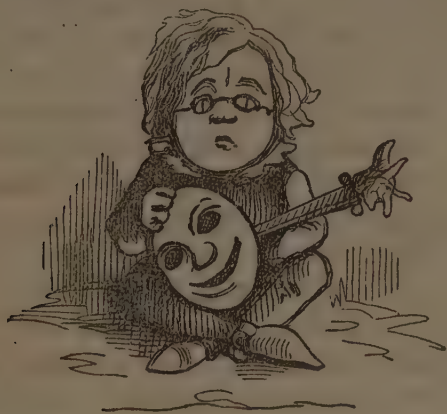
“Here are two literary men gone to their account; and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by

his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to our service. We may not win the baton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag!"

The prayer was granted: he had strength given him always to guard the honour of the flag; and now his name is worthy to be placed beside the names of Washington Irving and Lord Macaulay, as of one no whit less deserving the praise of these noble words.

We have seen no satisfactory portrait of Mr. Thackeray. We like the photographs better than the prints; and we have an old daguerreotype of him without his spectacles which is good; but no photograph can give more of a man than is in any one ordinary—often very ordinary—look of him; it is only Sir Joshua and his brethren who can paint a man liker than himself. Laurence's first drawing has much of his thoroughbred look, but the head is too much tossed up and *vif*. The photograph from the later drawing by the same hand we like better: he is alone, and reading with his book close up to his eyes. This gives the prodigious size and solidity of his head, and the sweet mouth. We have not seen that by Mr. Watts, but if it is as full of power and delicacy as his Tennyson, it will be a comfort.

Though in no sense a selfish man, he had a wonderful interest in himself as an object of study, and nothing could be more delightful and unlike anything else than to listen to him on himself. He often draws his own likeness in his books. In the "Fraserians" by Maclise, in *Fraser*, is a slight sketch of him in his unknown youth; and there is an excessively funny and not unlike extravaganza of him by Doyle or Leech, in the *Month*, a little short-lived periodical, edited by Albert Smith. He is represented lecturing, when certainly he looks his best. We give below what is like him in face as well as



in more. The tired, young kindly wag is sitting and looking into space, his mask and his jester's rod lying idly on his knees.

The foregoing estimate of his genius must stand instead of any special portraiture of the man. Yet we would mention two leading traits of character traceable, to a large extent, in his works, though finding no appropriate place in a literary criticism of them. One was the deep steady melancholy of his nature. He was fond of telling how on one occasion, at Paris, he found himself in a great crowded *salon*; and looking from the one end across the sea of heads, being in Swift's place of calm in a crowd,* he saw at the other end a strange visage, staring at him with an expression of comical woebegoneness. After a little he found that this rueful being was himself in the mirror. He was not, indeed, morose. He was alive to and thankful for everyday blessings, great and small; for the happiness of home, for friendship, for wit and music, for beauty of all kinds, for the pleasures of the "faithful old gold pen;" now running into some felicitous expression, now playing itself into some droll initial letter; nay, even for the creature comforts. But his persistent state, especially for the later half of his life, was profoundly *morne*—there is no other word for it. This arose in part from temperament, from a quick sense of the littleness and wretchedness of mankind. His keen perception of the meanness and vulgarity of the realities around him contrasted with the ideal present to his mind could produce no other effect. This feeling, embittered by disappointment, acting on a harsh and savage nature, ended in the *sæva indignatio* of Swift; acting on the kindly and too sensitive nature of Mr. Thackeray, it led only to compassionate sadness. In part, too, this melancholy was the result of private calamities. He alludes to these often in his writings, and a knowledge that his sorrows were great is necessary to the perfect appreciation of much of his deepest pathos. We allude to them here, painful as the subject is, mainly because they have given rise to stories—some quite untrue, some even cruelly injurious. The loss of his second child in infancy was always an abiding sorrow—described in the "Hoggarty Diamond," in a passage of surpassing tenderness too sacred to be severed from its context. A yet keener and more constantly present affliction was the illness of his wife. He married her in Paris when he was "mewing his mighty youth," preparing for the great career which awaited him. One likes to think on these early days of happiness, when

* "An inch or two above it."

he could draw and write with that loved companion by his side : he has himself sketched the picture :—"The humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles or talk or silence, cheering his labours." After some years of marriage, Mrs. Thackeray caught a fever, brought on by imprudent exposure at a time when the effects of such ailments are more than usually lasting both on the system and the nerves. She never afterwards recovered so as to be able to be with her husband and children. But she has been from the first intrusted to the good offices of a kind family, tenderly cared for, surrounded with every comfort by his unwearied affection. The beautiful lines in the ballad of the "Bouillabaisse" are well known :—

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
—There's no one now to share my cup."

In one of the latest Roundabouts we have this touching confession :—"I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see; but that past day; that bygone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy, it may be, which our little home-company was enacting; that merry-making which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried." But all who knew him, know well, and love to recall, how these sorrows were soothed and his home made a place of happiness by his two daughters and his mother, who were his perpetual companions, delights, and blessings, and whose feeling of inestimable loss now will be best borne and comforted by remembering how they were everything to him, as he was to them.

His sense of a higher Power, his reverence and godly fear, is felt more than expressed—as indeed it mainly should always be—in every thing he wrote. It comes out at times quite suddenly, and stops at once, in its full strength. We could readily give many instances of this. One we give, as it occurs very early, when he was probably little more than six-and-twenty; it is from the paper, "Madame Sand and the New Apocalypse." Referring to Henri Heine's frightful words, "*Dieu qui se meurt*," "*Dieu est mort*," and to the wild godlessness of *Spiridion*, he thus bursts out :—"O awful,

awful name of God! Light unbearable! mystery unfathomable! vastness immeasurable! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! who are these now so familiar with it?" In ordinary intercourse the same sudden "*Te Deum*" would occur, always brief and intense, like lightning from a cloudless heaven; he seemed almost ashamed—not of it, but of his giving it expression.

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean road, to the west of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure æther, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word "CALVARY!" The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did of divine things,—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.

There is a passage at the close of the "Roundabout Paper" No. xxiii., *De Finibus*, in which a sense of the ebb of life is very marked; the whole paper is like a soliloquy. It opens with a drawing of Mr. Punch, with unusually mild eye, retiring for the night; he is putting out his high-heeled shoes, and before disappearing gives a wistful look into the passage, as if bidding it and all else good-night. He will be in bed, his candle out, and in darkness in five minutes, and his shoes found next morning at his door, the little potentate all the while in his final sleep. The whole paper is worth the most careful study; it reveals not a little of his real nature, and unfolds very curiously the secret of his work, the vitality, and abiding power of his own creations; how he "invented a

certain *Costigan*, out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters," and met the original the other day, without surprise, in a tavern parlour. The following is beautiful:—"Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, 'Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? *It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving, for I was in the wrong.*' *Odisse quem læseris* was never better contravened. But what we chiefly refer to now is the profound pensiveness of the following strain, as if written with a presentiment of what was not then very far off: "Another *Finis* written; another milestone on this journey from birth to the next world. Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business, and be voluble to the end of our age?" "Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue?" And thus he ends:—

"Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages; oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last; after which, behold *Finis* itself comes to an end, and the Infinite begins."

He sent the proof of this paper to his "dear neighbours," in Onslow Square, to whom he owed so much almost daily pleasure, with his corrections; the whole of the last paragraph in manuscript, and above a first sketch of it also in ms., which is fuller and more impassioned. His fear of "enthusiastic writing" had led him, we think, to sacrifice something of the sacred power of his first words, which we give with its interlineations:—

"Another *Finis*, another slice of life which *Tempus edax* has devoured! And I may have to write the word once or twice perhaps, and then an end of Ends. ~~Finite is ever, and Infinite beginning~~ Oh the troubles, the cares, the *ennui*,
disputes,
the complications, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again, and here and there and oh the delightful passages, the dear, the brief, the for ever remembered! And then A few chapters more, and then the last, and then behold *Finis* itself coming to an end, and the Infinite beginning!"

How like music this—like one trying the same air in different ways; as it were,

searching out and sounding all its depths. "The dear, the brief, the for ever remembered;" these are like a bar out of Beethoven, deep and melancholy as the sea! He had been suffering on Sunday from an old and cruel enemy. He fixed with his friend and surgeon to come again on Tuesday; but with that dread of anticipated pain, which is a common condition of sensibility and genius, he put him off with a note from "yours unfaithfully, W. M. T." He went out on Wednesday for a little, and came home at ten. He went to his room, suffering much, but declining his man's offer to sit with him. He hated to make others suffer. He was heard moving, as if in pain, about twelve, on the eve of

"That the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin-mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring."

Then all was quiet, and then he must have died—in a moment. Next morning his man went in, and opening the windows found his master dead, his arms behind his head, as if he had tried to take one more breath. We think of him as of our Chalmers; found dead in like manner; the same child-like, unspoiled open face; the same gentle mouth; the same spaciousness and softness of nature; the same look of power. What a thing to think of,—his lying there alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. God help them, and us all! What would become of us, stumbling along this our path of life, if we could not, at our utmost need, stay ourselves on Him?

Long years of sorrow, labour, and pain had killed him before his time. It was found after death how little life he had to live. He looked always fresh with that abounding, silvery hair, and his young, almost infantine face, but he was worn to a shadow, and his hands wasted as if by eighty years. With him it is the end of Ends; finite is over, and infinite begun. What we all felt and feel can never be so well expressed as in his own words of sorrow for the early death of Charles Buller—

"Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blest be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall."

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ART. I.—LORD ELGIN—*In Memoriam.*

It is not the intention of these few pages to give an account even in outline of what England lost in the death of Lord Elgin. Other pens may hereafter describe at length that singular career, which witnessed the successful accommodation of a more varied series of novel and entangled situations than has perhaps fallen to the lot of any other statesman within our own time.

There must be those who remember and who could tell of the reduction of Jamaica to order, after the convulsions of the Emancipation Act, by the youngest Governor ever sent out to command a colony. There must be those who know how he stood his ground in Canada against first one and then another turbulent faction, and converted the mass of the population from a state of chronic disaffection to permanent loyalty. There are those who witnessed that decisive stroke by which he sent the troops back from Singapore to Calcutta, in the very crisis of the fate of our Eastern Empire, and, when he landed, found (to use his own famous and long-remembered expression) but "one face in Calcutta unblanched with fear"—the face of the intrepid governor, his own early college friend, Lord Canning,—a meeting how romantic and an issue how momentous! "It was he," wrote the gallant and lamented Sir William Peel, "who made the change in India. It was the Chinese expedition that relieved Lucknow, relieved Cawnpore, and fought the battle of the 6th of December." There are those who remember how, when, not for the first time, he encountered the terrors of shipwreck, at the Point de Galle, the two ambassadors of England and France sat side by side, unmoved amidst the awful scene, and

refused to leave the sinking ship, inspiring all around them with the cheerfulness and spirit needed for the emergency. There are those who saw him, by that rare union of tact with firmness, of fertile resource with simplicity of aim, which belonged to the character of his race, twice over bring to a prosperous end the stupid and provoking negotiations, and the no less stupid and provoking wars of the most inaccessible and intractable of earthly empires;—who watched the moderation with which he procured the treaty of Tien-tsin, the decisive energy with which he avenged the dignity of England by the destruction of the Summer Palace at Peking, and received the humiliation of the Chinese Prince in the heart of the Imperial city.

There are those, too, who know what he hoped to have done for India, had his life been spared. There are those—not a few—who looked further forward still, to the time when his long wanderings would at last be over, and he might have returned to have taken his place high in the councils of his country, and given to the solution of the great problems of the government of England, the experience and ability which had been ripened in such lofty positions, in so many a trying situation, in each extremity of the globe.

To these, and such as these, we must leave the delineation of the general policy, and the complicated course, of Lord Elgin's public life.

But it may be possible, within the short compass of the present occasion, to bring back some recollections of his last days, some image of his character as he appeared to those who knew and loved him best, which may fill up the vacant space left by his death, not merely in the memory and the hopes, but in

the actual knowledge of his contemporaries. For it is one of the sad consequences of a statesman's life spent, like his, in the constant service of his country on arduous foreign missions, that in his own land, in his own circle, almost in his own home, his place is occupied by others, his very face is forgotten; he can maintain no permanent ties with those who rule the opinion, or obtain the mastery, of the day; he has established no claims on any existing party; he has made himself felt in none of those domestic and personal struggles which attract the attention, and fix the interest, of the common world which forms the bulk of the public opinion of England. For twenty years, the few intervals of his residence in these islands were to be counted, not by years, but by months, and the majority even of those who might be reckoned amongst his friends and acquaintances, remembered him chiefly as the eager student at Oxford, in the happy time when he was devoted, in his undergraduate days at Christ Church, to the pages of Plato, or listened, not without a deep philosophic interest, in the Fellows' Quadrangle at Merton, to the roll of the now extinct theological controversy, then beat by the war-drum of the Tracts for the Times.

It is tragical to think of the curtain thus suddenly dropt over the future of his career in England. It is tragical, also, though in a narrower and more partial sense, to think of the more immediate overcasting of his career in India.

He undertook the Vice-royalty of India, not, it is said, without a dark presentiment that he should never return, but with a clear conviction that the magnitude of the field before him left no choice. Yet of the actual duty imposed upon him, of the actual glory to be reaped, he always expressed himself with a modesty to which his own acts corresponded. "I succeed," he used to say, "to a great man and a great war, with a humble task to be humbly discharged." This feeling is well expressed in a letter, which gives at the same time an admirable description of the empire, at the moment when he undertook the government.

"India was at peace. At peace in a sense of the term more emphatic and comprehensive than it had ever before borne in India. The occurrences which had taken place during the period of Lord Dalhousie's government, had established the prestige of the British arms as against external foes. Lord Canning's Vice-royalty had taught the same lesson to domestic enemies. No military operations of magnitude were in progress to call for prompt and vigorous action on the part of the ruling authority, or to furnish matter for narrations of thrilling interest. On the contrary, a hearty acquiescence in the belief that no such opportunities existed, and that it was incumbent

upon him, by all practicable means, to prevent their recurrence, was the first duty which the situation of affairs prescribed to a new Governor-General.

"But while such was the condition of things in respect to matters which have to be settled, if at all, by the arbitrament of the sword, questions of a different class, affecting very important interests, but demanding, nevertheless, a pacific solution, presented themselves for consideration, with a view to definitive action and practical adjustment, under circumstances of very great perplexity and embarrassment. . . . What intensified the evil in many of those cases, was the fact that the points in question bore closely upon those jealousies of race which are the sources of almost all our difficulties in India."

In the spirit thus indicated, he was desirous of postponing the final adjustment of such questions, as those to which he here alluded, until he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the country and the people. That acquaintance he was gradually acquiring. That result of his labours he was rapidly approaching.

The gallant vessel was steering with her sails full set, right into the haven where she would be. The storm swept over her, from a quarter whence it was least expected. The ship went down within the very sight of the harbour, with all the treasure of experience and wisdom accumulated for the very moment of the arrival which was never to take place.

The sense of his approaching end throws over the retrospect of Lord Elgin's progress northwards from Calcutta through the provinces a melancholy shade, which almost forbids us to dwell upon it in detail. Yet it also imparts a pathetic interest to some of the leading features of his public addresses, and of his personal impressions, which may well find a place in this brief sketch. Such is the allusion to the two distinguished men who had preceded him in his office of Governor-General, in a speech at a dinner at Benares, celebrating the progress of the East Indian Railway:—

"In looking over the published report of these proceedings a few days ago, my attention was arrested by an incident which brought forcibly home to my mind one painful circumstance in which my position here to-day contrasts sadly with that which my predecessor then occupied. At a stage in the proceedings of the evening, corresponding to that at which we have now arrived, Lord Canning departed from the routine prescribed by the programme, and invited the company to join him in drinking the health of his noble predecessor, the Marquis of Dalhousie, who had, as he justly observed, nursed the East Indian Railway in its infancy, and guided it through its first difficulties. It is not in my power to make any similar proposal to you now. A mysterious dispensation of Providence has removed from this world's stage, where they seemed still destined to play so noble and useful a part, both

the proposer of this toast and its object; the names of both are written in brilliant characters on some of the most eventful pages of the history of India, and both were removed at a time when expectation as to the services which they might still render to India was at its height. I shall not now dwell on the great national loss which we have all sustained in this dispensation; but, perhaps, I may be permitted to say that to me the loss is not only a public one, but a private and personal calamity likewise. Both of these distinguished men were my contemporaries; both, I believe I may without presumption say, my intimate friends. It is a singular coincidence that three successive Governors-General of India should have stood towards each other in this relationship of age and intimacy. One consequence is that the burden of governing India has devolved upon us respectively at different periods of our lives. Lord Dalhousie, when named to the Government of India, was, I believe, the youngest man who had ever been appointed to a situation of such high responsibility and trust. Lord Canning was in the prime of life; and I, if I am not already on the decline, am at least nearer to the verge of it than either of my contemporaries who have preceded me. Indeed, when I was leaving England for India, Lord Ellenborough, who is now, alas! the only surviving ex-Governor-General of India, said to me, 'You are not a very old man, but depend upon it, you will find yourself by far the oldest man in India.'

He was present at the impressive ceremony of the consecration of the church by the Well of Cawnpore, where he met the excellent Bishop of Calcutta. He thence advanced to Agra, which he thus describes:

"The six days spent at Agra, I am disposed to reckon among the most interesting of my life. Perhaps eleven months of the monotony of a Calcutta existence may render the mind more sensitive to novelty and beauty. At any rate, the impressions experienced on revisiting Agra at this time have been singularly vivid and keen. The surpassing beauty of the buildings, among which the Taj stands preeminent; the vast concourse of chiefs and retainers, containing so many of the attributes of feudal and chivalrous times; with the picturesqueness in attire and gorgeousness in colouring, which only the East can supply; produced an effect of fairyland, of which it was difficult to divest one's-self in order to come down to the sterner realities of the present. These realities consisted mainly in receiving the chiefs at private and public Darbars; the great Darbar being attended by a larger number of chiefs than ever before assembled on a similar occasion."

The public journals of India describe for the last time, on the occasion of this Darbar (or gathering of the princes), his "appearance venerable" beyond his years; "the extremely benignant" aspect of his countenance; his voice, as he addressed the assembly, "clear and distinct, every word well weighed, as if he meant what he said." We give his address, as the best exposition of his own feeling under this and similar circumstances:—

"Princes and Chiefs.—In inviting you to meet me here, it was my wish in the first place to become acquainted with you personally, and also to convey to you, in obedience to the gracious command which I received from Her Majesty the Queen, upon my departure from England, the assurance of the deep interest which Her Majesty takes in the welfare of the Chiefs of India. I have now to thank you for the alacrity with which, in compliance with my request, you have, many of you from considerable distances, assembled at this place.

"Having received, during the course of the last few days, many of the principal personages among you in private durbar, where I have had the opportunity of communicating my views on matters of interest and importance, I need not detain you on this occasion by many words.

"Before taking leave of you, however, I desire to address to you collectively a few general remarks upon the present state of affairs in India, and upon the duties which that state of affairs imposes upon us all.

"Peace, I need hardly remind you of the fact, now happily prevails throughout the whole extent of this vast empire; domestic treason has been crushed; and foreign enemies have been taught to respect the power of the arms of England.

"The British Government is desirous to take advantage of this favourable opportunity, not to extend the bounds of its dominions, but to develop the resources and draw forth the natural wealth of India, and thus to promote the well-being and happiness both of rulers and of the people.

"With this view many measures of improvement and progress have already been introduced, and among them, I may name as most conspicuous, the railway and electric telegraph, those great discoveries of this age which have so largely increased the wealth and power of the mightiest nations of the West.

"By diffusing education among your vassals and dependants, establishing schools, promoting the construction of good roads, and suppressing, with the whole weight of your authority and influence, barbarous usages and crimes, such as infanticide, suttee, thuggee, and dacoitee, you may, Princes and Chiefs, effectually second these endeavours of the British Government, and secure for yourselves and your people a full share of the benefits which the measures to which I have alluded are calculated to confer upon you. I have observed with satisfaction the steps which many of you have already taken in this direction, and more especially the enlightened policy which has induced some of you to remove transit and other duties which obstructed the free course of commerce through your States.

"As representing the paramount power, it is my duty to keep the peace in India. For this purpose Her Majesty the Queen has placed at my disposal a large and gallant army, which, if the necessity should arise, I shall not hesitate to employ for the repression of disorder and the punishment of any who may be rash enough to disturb the general tranquillity. But it is also my duty to extend the hand of encouragement and friendship to all who labour for the good of India, and to assure you that the chiefs who make their own dependants contented and prosperous, esta-

blish thereby the strongest claim on the favour and protection of the British Government.

"I bid you now, Princes and Chiefs, farewell for a time, with the expression of my earnest hope that, on your return to your homes, health and happiness may attend you."

From Agra he moved northwards through Delhi:—

"The place of greatest interest visited during the latter part of the tour was unquestionably Delhi. The approach to it through ten miles of a desolate-looking campagna, thickly strewn with funereal monuments reared in honour of the sovereigns and mighty men of former dynasties, reminded me of Rome. The city itself bears traces of more recent calamities. The palace has been a good deal maltreated, and the Jumna Musjid (Great Mosque), a magnificent building, has only just been restored to the worshippers. Beyond the town, and over the place where the camp was pitched, lay the heights which were occupied by the British troops, and signalled by so many deeds of valour, during the eventful struggles of 1857.

"No durbar was held at Delhi, but at Umballa a large number of influential Sikh chiefs were received, at the head of whom was the young Maharaja of Puttialla, the son and heir of the Prince whom Lord Canning placed in the Council of the Governor-General.

"The Sikhs are a warlike race, and the knowledge of this fact gave a colour to the advice tendered to them. It was my wish to recognise with all due honour their martial qualities, while seeking to impart a more pacific direction to their energies. The capture of half the capitals of Europe would not have been, in the eyes of the Sikh, so great an event, or so signal a proof of British power, as the capture of Pekin. They are proud of the thought that some of their race took a part in it; and more inclined than ever—which is an important matter—to follow the British standard into foreign lands, if they should be invited to do so."

On these sentiments was founded the address which he delivered on this occasion, and which is given here at length, as the last public expression of his good-will to the Indian races:—

"Colonel Durand,—I beg that you will express to the native gentlemen who are assembled here my regret that I am unable to address them in their own language, and inform them that I am charged by Her Majesty the Queen to convey to them the assurance of Her Majesty's high appreciation of the loyalty and devotion to Her Majesty's person and Government which has been exhibited on various occasions by the Sikh rulers and people. Not many days ago it was my pleasing duty to determine that the medal granted to Her Majesty's troops who were engaged at Delhi in 1857, should be conferred on the followers of the Sikh chiefs who took part in the noble achievements of that period, and I can personally bear testimony to the good services of the officers and men of the Sikh Regiments who, in 1860, co-operated with the British troops in placing the British flag on the walls of Pekin, the capital of the vast empire of China.

"But, in order to be truly great, it is necessary that nations should excel in the arts of peace as well as in those of war.

"Look to the history of the British nation for an example. Most assuredly the British people are powerful in war; but their might and renown are in a great measure due to their proficiency in the works which make a time of peace fruitful and glorious.

"By their skill in agriculture, they have converted their country into a garden; by their genius as traders they have attracted to it a large share of the wealth of other lands.

"Let us take advantage of this season of tranquillity to confer similar benefits on the Punjab.

"The waters which fall on your mountain heights and unite at their base to form mighty rivers, are a treasure which, duly distributed, will fertilize your plains and largely augment their productive powers. With electric telegraphs to facilitate communication, and railways and canals to render access to the sea-ports easy and expeditious, we shall be able to convey the surplus produce of this great country to others where it is required, and to receive from them their riches in return.

"I rejoice to learn that some of the chiefs in this part of India are taking an interest in these matters, which are of such vital importance to the welfare of this country and the prosperity of the people. It affords me, moreover, sincere gratification to find that, under the able guidance of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Sikh Sardars in certain districts of the Punjab are giving proof of their appreciation of the value of education by making provision for the education of their sons and daughters.

"Be assured that in so doing you are adopting a judicious policy. The experience of all nations proves that where rulers are well informed and sagacious, the people are contented and willingly submissive to authority. Moreover, it is generally found that where mothers are enlightened, sons are valiant and wise.

"I earnestly exhort you, therefore, to persevere in the course on which you have entered, and I promise you while you continue in it the sympathy and support of the British Government."

He now reached Simla, the paradise of the Anglo-Indians. He was thence to explore the tea plantations amongst the mountains, and was looking eagerly forward to the great gathering of Indian chiefs and princes which was to close his progress at Lahore.

Although he had suffered often from the unhealthy and depressing climate of Calcutta during the summer and autumn of 1862, and thus, to the eyes that saw him again in 1863, he looked many years older than when he left England, yet it was not till he entered the hills that any symptom manifested itself of the fatal malady that was lurking under his apparently stout frame and strong constitution. The splendid scenery of those vast forests and snow-clad mountains inspired him with the liveliest pleasure; but the highly

rarefied atmosphere, which to most residents in India is as life from the dead, seemed in him to have the exactly reverse effect.

It was on the 12th of October, that he ascended the Rotung Pass, and, on the 13th, crossed the famous Twig Bridge over the river Chandra. It is remarkable for the rude texture of birch branches of which it is composed, and which, at this late season, was so rent and shattered by the wear and tear of the past year, as to render the passage of it a matter of great exertion. Lord Elgin was completely prostrated by the effort, and it may be said that from the exhaustion consequent on this adventure he never rallied. But he returned to his camp, and continued his march on horseback, until, on the 22d, an alarming attack obliged him to be carried, by slow stages, to Dhurmsala. There he was joined, on the 4th of November, by his friend and medical adviser, Dr. Macrae, who had been summoned from Calcutta, on the first alarming indications of his illness. By this time, the disorder had declared itself in such a form as to cause the most serious apprehensions to others, as well as to himself the most distressing sufferings. There had been a momentary rally, during which the fact of his illness had been communicated to England. But this passed away; and on the 6th of November, Dr. Macrae came to the conclusion that the illness was mortal. This intelligence, which he communicated at once to Lord Elgin, was received with a calmness and fortitude which never deserted him through all the scenes which followed. It was impossible not to be struck by the courage and presence of mind with which, in the presence of a death unusually terrible, and accompanied by circumstances unusually trying, he showed, in equal degrees and with the most unvarying constancy, two of the grandest elements of human character—unselfish resignation of himself to the will of God, and thoughtful consideration, down to the smallest particulars, for the interests and feelings of others, both public and private.

When once he had satisfied himself, by minute inquiries from Dr. Macrae, of the true state of the case, after one deep, earnest, heartfelt regret that he should thus suddenly be parted from those nearest and dearest, to whom his life was of such inestimable importance, and that he should be removed just as he had prepared himself to benefit the people committed to his charge, he steadily set his face heavenward. He was startled, he was awed; he felt it "hard, hard, to believe that his life was condemned," but there was no looking backward. Of the officers of his staff he took an affectionate leave on that day. "It is well," he said to one of them, "that I

should die in harness." And thenceforth he saw no one habitually, except Dr. Macrae, who combined with his medical skill the tenderness and devotion at once of a friend and of a pastor; his attached secretary, Mr. Thurlow, who had rendered him the most faithful services, not only through the period of his Indian Vice-royalty, but during his last mission to China; and Her who had shared his every thought, and whose courageous spirit now rose above the weakness of the fragile frame, equal to the greatness of the calamity, and worthy of him to whom, by night and day, she constantly ministered.

On the following day, the clergyman whom he had ordered to be summoned, and for whose arrival he waited with much anxiety, reached Dhurmsala, and administered the Holy Communion to himself and those with him. "We are now entering on a New Communion," he had said that morning, "the Living and the Dead," and his spirit then appeared to master pain and weakness, and to sustain him in a holy calm, during the ceremony, and for a few hours afterwards. "It is a comfort," he whispered, "to have laid aside all the cares of this world, and put myself in the hands of God;" and he was able to listen at intervals to favourite passages from the New Testament. That evening closed in with an aggravation of suffering. It was the evening of the seventeenth anniversary of his wedding-day.

On the following morning, Lady Elgin, with his approval, rode up to the cemetery at Dhurmsala to select a spot for his grave, and he gently expressed pleasure when told of the quiet and beautiful aspect of the spot chosen, with the glorious view of the snowy range towering above, and the wide prospect of hill and plain below.

The days and nights of the fortnight which followed were a painful alternation of severe suffering and rare intervals of comparative tranquillity. They were soothed by the never-failing devotion of those that were always at hand to read to him or to receive his remarks. He often asked to hear chosen chapters from the Book of Isaiah (as the 40th and 55th), sometimes murmuring over to himself any striking verses that they contained, and at other times repeating by heart favourite Psalms, one of which recalled to him an early feat of his youth, when he had translated into Greek the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sate down and wept." At times he delighted to hear his little girl, who had been the constant companion of his travels, repeat some of Keble's hymns, especially those on the festivals of St. John the Evangelist and of the Holy Innocents. Years ago he had prided himself on having been

the first to introduce into Scotland *The Christian Year*, which he brought as a student from Oxford, where the first edition—first of its seventy-seven editions—had just appeared. How touching a reward to him—how touching a tribute to the enduring piety and genius of its venerable author, that after the lapse of so long a tract of time to both—of quiet pastoral life and eager controversies for the one, of diplomacy and government, war and shipwreck, and travels from hemisphere to hemisphere, for the other—that fountain of early devotion should still remain fresh and pure to soothe his dying hours.

Until his strength failed him, he was carried at times into the verandah, and showed by words and looks his constant admiration at the grand evidences of God's power and goodness in the magnificence of the scenery before him; and on one such occasion was delighted with the sublime description of the wonders of nature in the 38th. and 39th chapters of the Book of Job.

At times he was able to enter into conversation and argument on serious subjects. When under the pressure of his sufferings, he was one night entreating to be released—"O that God would in mercy come and take me,"—Dr. Macrae reminded him of the dread of pain and death which seems to be expressed in the account of the Agony of Gethsemane, and he appeared to find much comfort in the thought, repeating once or twice that he had not seen it in this light before, and several times saying with fervour, "Not my will, but Thine be done." At other times, he could even be led, by way of steadying his wandering thoughts amidst the distraction of restlessness, to fix them on his school and college days, to tell anecdotes of his hard reading, or to describe the visit to Oxford of his venerable friend Dr. Chalmers. He dwelt in this way on a sermon of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, which he remembered even in detail, and from which he quoted some eloquent passages, bringing out the general scope of the sermon, to the effect, that rather than teach people to hate this bad world, we should teach them to love and look up to a better one.*

It will naturally be understood that long converse was really impossible. As occasions rose, a few words were breathed, an appropriate verse quoted, and a few minutes were all that could be given at any one time to discourse upon it. It is characteristic of his strong, cheerful faith, even during those last trying moments, that he on one occasion asked to have the more supplicatory, peni-

tential Psalms exchanged for those of praise and thanksgiving, in which he joined, knowing them already by heart, and in the same strain of calm yet triumphant hope, he whispered to himself on the night when his alarming state was first made known to him, "Hallelujah; the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. We shall all meet again."

That thought was raised to its highest pitch by the sight of a portrait of a beloved son, who had died in England during his absence. It arrived in the close of those sad days. He recognised it at once with a burst of tenderness and delight which at once lifted his mind above the suffering of his mortal illness. Again and again he desired to see it, and to speak of it, with the fixed conviction that he and his "angel boy," as he called him, would soon meet in a better world. "Oh, when shall I be with you?" "You know where he is; we shall all go to him; he is happy."

Every care had been taken for the public interests, and for the interests of those still nearer and dearer to him. He had laid the most solemn charge on his faithful secretary to conduct Lady Elgin home on her mournful and solitary voyage. He had given to Dr. Macrae, with the tenderest marks of affection, a turquoise ring: "We have had a long struggle together: keep this in memory of it." He had dictated a telegram to the Queen resigning his office, with a request that his successor might be immediately appointed.

With this exception, public affairs seem to have faded from his mind. "I must resign myself to doing no work. I have not sufficient control over my thoughts. I have washed my hands of it all." But it was remarkable that as the end drew nearer, the keen sense of public duty once more flashed up within him. It was on the 19th that he could not help expressing his wonder what was meant by his long lingering: and once, half wandering, he whispered, "If I did not die, I might get to Lahore, and carry out the original programme." Later on in the day he sent for Mr. Thurlow, and desired that a message should be sent, through Sir Charles Wood, expressive of his love and devotion to the Queen, and of his determination to do his work to the last possible moment. His voice, faint and inaudible at first, gained strength with the earnestness of the words which came forth as if direct from his heart, and which, as soon as pronounced, left him prostrate with the exertion. He begged, at the same time, that his "best blessing" might be sent to the Secretaries of the Indian Government, and also a private message to Sir Charles Wood in England.

These were his last public acts. A few

* "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."
—*Commercial Discourses*, No. ix.

words and looks of intense affection for his wife and child, were all that escaped him afterwards. One more night of agonized restlessness, followed by an almost sudden close of the long struggle, and a few moments of perfect calm, and his spirit was released.

His death was on the 20th of November, and on the 21st he was privately buried, at his own request, on the spot selected beforehand.

We have said that on his public policy we do not enter. That must be fought out, defended, censured, approved by others. Neither do we enlarge on the details of his private life. These are too sacred, too near, to be handled in these pages. Enough has been said to show to those who knew him not what manner of man he was in those more intimate relations to God and man with which a stranger dares not intermeddle.

But there are traits which start to life, now that he is removed, for which perhaps the English world, which, as we have said, hardly knew him, gave him but little credit.

He was thought of as a man of excellent sense and tact. By this, it is said, his objects were gained. Through this, it was held, he maintained that equable tenor of success that so marked the successive stages of his career. So doubtless it was to a great extent. Yet assuredly to those who knew him intimately there was much more than this.

Look even at the outward forms of his mode of speech. They are all that now remain to us to tell of that singularly poetic and philosophic turn of mind, that union of grace and power in all his turns of expression, which, if they do not actually amount to genius, give to the character which thus displays itself the charm which no commonplace mediocrity, however sound and safe, can ever attain. It is enough to quote from the few letters in which he had time to disburden those thoughts freely, to show what we mean.

THE RIVER SCENERY OF CHINA.

"May 1858.

"When the sun had passed the meridian, the masts and sails were a protection from his rays; and as he continued to drop towards the water, right a-head of us, he strewed our path, first with glittering silver spangles, then with roses, then with violets, through all of which we sped recklessly. The banks on either side continued as flat as ever until the last part of our trip, when we approached some hills on our left, not very lofty, but clearly defined, and with a kind of dreamy softness about them which reminded one of Egypt. . . . The sun has just set among a crowd of mountains which bound the horizon in front of us, and in such a

blaze of fiery light that earth and sky in his neighbourhood have hues all too glorious to look upon. Standing out in advance, on the edge of this sea of molten gold, is a solitary rock, which goes by the name of Golden Island, and serves as the pedestal of a tall pagoda.

"The night was lovely—a moon nearly full—the banks, flat and treeless at first, became fringed as we proceeded, with mud villages, silent as the grave, and trees standing like spectres over the stream. There we went on through this silvery silence, panting and breathing flame. Through the night watches, when no Chinaman moves, when the junks cast anchor, we laboured on, cutting ruthlessly and recklessly through the waters of that glancing and startled river, which, until the last few weeks, no stranger keel had ever furrowed."

VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

"May 9, 1860.

"Our row across the river to the chant of the boatmen invoking the aid of a sainted Dervish, and our ride through the fertile border of the Nile, covered with crops and palm-trees, were very lovely, and after about an hour and a half from Cairo, we emerged into the Desert. The Pyramids seemed there almost within reach of our arms; but, lo! they were in fact some four miles distant.

"We kept moving on at a sort of ambling walk, and the first sign of our near approach was the appearance of a crowd of Arabs. We pushed on over the heap of sand and *débris*, or probably covered-up tombs, which surround the base of the Pyramids, when we suddenly came on the most remarkable object on which my eye ever lighted. Somehow or other I had not thought of the Sphinx till I saw her before me. There she was in all her imposing magnitude, crouched on the margin of the Desert, looking on the fertile valley of the Nile, and her gaze fixed on the East, as if in earnest expectation of the sunrising—but such a gaze! The mystical light and deep shadows cast by the moon gave to it an intensity which I cannot attempt to describe. To me it seemed a look earnest, searching, but unsatisfied. For a long time I remained transfixed, endeavouring to read the meaning conveyed by that wonderful eye. I was struck after a while by what seemed a contradiction in the expression of the eye and mouth. There was a singular gentleness and hopefulness in the lines of the mouth which appeared to be in contrast with the anxious eye. Mr. Bowlby* agreed with me in thinking that the upper part of the face spoke of the intellect striving vainly to solve the mystery (what mystery? the mystery, shall we say, of God's universe or of man's destiny?) while the lower indicated a moral conviction that all must be well, and that this truth would in good time be made manifest. We could hardly tear ourselves away from this fascinating

* The lamented *Times* correspondent who perished in China, amongst the prisoners captured in 1860.—See Lord Elgin's despatch to Lord J. Russell, dated October 26, 1860. *Correspondence on the Affairs of China, 1859-1860*, p. 22.

spectacle, to draw near to the great Pyramid which stood beside us, its outline sharply traced in the clear atmosphere. We walked round and round it, thinking of the strange men whose ambition to secure immortality for themselves had expressed itself in this giant creation. The enormous blocks of granite brought from one knows not where, built up one knows not how—the form selected, solely for the purpose of defying the assaults of time—the contrast between the conception embodied in their construction, and the talk of the frivolous race by whom we were surrounded, all this seen and felt under the influence of the dim moonlight, was very striking and impressive. We spent some time in moving from place to place along the shadow cast by the Pyramid on the sand; and observing the effect produced by bringing the moon sometimes to its apex, and sometimes to other points on its outline. I felt no disposition to exchange for sleep the state of dreamy half-consciousness in which I was wandering about, but at length I lay down on the shingly sand with a block of granite for a pillow, and passed an hour or two sometimes dozing, sometimes wakeful.

When we reached the summit at sunrise we had a horizon all around tinted very much like Turner's early pictures, and becoming brighter and brighter till it melted into day. Behind and on two sides of us was the barren and treeless desert stretching out as far as the eye could reach. Before us the fertile valley of the Nile, and the river meandering through it, and in the distance Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, the highest, the Citadel mosque, standing out boldly on the horizon. It was a fine view, and had a character of its own; but still it does not stand out among my recollections as a spectacle unique and never to be forgotten, as that of the night before does. I confess that it was with something of fear and trembling that I returned to the Sphinx that morning. I feared that the impressions received the night before might be effaced by the light of day—but it was not so. The lines were fainter and less deeply marked, but I found, or thought I found, the same meaning in them still."

But this elevation of sentiment was not merely one of outward form or expression. Varied, eventful, as was his course,—wrapt up in the intricacies of diplomacy,—entangled in disputes with Canadian factions and Oriental follies, he still kept steadily before him, as steadily as any great philanthropist, or missionary, or reformer that ever lived, those principles of truth and justice and benevolence, to maintain which was his sufficient reward for months and years of long and patient waiting, for storms of obloquy and misunderstanding. Philosophical or religious truth, in the highest sense, he had not the leisure to follow. Yet even here his memoranda, his speeches, we believe his conversation, constantly showed how open his mind was to receive profound impressions from the most opposite quarters; how firm a hold was laid upon it by any truth or fact which it had touched

in his passage through the many strange vicissitudes of life. "If public writers think that they cannot argue with eloquence without showing feeling" (so he spoke at a meeting in Calcutta on the mode in which the Lancashire distress was to be discussed, but how far beyond any such immediate occasion does the wisdom of his words extend!) "then, for God's sake, let them give utterance to their opinions. It would be much better than to deprive us of the spark which concussion with flint may kindle. I would rather myself swallow a whole bushel of chaff than lose the precious grains of truth which may somewhere or other be scattered in it." How exactly the opposite of the vulgar, unreasoning timidity and fastidiousness of the mass of statesmen and teachers and preachers, whose first thought is to suppress all eloquence and enthusiasm from apprehension of its possible accompaniments,—who would willingly throw away whole bushels of truth lest they should accidentally swallow a few grains of chaff. How entirely is the sentiment worthy of those noble treatises which, we have been assured, were his constant companions wherever he travelled, and from which he delighted to read the soul-stirring calls to freedom of inquiry, and resolute faith in truth—the Prose Works of Milton.

But it was in practical life that those qualities came forth in their full energy. Politics, statesmanship, government, were to him a profession, a science, of which he discussed the problems as a philosopher or a scholar would discuss the difficulties of astronomy or of philology. It was thus that he would take upon himself the responsibility of great acts, not merely from motives of passing expediency, but as parts of a system, which appeared to him to impose such a general duty upon him. On two memorable occasions his "political courage" (to use the French expression) reached a point of almost heroic magnitude. One was the determination adopted, with hardly any hesitation, to send back the troops to India, although it was the greatest personal sacrifice which he could have made, for, by depriving himself of his military force, he ran the risk of rendering his mission in China almost powerless. The other was the resolve, executed against all his natural tastes and feelings, and with the full anticipation of the obloquy which it would bring down upon him in Europe, of burning the Summer Palace at Peking, as the only means, under the extraordinary difficulties which surrounded him, of impressing the Chinese nation with a sense of the atrocity of the outrages perpetrated against their European prisoners.

"Having, to the best of my judgment, examined the question in all its bearings, I come to the conclusion, that the destruction of Yaen-ming-

yaen (the Summer Palace) was the least objectionable of the several courses open to me, unless I could have reconciled it to my sense of duty to suffer the crime which had been committed to pass practically unavenged. I had reason, moreover, to believe that it was an act which was calculated to produce a greater effect in China, and on the Emperor, than persons who look on from a distance may suppose. It was the Emperor's favourite residence, and its destruction could not fail to be a blow to his pride as well as to his feelings. To this place he brought our hapless countrymen, in order that they might undergo their severest tortures within its precincts. There had been found the horses and accoutrements of the troopers seized, the decorations torn from the breast of a gallant French officer, and other effects belonging to the prisoners. As almost all the valuables had been already taken from the palace, the army would go thus, not to pillage, but to mark by a solemn act of retribution, the horror and indignation with which we were inspired by the perpetration of a great crime. The punishment was one which would fall not on the people, who may be comparatively innocent, but on the Emperor, whose direct personal responsibility for the crime committed is established beyond all question."

This statement, which forms the close of an able and elaborate argument, which must be read in the original document* to be fully appreciated, is perhaps still more forcibly and concisely put in the following private letter:—

"We had only a fortnight to make peace in after the armies obtained the gate of Peking. It was absolutely necessary, before peace was concluded, to mark our sense of the barbarous treatment to which the prisoners had been subjected. The burning of the palace was an expeditious mode of marking our sense of this crime, and therefore consistent with the speedy conclusion of peace. It was appropriate, because the palace was the place at which the first cruelties to the prisoners were perpetrated, under the immediate direction of the Emperor and his advisors. It was humane, because it involved no sacrifice of human life; no great destruction of property, because the buildings (though styled *Palace*) were low wooden structures of small value, which had been plundered by the French army before the order for the burning was given."

These examples also indicate that though he was cautious to excess when he had time to deliberate (for his logical powers and his command over language tempted him to refine), yet his decision could be as prompt as a soldier's when the occasion demanded it; and if he was satisfied of the correctness of his cause, he would accept the full responsibility of it, in spite of all opposition. His clearness of view, under these circumstances, admitted of no confusion, and his power of expressing

what he saw was equal to the clearness with which he saw it. There are men, deeply versed in public affairs, in whom caution almost takes the place of genius, and admits of no other rival quality. Such might to some appear to have been the character of Lord Elgin. But had he been so ruled by this predominant faculty, he would assuredly never have ventured on the organization of Canton by the hazardous but successful appointment of a temporary Chinese governor, nor would he have faced the complicated difficulties that presented themselves in his adventurous voyage of discovery up the Yang-tse-kiang river, nor would he have marched on Peking with that military ardour, which made the French soldiers exclaim, that he ought to have been an "officier de dragons."

These statesman-like gifts, however, are not those which fill the largest space in his character to those who knew him best. He possessed in an eminent degree the rare quality—rare in the political world, rarer still perhaps in the religious world—of the strong overruling sense of the justice due from man to man, and from nation to nation.

Wherever he went (and it was his fate that in the four different spheres in which his lot was cast, the same relations were constantly reappearing) it was his fixed determination that the interests of the subject races should be protected from the impatience or violence of his own countrymen,—the emancipated slaves of Jamaica, the French Canadians, the Chinese in their dealings with the European residents, the Indian population in its dealings with the Anglo-Indian conquerors.

That he had no bloodshed on his hands was his pride in Canada. "No human power shall induce me to accept the office of oppressor of the people," was his sincere resolve in China. The order to burn the Imperial Palace at Peking was wrung from him by the severest sense of the necessity of the crisis. When in India, the protection of the Indians was the constant source of solicitude to him. The stern determination with which he carried out the execution of an English soldier for causing the death of a native, was of itself enough to mark his strong sense of what was due from the Viceroy of India to the interests of the conquered race. "His combination of speculative and practical ability," so wrote one with deep experience of his mind, "fitted him more than any man I have ever known, to solve the problem how these subject races are to be governed." It may be that in these acts he merely served to represent the growing humanity and justice of the age. But it is a great boon to mankind when the best tendencies of the age find a congenial soul in which to take root and bear fruit; and such

* Lord Elgin's despatch to Lord J. Russell, dated October 25, 1860.—*Correspondence respecting Affairs in China, 1859-1860*, p. 203.

a soul, in every sense, was that of Lord Elgin.

It might almost be said that the sense of responsibility for the classes confided to his charge, especially of those who were comparatively friendless, was to him a kind of religion,—an expression of his sense of the justice and love of God for all His creatures. And it may be remarked how, from this religious sense of the duty devolved upon him, it came to pass that, if there was any subject which more strongly moved his indignation than another, it was the sight, whether in foreign lands or in our own, of Christianity invoked, or of the influence of the teachers of religion brought to bear, against the general claims of justice and humanity on behalf of those who might be regarded, in race, or religion, or opinion, aliens from ourselves.

There is one final tribute which, at least in these pages, may be offered without affectation to his memory. Wherever else he was honoured, and however few were his visits to his native land, yet Scotland at least always delighted to claim him as her own. Always his countrymen were proud to feel that he worthily bore the name most dear to Scottish hearts. Always his unvarying integrity shone to them with the steady light of an unchanging beacon above the stormy discords of the Scottish church and nation. Whenever he returned to his home in Fifeshire, he was welcomed by all, high and low, as their friend and chief. Here at any rate were fully known the industry with which he devoted himself to the small details of local, often trying and troublesome business; the affectionate confidence with which he took counsel of the fidelity and experience of the aged friends and servants of his house; the cheerful contentment with which he was willing to work for their interests and for those of his family, with the same fairness and patience as he would have given to the most exciting events or the most critical moments of his public career. There his children, young as they were, were made familiar with the union of wisdom and playfulness with which he guided them, and with the simple and self-denying habits of which he gave them so striking an example. By that ancestral home, in the vaults of the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, would have been his natural resting-place. Those vaults had but two years ago been opened to receive the remains of another of the same house, his brother, General Bruce, whose lamented death—also in the service of his Queen and country—followed immediately on his return from the journey in which he had accompanied the Prince of Wales to the East, and in which he had caught the fatal malady that brought him to his untimely end. “You have lost a

kind and good uncle, and a kind and good godfather,”—so Lord Elgin wrote to his little boy, who bore the same name as the General,—“and you are now the only Robert Bruce in the family.” It is a good name, and you must try and bear it nobly and bravely as those who have borne it before you have done. If you look at their lives you will see that they always considered in the first place what they ought to do, and only in the second what it might be most pleasant and agreeable to do. This is the way to steer a straight course through life, and to meet the close of it, as your dear uncle did, with a smile on his lips.” By few could General Bruce’s loss have been felt more than by Lord Elgin himself. “No two brothers,” he used to say, “were ever more helpful to each other.” The telegram that brought the tidings to him at Calcutta was but one word. “And yet,” he said, “how much in that one word! It tells me that I have lost a wise counsellor in difficulties, a staunch friend in prosperity and adversity, one on whom, if anything had befallen myself, I could always have relied to care for those left behind me. It tells, too, of the dropping of a link of that family chain which has always been so strong and unbroken.” How little was it foreseen then, that of that strong unbroken chain, his own life would be the next link to be taken away. How little was it thought by those who stood round the vault at Dunfermline Abbey, on the 2d of July 1862, that to those familiar scenes, and to that hallowed spot, the chief of the race would never return. How mournfully did the tidings from India reach a third brother in the yet further East, who felt that to him was due in great part whatever success he had experienced in life, even from the time when, during the elder brother’s Eton holidays, he had enjoyed the benefit of his tuition, and who was indulging in dreams how, in their joint return from exile, with their varied experience of the East, they might have worked together for some great and useful end.

He sleeps far away from his native land, on the heights of Dhurmsala; a fitting grave, let us rejoice to think, for the Viceroy of India, overlooking from its lofty height the vast expanse of the hill and plain of these mighty provinces,—a fitting burial, may we not say, beneath the snow-clad Himalaya range, for one who dwelt with such serene satisfaction on all that was grand and beautiful in man and nature—

“Pondering God’s mysteries untold,
And tranquil as the glacier snows,
He by those Indian mountains old,
Might well repose.”

A last home, may we not say, of which the

very name, with its double signification, was worthy of the spirit which there passed away—"the Hall of Justice, the Place of Rest." Rest, indeed, to him after his long "laborious days," in that presence which to him was the only complete Rest—the presence of Eternal Justice.

ART. II.—1. *A Fortnight in Faroe, from Unpublished Journals, v.y.*

2. *Faroernes Fuglefauna med Bemærkning om Fuglefangsten af Sysselmand H. C. MÜLLER. Kjobenhavn, 1863.*

THE time will soon come when we shall all be flitting. When the London season will begin to flag, and its joys to pall on our jaded taste. In May it is a beautiful girl, in June a full-grown man, in July a palsied gray-beard, scarce able to make a valid disposition of its goods and land, in August it will be dead and buried. We who have laughed at its many quips and cranks a month back will have wept and even cursed over its bier, and then that great greed for travel and wandering will come over us, and even the best of us will loathe the town and long for the country. Well, whither shall we go! "Of course abroad," say our wives and daughters, who think that "Paterfamilias" has the purse of Fortunatus safely lodged at his banker's. Abroad of course; but let him propose Boulogne or Dieppe. We would not be in the bed of that father of a family, no! not for a single night. There is, however, much to be said for Dieppe, it being always understood that you do not reach it *via* Brighton. The horrors of that "middle passage" no tongue can tell, no pen write, no pencil portray. Let it be enough to say that there the voyage is always long, the sea short and chopping, the boat slow but lively, the steward nowhere, and sea-sickness rampant except when it leans over the side. When you get to Dieppe it is pleasant enough and dear enough out of all conscience. You Paterfamilias, being a man of pure and cleanly life, will bathe, but you will bathe under the eye of the police, bathe with your nether-man hidden from the vulgar gaze by what the French call *caleçons*, bathe in batches, the men in one batch and the women in the other. Above all things beware of following the example of an Englishman who rashly went into his box to bathe, attended by his faithful Newfoundland dog. Neptune, the dog and not the sea, we grieve to write it, was unmuzzled, in itself a crime of the deepest dye in France. The master having divested himself of all his gar-

ments, till he stood shivering like Adam before the Fall, rashly opened the door and peeped out; in an instant Neptune rushed in, caught the fatal *caleçons* in his mouth and tore away along the sands. His master still more rashly rushed after him to save the garment. Groans and execrations rose all along the beach, the police came up, and Neptune and his master were taken to the guard-house, the master for being in state closely resembling that of the ancient Picts without their woad, and the dog for being without a muzzle. Need we say that both were heavily fined, and that both left Dieppe by the next steamer? But barring such accidents Dieppe is not a bad place. True, it is rather dearer than Paris, and perhaps the ladies who flock thither dress rather better and more often in the twenty-four hours than they do in the French capital. No! we should not say it would cost more to take your wife and daughters to Dieppe in August and September, than it would to live in Belgravia during May and June; but then you have Fortunatus' purse at your banker's, so pay the bill like a husband and a father and let us have no meanness. Besides, is there not the boat from Dieppe to Brighton, and can you not run backwards and forwards to the city and make money there, while your wives and daughters bathe under the eye of the whole society *y comprise la police* on the sands at the mouth of the Somme?

And here a serious question arises, as it has often arisen to many a father of a family—

"Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."

Is it needful to take your wife and daughters abroad with you? We are bold even to ask such a question; and on the whole, unless we wrote under this sweet anonymous mask, we should not dare to do so. The fate of Actæon, of Orpheus, and all those unhappy wights who have fared so ill at women's hands, would be light matched against ours. In a meeting of wives and daughters there would not be a morsel of us left in five minutes, and yet we dare to ask, Is it needful to take your wives and daughters abroad at all? Are they fit for it? does it do them any good? are you or they the better for it? do they learn anything? "Wretch!" shrieks the indignant wife and mother. "Can we not speak French; that is to say, not I but the girls, at least they have been taught, and though they have never tried no doubt they can; and if they can't what does it matter? So that is settled." Settled indeed in woman's wise, but in sorrow we utter it, the British woman of all classes, except the very highest, and with many exceptions even

there, is not voluble or even audible in any tongue but her own. The difference between the mothers and their daughters is about this—the mothers never open their mouths, except to say “wee” or “yah,” and do not pretend to speak; but the daughters do open their mouths, and yet no one understands them. Whether their French be of Stratteford-at-the-Bow, or their German the choicest *Kauderwelsch* we dare not say, but the effect on the natives is that of great amazement. They are “astonied” like Daniel, though if they are *garçons* or *kellner*, not “for the space of one hour,” no foreign waiter could afford to lose so much time. After staring a minute or so the said *garçons* and *kellner* answer in very fair English. The same farce is repeated by the daughters at every stage of the journey with the same results; and so their French and German turns out to be like that of the Irishman who thought he was master of French, because he could utter “*parlez vous Français*,” and when the answer was “*Oui, Monsieur*,” he went on, “Then will yer lind me the loan of a gridiron.” As for the unhappy father of a family himself, who three or four times a day assists at the burial of the French of the household,—lucky man if when his boys come home from Eton, he does not find them as ignorant of Horace and Xenophon,—as for this woful man, we are bound to say that he often cuts a better figure abroad than the rest of his following. He sometimes knows a little French. He can wade through a few plain phrases in that tongue, though he cannot swim. Sometimes too he is not quite at sea in German; and though he makes sad blunders, still with all his floundering, putting his foot in it, as the saying is, at every step he makes abroad,—though he orders “*jambes de mouton*” for his dinner, utterly ignoring “*gigots*,”—still we say he is often a good fellow and good company; and so it is that we mean to take him with us on his foreign travels, and are ungallant enough to leave his wife and daughters at home. They will, we know, be ready to scratch out our eyes; but our comfort is that they do not know us, that they will be much happier down in Devonshire at pleasant Ilfracombe, or at Weymouth with its many bills besides that enormous Bill of Portland, or Eastbourne which is so healthy that none of the residents ever die either of marsh fever or scarlatina, though such accidents sometimes happen to “visitors,” or Scarborough where like Dieppe you bathe before all the world, but unlike Dieppe you must do so in the condition of Adam and Eve in Paradise, Scarborough where a man must bathe nude, and yet dare not swim but lest he should be carried out by the tide; Scarborough, ever

haunted by excursionists who often sleep in bathing-machines, and where if you are going to have an early dip on Monday morning, you will probably find an excursionist man and his wife, or perhaps two wandering bachelors, sound asleep in your machine. To each and all of these charming places our friend's family are heartily welcome, but as for him we mean to take him with us and show him foreign parts.

To do him justice, he is at first rather unwilling to trust himself with us. How can he a man of middle age leave wife and children at the dull sea-side? What will the Smiths say who live over the way? Smith never leaves his wife; why should he? Then who will look after the children, take care that they do not get into scrapes, see that the boys bathe before breakfast, and do not eat more than forty unripe pears every day, who will save them if they fall overboard out fishing? Our answer is, Let Smith be good enough to mind his own business. No doubt he has good reasons for never leaving his wife, as good perhaps as you have for leaving yours just this once. We have heard that Smith when younger was a sad dog, kept late hours, was always at his club, had two latch-keys for he was always telling Mrs. Smith that he kept the spare one to lend it to a friend in case he lost his own; often stayed at the Great Saurian Society till three o'clock in the morning; was an original member of “The Anthropomorphic,” which only opens at one o'clock in the morning, one of their great days being one A.M. on Monday morning. All which fables the unhappy Mrs. Smith believed till her eyes were opened. Now Smith never leaves her. So much for Smith. As for the children, it is no insult to you to say that your wife can look after them much better than you can. Did you ever see a cock looking after his wife's chickens? No, nor ever will. Small care takes a tomcat for his offspring, and yet the world rolls on from day to day, and children, chickens, and kittens, all grow up together under their mother's eye. As for saving them when they fall overboard, we do not believe you can swim, and as for jumping overboard we know good swimmers who would think twice before doing such a rash, cold-blooded thing. Certain it is, we would rather trust a mother who could not swim, to jump overboard after her children, than a father who could. So let us have no nonsense; you will be better for leaving them, and they will do very well without you; come along, *præbe te hominem*, don't be ever dangling at your wife's apron-string. And so our friend is parted from house and home, and stands ready to go with us whithersoever we please.

We said we would give him a complete change, and so we will. We don't know whether he is a good sailor. He says he is, but seeing is believing, and there are many good sailors on the sunny side of Pall-Mall, or in bonnie Princes' Street, whose heart and head fail them ere they reach the Nore, or are well past the Bass. He can ride—in Rotten Row; he can swim—at Brill's bath at Brighton, or Portobello. So we will take him, as the summer is hot, and he wants cooling after a town-life, to the North. We would take him to Denmark, and so on to Norway, show him Hamburg, that most dissolute of cities, where Smith once was; Kiel that key of the Baltic for which Prussia is making a lock, or a deadlock in Sleswig; Copenhagen that city of palaces, the Queen of the Sound, the centre of so much literary life and such warm honest hearts; Christiania that would be a capital; Bergen reeking with tar, where the air is full of "ancient and fish-like smells," and where each hardy fisherman, who clutches your hand in his iron gripe, is sure to drop it covered with fish-scales; Drontheim with its noble cathedral,—yes! Norway, with all its firths and fells, we would have shown him up to Hammerfest and the North Cape. He says he can throw a fly. He should have had a chance though it is late in the year; still there is an after-season in Norway; and then too he might have gone up on the Fjeld after rein-deer, and crept along on his belly like the accursed serpent, over the snow and stones for a weary while, and slept like a cony in holes and crannies of the rocks, and had glorious fun, and borne great cold and hunger for hours and days, and at last seen the deer; and just as "*we*" were raising our breech-loader to bring down a stag, up our friend would have started and scared away the deer; and there as we two were alone in the fell with only an uncouth Norse Bonde for our guide, grim thoughts that killing a man at such provocation was no murder, would have crossed our minds, and we should hardly have withheld ourselves from discharging that ball through his stupid carcase; but we would have repented when we thought of his wife and children down at the sea-side, and reflected that after all the guide would have been witness against us; and as to conceal the dark deed of vengeance, it would be necessary to slay the guide too, the guiltless with the guilty, our hand would have been stayed, and we would have contented ourselves with sending him down from the Fjeld with the guide, and so stalked our game alone till nightfall, and yet never again seen the noble quarry.

All this he should have seen, and why not? Because between us and Copenhagen lies that

ravaging German host, whose heart is set on robbing the King of Denmark of his own, and because we will not go to Denmark at all unless we can go by Hamburg, Kiel, and the Danish Islands, sailing over that lovely summer sea between chalk cliffs and tall beechen groves. We will not go thither at all, if we have to sail round the Skaw. No, we shake our clenched fists with a malison on the king and kaiser who have revived a hideous German Faustrecht in this our nineteenth century, and pass by on the other side.

And yet we will take him North after all. He shall go to Iceland. "To Iceland," says the easy-going man; "why should I go to Iceland, and how can I go to Iceland? I don't know the way." Why you should go to Iceland will be best answered when you come back full of the wonders of that island. Reserve your reasons, and utter them with your raptures on your return. For the rest let me remark that so long as you are there you will never see a newspaper, never have a letter, and scarcely see bread. Think of that. No news, either public or private, and no indigestion, for that is the meaning of bakers' bread. If your shares fall in the city you will not care, for you will not know it; equally ignorant will you be and equally heedless of the death of your best friend. In Iceland you will realize and in Iceland alone the truth of the line—

"Where ignorance is bliss," etc.,

and when with this is coupled want of bread, and therefore of new bread, and therefore of indigestion, you will see at once that Iceland is the true place for such a careworn, share-ridden, dyspeptic fellow as yourself. Cease therefore to ask, "Why should I go to Iceland?" "How shall I go?" is a wiser question. Five or six times in the year a steamer leaves Copenhagen for Iceland, calling at Grangemouth by the way. As you are no true Scot, you don't know where Grangemouth is. Lucky for you that you are not twenty years younger. If you were you would probably be competitively examined once a week for several years. In these examinations, Geography of the British Isles fills deservedly the first place, and any man who cannot write a good clear hand, as clear as ours for instance, does not know the latitude and longitude of Aberdeen, cannot solve satisfactorily that awful sum in Rule of Three known to the students of Walkingame in days of yore as "Pigs of Lead," and though last not least, cannot fill in the place of Grangemouth in a blank skeleton map—is "plucked," or "spun," or fails to pass without hope of mercy. But out of compassion, we will tell

you that Grangemouth is a thriving town in Stirlingshire, on the Firth of Forth, close to the Carroñ Iron-Works, and at the mouth of the Forth and Clyde Canal. If after this explanation you are not enlightened as to your geographical darkness, you must go to Mr. "Wiseass," or some other professor in that branch of learning, from us you shall learn nothing more.

Well to make a long story short, behold my friend and me at Euston Square, booked by the limited mail to Edinburgh, on what ought to be a mild summer night in July, but which as the year is supposed to be past we may abuse as one of the greatest impostures ever palmed off on the British public under the pretence of summer. On the platform lies our baggage, tents, packsaddles, and boxes, to hang on either side of a pony's back, equally weighted, for besides the want of bread so satisfactorily explained above, there are no roads or carriages in Iceland, and all travelling is there performed on horseback. Food too of different kinds you must take with you, guns and rods, the means of getting food as well, for as the island is a good deal bigger than Ireland, is in a state of nature, and nature, bountiful though she may be in other lands, only finds her guests in Iceland in hot and cold water, the said guests must shift for themselves in divers ways, and so have renewed opportunities of finding that change of scene which we are anxious to provide for our friend.

Now the train is off, and we get down to "Auld Reekie" without much to attract attention, except the wonderful selfishness of a well-known London banker, who snugly seated in a warm corner of the carriage, with his back to the engine, insists on having both windows open on this bitter night, when as we have said summer had set in with its usual severity. On the seat opposite to him sits a delicate lady, and it is with some difficulty, and not without one or two pointed observations, that we actually prevail on this son of Plutus to allow one window to be closed. Once too in the night, when all slept, he stealthily lets down the pane; but he was foiled by the sensitiveness of our friend who wakes up at the draught and indignantly draws up the window, while our banker pretends the sleep of innocence. In Edinburgh we have of course a warm welcome from our friends, buy ourselves Mackintoshes and long sea-boots, and so go on to Grangemouth where we find the good ship "Arcturus" awaiting us.

It always blows in Edinburgh. It has blown there ever since the boyhood of Sydney Smith, and we believe it always will blow there. What would be a mighty rush-

ing wind elsewhere is but a gentle breeze under the Calton Hill. The wind too is generally Kingsley's "wind of God" from the east "airt." It blows north-east as we reach Edinburgh, and so it blows as we depart. The trees in the Princes Street Gardens wave to and fro a fitful farewell to us as we glide by in the train. In Edinburgh we think nothing of the wind. At Grangemouth we look about us and see the little harbour fretted with pockmarks by the bitter blast, while far away beyond the narrow ribbon, woven out of the waters of the Grange Burn, the Carroñ, and the Canal, which winds towards the Forth, we see the Firth angry and gurlly with the gusts which smite it on the face. This will be no cheerful night beyond the Isle of May, but the brave Captain Andresen has his steam up, and as the sun sets we steam softly down to the Firth. This way of going to sea out of a tiny river is most insidious. It is something like sea-bathing, only there you can draw back your foot, here you cannot. Once off you must stand by the ship so long as she stands by you. First you crawl along by help of warp and hawser, that is like just feeling the water with one foot; then a little further on you meet your first wave, that is when you have got knee-deep. Further on you feel as though you were on a swing, only you know you are in a ship, that is when the water is breast-high. Last comes a pitch followed by a roll, the screw thumps, the ship's sides creak and groan, the crockery rattles, basons get adrift in berths. It is all over, you are out of your depth. "Steward, Steward, Humane Society, to the rescue, bring the drags, a fire-escape, brandy and water, anything, only let me get on shore!" Such will be the ejaculations of our friend in about six hours, if the captain with this north-easter right in his teeth does not anchor at Inchkeith or under the May for the night. As for ourselves we are old sailors, we have been everywhere, traversed vast oceans, been sorely tossed on mighty inland seas, been in headlong tideways. Were we liars we should add that we had sculled ourselves through Corryvreckan in a Thames wager-boat; but we are not liars, and only assert that we have been everywhere in all weathers, in every kind of craft, and since we were sucklings never either sea-sick or land-sick. For us then the reader need have no sympathy on this wild night; we have our supper, take our toddy, make friends with our fellow-passengers, such as cared to show, and having out-talked and out-drunken even a Glasgow Bailie, who never rises from his liquor under seven tumblers, we turn in and are asleep in a moment. Towards dawn we are aroused by some inarticulate outpourings

of our friend whose time has come. But what has come over the ship? she is straining and pulling like a greyhound in a leash, evidently making great efforts to get on and yet not moving. "Are we ashore?" groans our friend, who would give a handful of those shares in the city if he could follow the ship's example, and set his forefoot on dry-land. "Not ashore, but at anchor till the tide turns and day breaks," and we recommend all who have never tried the sensation to do so, and then tell us if they like it. It feels like toiling up stairs, and then suddenly tumbling down backwards, the bumps and thumps which your head and elbows get from the ends and sides of your berth complete the illusion. Perhaps, too, it is like the sensation of being buried alive, and then having your body snatched and thrust into a cart without springs, and hurried off along a very rutty, ill-paved road to a medical school—we say perhaps, because we have never been buried alive, and never dissected, but we have been in a coffin, for are not all berths on board ship coffins? and reader, when you are sea-sick, do you not look like a corpse? and do not the steward and the stewardess look like body-snatchers, watching for the moment of dissolution to strip your corpse and cast it overboard? That was our friend's feeling; as for us we rose as usual, descended from the narrow lair, which with the forethought of an old sailor we had chosen over his aching head, and with the hunger of a lion refreshed by sleep, strode on deck, crying out for coffee. Before it comes we see at once where we are, what sailors call snug under the lee of the Isle of May, but tossing like a cork in the swell which reaches us even there. On the northern side of the Firth lie the North Carrs showing their ugly reef above the waves, the resting-place of many a good ship. Far away on the south side are the Bass and Tantallon, and all the pleasant homes in East Lothian, where our friends are warm asleep in their beds, while we are the sport of winds and waves. Just as we get our coffee the tide turned, and the captain gets up his anchor and is off. But it is slow work in such a sea and wind, and so we creep along till in the afternoon we are off Aberdeen, and at sunset lie-to off Peterhead. Here the Bailie and a geologist of our party have a warm dispute as to the formation of trap, the one declaring it to be igneous rock protruded by fire, the other aqueous bubbling up like starch from the bottom of the sea. Bless that Bailie's lungs and head. We never met his like for wind and whisky. At midnight as the gale freshens our bold captain will stand it no longer, and resolves to push on. "No

good waiting till perhaps it gets worse." All this time, mind you, our friend, for whose especial pleasure we have undertaken this journey, and who was such a good sailor on land, lies like an alligator in a pool without uttering anything save now and then a short grunt. In the steward's tongue, which is strangely monosyllabic and occasionally pictorial, every grunt means brandy and water and a biscuit, and so he keeps body and soul together. Again we have a jolly night with the Bailie and one or two Icelanders whose *ilia* are as hard as those of Virgil's reapers. Again we turn in in peace and charity with all men. We forgive our debtors and wish our creditors would forgive us. We sleep, nay, perhaps we snore, but as no one ever believes that he snores, and no man ever heard himself snore, how can we be sure of that fact? Next morning we are off the Orkneys, and are still more tossed from the swell that rushes with the flood-tide through the Pentland Firth. On and on we crawl the livelong day, and at sunset are off North Ronaldshay just in time to see Robert Stevenson's lighthouse lit, and to mark the ugly reefs which fringe that perilous isle. Now we are in the open Atlantic with nothing on the western board between us and Spain or America. The wind is still northerly, inclined to Nor-Nor-West, about the worst we can have. Again we are tossed and buffeted by the waves, but the ship is a famous sea-boat. Why are all famous sea-boats slow sailers? We make all speed and crawl along like a tortoise for Faroe. On our way we sight the Fairisle and Foula, an outlier of Shetland, which looks like a great back-tooth with its triple fangs turned upside down. "We have forgotten our friend?" Nothing of the kind. How can we forget one for whom we have come all this way? Sooner would we forget ourselves. But what can we do for him? Can we turn ourselves into a dolphin and swim back with him? If we could he is no Arion, and besides he is so weak that he would slip off and we should be guilty of aiding and abetting in a murder before the fact. Can we bring back his appetite? Can we force him to swallow pease-soup, boiled mutton, or roast pork? Alas! he is beyond all these dainties. Shall we address him as the consoling mate did another passenger, "Well, sir, if you are going to die, pray make your will before you go, and don't forget your friends!" Shall we tell him, as an Icelandic did another passenger in like case, who had looked over the side shortly after swallowing a glass of rum, "Now you will know that rum is a bad thing for sea-sickness." No! we did none of these things. We neither tried to feed him

with pork nor to console him, for in sea-sickness the heart knoweth its own bitterness and hugs a secret sorrow of its own. Give a sea-sick man a hard biscuit, a little brandy and water every now and then, and then leave him like a vestal virgin who has forgotten herself alone in his vault, and above all things, if you have coaxed him into coming to sea with you, keep out of the glance of his angry eye, and the reach of his nerveless arm, lest the mere sight of you should revive him and he should pluck up strength to hurl his glass of brandy and water or his ship-biscuit at your head and brain you, if you have any brains, on the spot. So, for divers good reasons and not from any hard-heartedness or want of friendship, we leave our friend to himself and make ourselves as happy as we can.

"At length the wished-for morrow." Land! the Faroe is in sight on the morning of the fourth day. In a few hours we shall be at Thorshaven. Ho! every man of you bestir yourselves. Ye that shave, clutch your razors. Ye men that do not, wash and sponge your beards, laugh and be merry, for we shall soon be in smooth water and shall have some hours for a ramble on shore to stretch our cramped legs. When we first broach the landing to our sea-sick friend, he is still in the alligatorial state. Short growls issue rapidly from his manly chest, which we interpret to mean, "wretch that hast dragged me thus far, and starved me on the billows for three days and nights, who hast parted a happy father from the wife of his bosom and his hopeful babes, and brought him to death's door, begone from my sight!" The effort, though inarticulate, is too much for him, he rolls over on his side, and the last we hear of him is "stew—bas—" At those syllables of power we turn and flee. We would sooner go into a den with Mr. Wombwell's lions any day, than face a man about to be sea-sick.

But after the space of two hours we returned. By this time the water is much smoother; we are under the lee of some of the outlying islands; we can see the gray trap rocks flecked and striped with green; we can count the sheep on the hills which gave and give their name to this group of islands: strange sea-birds flock about us, and dive and redive in the waves; boats, many boats are about us, manned by the hardy islanders, clad in their homespun russet wadmal. The sun shines bright, small birds fly on board to greet us; no time is to be lost, our friend must rise, have breakfast, and land. Talk of miracles being over! If a man goes to sea he will see many miracles. We left our friend at the last gasp, and had we been

Mother Hubbard and he been our dog, and both of us on land, we should have gone straight to the undertaker's to get him a coffin. But like that venerable dame, our ears are amazed on nearing his berth, to hear him laughing loudly with the steward. Yes! peals of downright hearty laughter come from that cabin, and there we find our friend half-dressed, sitting on his portmanteau eating a beefsteak, and joking with the steward. Such healing power is there in smooth seas and land breezes, and in rude health and a good heart. We feel inclined to ask him if it is not worth suffering so much, merely for the intense joy of eating a raw beefsteak on your own box after three days' fasting. But we refrain, and only moralize. Such is life, a series of contrasts, and pleasure for the most part the mere cessation of pain.

The sufferer has hardly time to dress before the harbour of Thorshaven is gained, the cable rattles merrily through the house-hole, and here we are landfast in Faroe. Now we land in one of the famous Faroe boats manned by twelve stout oars. The steamer lies about the eighth of a mile off the town of Thorshaven, the water is deep right up to the edge of the rocks which form the iron-bound coast. "Have a care as you step on shore." Too late, down goes our friend, the nails in his shooting-shoes glide over the slippery stone, fat with the grease of many a monster of the deep. A friendly hand plucks him at the very brink of the water, and keeps him upright, but for a week or two his knees will bear witness to the "sasine" he has taken of Faroe earth. So on we go through the streets of Thorshaven, which is said by very complimentary people to be built like Edinburgh. So let Edina be generous and admit that there is some likeness, that the "Castra Puellarum" is as like the "Portus Thori," as any village is like any town. There are pretty girls too in both, in that they are alike, and there is fish in both the "Maidens' Castle" and "Thorshaven," and there is the sea close to one and not far off the other, and there are strong hands and warm hearts in both, and strangers are welcome to the best the land affords in both; but in other respects let Thor be gallant, and yield as a fine old god and gentleman ought to the ladies, and confess that his haven is not quite such a city as Edinburgh. This town in fact is built round the rocks which gird the haven, in the hollow eaten by the waves in the Trap formation, and not only round but up and down in a strange fashion; the streets are narrow and the houses mostly of wood; all about the place are joints of whale hung up to dry, for that mammal's flesh ekes out many a meal in Faroe. Fish and whale and mutton, mutton,

whale and fish, scale and skin and skin and scale. "So runs the round of life from hour to hour" in Faroe. But let us get on. We have friends in Thorshaven, for have we not friends everywhere, and they soon shake us heartily by the hand, and in one of these wooden houses we are soon as comfortable as we should be in any home in Scotland. We tell the news and we hear the news. We tell how the German Powers still pursue their aggressions against Denmark, whose own the Faroes are, and as we tell, a blush steals over even our bronzed faces to think that England has said so much and done so little in this quarrel. We hear in return that the fishing has been good, the sea calm, and dog-fish few. "What of whales?" "Well, not so good. Some stragglers have been caught, and once or twice a great school was just about to be embayed in one of the firths, but somehow or other they were scared away." "Ah!" sighs the old schoolmaster, who ought to have known better, and who may thank his stars that he is not under the tender mercies of Mr. Lingen. "When I was young the whales came much oftener. Three, four, ten times in the year they ran in in great schools four or five hundred at a time. Those were the days, but now, ever since we have had Free Trade these last ten years, they scarcely ever come. We hardly get two hundred in a year." No doubt there is "Protection" even in the paths of the sea, and your whale, a true Conservative, who was driven from dry land by the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws by the Liberal party among the Giants before the Flood, still instinctively shuns the shores where trade is free. That is why we hear of him so seldom on the British shores, and that is why he shows his jolly bottlenose less and less often in Faroe. It may be too that finding himself killed and eaten whenever he pays the Faroers a visit, it may just begin to dawn on his antediluvian brain that even in Faroe there is no protection to cetacean industry, and so he makes himself scarce for other reasons besides Free Trade. Let the old schoolmaster think of this.

After a hearty breakfast we set out for a walk across the hill to Kirkeby, where stands the great architectural lion of Faroe, a stone church, which was never finished, because the Faroers, having been content for centuries with wooden churches, only made up their minds to build a stone one just before the Reformation. When Lutheranism came the works were stopped, and so it remains a ruin. But a far pleasanter sight than a ruined church is the happy homestead of Kirkeby, where everything is, as the Danes say, "Reent og peent," "trim and tidy."

Many a British farmer might do well to copy this neat house nestled under the hill at the water's edge. Within everything is clean and bright, without the byre is full of kine, and the flocks whiten the green hills; hard by are a field or two of barley whitening to harvest, and this Bonde may brew his own beer if he likes. Having seen the house and been feasted we turn to walk back, and our friend, full of mutton, fish, and cream, declares he never has been so happy in his life. As we mount the ridge of the hill between us and Thorshaven, and look down to the sea on the other side, we catch sight of the steamer, and our friend's jaw drops. We walk on admiring the tameness of the curlew and golden plover whose fondness for their still callow brood makes them bold to face man. After a while our comrade steals to our side, and whispers: "My dear fellow, why should we go on to Iceland, why not stay here till the steamer returns in a fortnight, and so go back home?" Now we are easy in our ways, nothing ever ruffles our temper. Give us tobacco, and let us smoke as often as we please even in first-class carriages, and you may do anything with us; talk of leading a lamb by a silken string, or an ass by a bundle of hay, we would follow you to the world's end if you hold out a box of good cigars before us and let us help ourselves. We have lots of cigars and so has our friend. We are strong and happy, and it pities us as we think of him in his alligatorial state. Besides it is his loss if we do not go to Iceland. Thither we have already been more than once. We have seen the Geysers, climbed Heckla, forded the Markarfljót, in Njál's country, and Hvitá in the Borgarfirth, ridden across Sprengisand or Chokeyjade, the first of Britons, in less time than that feat has ever taken, been on the Myrdals Jokul, threaded the recesses of Surtshellir, camped out for weeks and months, and had the finest weather. It is our friend's concern if he feels qualms at the thought of these rolling "Spanish waves," that great westerly swell which he is sure to meet between Faroe and Iceland. Besides we think how a faint heart is always punished, and feel sure our friend will smart for it before our journey is over. We give in therefore, and reach Thorshaven just in time to get our baggage set on shore.

Worthy Sysselmand, how shall we ever repay thee for thy kindness to us? Even now we see thee before us, in thy photograph taken in thy dark jacket with silver buttons, thy tight-fitting hose and shoe-strings crossed high up over the ankle. Member of the Danish Rigsdag, the king's sheriff in Faroe, a man of the simplest manners and most va-

ried knowledge and intelligence, great in whalelore and fowllore, strong in deep-sea fishing, a great gatherer of strange over-sea waifs, a man who if he had a chance would catch the Great Auk himself and bring him home alive, who knows all the gulls and their eggs, and has often been over the cliffs on the "rope" to take them. He it is who gives us shelter and who finds us amusement. Hear him tell of the dangers of the fowler in Faroe. "Puffins and guillemots, those are the best birds in Faroe. They give life and they take it; many are fed by them, and by them many have lost life and limb. As for the guillemots some folk call them stupid, and so they are in some things, but in others they are wise enough. One would think now, that breeding as they do all along the ledges of the steep cliffs, thousands of them together without a nest, that no guillemot could know its own egg, and yet in 1859 I saw how they know their eggs and love them too. Then I saw two of them fighting, and in the scuffle one pushed the other's egg and it began to roll down the steep ledge. In a moment it would have slipped over into the sea, but all at once the fight was stayed, and the guillemot to whom the egg belonged shuffled along till it got before it, stayed it with its long bill, and then rolled it up again to its old place. What makes it come on land to breed year after year to a day? and what makes the cock and hen take the young guillemot between them, each holding the tip of its wing in their beak, if the cliff be not steep enough for it to plunge right down into the water? On the 29th of July, St. Olaf's Mass, all the guillemots are gone south, and we see nothing more of them as a body till Paul's mass, the 29th of January. What we take them for? For their flesh and feathers; the flesh is good enough, and what we cannot eat fresh we salt. We catch about 55,000 guillemots in a year, and they yield about fifteen or sixteen hundredweight of feathers. How we take them? In three or four ways. Sometimes four men will go in a boat under the cliffs, where the young birds who have not yet begun to breed sit on the lower ledges, and then with nets at the end of long poles, two of the crew catch the birds either as they sit or as they fly past. If they are too high to reach with the poles, we frighten them up and catch them as they fly as they always do for the water; but then the boat must not be too near to the cliffs, for your guillemot is a heavy bird as he gets on the wing, and he makes a bow as he comes down on the water; but that is a wasteful way, for the guillemot gets scared away from his breeding place by the noise you make, and besides in his fright he sets the eggs rolling and they are broken.

The most common way is the most dangerous, that is what we call *figling*; we don't set about it till the young guillemots are hatched, say about the middle of June. Then we go into the guillemot's own kingdom, and catch him at his roost. Sometimes we attack him from above, sometimes from below. From above we get at him by a rope often more than 100 fathoms long, and about two inches and a half thick. The fowler is bound to it by bands, which go down both thighs, and by shoulder-straps, which keep the rope fast to his chest, so that the cragsman sits as comfortably as though he were in an arm-chair, and has his feet and hands free. There are two things which disgrace a good fowler; *first*, he must never clutch the rope with his hands; *2dly*, he must so use his legs that his back never turns to the face of the cliff. Five men are enough to hold and mind the rope above, and one watches the fowler's signals if he wishes to be let down lower or drawn higher up. There is little fear for a man on the rope, except from stones falling down on him from above, but a good cragsman will take care to send down all the loose stones as he goes; the rope itself is made fast to a stake above, if there is room or earth enough to drive it in. If not, the ablest man sits down with the end of the rope round his loins. If the edge of the rock is round and smooth, the rope runs over it nicely. If it be rough and jagged, rollers of wood are used. Sometimes the cliffs are so high that 100 fathoms, 600 feet, of rope are not enough, so the fowler is lowered down to a landing-place in the cliffs, and then another rope is made fast by a batch of men who have themselves been let down for the purpose, and he goes to his work by stages. Are they ever afraid? Well! boys are afraid sometimes. They send the lads of twelve or fourteen years to places where men can't get at the eggs, for we take the eggs too. They are lighter on the rope, and cleverer in climbing. The boy likes it well enough till the time comes for him to go over the 'edge' for the first time, and then his heart fails him, and it takes a good deal to make him go over the cliff, but go he must, as his father before him. As soon as he is landed all goes well, for there is really no danger. It is a strange feeling, nothing more; facing you is the steep bare rock, the blue sky above you, and below you the still bluer tumbling sea, between the two you swing to and fro like a pendulum. But I never heard of a man losing either his head or heart on the rope. When he comes to a ledge where the guillemots breed he unbinds himself from the rope, keeping his slings on his thighs and shoulders, but he must take care to tie the end of the rope fast near him,

for the cliff often trends in, and if the end of the rope flies away from you, you would be in a great scrape as a man once was whom I knew. He had gone down alone on the rope, and was careless enough to let the rope slip away after he had got off it. It flew away farther than he could reach by a foot or two, and there he was left on the ledge. But his heart was good,—he sprang out, caught the line both with his hands and feet, and so clung to it till he was drawn up.

“As soon as the fowler is free from the rope he sets to work. In the spring the birds are wild and shy, they do not sit tamely on the ledges as they do in the breeding-time, but get into holes and clefts and crannies. The fowler must then creep along the ledge to the holes, and catch the birds as they fly out in the net on the end of his pole. When it is full he draws it to him, kills the birds, and binds them by the bills in pairs which he hangs on the rope. In the breeding-time the birds are much tamer, then they sit on the ledges in thousands, and as a rule they do not stir except just about where he is busy with his net. So he begins at one end and goes all along the ledge. By the time he has got to the one end the birds have settled down again at the other, and so he goes backwards and forwards till the ledge is cleared. If the ledge has not been visited for years the birds may be taken in the hand, they are not the least shy, and hop upon his back as soon as he sits down. A wise fowler will not take more old birds off a ledge than he leaves young ones. He must beware too of taking too many from the middle of the ledge, for if the birds are killed out in any one part they will not breed just there again, even though they be crowded at each end. Above all things the ledge must not be stained with blood, for that frightens guillemots more than anything else. A handy fowler will ‘figla’ a thousand guillemots in a day, and he can carry up about a hundred with him at a time, but it must be a good rope that will bear many more. If there are too many to be got up by the rope, they must be thrown over the cliff and picked up in boats, but that is not so good for the feathers.

“But sometimes the birds breed on ‘Drongs’ and Needles, on those sharp rocks that stand out of the sea. Then the fowler cannot get at the birds from above, but must climb up to them. This is the most dangerous work of all. Then we go in pairs. The lowest down helps and pushes the uppermost on by aid of his fowling-pole, in which is an iron crook which catches him by the waistband; all the while the uppermost makes the most of his hands and feet. When the foremost has

come to a resting-place or breeding-place, he lowers down a short rope to his comrade, and so he too is drawn up; going down they slide down the rope which is made fast by a noose to a stone or rock, but it is very ticklish work for the last man, who must so fasten the rope that it will slip off the fastening by a jerk. I knew a man who finding the rope would not yield climbed up again, and fastened it less strongly, for he said he could not afford to lose the rope, though if it had slipped while he was going down he must have lost his life. Worst of all is passing from ledge to ledge sideways, then one fowler sits and holds the rope while the other climbs and crawls along. If the climber slips the other must be ready to pull him back, but I have known cases where both were dragged over the cliff and killed. Once too two men whom I knew went up a Drong with only their fowling poles. By ill-luck one dropped his pole into the sea. It seemed hopeless to get down without it. ‘Thou hast wife and children,’ said the younger who was unmarried. ‘None will weep for me at home, take my pole, may be the Lord will help me down without one.’ And the Lord helped them both.

“But the bird of birds after all in Faroe is the Puffin, *Fratercula Arctica*. We take about 235,000 of them in a year. He comes to us about Lady-day, but is not common till our first summer day, the 14th of April. As soon as they come they set to work clearing the holes among the long soft grass in which they love to breed, of earth and stones which the winter rain has washed into them. If the hole is not water-tight the Puffin digs it deeper, if in digging he meets a stone he gives up the work and digs another. In this hole on a sort of nest of dry grass the puffin lays her single egg. We find the young first about the end of May. The cocks and hens sit on the egg by turns, and as soon as the young are hatched the old birds feed them with sand-eels, *Ammodytes*. Our fowlers say that a puffin will fly back to the nest with fifty sand-eels in his beak at once, and I once scared one ‘eel-bearer,’ as we call the old bird when so employed, and he let fall eighteen sand-eels which I found, besides many more which I could not find. He is a strange sight the puffin with all these wriggling eels close packed in his big beak, hanging down on each side like a beard. I’m sure I can’t tell how he manages to keep so many fish in his beak and still catch more, but the sand-eels swim in shoals, and as soon as he sees a shoal down he goes and always comes up with his beak full. I suppose he holds them against his upper mandible with his great tongue, for he is not like the cormorant or

scarf who has such a mite of a tongue that some think he has none at all, and so when a child is noisy we frighten it by asking, 'Qvuj veår Skarvur tunguleisur?' Why is the scarf tongueless? and then go on with the answer, 'Tuj han seje Ravenum fra qveår Eàvan atti.' 'Because he told the raven where the eider-duck's nest was.' But to come back to the puffin, while he holds the fish tight against the upper mandible with his tongue, he swims along gaping and catches more and more. But anyway he seems never to miss his prey, and comes back again and again to his nest with his mouth full. A strange thing about them is that they are often found ever so many in a hole, and it is true that if there be eight puffins in a hole and seven are taken, the eighth will sit on the egg and hatch it. This looks as if the puffin was not so clever as the guillemot. We begin to catch them with nets on the wing much in the same way as the young guillemots. The 'eel-bearers' or breeding birds we always spare. But till the breeding-time is past we have work enough with the last year's birds who have not begun to breed. It is hard work and skilled work, for if you hold your net in a puffin's way on the wing he will go through it like a shot. This is how we catch them: the fowler takes his seat on the edge of a cliff past which the puffins fly, and then when there is a good breeze along the shore the puffin goes out for his fly about 10 or 11 A.M., and flies till 3 or 4 P.M., and then he takes a rest on the sea. If the day is very good he will fly an hour or two more in the evening, but between the hours named he flies like clockwork round and round. First a little along the shore, and then out a little, and so back. There are such clouds of them that they darken the sun. At one of these favourite spots the fowler takes his seat, and as the puffin passes him he gives his pole a twist up from below and catches the bird in the net from behind. It needs great strength and skill to do this well, and your arm feels very tired the day after, but while the sport lasts it is great fun. A good hand will catch in this way nine hundred puffins in a day. After the work is over, the fowler binds his birds together, and a hundred are thought a good load for a man, and so they are, for the path is often over spots where a man can scarce pass with no load at all.

"But often the puffin breeds on grassy slopes half way down our cliffs, and then we have to use the rope to get at him, just like the guillemot, only these slope-swards are often so large, that it takes more than a day to work them out. Sometimes more than a week. So puffin-catching is more of a busi-

ness than guillemot-catching. The weather we hope will be good, for there are no roofs to shelter us down there, nay, the ground when we are there is often so steep that one must tie one's-self at night to a stone, lest one should turn in one's sleep and roll over. Fuel and fire, meat and drink, we carry with us. Now we are well down over 'the edge,' and have gained our footing; it is delightful. The long soft grass, the boundless sea, the white surf, the fishing-boats far away, the guillemots* and tysties† sitting like dolls along the ledges, and though last not least, the puffin standing at the mouth of his hole."—We break in on the story to say that the puffin looks like a respectable butler at his master's door, in a black coat and white waistcoat, with a Roman nose red at the tip with many a bottle of port, but the Sysselmand heeds us not and goes on.—"So we set to work with our poles and nets, and soon have each a goodly pile. In a day or two boats come below to carry off the spoil which we bind in bundles, and throw down to them; we hear news from home, and throw along with the birds many a stalk of angelica (*Qvanner*) for friends at home. Up above our wives and friends come to the edge day by day to see that we are all safe, and count us. If the cliff be not too high, they can hear us shout to them that we are all well, but we seldom can hear their voices, for sound travels better up than down. But so long as we are on the cliff it is always a weary time at home till we come back. A little while ago I was by when the men were let down 600 feet to a 'puffin-land' which was a thousand feet above the sea. No one had been down for thirty years, for the 'land' had a bad name, and the last man who went down had his brains dashed out by a falling stone. At the 'edge' the sight was touching. Each man was kissed and blessed as he was made fast to the rope, and an old man of seventy-five had walked five miles to the 'edge,' that he might sit by the rope and guide it as it was lowered. On the rope was his only son, and as he saw him glide down out of sight, the father threw himself flat on his face and burst into tears.

"About the middle of August the puffin goes away with his wife and bairns, and we never see one of them again till the end of March. In this he differs from the guillemot, for some of them late birds and stragglers stay the whole year through, but from the puffin we have a saw of a man one seldom sees. 'We see no more of him than we do of a puffin at Yule.' The puffin has other foes besides man. The raven, that

* *Uria troile.*† *Uria grylle.*

thief, is worst of all, and then the great skua gull. But the puffin knows how to hold his own with his strong beak, and sometimes he catches the raven by the throat when he looks into his hole after his eggs. What the puffin once holds he clings to, and this the raven soon knows. Now it is his turn to cry out, but the puffin never leaves him till they both fall into the sea. There the puffin is at home, and the raven pays for his thefts with his life. But it takes much to kill a raven, he is a long-lived carle. We say here, one horse outlives three dogs, one man three horses, one crow three men, but one raven seven crows."

Thus did the worthy Sysselmand discourse for hours, eloquent on birds and bird-catching. We are great naturalists, and had we not been Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, we would have settled down for life on birds. But we are as we are, and happy as we are. We therefore can listen for hours to these strains in praise of puffin and guillemot, and could have been content to hear more about gannet and skarf. We can shed tears for the loss of that dear old Great Auk, the *Geirfugl* of the Icelanders and *Gorfuglir* of the Faroers. Extinct now it seems for the last ten or twenty years, burnt out the last of his race it is said by a submarine eruption near the "Mealsack," off Cape Reykjaness in the south of Iceland, and we quite sympathize with those ardent naturalists who offer a thousand pounds for him dead or alive, and a hundred for each of his eggs. But alas! like the Dodo, he is dead and gone, and you shall hardly find him except perhaps on some of the skerries on the east of Greenland. He was consumptive not only of fish, but of chest, for he does not seem to have gone very far north. In the north of Iceland he was not known, though common enough in the south thirty years ago. But peace be to his bones! His nest knows him no more, and the waves and wind sing his requiem. This for ourselves, but our friend is not so tolerant, he is fast relapsing into the alligatorial state. Willy Winkie steals over him, and shuts one eye up as soon as he opens its fellow. Besides, the Sysselmand is a busy man, now here, now there, flitting about like a petrel over these stormy isles, which for the sake of the reader about to be competitively examined, we may say are over thirty in number, about twenty being inhabited; they extend from north-west to south-east some seventy miles, and are in shape like a ray or hammer-headed shark, putting a bluff bold front of forty-five miles broad, sliced and cut by many channels, to the north-west, and tapering away to the

fish's tail, which is represented on the map by the "Monk" rock at the end of Suderö or the south island. We go to bed early therefore and rise early; we have our coffee, admire the genial Sysselmand's museum, buy some birds' eggs for friends who collect them in England. For ourselves we collect everything but eggs and money. The first are too brittle to keep, and the last flies away from us as soon as we make it, our purse having got a hole at the end of it. In the forenoon we go over to Nolsö, Needle-isle, which lies opposite to Thorshaven and helps to form the harbour, and see the famous cave and arch which gives the island its name, and gather stilbites and zeolites and other minerals, but on the whole we are not very fond either of caves or of mines. Once a big piece of rock fell down and nearly swamped our boat when we were seal-shooting in a cave in Orkney, and once again we were in life-risk in Shetland when a great Atlantic roller came in with the ground swell, and so filled the cave, which was luckily very long and lofty, that our boat was hurried to the far end of the antre, and our scalps were nearly ground along the rugged roof. Need we say that we dislike all caves after such chances, all except that delightful cockney Pingal's cave in Staffa. So too do we as a rule detest mines, the exception being the Salt-mines at Hallein. Pleasant work no doubt it is to descend ladder after ladder for hours, scarcely able to breathe for the fumes of lighted torches, which have a tendency to go out. We speak of Swedish mines. In England they may be better lighted, clean swept and garnished. Every now and then the miner makes a little explosion just for fun, which fills the air, or what is called air, with a sulphurous reek, and so you go on for hours half-choked and dripping with the water which always trickles down on you in the best-drained mine; at last, you rub your nose, cold as a dog's, up against something colder still, that is the foot or tail or nose of the mine, beyond which the shaft has not yet pierced, and for all this, what have you seen? Nothing, absolutely nothing. All you have to do is to retrace your steps up those everlasting ladders, and when you get to what is called "bank" you feel as though you had just come off the treadmill after a week's hard labour. No! we say with Sheridan, "Say you have been down a mine if you like, but never be fool enough to go down one." But though there are caves there are no mines in Faroe, in which happy state we hope these mineless isles will remain so far as we are concerned. In the evening we shall dine of course with the Governor,

whom we shall find a most delightful man, and his wife a most charming woman. We will tell them English and Danish news, and with a fresh blush "own that Denmark has all our sympathy, and that she must not stand alone—only we don't mean to fight for her or do anything for her, except give her that drug in the diplomatic market, the bitter root called 'good advice.'" After dinner (one dines at four o'clock in Faroe) the protectionist schoolmaster—who put forth that heresy about whales and free trade which we heartily recommend to the attention of Messrs. Cobden and Bright—and some others, get up Faroe dances and songs for us, the dance a strange thread-my-needle sort of measure, and the melody a low wailing minor. The dancers are all men and the stamping and dust great, but it is a hearty, genuine sort of thing, and wonderfully refreshing after London ball-rooms in June. As we have walked and rowed and eaten and drunk, and shaken hands and talked and laughed ever since early dawn, we go to bed betimes. As for night, in Faroe in July there is "no true night." We borrow this phrase from what the British Almanacs mysteriously say in June, when we have often observed that the nights are not at all complimentary to the compiler of the Almanac or obedient to the Almanac itself; so far from there being no true nights then, they are often as dark as pitch. But in Faroe the night is modest and retiring about the summer solstice, and for weeks and weeks scarcely shows her gloomy face.

In bed we hear our friend who has enjoyed himself immensely, and whose wind has greatly improved with the slackening of his waistband, snoring like a grampus.—What a frightful thing snoring would be if you did not know what it was! What a grand idea that in the Norse mythology to make the great god Thor and his mates lie awake all night in the thumb of Skrymir the huge giant's glove, listening and trembling in their shoes at the sound of his snoring which shook the ground like an earthquake. We only wish all our readers were members of the Minerva Club in London, not that they might eat the club out of house and home, and rob the old members of their newspapers and easy-chairs, but just that they might listen to some of its choice snorers. Why! there is one great naturalist there, Professor Snuffler, whose snoring when he was on that famous expedition of the Alpine Club to Iceland, when it so fully and thoroughly explored and mapped out the unknown land of the Vatna Jokull, brought down on the whole party at the dead of night as they lay warm in their tent

a bull of the old Norse breed. Some of the company awoke in fright at the stamping and roaring of the bull at the tent, which he took for another bull as savage as himself, and with which he would do mortal combat. Luckily the cords of the tent were in his way or his horns would have been speedily embedded in the Professor's ample paunch. The beast got entangled and tripped himself up but lay still roaring and roaring. All this time the professor lay on his back and snored and snored. Waking him was out of the question. At last, one of the party thinking the bull's bellowing more unbearable than the professor's snoring, took a lantern, and opening the mouth of the tent turned the bull's eye full on the eye of the bull, who rose and retreated at the dreadful apparition. Next morning the Professor knew nothing of the hideous uproar, and his danger was only brought home to him with his breeches which he had hung up on a rail hard by to dry. They were found pierced and torn with sundry holes. The angry bull as he went off had thus shown his sense of his rival's cowardice by wreaking his wrath on his unoffending garments. No doubt he meant to say in the Bull language—

"Go, hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs."

Yes! in the Minerva Club snore the Professor and many more. As fish rise to breathe, so these members come to the Club to snore. Sometimes they combine incendiarism with riot, and have been known to set the Club on fire. "On fire?" Yes, literally on fire, not figuratively by their obstinacy and overbearing ways to each other, as when an entomologist great in gnats scowls and scolds at another who is only big in bugs, or when an ichthyologist or pisciculturist who thinks the finest sight on earth is a salmon in the cold-blooded operation of depositing his spawn, turns his back on a layman who thinks that whales and porpoises lay eggs, and asks where they go to spawn. Oh, naturalists, be patient and brotherly-minded one to another. It is not every man, still less every woman, that knows the meaning of "mammal," for though most good mothers suckle their young, some do not, and if they do, they may not know that a whale is a nurse and a sister; or if they do, they may know what perhaps you do not, that there is fashion even in the depths of the sea, and that your "right whale," one who moves in the best waters beyond that Gulf Stream which no vulgar whale dare cross and live, always has a bottlenose whale, a sort of Irish whale, for a wet-nurse. This much we know, and when we know whether these whales are so good and virtuous that they will only let their little ones be suckled

by married bottlenoses we will let you know. Meantime be content with what we tell you. But these whales and wet-nurses have put us all at sea with our club snorers and incendiaries. Yes! on our solemn word as reviewers, and therefore truth-tellers, one of our snorers last winter having ensconced himself in an arm-chair after dinner, under the usual pretext of reading the *Herald*, fell asleep, whether it were from the heaviness of his dinner or of the paper. In a few seconds he dropped it, and it fell naturally by its own weight. A corner of it touched the flame of the candle on the table, and in a moment it was in a light, but such a paper is slow to burn, and so our snorer slept on and snored on, to the great danger of the Club and himself. But observe now the use and good of snoring; there is good in everything, even in rats and black-beetles we believe, though we should be glad if any one would tell us. So of snoring, most men would say it was a downright bore, but in this case it was as good or better than a Fire Escape, for as the slow flame rose with difficulty over the sluggish material, our snorer snored yet more loudly and triumphantly, and at last the waiter, whom the Club keeps mercifully to look after its snorers, getting frightened lest this should be a case of Club apoplexy, followed speedily by stertorous breathing coma, and death, rushed in, put him out, and so both the member and the Club were saved.

Such thoughts pass through our brain as we lie awake in Thorshaven listening to our friend, who is not the Club snorer whose feats he recalls so painfully. We wish that here too there were a waiter to put him out—of doors, and restore sleep to our eyelids, but in vain. He snores and snores, and at last we fall asleep from sheer fatigue. In the morning we find that the indefatigable Sysselmand has planned a boat excursion for us among the islands. The weather is wonderfully fine, there is little wind, and the tides just now are not very strong. In the morning there is a little mist, but the sun scatters it at an early hour, and we have none of that thick fog which so often shrouds the islands for days, and renders boating anything but pleasant work. The boats are famous both for speed and safety, something like our best British gigs, but built after the Norwegian fashion, high up at stem and stern, and broad enough to be rowed by two men on each thwart. They will live in almost any sea. It is delightful to sit in the stern of one of these craft, and be swept along the sounds and firths between Strömö and Auströ and Swinö by twelve powerful oars. As they give way the stroke chants some ballad of the deeds of Sigurd Fafnisbane, the Siegfried of the

Niebelungenlied, or of Sigmund Brestisson the peerless champion of the Faroes in the tenth century, who was done to death by the misdeeds of his wily kinsman Thrond of Gata from Auströ. The Faroes are picturesque from every point of view, and an artist might spend the summer months there to some purpose. It is lovely on a fine day to stand on Kirkeby Rein, the hill between Thorshaven and Kirkeby, and look west towards Hestr and Koltr, and away up the firths towards Trodlhofdi "the Goblin's Head," and Myggencø or Midgeness; lovelier still is it to run up these firths and see their scarped sides and terraces all alive with birds, and the green upland slopes white with flocks of sheep. The outlet into the West Atlantic at Myggencø is magnificent, for there are cliffs and needles before which even the famous "Drongs" in North Mavin in Shetland must hide their diminished heads. There is nothing in Foula or the Fair Isle to match with Faroe in this respect. But loveliest of all is it to run down on Faroe in the night before a strong north-west gale from Iceland, and to make the land at early dawn. Then as you close with the land, and skirt the front of the islands to turn its north-east corner, you shall see what sea is and what cliffs are. There in a group lie what are called the North Isles, Kadalsö, Kunö, Viderö, and Fuglö or Fowlisle. These tower above all the rest. The cliffs are several hundred fathoms, in some cases more than two thousand feet sheer down, and the water out of sounding depth. You are in a steamer, and may go as near almost as you choose, especially as the wind is fair. So there you run along these mountain cliffs, and your bark seems a mere nutshell tossed to and fro at their feet, but what chance would a sailing-vessel have with such a lee-shore, dashed to pieces in it may be a thousand fathoms with a steep wall as many feet high beetling above you. Lucretius could only fancy that one on shore might survey with ease of mind the mighty struggle for life on the tumbling waves, but with steam what was impossible to the epicurean poet is possible to us, and you can run within a cable's length of the cliffs. Up to Fowlisle your course has been almost due east, but at Swinö (Swine-isle) you round the corner, are at once under the lee of the land almost becalmed under the crags, and shape your course south-west for Thorshaven, which lies at the south end of Strömö (Stream-isle) in the centre of the islands like a true capital. In this way we spend much more than a week, and have already seen all the lions. Let us remark that this is not the place for a sportsman. Let no man go with gun and dogs to Faroe, for guns scare away the birds, and birds go

far to make the Faroers happy, and even so much as firing a gun is punished by a fine.

One morning just as we are beginning to think that we have seen everything in Faroe, and exhausted everything except the kindness of the people, we hear, even while we are dressing, a great bustle both in and out of the house. What can it be?—groups of men hurry past the door, breathless messengers have hasty interviews with our host, the Sysselmand, whom we hear bidding his servant to get ready his knife and tarry breeks. His cheery voice rings in the passage, bidding us be quick. Be quick for what? Is there a revolution? Have the Prussian men-of-war or boys-of-war come hither to kill peaceful folk with their needle-guns? What can it be? We look out of window and see more and more men, some with knives as sharp as razors, some with hones and whetstones sharpening them and trying their temper with their fingers. Every male of years to bear a knife seems to be there. Even the old protectionist schoolmaster is there with a tremendous blade, and the Lutheran minister flourishes a brand? What can it be? In the South Sea Islands we should say that the priests and authorities having fattened us, are going to sacrifice us to some of their idols, and eat us afterwards, and we are not sure that wild thoughts of Captain Cook and Feejee and New Caledonia are not running through our friend's head, for he asks, Is it safe to go down? Well, it is plain that if we don't go down, they will come up to us. See! they point with their knives to our window, and with frantic gestures seem to demand our blood, yelling and screaming, the parson and schoolmaster loudest of all, "*Grinder*," "*Grinder*." Now we who are masters of all languages know at once what it all means as soon as we hear these cabalistic words, but we will not tell the secret to our friend; nay rather, we say that the words "*Grinder*, *grinder*" are playful allusions to the part the islander's back teeth will soon perform on his choice cuts. "It means, my dear friend, that you will soon be killed and eaten. Perhaps it has been found out that you threw that stone at the eider-duck yesterday. It is high-treason and sacrilege, followed by execution by the jaws of the populace without benefit of clergy, to throw a stone at a sitting eider. You knew it, and yet you threw the stone." "Nay, but you know you threw it," says our friend; and it is true, but we are not going to be browbeaten, least of all when we did it to show him how tame the eider-ducks are. So we dispute the fact, and should be disputing it still unless Sysselmand had rushed to the door with a great bang, "Will you never come down? Here are two

hundred whales embayed in a firth, thirty miles off. We are all going, and of course you will go too." With these words the Sysselmand lets the whale out of the bag, and our friend runs down stairs to eat his breakfast and not to be eaten. We are soon ready. "Here are finching-knives and here is a harpoon for you," says the Sysselmand, turning to my friend, who grasps it, saying he has never even seen such a weapon before. "What fun for you," says the Sysselmand; "you shall go in my boat, and we shall be in the thick of it. I hope you can both swim, for sometimes the whales toss the boats over in their flurry, and you must swim till you are picked up; but there is no time to be lost in telling you what to do. When the work begins you must do as we do, but don't be so stupid as Ola who cut his own thumb off with his finching-knife instead of the whale's fin, or like Magnus who harpooned a neighbour's boat instead of the whale, which made a dive just then."

In a very short time we take to the boats. From Thorshaven itself comes a goodly fleet, but out of every firth between it and Westmannahaven (the Irishmenshaven) at the other end of Stromö, where the whales are, and in fact from every firth in the islands which hears the news, fresh boats join the fleet; and all the boats race to be there as soon as possible lest the whales (*Grinder*) should turn their noses seaward and escape. Luckily the wind is fair and the tide sets thitherward as well, so we bound over the waves, clutching our knives, and catch the infection of excitement from our shipmates. "I can see why you should go," I say to the Sysselmand. "It is your business to go there in the king's name, but why should the schoolmaster and the parson go?" "Go!" he exclaims, "of course they go. The schoolmaster has a share by law in every whale killed, and another in every whale he helps to kill; the parson has a share too for every whale killed in his parish, and these will be killed in his parish, and he has another share in all he helps to kill. I too have my share by law, but I also have a share in all I help to kill with this boat, and I mean to kill many." The good man is so excited it makes one's heart burn to look at him. There he stands harpoon in hand and finching-knife at his girdle in his tarry breeks like Ragnar Lodbrog of old on a viking voyage, and in truth there is something wild and savage in the whole expedition, and in old times many a viking warrior sailed in just such boats as these and did doughty deeds. In about three hours we reach the mouth of the Westmannahaven, and the whole fleet cheer and shout as they catch

sight of the whales. There they are, looking at a distance like a bar of great buoys or floats bobbing up and down, as ever and anon they pop up their black blunt heads to blow and breathe. A line of boats behind them keeps their noses up the firth, and hinders them from turning, and so they are slowly driven up towards the head of the haven, and if they ever try to turn they are frightened back by showers of stones, and by harpoons thrown out on the water and drawn back with a line. If the uproar and excitement has been great before we see the prey, it rises tenfold when we are sure that the whales are within our grasp, and that we have only to go in and kill and possess them. And now the hour of action draws near, and I think our friend would like to consult his lawyer and make his will before it begins. "Did you hear what the Sysselmand said about the whales upsetting the boat?" he whispers hoarsely. "Yes, what of that, you know you can swim like a duck, and besides the boat is not yet upset." So we leave him to his thoughts in which his own death quite as much if not more than that of the whales fills a great place. But before the action, the captain of the host, the worthy Sysselmand, goes ashore to hold a council of chiefs. So there, surrounded by the schoolmaster, the parson, and all the mighty fishers and fowlers of the islands, he makes them a short and stirring speech, the gist of which is that God had delivered the whales into our hand in spite of free trade and the schoolmaster, who for once at least was quite abroad. How many there were of them he could not tell, but this he knew that if every man did his duty, and he expected every man to do it, he would not say without flinching, for that was just what he hoped every man would do, but without shrinking and without blundering, not one of those bottlenoses yonder would regain the ocean. It had been long since they had the chance of killing so many at once. Let them be men therefore and slay them all. Before all things let none go into the thick of it but such whose duty it was, let the rest who had to keep the line and coop the whales up remember that theirs was a no less honourable though less active part. They would be under the leadership of the schoolmaster, a veteran whaler, but not so lissom as of yore. As for himself and the parson and these gallant Britons, they would go with a chosen few in their good boats and pursue the whales till there was not one left alive.

At this noble speech, which we think quite worthy of Thucydides, and quite as true, a great shout of applause rises from the admiring ring of chiefs, and after a hasty repast we all return to our boats. Our friend, we

thought, walks rather feebly, with something of the air of a man attending his own funeral, if that be possible. "If the worst comes to the worst," he whispers again, "remember I leave you guardian to my children, and as for my debts—" "Come, come," we cry, "this will never do, since the Wills Act, the law admits of no disposition of goods *per verba de præsenti*, and though you are in Faroe, you have not yet acquired a domicile here. Have you not an *animus revertendi*? Do you not hope to get back?" "Yes! of course I do." "Then you have no domicile here, and so can't make your will according to Danish law, which does admit of a disposition *viva voce*, especially in cases where there is fear of imminent death." But, alas! our friend is in no mood either for law or laughter. We are sure, were he forced to say where his domicile was likely to be, he would say at once that it will shortly be like Jonah's, in the whale's belly. Though, here again, a casuist would remark that even Jonah could have acquired no right of domicile in the whale's belly during the short space of three days. As for the *animus revertendi*, it is plain he must have had it, for he never rested trampling on the whale's intestines with his nailed sandals, till the poor mammal got man-sick, and threw him up on dry land. For all which curious information we refer the reader to the *Targums* under the word "whale," where the reader will do well to consult the notes of Maimonides, *de gustibus orcarum*.

But there is no help for it, the Sysselmand, after a few vigorous remarks addressed to the men of lesser note, among which we can only catch the word "Förbanna," which answers in Faroe to the word in English which rhymes with "am," summons his boat, and calls loudly to us to come with him. While all this is passing on land, the scene on the water baffles description; a double row of boats, amounting to more than a hundred, form a curved line right across the firth and hem the whales in. Now showers of stones are added to the missiles hurled against them to keep them straight, for now is the very nick of time; now is the turning-point of the day, lest the whales, scared by the onslaught of the boats which go in to attack them, should turn flukes and rush in a body out to sea. Silly creatures, they do not know their own strength, they have only to make a dash at the boats, which would be scattered and upset in the twinkling of an eye; or if they prefer to avoid the foe without a struggle, they have only to dive under the ring of boats and swim away down the Firth. That would be human nature; but it is not whale nature, which stupidly rushes on its fate, and is drawn by some instinct to seek the bight

of the firth where death awaits it. And now we combatants make a start. The fighting-boats are drawn up on shore, inside the ring that hems in the whales. The firth is here about a quarter of a mile wide, and it is about three quarters of a mile to its upper end. It is surrounded by a natural amphitheatre of hills, down one of which rushes a mountain stream, making a waterfall just before it reaches the foreshore. We have room enough and to spare for our bloody work, in which from thirty to forty boats may be engaged. At first we row carefully so that we may not head the whales, rather keeping between them and the ring of boats, from which frequent showers of stones are still hurled. Again and again one might fancy one's-self in the South Sea Islands; the loud shouts, the rude weapons, the strange jargon of speech, the stalwart forms standing up in stem and stern to hurl the harpoons. The first blow had been struck before we came up, but we were soon in the midst of the *mêlée*. The sea at first is white with foam, as the whales, now scared and diving on all sides but still keeping up the firth, lash the water with fin and tail. How boat strives with boat to harpoon and grapple with them as they rise to breathe. As the whale belongs to the boat who first grapples with and kills it, the rivalry is intense. We believe the parson kills the first whale that day, but the Sysselmand is not behind. In a few strokes a big fellow rises close to us. In an instant our chief has struck him with a harpoon, others grapple him with boat-hooks, and the man nearest his throat draws his long flinching-knife and plunges it into the blubber, which gives a strange crisp sound as the blade is buried in it up to the hilt. We are close to the poor creature's head, and it turns up its meek eyes in a way to rouse pity in any tender heart. But save our friend and ourselves, there are no hearts in that boat to be troubled with the mute appeal of a whale's eye. Baring his arm to the shoulder, the Sysselmand scores the creature's throat in long gashes with demoniac energy. Torrents of blood follow, and the crisp white coat of blubber, which when cut looks more like a watermelon than animal flesh, is soon cut through; then the hand and the arm must be plunged in up to the elbow to reach the whale's true flesh. In a trice its throat is cut; its frantic efforts to escape, during which it hurries us along with it fast grappled to its side, gradually cease; it turns a little on its side, gives a fling with its tail, and dies. After death the carcass must still be held, as it is whale's nature to sink as soon as the breath is out of its body. It is therefore either buoyed and turned adrift, or handed

over to some non-fighting boat to tow on shore. While this has been passing on board our boat, the same thing has been going on with thirty other boats. No wonder that the blue waters of the firth are now deeply stained with blood. Sometimes the whales if unskilfully grappled, break loose and plunge wildly about the water, spouting out, if sore-stricken, water mingled with their life-blood. In one or two cases the scared wretches swim straight on shore, pushing themselves high up on the beach, for there are no shallows here, and it is deep water right up to the edge. But even on land they cannot escape their cruel foe, there are men there ready waiting to cut up the bodies of the slain, who welcome the new-comers with a savage greeting as soon as they set fin on land. Among the boats there are many cases of running down, and in Great Britain many a case of salvage would arise out of those collisions, but here the result is much cursing and abuse, and no bones are broken. The great peril which our friend so much dreaded does happen but not to us; near us a smaller boat is suddenly charged by a whale who rushes at it, dives and upsets it as he passes under it. We would give much to know if that brave fellow made his escape, if so we hope he will live to a green old age, and never seek the to whales inhospitable shores of Faroe again. As for the crew of the capsized boat no one seems to care much about them, but much anxiety is expressed lest the whale should get off. The men swim to their boat which has been righted for them, a shove or two helps them into it, and in a minute they are as eagerly engaged in the fray as before. How do we behave? Splendidly, of course. At first we pity the whales, but the sight under such circumstances soon ceases to be sickening, and as we grapple with our third whale we beg the Sysselmand to let us cut the mammal's throat. And cut it we do or at least try to do so, but our arm is not as the Sysselmand's arm, nor our heart as hardened as his. We should have cut the whale's throat at last, and we feel a fiendish joy as the sharp knife cuts long gashes in the crisp blubber; but we should have been too long about it, so the Sysselmand takes it away from us and shows us how to do it. No doubt the whale felt more at ease in giving up the ghost under such a skilful hand, and felt hurt, morally hurt, at our bungling. On looking back to our friend in the stern we see him brandishing his knife in a way which gives us great fears for the safety of his nose. But he too has felt the cruel thirst for blood, and his flannel-shirt is blood-besprinkled. In his left hand he holds the tip of a whale's tail which he has cut off as the creature dived along-

side. He is as proud of it as a Red Indian of his first scalp. All fear of death has fled. He no longer thinks of making his will, and his wrath against the whole race of whales is hot. "I would not be a whale for something to-day," he shouts as he holds up his trophy, and yet one might learn something even from whales. The patience with which they meet their fate is wonderful, when they feel that struggling is no use. So might many a man learn to die without repining. Most touching too is the behaviour of the mothers who hug their calves, and shield them all they can from the bitter knife. "Bairns will still be bairns," says the proverb, and so it is with whale-bairns. They seem to think it fine fun to frisk about at the top of the water—till they are harpooned. They never think of diving and ducking till it is too late; but the mothers' hearts are set first on saving their children before they save themselves, and many a whale-wife would have got clear off this day had it not been for their motherly love. So the bloody massacre goes on for more than an hour, at the end of which time about 140 whales have bitten the water, and but two or three are left still cooped up. "Shall we spare them?" I ask imploringly of the Sysselmand. "Spare them," he replies with scorn, "why, haven't fifty at least got off and cheated us? Spare them, I trow not, and look there is the parson after the biggest, forty feet long at least. Förbanna, Förbanna, pull, men, pull. Ha! the parson launches his harpoon and—misses, give way, boys, we are alongside." Thud, Thud, goes the Sysselmand's harpoon into the whale. The parson comes up a minute afterwards, only to find us fast grappled to our quarry, and that he has lost it. Whether he utters the cabalistic word "Förbanna" we cannot hear in the uproar which quite "deaves" us, but we think it not unlikely.

There are now but two whales left, one of which again falls before the harpoon of the relentless Sysselmand. The last was also slain, whether by the parson we know not; and now naught remains but the blue sky and green hills and merry waterfall running down to meet the "multitudinous sea incarnadined." Blood-red are the waves, and blood-stained the men and boats that float on them. With slower strokes than when we set out, we seek the shore, to reckon the dead and count the gains. That is a proud moment for our friend as the women of the farm hard by shake him warmly by the hand, and call him "British whale-slayer." His tail-fin is an introduction everywhere. Side by side on the steep beach lay the dead, young and old, male and female, stiff and stark, sorely scarred and gashed with gaping

wounds from which the gore still trickles down into the sea. The biggest is about forty-five feet long and the smallest seem mere baby-whales. "Yes," slowly repeats our friend, "to-day at least I am very glad I am not a whale." From which we gather that some other day perhaps he would like to be a whale, though what he would do if he were one, and how he would bear a life exposed to such risks, and so different from that he has passed hitherto in his easy-chair, it is hard to say. On the whole, we would rather not be a whale—no, not even a spermaceti whale—at any time, or in any part of the world. It must be a cold-blooded thing for a warm-blooded mammal to live always in the water, and this no doubt is why this madness ever and anon seizes whales of running their noses against dry land, and so losing their lives. Surely they feel that their true station is that of a saurian splashing about in fen and marsh, and suckling their young on shore. They feel that they were meant for better things, that they have lost caste by taking to the water, the rest of whose inhabitants, the sea-serpent included, call out to the little whales as they swim by: "No child of mine." "Aint you afraid of getting your fins wet?" "Mind you don't take cold." "Why don't you wear a comforter or a hareskin on your chest?" "Where does your mother buy her milk?" "Has your father any roe?" "Does he like caviare?" and a whole string of such idle "gibes and jeers." That we say is why whales rush so blindly every now and then on dry land, because they have known better days, and can't bear the mockery of their scaly foes, who look on them merely as lodgers but not sea-lords in the mighty deep.

The night after the whale-hunt is one of great mirth and jollity. Even the school-master would have drunk to the toast of Free Trade if any one had thought of proposing it, but no one thinks of anything else than whales, and it must be a comfort to the kindred of the departed could they know in what sincere respect and esteem they are held. But we draw a veil over the orgies of that night. We would give anything for the head of our friend the Bailie, for every man has seven tumblers and more of punch. Our friend would talk if he could, but as he only knows three words of Danish, "Tak" for thank you, "Portvin" for wine of Oporto, and "Kaffé" for coffee—two of these being of foreign origin—he is soon *au bout de son Latin* as the French say, and merely expresses his utmost satisfaction to those about him by nods and winks and smiles. Once he protests to me against the doings of a jolly good fellow near us who has just tossed off

his twelfth tumbler of toddy, in each of which he has melted as many lumps of sugar. "He will die of diabetes before dawn, his inside is just a very sugar-mill and rum distillery with only water enough to turn its wheels round." But all things must have an end, and so has this whale feast. We sleep we scarcely know how in a room at the farm, buried under mountains of eider-down. Of course we have the nightmare and whalemare and punchmare. We dream that we are lying in bed, but it is the bed of the mountain torrent close to the farm, and all night through the music of the waterfall is ringing in our ears. Just as we are getting snugly tucked up there, the high fells come down on us on each side and bury us, that is when we sink deeper and deeper under those enormous quilts. Then a giant comes and with one kick casts off the mountains that crush us, that is when our feverish frame cannot stand the quilts any longer and kicks them off. Then a Frost Giant strides off with us to Greenland, wading the ocean which only takes him up to the knee, and hurls us down on the icy fells with such a crash as breaks every bone in our body, that is when getting chilled by the cold draught which comes in at the window prudently left open, we turn over and tumble out of bed on a pile of geological specimens gathered by our friend; it is their sharp points that we take for the Peaks of Greenland. We rise up feeling rather stiff from our exertions of the day before, rather sore from the tumble out of bed, and with just a little headache from the lemons in the punch. All this time our friend sleeps and snores. We are now so used to that feat of the nostrils that it does not disturb us in the least. On the whole we rather like it. Next morning we taste whale for the first time, and being hungry we rather like it broiled; but it is black and bloody-looking, and though we have eaten many worse things—"gammel ost" for instance in Norway, and tripe in England—we have also eaten many better dishes, and do not much care to taste it again. All that day the "flinching," properly so called, goes on with those cruel long knives, and it is wonderful to see how cleverly the flinchers cut long strips of blubber from the carcasses, and quickly reduce them to skeletons. However much whalekind may have been pleased the night before, their feelings, if any lingered near the spot, must be hurt this day to see the merciless dissection and mutilation of their dead. We soon have enough of the nasty sight; and as we are not as the Feejees and do not eat the bodies of our foes, or care to see him boiled down if fat enough for oil, we are glad to go back with the Sysselmand

to Thorshaven. So we take leave of the lovely shores of Westmannahaven and of the whales, only remarking that none of them young and old are disciples of Mr. Banting, and that there is great room for the spread of his pamphlet in the North Atlantic. "An Earnest Remonstrance to Obese Whales, with a few remarks on the Unhealthiness of Blubber," is a work much needed and may do great good among the cetaceans, though it may stop our supply of oil. A few thousand copies printed on paper made of that famous sea-weed which was to supply the place of cotton, and restored to its native deep, would no doubt be most welcome to every right-thinking whale who might be frightened at finding himself much bigger round the waist than of yore.

At Thorshaven we are received with open arms, and a sort of procession is formed of which we are a part, our friend clutching his tail-fin and wielding his harpoon like a native. Nor is his pride lessened when the Sysselmand informs us that as whale-killers we are entitled to a share of the money made by the boat in the action. So we both receive divers dollars as our prize-money, which we generously hand over to "the Sea-bathing Infirmary for Stranded Whales," or "the Fund for Distressed Cetaceans," or some such equally praiseworthy charity. Thus our time passes swiftly, and now there are but three days more before the steamer is due. Hitherto I have guided our movements, or rather the Sysselmand has guided them for both of us. For ourselves we look upon the whale-fight as our crowning feat in Faroe, and that day at Westmannahaven as worthy to be marked with a white stone for ever in our mind's calendar. I am gorged with blood and whale-meat like an Esquimo, and would be glad to rest and digest my mental food during these three days; but it is otherwise with our friend, that taste of blood has only whetted his appetite for adventure and he still thirsts for more. I see him engaged in earnest talk with the good Sysselmand, whose eyes brighten as the conversation goes on, and at last he shakes his guest heartily by the hand, and says, "We will go. We will go this very night. The weather is just right for it." "It?" What is "It?" I soon know. "I have settled with our good host," says our friend, "to start to-night to Myggencæs-Holm to catch gannets. It will be great fun." Think of a man of fifty years of age, and with broad lands in Britain and shares upon shares in the city, besides Heaven knows how much in consols, going off twenty-five miles at dusk in an open boat with a northerly wind to catch gannets at dead of night. In vain I remonstrate. In vain I ask our friend, who

has a Bantingian tendency, whether he proposes to go over "the edge" after the geese. His answer is, and he has plainly got it all up, that on the Drongs off Myggencæs-Holm there is no edge, and no rope of that kind. "But is there any rope?" "Of course, only come and see." "Do you mean to go up and down it?" "That depends, come and see." There is no help for it, so that very night we set out. The evening is bright, as it often is when the wind is from the north, but rather cold. The tide is with us, we have a strong crew and we get on very well. As we go the Sysselmand beguiles the way by stories of gannets, the *Sulur*, nor are we less amused by the birds themselves, of whom large numbers fly about us, busy fishing for herrings in the firth. "Look at that fellow," down he comes like a shot from sixty or seventy feet into the water, and see he rises with a fish in his bill, which he swallows in a trice, merely to drop down again for another. The number they will catch and dispose of is most amazing. They must have the digestion of a dozen gluttons. As for the Sysselmand, this is his story:—"The gannets come hither about Paul's mass, January 25th, and they are said to go away at the end of September, but in truth some of them stay here all the year round. They are seen in flocks all about the isles, but they only breed on Myggencæs-Holm at the north-west angle of the isles, and on two Drongs or needles close to the Holm. In April they begin to build. Their nest is strong, and so high that it reaches to a man's knee. They build close together too, though they are anything but good neighbours, and quarrel much among themselves. They only lay one egg, and the first eggs are found in the middle of April, but many of them are much later, for some of the young birds we find fledged and able to fly long before the others. In the month of September we take the young ones, but we cease taking the old ones at St. Olaf's mass, July 29th, so you are just in time."

So the good man goes on telling us story after story about birds until we near the Holm, and we shall soon see how the birds are caught. First of all though the Holm is only a few fathoms distant from the island of Myggencæs which is inhabited, the sea often runs through the gut at such a rate as to cut off all connexion between the two. First of all then we land on Myggencæs and make fast one end of a rope. Then we row across with the other end and make that fast to the Holm, lest the sea should rise and we should be cut off. Along that line baskets of food would be sent to us till the weather moderates. Now we are masters of the position, and can proceed to fall on the gannets who rest on

the ledges on the other side of the Holm where the cliffs go sheer down to the sea. We climb to the top of the Holm, and separate ourselves into two parties, and the "rope" is produced by which some of us must soon be lowered over "the edge." For ourselves we look upon it something as an amateur may gaze on Calcraft's rope before it is finally adjusted on a murderer's throat. We regard it simply as an instrument of execution. Besides what is the use of being lowered down forty fathoms, though it be perfectly safe. Can we keep our footing on those narrow ledges, greasy and slippery with the oily refuse of myriads of birds? No, we have never committed suicide, and never mean to be guilty of what some people call "self-destruction." No rope, we trust, shall ever encircle our throat or body. Nor is our friend braver when he comes to the "edge." He too thinks it better far to gaze down on the gannet-slaughter from above than to take part in it himself. He has no fancy for slipping down a hundred fathoms, and then having his body battered to bits by the white surf against the sharp rocks. So we both stay above and the Sysselmand with us. With the rest it is a thing of course. They are as cool as Calcraft himself on the occasions alluded to. They are bound on the rope and slowly lowered, not right on to the heads of the slumbering gannets, but a little on one side so as not to scare the prey by the shower of stones and grit which the lowering brings with it. Down and down they go, and in the dim gray twilight we see them land on the ledge about two hundred feet below us, they unbind themselves and steal on the sleepers, whom we can also see huddled together in hundreds, a mass of chalky white. See! the men steal between the birds and the sea, and stand out against the white surf below on the very brink of the precipice, and now each man rushes forward and throws himself with outspread arms and legs right on the gannets, his aim being to embrace and hold as many as he can. There are four of them, and a good stout strong fellow can overcome twelve gannets in this way at once. When he has got them under him he uses his hands to wring their necks. Nor are the birds slow to seize him with their beaks, but this rather helps him than otherwise, for what the gannet seizes it clings to, and while they hold him he twists their throats. But this feat can only be done once in a night, for after the gannets are once scared they fly away seaward and do not settle again.

After the ledges are cleared in this way, we stand on the Holm and see the men put off in our boat to catch the gannet on the Drongs, two needles off the Holm, one 180,

the other 120 feet high. On the very top of these, which is flat for a few square yards, the gannets perch to sleep. It is exciting to see the brave fellows work their way from ledge to ledge up the steep sides of these needles, each helping the other with his fowling pole from below till the foremost reaches the top and then helps the rest up. When four or five have reached the top they compass the sleepers in a ring, and then rush on them at a given signal, and drive them all together in a heap into the middle of the flat top of the Drong, when each man seizes and slays as many as he can. As the sun rose these bird-murders are over, and our friend can say that he has both helped to cut a whale's throat and seen how gannets are caught in Faroe. The spoil amounts to about one hundred gannets.

And now we have to think of getting back. As the sun rises the sea rises, there is an angry scud of rain and the weathercock at the farm on Myggencæs veers to the north-west. "We must make haste," says the Sysselmand, "the weather is about to break up, and we shall have a nor'-wester with a strong stream from the west in no time. Let us get off the Holm as soon as ever we can, unless we wish to stay here a week like Eric Olafsson who lived on rain-water and raw gannet." And we are only just in time. Our boat can scarce live across those few fathoms over to Myggencæs, and as it is, we stave her badly in taking the land.

We are lucky fellows to get off the Holm as we do, even with a shattered boat. In another half-hour the narrow gut would have been impassable, and the waves of the Atlantic come rolling in with greater fury every moment. Our friend with a fussiness worthy of a woman, if women can be ever fussy, asks when we shall get away from Myggencæs. "When the wind lulls and the westerly set abates, not before," says the Sysselmand. "We haven't had much of this wind lately, and about this time we often get a good deal of it. We may very well be kept here a week, but we might be in a worse place than Myggencæs, for Anders the Bonde is a fine fellow, many is the whale he has harpooned, and many hundreds of gannets have felt his fingers." "See the farm lies a little way up the shore, let us go thither, this will be a wild day and we shall be best under roof." So to the farm we go, glad to find shelter from the wind and spray and rain which sweep round us in whirling gusts. "Good day, good day," cries Anders to the Sysselmand. "I saw thee up on the Holm, and knew thou wouldst soon be here. And these English lairds, how do they like hunting *Sulur* (gannets)?" "Cross"—(answering to our 'Bless me'—

how wet you all are! Here, Christina and Karin, pull off the gentlemen's boots, and get dry stockings for them." Then not waiting for his two daughters who were bashful before the strangers, he drags off our boots himself and hangs up our dripping waterproofs. As we stand by the peat-fire the welcome kaffé is served up by the mistress of the house, a perfect type of the true Faroe housewife. Along with it we have a skorp, which our friend when cheerful, as he for the most part is in Faroe, playfully calls a "scorpion," but which really is a rusk, and very good food with coffee. In about an hour after Christina bids us come to breakfast, and then we sit down to a sumptuous feast not at all damped by the said "scorpion." There is halibut and haddock, and a whole roasted lamb, and sweet soup made of bilberries, the soup coming between the fish and the lamb, so that our friend is fairly puzzled, and says he has heard in England of schools where the pudding came first and the meat last, but here is a meal where the pudding comes in the middle. But he is wrong, for after the lamb came young puffins which are really not at all bad, and then comes a real sago pudding flooded with cream. It is a breakfast fit for a king, and certainly any king that had sat up all night on the top of Myggencæs Holm seeing his faithful liegemen catch gannets, could not have failed to do ample justice to the feast which was washed down by Bordeaux and Portvin. After breakfast the Sysselmand and Anders retire into the recesses of the farm to talk over business, and we and our friend are left to amuse the ladies, which I do by answering them questions about the Queen of England and the rest of the Royal Family, about whom we have always found foreign womankind both high and low very curious. Their joy is complete when I bring out of my shooting-coat a photograph of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and what is vulgarly called "the Royal" or "the Princely Infant." Our friend too who has hitherto been mute as a fish and as speechless, bethinks him that he has photographs of his wife and children in his pocket. He brings them out rather mauled and sat upon, but they pass muster and are much admired, as indeed they deserve to be. When we give them our *carte de visite* which always has struck us to be most forbidding, and to be strangely like a murderer either before or after execution, their "taks" and satisfaction are unbounded. In return they give us gloves, *vanter*, spun by their own hands of the softest Faroe wool. So oft as we wear them we shall think of the good housewife of Myggencæs and her buxom fair-haired daughters.

After a while Anders and the Sysselmand

come back. Now we talk about eider-ducks and their down, which is for the best nearly twenty shillings sterling the pound. But Anders is not easy about his eiders. He used to have as many as 150 pair breeding together on his "land," and many a pound of down he plucked from them; but now what with rats who kill the young on land, and the grampus (*Delphinus orca*) who pulls the old birds down and devours them on the water, there are not half so many. "Last year too," he says, "came some German naturalists in a yacht, and ran by here on their way to Iceland, and as my eiders with their young lay on the water, the men on board her fired at the poor tame birdies and shot ever so many, young and old alike. If there ever was a case of bird-murder that was it, and all the while we stood on the shore powerless, and saw the mothers helping their young to get away on their backs; that was a sight to touch the heart even of a German professor, but they surely have no hearts, for they went on firing and firing at my eiders just as the Prussians you tell me bombarded Sonderborg in the spring, and killed many women and children and made many homesteads waste, only to show how far their guns could carry. It was a sight to break an eider-owner's heart, and if I could have got at the professors I would have broken their heads; and if thou hadst been here, Sysselmand, we would have fined them; but as it was they got off Scot-free, as the Prussians have got off as yet, but for every wrong there is a day of wrath coming, and the Germans who slew my poor eiders, and the Prussians who bombard women and children, will smart for it when their cup of wrong-doing is full."

In the afternoon we go out to look at the weather, as if we could not hear what it was indoors. The north-west gale makes every timber shake in the stout building, and the small window panes are thick and dark with salt from the spray. A very few minutes drives us back, and we now begin ruefully to think of the steamer due to-morrow in Thorshaven, and which is to take us back to Britain. "This is getting past a joke," mutters our friend. "Ah," we reply, "but why were you possessed with that strange desire to see how gannets are caught, as if you could not see them and catch them too at the breeding-time on Ailsa Craig or the Bass?" "True, but then here we saw them caught by the rope, and as prophets have no honour in their own country, so to see a gannet in Faroe is quite another thing to seeing a gannet on the Bass, and besides there are a set of wretches who go down to the Bass from Edinburgh, or put off to it from North Berwick, and shoot the poor things with

shot-guns much in the same way as those wicked German professors shot Anders' eiders. If I were Sir Hew I would stop them;—for these Cockneys too a place of torment is no doubt reserved, and they will pass some centuries in a certain place roasting before a slow fire, and when they are done on one side turned by the sharp beaks of twenty gannets." After this eloquent utterance of our friend, we fall a-musing on everlasting punishment, and think what a good thing it must be for many people, and might have mused till now had not the loud voice of Anders calling us to "middag" or dinner recalled us to worldly things. Of that meal we spare the reader any account, but pass over it with the remark that it was even better than the breakfast. In the evening, Anders and the Sysselmand tell us more birdlore over a glass of punch, and the first brings another bill of indictment against another offender. This time it is not the rats or the porpoises that he complains of, but the Fulmar Petrel, *Procellaria glacialis*. "It is with him as with those *förbannat* rats he breaks out, and many men alive now mind the day when there were no rats in these islands. Folk say they came from Norway. I don't think so; if they came from Norway why didn't they come from Norway our motherland long ago with the first settlers? Stuff! I believe they came from Germany, from those"—here *förbanna* is lustily called into play again—"Tyskere, whence every curse of our race comes. Now there is not a bird that breeds here, except perhaps that still greater thief the raven, and he too I daresay came first of all from Germany—that is safe from their teeth. 'Tis much the same with the fulmar, fifteen or sixteen years ago he knew his place, our fishers saw him out at sea 100 or 150 miles away, and only a stray bird now and then was driven hither by such a gale as this; but now he has set his ugly foot on my Holm of Myggnes, and on the Goblin's Head of Sandö, and every year he spreads further and further and breeds in more and more places. Nasty stinking beast, why even his egg keeps its stench for years, his flesh no man can eat, and if you sleep on a bed on which even a handful of his feathers have been put by mistake, you will leave it long before morning; and yet this fellow thrusts his nose in among my gannets on the Holm yonder, and is slowly but surely driving them away." "Very true, every word of it," says the Sysselmand. The fulmars are invading the gannets all over the islands, just as the Germans are overrunning Schleswig. These birds are just as bad in their way with the gannets, as the rats and grampuses with the

eiders, and I am afraid it will just be as hard work to get the Germans out of Schleswig as the rats and grampuses and fulmars out of Faroe. But who knows, as the fulmar came so he may go, and the time may be when the rat and the grampus may be chased and devoured by some bigger foe. Who can tell? Let us keep heart, Anders." We however, though our heart is hot within us for the wrongs of Denmark, are in no mood to enter upon the tangled thicket of Schleswig-Holstein, into which a man may rashly leap like the wight of Thessaly, and scratch out both his eyes, but in which unlike that famous Greek he certainly will not scratch them in again. We nod assent therefore, and at the same time the slumbrous movement shows that for us the hour of sleep is come. Have we not been up and awake for two days and a night? We soon go to bed, both as usual in one room, and again our friend regales our ears with his nosehorn. But we have learnt to laugh it to scorn, and we are asleep in an instant.

Very early next morning I am up and out. The rain has ceased, and the wind has somewhat fallen, but the sea and surf are higher than ever. Old Ægir has got his back up, and it is ploughed with many furrows. "No leaving Myggencøes to-day," says the voice of the Sysselmand behind me as I stand gazing on the magnificent view of the North Atlantic swell. "Not from the other side of the island?" I ask. "No, not from the other side with this swell, for though it may be less there under the lee of the land, the sea will be working like a *maelstrom* through Myggencøes Firth which is three miles wide, and our boat good as she is could never live in it." "But the steamer?" "Well, by this time she is no doubt safe in Thorshaven. Captain Andresen is a bold sailor and a man of his word. Three days ago he left Reykjavik in Iceland, and as he has brought this gale with him which is right aft, he has made a famous passage and gone round the north-east angle of the islands fifty miles off, while we are here at their extreme north-west corner. With this wind he would never come by Myggencøes, and I much fear you will lose your passage. You see he is there already; perhaps he reached Thorshaven last night. He is bound to stay there only a few hours, for he carries the mail, and though he is not the man to leave a friend in the lurch he must go before you can get back. In no case could you get back before to-morrow night; say that makes two whole days. He can never wait so long. Take my word for it he will sail to-night, and he ought to sail to-night."

I see the Sysselmand is right, and go back

to our friend who is slowly dressing. On the whole he bears the bad news well. As by this time he worships the Sysselmand, he merely says, "We must ask the Sysselmand what to do, make the best of it, and amuse ourselves as well as we can." So we put on that sulky pride which becomes no nation but the British, and drink our early coffee as coolly as if nothing whatever had happened. Next we go to the eiderland of our good host and watch the eiders. There they sit, a few of them on their nests who have late broods, so tame that you can touch them with your hand, but most of them lie on the water right in the tumbling surf. We wonder how it is they are not thrown on shore and killed, but the eider knows how to deal with the waves. Just as the billow curls before it breaks, she dives under it, and so escapes its fury; in an instant she is riding easily behind it. So she will sit for hours in the wildest surf. That day we hear more stories from Anders and the Sysselmand, and the girls sing ballads to us as they spin. But though seeming cool as cucumbers, we chafe as much almost as the waves against Myggencøes that we have lost the steamer. Were we bad-tempered we should seek a victim in our friend, who had brought us hither literally on a wild-goose chase; but we are merciful; besides, he is a good fellow and so we leave him to his own thoughts. We consult with the Sysselmand, whose shifty mind always practical shows itself good at need. "Lost the steamer, what does that matter? How many miles is it to Shetland?" "One hundred and eighty due south-east," we answer. "Well then you won't lose much time. When the wind blows from the north-west we often have it for a week or two, and we get a good steady breeze after one of these gales—they die away by little and little. To-morrow we shall be able to leave Myggencøes, and in two days one of our fast fishing-yawls will run you down to Unst or Lerwick. For myself I would sooner go so than in the steamer if the wind is fair. I have often been so to Shetland"—or *Hetland* as he calls it—"and I don't pity you at all." Our friend's face beams. See what good this country has done him! A few weeks ago he would not have thought of such a thing, and now he is ready to go from Faroe to Shetland in a half-decked yawl, partly it is true because he can't help it, but really we think more because he looks on it as fine fun. That is what we call having good out of a summer tour. That night the wind lulls a good deal and the sea goes down. Next morning after breakfast we are able to start. All yesterday Anders and his men had been busy at our boat putting a new

plank into her. We shake hands with the whole family, and gave Anders that priceless gift a really good English knife, and his wife and daughters packets of needles. The last the women will not take till they have picked out one and run it into our friend to break the spell, for in Faroe as in Scotland it is bad luck to give away needles as they prick away love. We have a short but very lively run under a mere rag of sail to Thorshaven, passing the magnificent precipices of Koltr and Hestr, and reach the town only to find, as the Sysselmand had foretold, that the steamer had left the night before, after waiting twenty-four hours for us. It was our own fault entirely, and the brave Captain strained not one but many points in waiting so long for us. That night we sleep at the Sysselmand's, but he is an active man and is eager that we should make the best of the wind and be off. He chooses a boat for us manned by five trusty men, makes a bargain for us, though we never knew of any one who was cheated by a Faroer, and for ten pounds sterling we are to be taken to Shetland. Over night our baggage and specimens are put on board, and at three o'clock in the morning the Sysselmand leads us down to the rocky landing-place on which our friend had fallen on first setting his foot in Faroe. Food enough to last a month is put on board, together with wine and cognac, for as the Sysselmand says the wind often changes its mind. We push our yawl out, get sail on her, and are off with hearts full of the kindness we have met with. Even at that early hour the old schoolmaster is there, he and the Sysselmand nearly wring off our hands at parting. Magnus Jónsson is the name of our captain. He is a hale and hearty stalwart fellow, with a ruddy face, a true Norse nose, rather turned up at the tip, and auburn hair just touched with gray. A thorough simple sailor soul, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. With wind right aft we run merrily before it, and as we pass the Southern isles, which form that ray's tail to which we likened them, Magnus tells us stories about them, for he is full of legends. "Look yonder away are the two 'Dimons,' the two Beacons big and little. It was on the big Dimon and not on Skufö that Sigmund Brestisson lived, there he slew Ossur, and there at last his kinsman Thrاند fell on him at night and tried to set his house on fire, but Sigmund broke out of it with Thorir and Einar, and they three when Thrاند pressed them hard with his men leapt into the sea and tried to swim to Suderö, this last isle that we are coming to. There you can see how far it is from the Big Dimon to the nearest point

of Suderö, a long sea mile, five of your English miles at least. That's what I call a swim." "But did they reach the land?" "Not all. Sigmund you see was the strongest of them. Thorir was his cousin, and he was very strong too, but not so strong as Sigmund. Einar was the weakest. Well, they swam and swam and when they were about half over Einar said, 'Here we must part.' 'Nay, not so,' said Sigmund, 'lay your hands on my shoulders, Einar,' and Einar did so. So Sigmund swam on a long way further, and then Thorir said as he was swimming behind, 'How long, kinsman Sigmund, art thou going to swim dragging a dead man after thee?' 'I ttle there is no need of that,' said Sigmund, and so he shook Einar off, he had died you see from toil and cold. So the cousins swam on till a fourth of the way was left, and then Thorir said, 'All our life long, kinsman Sigmund, have we two been together in great love one with the other, but now 'tis likeliest that our fellowship will be sundred. I have swum as far as I can, and I will that thou shouldst help thyself, and take no heed of me, for kinsman mine thou wilt lose thine own life if thou falterest and lovest any time over me.' 'That shall never be,' says Sigmund, 'that we two should thus part kinsman Thorir, either we will both come safe to land together or neither of us.' Then Sigmund put Thorir on his back between his shoulders, for Thorir was so strengthless that he could do little or nothing for himself, and so Sigmund swam on till he reached Sandwick in Suderö. There was a surf running on the island just as it runs now, and by that time Sigmund was so weak that now he drove up on land and now he rolled back again with the waves, and then Thorir slipped off his shoulders and was drowned, but as for Sigmund he could just crawl up on shore and lay down and hide himself in a heap of seaweed. This was just about dawn, and so he lay till it was broad daylight. A little way up from the shore was a small farm called Sandwick, and there lived a man called Thorgrim the Bad, a tall man and strong, who had two sons both likely lads. That morning Thorgrim went down to the shore and in his hand he had a pole-axe. As he went along he saw a bit of red cloth peeping out of the wrack and he kicks off the weed and sees a man lying. He asks who he may be, and Sigmund tells his name. 'Low now lieth our chief,' said Thorgrim. 'But what brought thee hither?' Sigmund told all that had happened. Just then Thorgrim's sons came up and Sigmund begs them to help him, but Thorgrim was slow to help him, and says aside to his sons, 'Sig-

mund has so much goods on him as it seems to me that we have never had anything like it in our lives, and besides his golden arming is very heavy; methinks 'twere best we slew him, and hid his body afterwards and this deed will never be known.' His sons spake against their father for some time but at last gave in, and so they went up to Sigmund and the lads laid hold of his hair, and Thorgrim struck off his head with the axe. They stripped him of his clothes and buried him there on the beach, and Thorir with him, for the waves had thrown his body upon land. That was what I call a good swim, and what I call a foul need, though Thorgrim lost his life for it."

And now we run swiftly by Suderö, the last of the islands, and soon run away from them, but the birds still follow us for miles. We lose the guillemots and puffins first, then the tysties and cormorants; the frigate-bird and the gannet and the black-backed gull, *Larus marinus*, and the great skua, *Lestris cataractes*, herring-gull, *Larus argentatus*, never leave us morning, noon, and night. Wherever there is a shoal of fish there are the gannets and the rest. They all seem to like herrings better than anything else, and whenever we meet a shoal, which we do several times, down go the gannets and the gulls straight as a plummet into the water, but no sooner does the herring-gull rise with his prey than the lazy skua is after him and forces him to drop it, then he is quick enough to catch it before it reaches the water. Nor does he spare the great black-backed gull or the gannets, though they hold their own better. But to give even the skua his due, it is false to say that he doesn't sometimes fish for himself. He can work if he chooses, only like many others besides skuas he prefers to make others work for him. So when it happens that there are fish about and no one else to fish for him, he just tries his bill on the prey, though he does it in an awkward way, like a fine gentleman putting his hand to the plough.

The wind still holds, and at sunset Magnus reckons we have run a hundred miles at least. "We call it 250 of your miles to Lerwick from Thorshaven, and if we keep this wind we shall be at Unst by this time to-morrow, for it isn't more than 180 miles from Suderö the southernmost of our islands to Unst the northernmost point of Hetland. Our forefathers thought nothing of running over to Faroe from Norway or from Bergen to Hetland, and their ships were no better than our boats." We turn to our friend and ask him what he thinks of it? He says he wouldn't be cooped up in the steamer for anything, and as for sea-sickness though our

boat bounds and pitches along he snaps his fingers at it and defies it and all its works. All day the sun has been hot, but the breeze is cool when the sun is down, which is not till ten o'clock. We turn in and look at the bunks where we may sleep under the half-deck if we choose, but though they are tidy enough, we make up our minds to get out our haps and rough it out on deck. We are well repaid, for all the night through there is no moon and the sea is highly phosphorescent, and burns blue and red and green, like the witches' oils to which Coleridge compares it in the *Ancient Mariner*. It was a strange sight, and as a school of porpoises ran past us at their usual speed they seemed bathed in glory, and each fish left a long trail of light behind him in the deep. "We often see it so," says Magnus, "but none of us can understand it, can you," and though had we been overbearing naturalists we might have proved to him that it was not only to be understood but necessary according to a natural law, yet as we do not for all that believe that any philosopher has satisfactorily explained this beautiful coruscation of the waves, we preferred to confess our ignorance and to own that the sea as well as the land and air are full of wonders even to the most scientific.

We are in great luck, we run on bravely in the night, and in the forenoon we sight the high land in Unst some forty miles off. The wind flags a little but is still fair, and the sun is really broiling. Now the birds of Shetland come out to meet us, and we hail all our Faroe friends in inverse order. There are shoals both of herring and mackerel about, and the birds before they dive at our approach, turned up their eyes as if to ask, "Pray whence did you come?" But what amuses us most of all is to see a seal, and one of the larger sort, gravely swimming by himself with a resolute look, as if he had made up his mind not to stop till he reaches Greenland at the very least. Perhaps he has quarrelled with his wife and deserted her, perhaps he is only out like our friend on a summer tour, trying change of food and cold sea-bathing for his health; perhaps he is flying from his creditors and making the best of his way to the United States. Whatever the cause there he is, and he is so bent on keeping a straight course that he will scarce turn out of our way. Magnus eyes him with great respect and fondness, and then says, "The seals are a strange race. No one can altogether understand them. That Carle had quite a man's eye, and I'll be bound he could have hailed us if he chose. You know they were men once the seals." "Yes we have heard tell of this, but what does Magnus know about it?" "Well," says Magnus, "I didn't

see it myself, and so I can't speak about it as if I did, but one believes many things one has never seen, and the parson says we must all live by faith, and so I believe what I am going to tell you, and indeed we all believe it in Faroe. A while ago, thirty or forty years may be, there was a man of Skufö who wished to get by night from that island across the firth to Sandö, so he got into his boat as the weather was good and rowed himself over. When he was almost across he came to a bit of a sandy holm that was there not far from the land, and he saw in the moonlight, for it was at the full, a lot of people on the holm. Well! it struck him as strange because no one lived on the holm and no one lives there now, but he thought he would just see what they were doing. He was a bold young fellow whose heart never failed him, and besides he had a head on his shoulders. As he pulled his boat up he saw ever so many sealskins lying on the shore, and as he went he picked up one, and held it in his hand scarcely knowing why. As soon as he got near to the folk he saw they were all women and some of them good-looking too, but just as he was going to speak to them they all ran off down to the beach. He was not slow in following them, but they were faster than he was, maybe he was tired by the long row. But as he looked after them he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw them each throw a sealskin over their shoulders, and lo! in a trice they were turned into seals and dashed and splashed into the water—all but one, the best-looking of all, who stood there weeping on the shore because she could not get her sealskin. When he reached her she begged and prayed so prettily and in such good Faroese for her sealskin that he had half a mind to give it her, but the more he looked at her the more he liked her, so the end of it was he tied the sealskin tight about his body, and put the lassie into his boat and rowed back home with her. Yes! all the way back, for he wanted to show his bride to his mother. Well, she lived there with them for a little while for all the world like another woman, and when they wanted to have her baptized she said she had been baptized by their own parson in the sea. So they had her confirmed instead, and the end of it was to make a long story short the man married her, and she lived very happily with him. They had children, three or four, and folk began to forget altogether the strange way in which she had come among them. At last it happened one day, maybe just about this time of the year, the man was in his barley-field which had ripened nicely that year for a wonder, and he was reaping it, and his wife was in the house close down

at the water's edge in Skufö, as all our houses are, and the bairns were playing about, running in and out of the barn. At last one of them lifted up the lid of an old chest that was there and dived into it with its little hand, and pulled out an old moth-eaten bit of fur. Off it ran to its mammy to show her what it had got—'See mother what I have found in the barn.' But it was the wife's sealskin, and as soon as she saw it all her old love of the sea came back on her, and she ran down with it to the beach, but before she went she gave each bairn a kiss. Just then the husband was coming home to dinner, and when he saw his wife running down like a mad thing to the water he ran after her, for he thought one of the children must have tumbled into the water. But however fast he ran his wife ran faster still, and he only got to the strand in time to see her draw the old sealskin over her shoulders and jump into the sea and become a seal. Then he saw how it all was, and called after her and upbraided her for leaving her husband and children to go back to the seals, of whom he saw two swimming off with her. But they say a man never can get the last word with his wife and so it was even then, for as she swam off she turned her head round on her shoulders and looked at him with her bright black eye, and said, 'Ah! but I had a seal-husband in the sea before you stole my sealskin and carried me off, and here he is, and here he has been ever since, waiting for me till I could find my sealskin, and now I am going home with him to my first family, and you will never see me again, but do be kind to my children on land for my sake.' There, that is my story," adds Magnus, "and that is why I say seals are strange creatures, and that they can talk just as well as we if they only choose."

And now we begin to close with the coast of Unst, and can see Stevenson's lighthouse, the rival of that at North Ronaldshay, rising from the rock on which it is built. By five p.m. we are close to it, and we might run in there if we choose on the sandy beach of the deep bay between the cliffs, just where the stream famous for sea-trout runs out from the loch. But we prefer to seek the friendly shelter of Balta Sound on the east side of the beautiful island, and thither we shape our course. All the cormorants in the world seem gathered together in rows upon the rocks, where they sit digesting their food in long lines, row upon row. Tysties and grebes and puffins and guillemots dive and fly about us. The wind is now light but fair, and we have luckily a strong tide. As we sail by the coast Magnus has still some lessons in birdlore for us. "That's what the Danes call

a Skarv, and what we call a Hiblingur;* what you call here I don't know." "A cormorant," we answer. "Ah, but what do you call that fellow?" pointing to another bird as like the other as two peas are to each other, only that he has a topknot on his head. "A cormorant too," we answer. "What! both cormorants? Well, we are wiser than you. Him we call Skarvar in Faroe, and the Danes call him Topskarv because of his topknot, but he only wears it from Yule till August, all the rest of the year he is like the hiblingur, but there is one sure way of telling them. Look, there's a hiblingur; watch him when he dives. Don't you see he just turns himself over head foremost when he goes under, and there's a skarv, see he shuts his wings close together and takes a little spring into the air before he dives. That's how to tell them. And do you know what we call that?"—pointing to another cormorant sitting on the water, now almost calm, with outspread wings. "You don't? Well, in Faroe we say, when we see the cormorant do that, that he is 'burning salt,' though why we say so I am sure I can't tell. And shall I tell you how you may get within shot of them? You must go in a boat, and when he dives, which he always does when he sees the boat coming a long way off, you must row straight after him, for he always swims under water in a straight line, and when he rises you must row after him again, and he will dive at once, and so on four or five times, but after his fifth dive he must stay a minute above the water, to draw breath, and then you may shoot him, but you must row fast to keep up with him, for he swims at a great rate under water."

Now we run into the fine harbour of Balta Sound, and see a schooner lying off the Factory there. It is just seven o'clock, so we have run down from Faroe in forty hours in the most delightful way possible. As we land we hear the weird wailing screech of the great Arctic Diver sounding from the loch like a condemned spirit, an awful cry to hear in the wilderness all around you far from house or shelter, but now we only laugh at our friend who has never heard it before, and asks rather anxiously what it is. In a few minutes we are seated at tea round a table groaning with food, and present our Faroe friends to our kind host and his family. That night we sleep the sleep of the blest, and the next morning we part the best friends in the world with our crew, who we may add soon have a south-easterly breeze which takes them safely back to Faroe. As for ourselves, we take passage in the fish schooner which brings

us down to Lerwick in a day, and thence we take the steamer to Kirkwall and Granton. There we and our friend part, he for his wife and children in the south, and we to resume our seat in our easy-chair at Edinburgh. So ends our "Fortnight in Faroe."

And now, reader, for you know of course that it is you and you alone that we have been taking with us on our journey, how do you like it? Say "yes," like a man at once, and be sure that you are often too happy and comfortable at home. When we knew you before you were married, say eighteen years ago, you could go anywhere, or do anything. To go back far earlier still: Have we not been with you on the "box" of the "mail" all the way from London to Plymouth, nay, even between London and Edinburgh? Think of the agonies we underwent, though we called it pleasure. Would you take that journey outside now? We trow not. You must go first class by the limited mail from Euston Square, or by the day mail by the Great Northern *via* King's Cross, and you must stop half an hour here and half an hour there to sup and dine, and you must have one of the windows up besides, and you scoff at a poor London banker who is fond of the night air, and abuse him for not honouring his own draughts. You call that "wit," and so it is, but you are worse than witty, you are effeminate. You boast yourself better than your grandfather, and so you might be and yet not be worth much; but there are many things which your grandfather could bear better than you, bleeding and calomel, for instance, and into the bargain heat and cold and hunger. He drank his Port and had his gout perhaps, but then he lived before Mr. Gladstone's cheap wines, and escaped divers aches of which you know but too well. Suppose you called him from the grave, and asked him if he had caught "neuralgia" from sleeping so long in the wet ground, his fleshless jaws would laugh in your face and say he knew not what you meant. As for heart diseases and kidney diseases the doctors had not as yet found them out. Of the spleen he knew something, but then he thought it came from the climate, and that "Port" was "sovrän" for it. In these days the doctors call it dyspepsia and liver, and now we look at you we think that old disease is the one you have got, and if you do not take care it will turn this summer to kidney or heart or head disease. But the plain truth is you are too happy and comfortable at home, your wife is too good to you, your children are too fond of you; in society we remark that you are long-winded; at the club people begin to vote you a bore. You subscribed too to the "Metropolitan Memorial to Shakspeare," that

* *Graculus carbo* Linn.

looks very much like softening of the brain. For Heaven's sake don't tempt Providence any longer. Don't stay here where people look up to you and respect you—for your money, but fly to some land where you must learn to shift for yourself; cease to eat your food alone, learn also to kill it. If needs be wash your own shirts. Then you will respect yourself, which you cannot do now, when every one has heard the truth of you from us, and then you will be able to bear the respect of others. Follow therefore, dyspeptic brother, the example in the flesh which we have set you in the spirit. Fly from your wife and family. Have a thorough outing, make yourself as uncomfortable as you can, and when you come back with renewed strength and spirits thank *us* for having shown you the way to Faroe.

ART. III.—1. JOULE. *Series of Papers in the Philosophical Magazine in 1841 and subsequent years.*

2. MAYER. *Bemerkungen über die Kräfte der unbelebten Natur. Liebig's Annalen, 1841.*

Die organische Bewegung in ihrem Zusammenhange mit dem Stoffwechsel. Heilbronn, 1845.

Beiträge zur Dynamik des Himmels. Heilbronn, 1843.

3. HELMHOLTZ. *Ueber die Erhaltung der Kraft. Berlin, 1847. Lectures on the Natural Law of Conservation of Energy, delivered at the Royal Institution. Medical Times and Gazette, April 1864.*

4. *Exposé de la Théorie Mécanique de la Chaleur. Par M. VERDET. Paris, 1863.*

IN our recent article on *The Dynamical Theory of Heat* we considered at some length the absurdity of attempting to base extensions of Natural Philosophy upon mere metaphysical speculations; and we showed that without direct experimental proof, or the less direct but still conclusive proof furnished by rigorous mathematical deductions from experimental results, nothing can with any show of reason be predicated of the laws of Nature. Experience is our only guide in these investigations, for there can evidently be no *à priori* reason whatever why matter should be subject to one set of laws rather than another, so long at least as each of these codes is consistent with itself. We particularly instanced the caloric or material theory of heat, as not only unjustifiable in itself, but (while it was received) antagonistic to all real progress. The corpuscular, or material, theory of light

furnishes another excellent example. The preposterous nonsense that was gravely enunciated, and greedily accepted, with regard to the nature and laws of light, and the elaborately absurd properties assigned to its supposed particles in order to fit them for their everyday work, would be almost inconceivable to a modern reader, were it not that equally, or more, extravagant dicta of the "great inexperienced" have been, and are even now, propounded by self-constituted interpreters of the original designs of Nature. And we nowhere find them more prevalent, or more pernicious, than in the case of the grand question which we are about to discuss. We have no more reason, before experiment settles the question, to fancy Energy indestructible than the Calorists had for believing in the materiality of heat. The philosophers who said that "*Nature abhors a vacuum*," had at least an experimental basis for their guidance; and, if they had limited the generality of their statement to the class of circumstances really involved in their experiments we might have smiled at the peculiarity of the language in which their conclusion was expressed, but we must have allowed it to be correct.

But when we find, in modern times, a sermon, however able, founded without experiment on such a text as "*Causa æquat effectum*," we feel that the writer and his supporters are little in advance of the science of the dark ages, and are irresistibly reminded of the famous Tenterden Steeple. This is the fundamental characteristic of all the writings of Mayer, and therefore we may for the present leave them unnoticed, although we shall afterwards have occasion to consider them as furnishing a most admirable development of the consequences of an unwarrantable assumption. For there can be no more doubt that the works of Mayer, above enumerated, contain highly original and profound deductions from his premises, than that those premises were unjustified by experiment, and therefore not only unphilosophic but destructive of true scientific method.

Let it not be imagined that we undervalue the assistance which science often receives from the wildest speculations—so long as these are not elaborately enunciated as *à priori* laws, but are confined to their only legitimate use, the suggestion of new methods of interrogating nature by experiment. By all means let philosophic minds indulge in any vagaries they may choose to foster, but let these be kept as private magazines from which, when required, may be extracted an idea leading to an experimental research. In perhaps one case in a million, the expected result may follow: but, in the many cases in which it does not occur, there are thousands of chances

(which will not be lost to the careful experimenter) of discovering something utterly unlooked for. We might give instances of this without number. The discovery of electromagnetism by Ørstedt was arrived at by his fancy that a conducting wire might act on a magnet if heated by an electric current. Kepler's Laws were deduced by an almost incredible amount of numerical calculation based upon the supposition of the existence of all sorts of harmonies, perfect solids, etc., etc., in the solar system. In chemistry this principle has been long recognised as most important, since, in the attempt to produce directly some particular compound, it often happens that the experimenter is gratified by the appearance of some other which he had never dreamt of as capable of existing, or at least of being obtainable by his process. Mayer, therefore, and others who have followed a course similar to his, cannot be considered as having any claims to the credit of founding the science of Energy; though their works have become of great value as developments and applications, since the science has been based upon rigorous experiments.

Particular cases of the Conservation of Energy were experimentally discovered, but without any reference to this principle, at early stages of the progress of electricity, electro-chemistry, heat of combination, and various other branches of science; and many curious cases of Transformation and Dissipation of Energy had also been observed. To these we shall advert after we have given a brief sketch of the Laws of Energy and the history of their discovery; as we shall then be enabled to classify them properly, and to show their mutual connexion.

In order that we may understand clearly the terms which it is essential to employ in giving a strictly accurate, although popular, view of these great Laws, it will be useful to give preliminary examples of various forms of energy constantly presenting themselves to our notice. Let us take, for instance, gunpowder. It contains in a dormant form an immense store of energy, or, in common mechanical language, it can do an immense amount of *work*. Its use in blasting is simply to do at little expense, and in a short time, an amount of work which it would take many labourers a considerable time to perform. In virtue of the arrangement of its chemical constituents, it possesses this store of work-producing power. Again, in order that water in a reservoir may be capable of supplying motive power to mills or other machinery, it must be capable of descending from a higher to a lower level, for no work can be got out of still water, unless it have a *head* as it is technically called. When the

driving-weight of a clock has run down, the clock stops; and in order that the weight may be again efficient in maintaining the motion of the wheels and pendulum, it must be wound up, or placed in such a position relatively to the earth, that work can be got out of it in consequence of its position. In an air-gun we have a store of energy laid up in the form of compressed air; in a cross-bow, a wound-up watch, or the lock of a cocked gun—in the form of a bent spring; in a charged Leyden jar—in the form of a distribution of electricity; in a voltaic battery—in the arrangement of chemical elements or compounds; in a labourer, primed for work—in the form of a proper supply of food. In all such cases, where the energy is dormant, it is called *Potential Energy*; and its amount is measured by the work which it is capable of doing, and which it will do if properly applied. It would be easy, but unscientific, to break out into thrilling descriptions of the terrors of the impending avalanche, the dangers of the slippery precipice, etc., etc., all of which are mere cases of potential energy; to paint the agonies of the wretch transported to such a planet as Jupiter, where his potential energy, when standing upright, would be for ever increased, as if he carried other two men on his shoulders, or his Atlas-like position if taken to the sun, where he would be crushed under a load as of thirty of his fellows, and spread over the surface in a cake by a slow viscous yielding, like that which we see in glaciers, or tar, or other such semi-fluid mass! We have given this slight license to our fancy in order to test our readers. Those who have read it with proper disgust are invited to proceed with the article, where they will find no more of it; those who have been pleased with it are exhorted to turn from what must be henceforth to them a dull and dreary path, and betake themselves for their scientific instruction to the popular treatises of the day, where they will find it in copious streams, not generally diluted by more than a faint admixture of sense and of cold and stern science.

The unit for measurement of work usually employed by engineers is the foot-pound; and, though this varies in amount from one locality to another, it is in such general use, and so convenient when absolute accuracy is not required, that we shall employ it throughout. It is the amount of work required to raise a pound a foot high. It is evident that to raise any mass to a given height, the amount of work required is proportional to the number of pounds in the mass, and also to the number of feet through which it is to be raised. Thus to raise a cwt. a furlong high requires the same expenditure of work

(73,920 foot pounds) as to raise a stone-weight a mile high, or a pound 14 miles. And the potential energy of the raised mass, or the work which can be got out of it in virtue of its position, is precisely equivalent to the work which has been employed in raising it.

But if the mass be allowed to fall, we may remark that it gains velocity as it descends, and that the square of the velocity acquired at any point of the path is proportional to the space through which the mass has fallen. Also when a projectile is discharged vertically upwards, it possesses no potential energy at the commencement of its flight, but it has, *in virtue of its motion*, energy, or power of doing work. To measure this energy, we must find how much work it is capable of producing, and we find that it is proportional to the *square* of the velocity. That is, a projectile discharged upwards will rise to four times the height if its initial velocity be doubled, to nine times if trebled, and so on. Now if we introduce the term *Kinetic Energy* to signify the amount of work which a mass can do in virtue of its motion, we must measure it by half the product of the mass into the square of its velocity; and the ordinary formulæ for the motion of a projectile show that, neglecting the resistance of the air, the sum of the Potential and Kinetic Energies remains constant during the flight. There is perpetual transformation of kinetic into potential energy, as the projectile rises, and a retransformation as it descends.

An excellent illustration is furnished by the simple case of the oscillation of a pendulum, where the energy originally given to the bob, either in a kinetic form by projecting it from its lowest position, or in a potential form by drawing it aside from the vertical, and then letting it fall, is constantly transformed and retransformed every quarter oscillation.

The observations we have made on these simple cases are found to be completely borne out in more complex ones, as, for instance, in the oscillations of an elastic body, such as the balance-spring of a watch, a tuning-fork, etc. Here the potential energy consists in a deformation of the elastic body, as in bending a spring, etc., etc. All this however is on the supposition that the bodies are perfectly elastic, and that there is no external resistance to the motion.

The complete theory of all such cases was enunciated in a perfect form by Newton in the *Principia* as a scholium to his Third Law of Motion; in which he not only laid down the so-called Principle of Vis-viva, and D'Alembert's Principle, for which others long afterwards obtained great credit; but stated,

so far as the extent of experimental science in his time permitted, the great law of Conservation of Energy. This remarkable passage appears, until lately, to have escaped notice; or at all events, not to have received sufficient consideration. It is as follows:—"*Si æstimetur agentis actio ex ejus vi et velocitate conjunctim; et similiter resistentis reactio æstimetur conjunctim ex ejus partium singularum velocitatibus et viribus resistendi ab earum attritione, cohæsione, pondere, et acceleratione oriundis; erunt actio et reactio, in omni instrumentorum usu, sibi invicem semper æquales.*" By the context it is easy to see that the *actio* here spoken of by Newton is precisely what is now called *rate of doing work*, or *horse-power*. Also the *reactio*, as far as acceleration is concerned, is precisely what is now known as *rate of increase of kinetic energy*. Newton's statement is therefore, in modern phraseology, equivalent to this: *Work done on any system of bodies has its equivalent in the form of work done against friction, molecular forces, or gravity, if there be no acceleration; but if there be acceleration, part of the work is expended in overcoming resistance to acceleration, and the additional kinetic energy developed is equivalent to the work so spent.* As we have already seen, when part of the work is done against gravity, as in raising a weight, or against molecular forces, as in bending a spring, it is stored up as potential energy; and the recoil of the spring, or the fall of the weight, are capable at any future time of restoring the work expended in producing these effects. But in Newton's time, and long afterwards, it was supposed that work spent on friction was *absolutely lost*. Now, by the experimental researches of Davy, Rumford, and Joule, we know that it is merely transformed into other and more inscrutable, but equivalent, quantities of energy in the forms of heat and electric motion.

But, before we pass to these higher considerations, we may briefly exemplify Newton's great discovery, by applying it to such common cases of transformation of energy as have been already mentioned, or are constantly observed, and which are not much influenced by the production of heat or electricity. Thus, in the case of the simple pendulum, when it is at one end of its range, it has potential energy, in virtue of which work can be done upon it by gravity. This is wholly expended in producing acceleration of motion as the bob descends; and when it has reached its lowest position, the kinetic energy produced is equivalent to the work so done, that is, to the potential energy lost. As it rises again, work is done against gravity, which is stored up as potential

energy; but the work so done comes from the store of kinetic energy possessed by the bob; and when this is exhausted, the bob rests for an instant, to pursue a similar course of transformations. With the change of a word or two, the same explanation applies to the oscillations of the balance-spring of a watch. In the case of a tuning-fork, however, the oscillations rapidly diminish in energy; but here we have still the law of conservation, because part is by imperfect elasticity changed into heat, and what is lost to the fork becomes transformed into the kinetic energy of sound. Its ultimate fate will occupy us presently.

The leading dates in the history of the *foundation* (not the *development*) of the science of Energy, besides those given in our former article, are few and comparatively definite.

In January 1843,* Joule showed that mechanical work could be converted into an equivalent of heat mediately by the induced currents of the magneto-electric machine, and thus that current electricity is a form of energy subject to the law of conservation. This step enabled him to apply his previous investigations (dating from 1841) regarding electrolysis to the establishment of the principle of energy in chemical action. Thus, to quote only a few sentences, he says—

“However we arrange the voltaic apparatus, and whatever cells of electrolysis we include in the circuit, the whole caloric of the circuit is exactly accounted for by the whole of the chemical changes.”

“The mechanical and heating powers of a current are proportional to each other.”

“I have little doubt that by interposing an electro-magnetic engine in the circuit of a battery, a diminution of the heat evolved per equivalent of chemical change would be the consequence, and in proportion to the mechanical power obtained.”

In August 1843, he read to the British Association, at Cork, a paper entitled “On the Calorific Effects of Magneto-Electricity, and the Mechanical Value of Heat.” This was inserted in the *Philosophical Magazine* in October and succeeding months of the same year. The main object of the paper is the determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat by causing a small electro-magnetic arrangement to revolve between the poles of a larger electro-magnet, and measuring the heat developed in the smaller coil after the expenditure of a given amount of work in turning it. He displayed great resources as an experimenter in deducing from this combination results, which, considering

the extreme difficulty of the process, agreed wonderfully well with each other, and which led to a mean value (838 foot-pounds) of the dynamical equivalent of heat (only) $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. too high. He has shown that some error was to be expected from the impossibility of measuring, and taking account of, the fraction of the whole heat developed, which fell to the share of the large electro-magnet. But he carefully proved that heat is developed in the *whole* circuit, and that it is not merely transferred by induction from one part of the circuit to another: thus supplying an additional proof to that of Davy, of the immateriality of heat. This experiment has since been converted by Foucault and others into a very striking lecture-room illustration of the transformation of work into heat.

The appendix to this paper contains the wonderful approximation (770 foot-pounds) to the equivalent of heat deduced by friction of water, which was examined in our former article. But it also contains the commencement of an application of the principle of energy to physiological processes in the words:—

“If an animal were engaged in turning a piece of machinery, or in ascending a mountain, I apprehend that in proportion to the muscular effort put forth for the purpose, a *diminution* of the heat evolved in the system by a given chemical action would be experienced.”

Mayer's Essay (see the head of the article) on Organic Motion is of two years' later date.

Finally, in a remarkable public lecture delivered in Manchester, Joule applied the principle to cosmical phenomena. As this lecture is of considerable importance, and as it seems to be almost unknown even in the scientific world, we need not apologize for inserting an extract or two from a report printed at the time in one of the local newspapers:—

“The general rule, then, is, that wherever living force is *apparently* destroyed, whether by percussion, friction, or any similar means, an exact equivalent of heat is restored. The converse of this proposition is also true, namely, that heat cannot be lessened or absorbed without the production of living force, or its equivalent attraction through space. Thus, for instance, in the steam-engine it will be found that the power gained is at the expense of the heat of the fire. That is, that the heat occasioned by the combustion of the coal would have been greater had a part of it not been absorbed in producing and maintaining the living force of the machinery. It is right, however, to observe, that this has not as yet been demonstrated by experiment. But there is no room to doubt that experiment would prove the correctness of what I have said; for I have myself proved, that a conversion of heat into living force takes

* *Memoirs of the Lit. and Sc. Soc. Manchester*, vol. vii.

place in the expansion of air, which is analogous to the expansion of steam in the cylinder of the steam-engine. But the most convincing proof of the conversion of heat into living force has been derived from my experiments with the electro-magnetic engine, a machine composed of magnets and bars of iron set in motion by an electrical battery. I have proved by actual experiment, that in exact proportion to the force with which this machine works, heat is abstracted from the electrical battery. You see, therefore, that living force may be converted into heat, and that heat may be converted into living force, or its equivalent attraction through space. All three, therefore, namely, heat, living force, and attraction through space (to which I might also add *light*, were it consistent with the scope of the present lecture), are mutually convertible into one another. In these conversions nothing is ever lost. The same quantity of heat will always be converted into the same quantity of living force. We can, therefore, express the equivalency in definite language applicable at all times and under all circumstances."

"The knowledge of the equivalency of heat to mechanical power, is of great value in solving a great number of interesting and important questions. In the case of the steam-engine, by ascertaining the quantity of heat produced by the combustion of coal, we can find out how much of it is converted into mechanical power, and thus come to a conclusion how far the steam-engine is susceptible of further improvements. Calculations made upon this principle have shown that at least ten times as much power might be produced as is now obtained by the combustion of coal. Another interesting conclusion is, that the animal frame, though destined to fulfil so many other ends, is, as a machine, more perfect than the best contrived steam-engine; that is, is capable of more work with the same expenditure of fuel. Behold, then, the wonderful arrangements of the creation. The earth in its rapid motion round the sun possesses a degree of living force so vast that if turned into the equivalent of heat, its temperature would be rendered at least one thousand times greater than that of red hot iron, and the globe on which we tread would in all probability be rendered equal in brightness to the sun itself. And it is pretty certain that if the course of the earth were changed so that it might fall into the sun, that body, so far from being cooled down by the contact of a comparatively cold body, would actually blaze more brightly than before in consequence of the living force with which the earth struck the sun being converted into its equivalent of heat. Here we see that our existence depends upon the *maintenance* of the living force of the earth. On the other hand our safety equally depends in some instances upon the *conversion* of living force into heat. You have, no doubt, frequently observed what are called *shooting-stars*, as they appear to emerge from the dark sky of night, pursue a short and rapid course, burst, and are dissipated in shining fragments. From the velocity with which these bodies travel, there can be little doubt that they are small planets which, in the course of their revolution round the sun are attracted and

drawn to the earth. Reflect for a moment on the consequences which would ensue, if a hard meteoric stone were to strike the room in which we are assembled with a velocity sixty times as great as that of a cannon ball. The dire effects of such a collision are effectually prevented by the atmosphere surrounding our globe, by which the velocity of the meteoric stones is checked, and their living force converted into heat, which at last becomes so intense as to melt the body and dissipate it into fragments too small probably to be noticed in their fall to the ground. Hence it is, that although multitudes of shooting-stars appear every night, few meteoric stones have been found, those few corroborating the truth of our hypothesis by the marks of intense heat which they bear on their surfaces. Descending from the planetary space and firmament to the surface of our earth, we find a vast variety of phenomena connected with the conversion of living force and heat into one another which speak in language which cannot be misunderstood of the wisdom and beneficence of the Great Architect of nature. The motion of air which we call *wind*, arises chiefly from the intense heat of the torrid zone compared with the temperature of the temperate and frigid zones. Here we have an instance of heat being converted into the living force of currents of air. These currents of air, in their progress across the sea, lift up its waves and propel the ships; whilst in passing across the land they shake the trees and disturb every blade of grass. The waves by their violent motion, the ships by their passage through a resisting medium, and the trees by the rubbing of their branches together and the friction of their leaves against themselves and the air, each and all of them generate heat equivalent to the diminution of the living force of the air which they occasion. The heat thus restored may again contribute to raise fresh currents of air, and thus the phenomena may be repeated in endless succession and variety. When we consider our own animal frame, 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' we observe in the motion of our limbs a continual conversion of heat into living force, which may be either converted back again into heat or employed in producing an attraction through space, as when a man ascends a mountain. Indeed the phenomena of nature, whether mechanical, chemical, or vital, consist almost entirely in a continual conversion of attraction through space, living force, and heat, into one another. Thus it is that order is maintained in the universe,—nothing is deranged, nothing ever lost,—but the entire machinery, complicated as it is, works smoothly and harmoniously. And though, as in the awful vision of Ezekiel, 'wheel may be in the middle of wheel,' and everything may appear complicated and involved in the apparent confusion and intricacy of an almost endless variety of causes, effects, conversions, and arrangements, yet is the most perfect regularity preserved; the whole being governed by the sovereign will of God."

This lecture was delivered on the 28th April 1847, and has consequently some months' priority over Helmholtz's very able

pamphlet which appeared on the 23d July of the same year. Mayer's Essay on Celestial Dynamics was not published till 1848.

Thus, in all the scientifically legitimate steps which the early history of the principle records, Joule had the priority. His work has been much extended by others, especially Helmholtz, Mayer, Rankine, and Thomson, in the developed applications of the principle, in many directions. To their results we shall presently direct the reader's attention; but we wish to impress upon him the fact that the experimental foundation of the principle in its generality, and the earliest suggestions of its most important applications, belong unquestionably to Joule. Trained to accurate experiment and profound reflection in the school of Dalton, the pupil has not only immortalized himself, but has added to the fame of the master.

In Helmholtz's admirable tract, whose title is prefixed to this article, the whole subject is based upon Newton's principle, with one or other of the following postulates, from either of which the other is shown to follow.

(a) Matter consists of ultimate particles which exert upon each other forces whose directions are the lines joining each pair of particles, and whose magnitudes depend solely on the distances between the particles.

(b) "The Perpetual Motion" is impossible.

This is, of course, a strictly logical foundation for the science of Energy, if it be taken for granted as an *experimental result* that the perpetual motion is impossible; or if we could be sure that the ultimate parts of matter act on each other in the manner assumed. Unfortunately, it must be confessed that we know nothing as to the ultimate nature of matter, and therefore (a) is not in the present state of experimental science more than a plausible hypothesis. Again, to assume (b) is apparently to beg the question, to assume in fact that the Conservation of Energy applies not only to such cases as Newton had already treated, but to the more mysterious actions of heat, electricity, etc.* And though Joule's experiments have shown that even for these the principle holds good: there is, we fear, still a fond hope entertained by many a self-supposed scientific man (and in this category must be classed many whose authority

is recognised by the public), that the perpetual motion may perhaps yet be obtained by electrical processes. This has received a sort of countenance from the fact, that the only complete hypothesis on which the mutual actions of electric currents have yet been explained, requires the admission of mutual forces between moving quantities of electricity, which are *not* consistent with (a), and from which therefore the perpetual motion might be obtained. But before the *facts* discovered by Joule, all such objections must give way; just as the corpuscular theory of light, even if we had not had the undulatory theory to take its place, must have at once been abandoned when it was found that light moves faster in air than in water. Our real difficulty in such a case as this is not with regard to the truth of the Conservation of Energy, but with regard to the *nature of electricity*; and Weber's result merely shows that electricity does not consist of two sets of particles, vitreous and resinous, not that there is a loop-hole for escape from the grand law of Energy. Such a digression as this is not without its use, if it give any reader a more complete idea of the nature of the difficulties with which science is at present most encumbered; that they consist more in our ignorance of the nature of matter and force than of the grand laws to which their actions are ultimately subject. The laws of the projectile we know, but the composition of the powder is still an uninvestigated question.

The Theory of Energy, as at present developed, contemplates its Conservation, Transformation, and Dissipation.

The *Conservation of Energy* simply asserts that the whole amount of energy in the universe, or in any limited system which does not receive energy from without, or part with it to external matter, is invariable.

The *Transformation of Energy* is the enunciation of the experimental fact, that in general any one form of energy may by suitable processes be transformed, wholly or in part, to an equivalent amount in any other given form. It is subject, however, to limitations which are supplied by

The *Dissipation of Energy*. No known natural process is exactly reversible, and whenever an attempt is made to transform and re-transform energy by an imperfect process, part of the energy is necessarily transformed into heat and *dissipated*, so as to be incapable of further useful transformation. It therefore follows, that as energy is constantly in a state of transformation, there is a constant degradation of energy to the final unavailable form of uniformly diffused heat; and that this will go on as long as transformations

* That Helmholtz in 1847 regarded the question as a merely speculative one, which experiment alone could settle, is evident from his remark: "In den Fällen, wo die moleculären Aenderungen und die Electricitätsentwicklung möglichst vermieden sind, würde sich diese Frage so stellen, ob für einen gewissen Verlust an mechanischer Kraft jedesmal eine bestimmte Quantität Wärme entsteht, und inwiefern eine Wärmequantität einem Aequivalent mechanischer Kraft entsprechen kann."

occur, until the whole energy of the universe has taken this final form.*

The remainder of the article will be devoted to a semi-historical enumeration of cases occurring in nature or experiment, and exemplification of the above laws in the circumstances of each case.

The simplest cases are, of course, those of abstract dynamics; when we consider motion under the action of any forces, but unresisted by friction. The pendulum, balance-spring, projectiles, etc., have already been noticed. As another instance, we may refer to the motion of a planet about the sun. When in perihelion, that is, when its potential energy is least, its velocity, and therefore its kinetic energy, is greatest. In the case of a comet moving in a parabolic orbit, the whole energy at any time is equal to the potential energy at an infinite distance from the sun; and in that case, as we know, the velocity, and with it the kinetic energy, disappears. That a cannon ball, fired horizontally *in vacuo*, may just rotate about the earth, its velocity must be such as it would acquire by falling under the action of ordinary terrestrial gravity (at the surface) through a space equal to half the earth's radius; about five miles per second. In this case it would complete a revolution in about 85 minutes, or the seven-teenth part of 24 hours.

In all these cases the potential energy involved, whether it depend upon molecular forces, as in a spring, or upon external forces, as gravity, is of the same species as that of a raised weight; and the only form of kinetic energy contemplated is that of visible motion. And here there is constant transformation from one of these forms to the other, and back again, for ever, without loss by dissipation, as the process is in every case exactly reversible. They give us, therefore, little insight into the more complex phenomena to which we proceed. They are all summed up in the law of conservation of *Vis Viva*, which we have already seen to be merely a different form of statement of one of Newton's discoveries. But in the ordinary text-books, the *loss of vis viva* in the impact of imperfectly elastic bodies is coolly asserted, and its amount calculated; not a hint being given that the so-called loss is merely a transformation, partly, no doubt, into the potential form of distortion of the impinging bodies, but mainly into the kinetic form—heat.

As an example of the simpler cases of this loss by friction, we may consider the experiment originally suggested by Rumford, tried

in a very imperfect manner by Mayer, and completely worked out by Joule. When a mass of water in an open vessel is made to rotate by stirring, its free surface assumes a paraboloidal form; and therefore the energy communicated to it is partly kinetic and partly potential, the latter being a temporary transformation of a portion of the former. But, if it be left to itself for a short time, it comes to rest with its surface horizontal, so that both of these forms of energy have disappeared; and the water is, in all respects except its temperature and the effects depending thereon, precisely as it was before stirring. Hence, if it be allowed to communicate its excess of temperature to surrounding bodies, it will remain precisely as before the operation, and by Carnot's axiom we are entitled to regard the heat it has given out as the exact equivalent of the work spent upon it. But the results of this process were detailed in our former article. We need only observe, that when we see water flowing unaccelerated down the bed of a stream, the potential energy is by fluid friction transformed into an increase of its temperature, and thus wasted.

We have already alluded to sound as the form in which part of the energy of a tuning-fork is wasted. Sound consists in fact of a state of air precisely analogous to the state of the matter of the vibrating fork; comprising a certain amount of potential energy in the form of compression or dilatation of air, analogous to the strain in the distorted steel; and a complementary amount of kinetic energy in the vibrations of the particles of air. If air had no viscosity the transference of energy to it from the fork would be simply a case of impact, easily reduced to a question of abstract dynamics; and the energy so transferred would be propagated without loss in a mixed potential and kinetic form, in spherical waves through the atmosphere. The energy of a complete wave in any such hypothetical case is, curiously enough, always equally divided between the two forms; and since, as the wave spreads, the amount of energy in a given volume of air must be inversely proportional to the whole volume of air occupied by the wave, the intensity diminishes inversely as the square of the distance from the centre of disturbance. There is, of course, in the portion of the wave where the air is condensed, a development of heat, but in the rarefaction of the air in the other half of the wave, an equivalent amount of heat disappears; so that, to a first approximation, the mean temperature is unchanged by the disturbance. But, in the actual case, the viscosity of the air due to fluid-friction is constantly converting a portion of the energy of the wave into heat by an irreversible process,

* Thomson "On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy."—*Proc. Royal Soc. Edin. and Phil. Mag.*, 1852.

and therefore the intensity of sound diminishes more rapidly than the law of the inverse square of the distance (which holds, so far as experiments have yet shown, for light and radiant heat) would require, its energy being constantly wasted in raising the mean temperature of the air.* All motions of air, whether sounds or winds, therefore, are ultimately transformed into heat, and thus dissipated and lost, though not destroyed. Whether there is anything analogous to this in the case of undulatory motions in the interplanetary ether is a grand, but as yet entirely unattempted inquiry.

But in actual experience the results of even the simplest theoretical cases of abstract dynamics are never realized. For, besides the friction between solids, and the viscosity of fluids just considered, every motion of matter is resisted by the all-pervading ether; and, on account of the generation of electric currents, which in their turn become heat, there is in general resistance to motion of conducting matter. The consideration of these more recondite effects will be entered upon a little later; and we will endeavour to render the transition as gradual as possible.

We will now, partly following Helmholtz, consider in order the application of the laws of energy to the various physical forces in the more common cases to which we have not as yet particularly referred, merely mentioning that he commences with a brief sketch of the applications we have already given of Newton's principle to cases of abstract dynamics. Among these is one which we have not yet noticed, viz., that Fresnel, in deducing hypothetically the laws of polarization of light by reflection and refraction, made the conservation of Vis Viva the foundation of his investigations, and arrived at results which are at least very close approximations to truth.

The *direct* relations between mechanical force and heat have been sufficiently considered in our former article, so that we merely allude to them here in order to maintain the continuity of our sketch. The *indirect* relations between energy of all kinds and heat will appear continually in the applications to which we proceed.

We now pass to the consideration of the bearing of the laws of energy upon the production of ordinary (so-called) friction electricity. There are two common methods by which electricity of high tension is *directly* produced, viz., by the ordinary electric machine, and by the electrophorus.

When *any* two bodies are brought into

contact, there is a certain amount of exhaustion of the potential energy of chemical affinity between them (similar to that of water which has reached a lower, from a higher, level) and the equivalent of this is, partly at least (for it is not yet known how, in virtue of their chemical affinity, bodies attract each other at a distance), developed in the new potential form of a separation of the so-called electric fluids; one of the bodies receiving a positive, and the other an equal negative, charge. [The quantity of electricity, so developed, depends upon the nature and the form of the bodies; and is determined by the simple law (whose terms will be presently explained), that the difference of electric potentials in the two bodies, if they be conductors, and possibly in the parts in contact, if they be non-conductors, depends only on the nature of the bodies.] So long as the bodies remain in contact, it is impossible to collect from them any of this electricity by means of metallic conductors; but since, in virtue of their opposite charges, the bodies attract each other more than before, more work has to be employed in separating them than was gained in allowing them to come together. The equivalent of the excess of work appears in the mutual potential energy of the separated electricities. This is, in all probability, the source of the electricity usually ascribed to friction, in fact, the extra work required to turn an electric machine when in good order, supposing the true friction the same, is (speaking roughly, and making no allowance for sparks, noise, production of ozone, etc.) directly as the square of the quantity of electricity produced. Hence the machine acts by contact of dissimilar bodies producing a separation of electricities, and the application of mechanical energy so as to tear these farther asunder. And it is probable that all friction, perhaps not excepting that caused by actual abrasion, is due to the production of electricity.

The electrophorus gives us a good direct instance of the conversion of work into electric potential energy. When the metallic disc is lifted from the excited plate of resin, work requires to be expended to overcome the attraction of the electricity in the plate for the opposite electricity developed by induction in the disc; and the equivalent of this work appears as the potential energy of the electricity thus detached. Hence, when we charge a Leyden jar, whether by the ordinary machine or by the electrophorus, the energy of the charge is a transformation of the work expended by the operator.

The potential, at any point, of a distribution of electricity is the work required to convey unit of negative electricity, against

* Stokes, on the Internal Friction of Fluids in Motion.—*Camb. Phil. Trans.* 1845. See also *Phil. Mag.* 1851, I. p. 305.

the electric attractions, from that point to an infinite distance. From this definition it is evident that the difference of potentials at any two points is the work required to carry unit of negative electricity from one to the other; and, therefore, by the definition of work, *the attraction at any point in any direction is the rate of increase of the potential at that point per unit of length in that direction.* Hence the potential must have the same value at all points of a conducting body, for otherwise there would be (at points where its value changed) attraction for negative, and repulsion for positive, electricities; and thus a permanent source of electro-motive force, which is inconsistent with the idea of electric equilibrium in a conductor. Thus the potential of any conductor is the work required to remove a unit of negative electricity from any point of its surface to an infinite distance; or, what is easily shown to be equivalent to this, it is the amount of electricity which the conductor would give to a sphere of unit-radius connected with it by a long fine wire.

For any solitary conductor, as it is obvious that a small and a large charge will be *similarly* distributed over it, the potential is proportional to the quantity of electricity in the charge. And it is easily seen that the potential energy of the charge is the work which would have to be expended in bringing the charge, by successive small instalments, from an infinite distance, to the surface of the conductor. Green found, by calculations which we cannot give here, that this is half the product of the charge and the potential; hence, as the potential is proportional to the charge, the potential energy is, *ceteris paribus*, proportional to the *square* of the charge.

A precisely similar process is applicable to such a conductor as a Leyden jar; and, in fact, to any statical distribution of electricity. We thus see how the law, discovered independently by Joule, Lenz and Jacobi, and Riess, that the heat evolved by an electric discharge depends, *ceteris paribus*, on the square of the quantity of electricity in the charge; or in voltaic electricity, on the square of the quantity of the current; accords with the conservation of energy.

Green also showed, by analogous reasoning, that in a jar of given form, and with a given charge, the potential energy is inversely as the surface of the jar, and also directly as the thickness of the glass. The former of these is an instructive example of the dissipation of energy. Thus, if a charge be divided between two equal jars, by simultaneously connecting the pairs of outer and inner coatings, half of the charge passes from the

one jar to the other, and in doing so generates heat, sound, and light, each of which corresponds to a loss of energy. The whole amount of electricity still remains, but being diffused over a greater surface, it has less energy than before in proportion to the diminished potential. Thus, with equal charges, and equal thickness of glass, a small jar will give a more powerful shock than a large one.

We have already noticed that contact of two bodies, such as zinc and copper, develops a constant difference of potential between them. From the explanations subsequently given with reference to the potential, we see that this is equivalent to saying that at the surface of contact there is perpetually a force tending to separate the two electricities in a direction perpendicular to that surface, while at points ever so little within either of the bodies there is no such force. The only way in which we can conceive this to take place is by supposing that the surfaces in contact are equally and oppositely electrified. The effect of such an arrangement of electricity is nil on points in either of the bodies, but at the surface of separation it accounts for the force to which is due the difference of potentials in passing from one body to the other. If this be the true explanation, it will follow, as Helmholtz has pointed out, that bodies differ from each other in the amount of the forces, *sensible only at insensible distances*, which they exert upon positive and negative electricity. By no fixed arrangement of *simple* conductors can a current of electricity be produced; in fact it is obvious that if such were the case, the current would continue for ever, constantly producing heat by the resistance to conduction, which is of course impossible.

By means, however, of a very simple arrangement, not involving electrolysis, Thomson has shown how to collect the electricity developed in either of two metals in contact; but, as the principle of energy requires, mechanical force has to be employed. He allows water to drop from a copper can, the drops falling through a zinc cylinder which is in metallic contact with the can. Each drop carries with it part of the electricity of the copper, and if they be collected in an insulated dish, the latter may be charged to any extent. The apparatus is, in fact, an electrical machine worked by gravity; and the energy of the charge acquired by the insulated body on which the drops fall is accounted for by the defect in the heat produced by their impacts. We may contrast this experiment with the common one of accelerating the flow of water from a pierced can by electrifying it. In this case the loss of

potential energy by the dissipation of the charge appears in the increase of heat produced by the impact of the falling drops.

But the voltaic arrangement furnishes by far the most powerful effects which can be obtained from the fundamental separation of electricities by contact. By interposing between two metals which have been electrified by contact, a compound liquid (or electrolyte), these metals are at once reduced to the same potential, a result which could not have been obtained by connecting them in any other way. By the passage of the electricity a portion of the electrolyte is decomposed, and the potential energy thus developed is equal to that possessed by the electricity while separated in the metals. Bring the metals into contact again, and the same series of operations is repeated. This state of things is directly obtained if we close the circuit by connecting the metals by a wire, and then we have constant development of electricities at the points of metallic contact, and constant recombination, attended with decomposition of the electrolyte. This is an exceedingly imperfect view of the action of the galvanic battery, but it gives a general idea of the fundamental processes, and must suffice for the present at least, since the consideration of such complex phenomena as polarization of the electrodes, etc., would lead us into details far too recondite for a popular article. One or two very singular results of Joule's early investigations may be mentioned. It was shown by Faraday, that if the current from a battery pass through any number of decomposing cells, filled with any different electrolytes, the quantities of the various components set at liberty in a given time in each of the cells are proportional to the chemical equivalents of these components; and that the quantity of zinc dissolved in each cell of the battery is determined by the same law. Besides the electrolytic action, there is of course a development of heat in the circuit. Hence, if the energy of chemical affinity consumed in the battery be less than that restored in the decomposing cell, we should have a production from nothing of energy in the forms of heat and chemical affinity. It appears from Thomson's calculations* that the electro-motive force required for the decomposition of water is 1.318 times that furnished by a single cell of Daniell's battery.

He says, "Hence at least two cells of Daniell's battery are required for the electrolysis of water; but fourteen cells of Daniell's battery connected in one circuit with ten electrolytic vessels of water with platinum electrodes would be suffi-

cient to effect gaseous decomposition in each vessel."

In Joule's paper of 1841, on the heat of electrolysis, he showed that heat is generated in the circuit in *different* quantities by the electrical evolution of *equal* quantities of hydrogen at equal surfaces of *different* metals, thereby removing the difficulty arising from the fact, that in batteries where zinc is the more oxidizable metal, the electro-motive force is found to vary with the other metal. Thomson,* by applying the principle of energy to some experimental results of Faraday, showed that a feeble continued current passing out of an electrolytic cell by a zinc electrode, must generate exactly as much more heat at the zinc surface than the same amount of current would develop in passing out of an electrolytic cell by a platinum electrode, as a zinc-platinum pair working against great external resistance would develop in the resistance wire by the same amount of current. We particularly commend to our readers the three papers just mentioned, as containing an immense amount of valuable matter which cannot possibly be given in such an article as this.

The conservation of energy must obviously hold in the case of the mutual actions of permanent magnets, because we know that such magnetic attractions and repulsions can be completely accounted for by an imaginary distribution of magnetic matter, each unit of which attracts or repels another with a force whose law is the same as that of gravitation; and which therefore satisfies the criterion (a) required by Helmholtz's investigation. But the perpetual-motionists have not yet given up attempts to construct self-driving engines by means of permanent magnets.

The force exerted by a closed circuit upon a magnet is precisely the same as that of a uniformly and normally magnetized open shell bounded by the circuit, and of strength proportional to that of the current, and is therefore also subject to the law of conservation. But if the magnet be allowed to move under the influence of the current, it moves *more slowly* than it would under the action of the initially equivalent magnetic shell, and it is more speedily brought to rest after oscillating about the new position of equilibrium. In fact, if the experiment were made in vacuo, the needle would ultimately come to rest in the former case, but would maintain its oscillations undiminished for ever in the latter. In the former it evidently loses energy, in the latter it does not. [The hypothetical magnetic shell is supposed to be a non-conductor.] Now, with the principle of

* On the Mechanical Theory of Electrolysis.—*Phil. Mag.* 1851.

* *British Association Report*, 1852.

conservation to guide us, let us inquire what is the difference between the two cases. Since the motion is slower in the former case than in the latter, there must be a diminution of moving force; but, since the moving force depends *only* upon the strength of the current, this can be accounted for only by a weakening of the current, and this again is simply equivalent to the production of an additional but oppositely directed current in the circuit. Thus we see that, while a current is doing work in moving a magnet, *less* chemical combination takes place in the battery, and therefore less work is done on the magnet than would have been exerted by a permanent magnetic shell, originally equivalent to the current: and this precisely accounts for the apparent loss of kinetic energy actually observed. While the current is moving the magnet towards its position of equilibrium it is weakened, and therefore the magnet reaches that position with less kinetic energy; when, with this diminished kinetic energy, the magnet oscillates to the other side of its position of equilibrium, the current, now *strengthened* by the mutual action, diminishes still further the range on that side; then is weakened when it ought to have restored the kinetic energy, and so on.

Now we might, by the proper expenditure of mechanical force, produce exactly the observed motion of the magnet, in presence of the closed circuit now traversed by no current, and the conservation of energy immediately suggests the question, Does the presence of the conducting body alter the amount of work necessary to produce this motion? Long ago, Arago observed, that if a copper plate be placed under a vibrating magnetic needle, the oscillations are very rapidly diminished, and the needle comes to rest much sooner than when left to itself. This Dampener, as it is called, is still employed in galvanometers of faulty construction, where the great moment of inertia of the needles, and the small resistance opposed to their motion by the air, render their oscillations long-continued and their observation tedious, and for many rapidly-changing phenomena their use *nil*. Subsequently, Arago showed that if the disc be made to rotate, it carries the needle with it. Faraday cleared up the whole subject in 1831, by his fine discovery of the induction of electric currents in the relative motion of a magnet and a conductor. The damper acts by the reaction (upon the needle) of the currents produced by the relative motion; and it is their energy, or that of the heat into which (by resistance to conduction) they are finally transformed, that forms the equivalent to the loss of energy by the vibrating needle. We now see the complete ex-

planation of the phenomena of mutual action of currents and magnets which we have already mentioned; and whose full agreement with the theory of energy was experimentally shown by Joule, in 1843. The magneto-electric machine, which depends entirely upon this principle, is employed on a large scale for many important applications; for instance, it is employed in producing chemical decomposition, as in electro-plating; physiological effects, as in the American medico-electric machines; and light, as in the recent trial at the South Foreland Lighthouse, where an electric spark, much more luminous than the ordinary oil-lamp, was maintained by the work expended by a small steam-engine in turning before a series of electro-magnetic coils a wheel, to whose circumference a great number of powerful steel magnets was attached. It is also applied, on certain telegraphic lines, to the production of electric currents for the purpose of signalling.

It is only with the *relative* motion of the magnet and conductor that we are concerned, and therefore, although we have hitherto supposed the magnet to move in presence of the conductor, precisely similar effects will be produced if the conductor move in presence of the magnet. Thus, when we consider that the earth acts as an immense magnet on all bodies at its surface, it is obvious that in general all motions of electric conductors are resisted by the earth's action upon the currents developed in them by their motion. Faraday suggested the application of this principle to the construction of a magneto-electric machine in which the earth takes the place of the usual permanent magnets. The apparatus consists simply of a copper disc made to rotate about an axis, and the electricity is collected by two wires, one of which touches the rim of the disc, while the other is connected with the axis. More work is required to turn this disc than would be required by an equal disc of non-conducting matter, and this excess of work is entirely transformed into electric currents. If the axis of the disc be in the direction of the dipping-needle no electricity is generated. This result has been taken advantage of in ascertaining the dip, and furnishes in fact a much more accurate method (though a purely tentative one) than the instrument in common use: being entirely unaffected by friction, which is a most serious impediment to the working of the dipping-needle. But it is interesting to notice as an immediate deduction from what has just been said, that the heat developed in all moving machinery is partly due to true friction, partly to the viscosity of air, and partly to the earth's

magnetism. Thus, for instance, a gyroscope will spin longer if its axis be placed in the line of dip than in any other position, supposing all other circumstances the same.

There can be little doubt of the fact that magnetism consists in something of the nature of electric currents surrounding each separate molecule of the magnetic, or magnetized, body; especially since Ampère, by his construction of solenoids (or heliacal arrangements of conducting wires), produced, without iron or other magnetic metal, all the phenomena of magnetic attractions, etc. Whether these currents exist naturally in all bodies, and are merely reduced by magnetizing force to parallelism, or whether they are *created* by the magnetizing force, matters little to the conservation of energy, so long as it is possible to show that in magnetizing any body, and therefore endowing it with a certain amount of potential energy as regards other magnetic or magnetizable bodies and electric currents, a certain equivalent of energy disappears. Now this disappearance is always observed, but quantitative determinations are wanting as to how much is spent in magnetizing, how much in heat, sound, etc., which always accompany the magnetization of iron. A very good instance of the conservation of energy is supplied by the fact, that even the softest iron takes *time* to acquire the full amount of magnetism due to any action of currents or other magnets; and that when the magnetizing force is removed, it does not instantly lose its magnetism. If therefore a piece of soft iron be allowed slowly to approach a magnet, and be then rapidly withdrawn from it, the mutual attraction during the second part of the operation is greater at each stage than during the first, and therefore work must (on the whole) be spent in the process. The iron is restored to its former position, and in a little time its magnetism is lost. The work spent during the operation (neglecting the induced currents due to the relative motion, which are probably the same in iron as they would be in an equal mass of any non-magnetic substance of the same conductivity, and which tend to the same ultimate form) is entirely transformed into heat. If a similar experiment be made with a piece of unmagnetized steel, we have in the energy of the magnetism which it permanently receives the equivalent of the work spent.

That magnetism, whether in a magnetic or a diamagnetic body, depends upon motion, was shown by Thomson* to follow as a necessary consequence of Faraday's beautiful discovery of the rotation of the plane of po-

larization of a polarized ray of light produced by media under the influence of a powerful magnet. Faraday had observed the effect in diamagnetic bodies only; but it was afterwards discovered, by Verdet, that the effect of a paramagnetic body is to produce rotation of the plane of polarization in the opposite direction. These facts constitute a proof of the correctness of Ampère's theory of magnetism; and also of the fact established by Faraday, that a diamagnetic body in a magnetic field takes the *same* polarity which would be produced in a piece of iron or other magnetic body placed in the same position, but to a less extent than does air or vacuum.

The commonly-received opinion, that a diamagnetic body in a field of magnetic force takes the *opposite* polarity to that produced in a paramagnetic body similarly circumstanced, is thus disproved by Thomson by an application of the principle of energy. Since all paramagnetic bodies require time for the full development of their magnetism, and do not instantly lose it when the magnetizing force is removed, we may of course suppose the same to be true for diamagnetic bodies; and it is easy to see that in such a case a homogeneous non-crystalline diamagnetic sphere rotating in a field of magnetic force would, if it always tended to take the opposite distribution of magnetism to that acquired by iron under the same circumstances, be acted upon by a couple constantly tending to turn it in the same direction round its centre, and would therefore be a source of the perpetual motion.

A general vortex theory of magnetism, with special assumptions regarding the nature of electric currents, etc., and founded on the conservation of energy, has been given by Maxwell.* One very remarkable result, to which he was led by this theory, is an expression for the *velocity of light* in terms of the static and kinetic units of electricity.

In our former article we merely mentioned Seebeck's discovery of the production of electric currents by unequal heating in any non-homogeneous conductor; and we promised to consider, as a case of the conservation of energy, the transformation of heat into work which would be effected by applying such currents to drive an electro-magnetic engine.

If the ends of an iron wire be attached by twisting or soldering to the extremities of the copper wire of a galvanometer, and one of these junctions be heated, the galvanometer indicates the passage of a current in the circuit in a direction from copper to iron through the heated junction. The first application of

* *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, 1856.

* *Phil. Mag.* 1862.

the theory of energy to this phenomenon is of course as follows. Since heating the junction produces the energy of the current, part of the heat must be expended in this process; though it is of course entirely recovered as heat in the circuit, if the current be not employed to do external work. The existence of the current from copper to iron is thus associated with the cooling of the junction; and it had been experimentally shown by Peltier, that if an electric current be passed through a circuit of iron and copper, originally at the same temperature throughout, it produced cold when passing from copper to iron, and heat when passing from iron to copper. If the two junctions be maintained each at a constant temperature, a constant current passes from the warmer to the colder junction through the iron wire; and by the conservation of energy, the heat developed in the circuit (together with the equivalent of the external work done, if it be employed to drive an electro-magnetic engine) is equal to the excess of the heat absorbed at the warmer junction over that given out at the colder, precisely as in the case of a heat-engine. So far the process presents no difficulties. But it was discovered by Cumming in 1823, that not only is the strength of the current *not* generally proportional to the difference of temperatures of the junctions, but that if the difference be sufficiently great the current may, in many cases, pass in the opposite direction. Thus, in the copper-iron circuit, at the temperature 300°C of the hot junction, the current passes through it from iron to copper. Thomson applied the principle of energy to this case, and derived from it the conclusion that one of three things must happen, the most unexpected of which was found by experiment to be the actual one, viz., the startling result that a current passing in an iron bar or wire from a hot to a cold part produces a cooling, but in copper a heating, effect.

Magnus has shown that sudden contact between the ends of a wire at different temperatures produces a temporary current, which, in copper, is from the cold to the warm end across the junction, but in the opposite direction in platinum.

The theory of such phenomena (and of others far more complex, involving, for instance, crystalline arrangement), in complete accordance with the conservation of energy, has been given by Thomson;* but it would be inconsistent with the character of this article to enter into any details on so abstruse a subject. A similar remark must be made regarding his application of the principle to

the subject of Thermo-magnetism, or the relation of the magnetizability of various substances to their temperature; one or two of his results may, however, be mentioned. Thus, iron at a moderate or low red heat experiences a heating effect when allowed to approach a magnet, and a cooling effect when slowly drawn away from it; while in cobalt, at ordinary temperatures, exactly the opposite effects are produced. Similar effects are in general produced when a doubly-refracting crystal is turned in the neighbourhood of a magnet.

We will close this meagre sketch of the general application of the principle to the chief phenomena of experimental physics (an application which is every day enabling us to co-ordinate some newly discovered fact, and even occasionally to predict the result of a perfectly novel experimental combination) by considering, very briefly, an instance or two which must be familiar to most of our readers. Thus, in the case of the galvanic battery employed to decompose water, we have the potential energy of chemical affinity in the battery to begin with. This is probably first transformed into electric motion; in fact, according to Joule, heat of combination, like that of friction, is in all likelihood due to resistance to conduction. Part of it, then, becomes heat, which is developed simultaneously in all parts of the circuit, and the rest is expended in producing potential energy in the form of the explosive mixture of oxygen and hydrogen. Thus, if the poles be connected, first directly by a wire, and secondly with the decomposing cell interposed in the circuit, and the action be allowed to go on in each case till the same given quantity of zinc has been dissolved in the battery; the heat developed in the whole circuit will be greater in the first case than in the second, by a quantity which can at any future time be obtained by exploding the mixed gases. The sound produced (with the mechanical energy of the fragments of the eudiometer, if it should burst) ultimately becomes heat, and the flash and heat of the explosion are already in that form. Should the battery be made to drive an electro-magnetic engine which is employed in raising weights, in this case also less heat will be generated in the whole circuit than is equivalent to the consumption of zinc in the cells; but in the form of the raised weights this energy is stored up, to take its final transformation into heat at any distance from the battery, and after any interval of time however long. This is one of the finest of Joule's discoveries, that chemical combination (*i.e.*, combustion) may be made to take place without generating at once its full equivalent of heat.

* *Trans. Royal Soc. Edin.* 1854.

Ruhmkorff's induction coil is another beautiful instance of varied transformations of energy. While it is in action we have light, sound, heat, electricity, and motion of gross matter, all simultaneously produced, and representing separate portions of the potential energy which is disappearing in the battery. Ultimately, in this case also, the whole energy which thus disappears takes the final form of heat.

A most important question arising naturally from the consideration of the laws of energy is that of the economic production of any species of work. We have seen that in *all* actual processes of transformation energy must be dissipated, and therefore it becomes necessary to inquire what modes of transformation are least imperfect. In our former article we gave Thomson's formula for the proportion of usefully applied heat in the steam or air engine. The fraction of the whole energy which is there wasted, is formed by dividing the lower absolute temperature employed by the higher. The reason of the superiority of the air-engine over the steam-engine, as depending on this, has been already pointed out. Joule had proved in 1846* that the fraction of the chemical energy of a battery driving an electro-magnetic engine, which is wasted in the form of heat, is found by dividing the strength of the current when the machine is at work by the strength when it is at rest (which is of course the greater of the two). And he observes that this follows from the fact which he had previously proved, that the heat developed is proportional to the square of the strength of the current, combined with Faraday's discovery, that the strength of the current is proportional to the amount of zinc dissolved in a given time.

Rankine† has shown, from general principles of energy, that a similar formula must hold in every case of transformation; so that we have the means of determining the useful effect of any combination as soon as certain easily-attained experimental data have been found.

The superiority of the air-engine to the steam-engine depends on the fact that we can, with safety, use far greater ranges of temperature in the former than in the latter. If an electro-magnetic engine could be constructed in which the driving current would be very greatly reduced by induction, and if the fuel for the battery (zinc and sulphuric acid) could be produced at anything like the

cost of a mechanical equivalent of coal, there can be no doubt that the heat-engines would soon be superseded by the electro-magnetic. But this is, as yet, perfectly hopeless; for, although the faster the electro-magnetic engine turns the smaller is the proportionate waste of energy as far as the battery is concerned, yet the waste by ordinary friction becomes enormously increased.

We shall make but a very few remarks upon the physiological applications of the laws of energy, since the subject was most ably discussed a few weeks ago by Helmholtz, in a series of lectures at the Royal Institution, of which copious abstracts have been published in an accessible form, as mentioned at the head of the article. Joule's early remark we have already quoted; and Mayer's pamphlet of 1845 does not add much to the development of the question, though he speculates on the merely *directive* agency of the *Vital Force*, and gives some excellently chosen illustrations of his views. Recent researches in chemical synthesis have broken down many of the supports on which the theory of vital force rested, and the mode of its action has in consequence become exceedingly obscure. But there can be little doubt that, as Joule suggested (in his paper of 1846 already quoted from), an animal more closely resembles an electro-magnetic, than a heat, engine. And it is wonderful that it is a far more economic engine than any which we are yet able to construct. The first idea of this seems to have been entertained by Rumford, for he expressly shows, in his paper quoted from in our former article, that the amount of work done by a horse is much greater than could be procured by employing its food as fuel in a steam-engine. Simple illustrations of the application of the conservation of energy to animal processes are found in hibernating animals, which expend a great part of their substance during the winter in maintaining the animal heat: and in the greater supply and choicer quality of food required by convicts in penal servitude than by their less fortunate comrades who are merely imprisoned.

Between animals on the one hand, and the majority of plants on the other, there is a fundamental difference in the application of the laws of energy. In the animal we have chemical combination attended with the production of heat, muscular energy, etc., as transformations of the potential energy of the food (in which of course the air inhaled is to be included). In plants on the other hand, carbonic acid and water, the energy of whose constituents has been lost in animals, are again decomposed, and their potential energy stored up afresh, so that they are once more adapted for food or fuel. It is obvious that

* Scoresby and Joule on the Mechanical Powers of Electro-magnetism, Steam, and Horses.—*Phil. Mag.*

† General Law of the Transformation of Energy.—*Phil. Mag.* 1853.—The Science of Energetics.—*Edin. Phil. Jour.* 1855.

this process would be inconsistent with the conservation of energy unless the plant during its growth were supplied with energy from external sources sufficient to account for the energy apparently restored. This external supply is given to plants in a radiant form from the sun. Their green leaves absorb readily, and almost completely, those portions of the light which falls on them which are capable of producing chemical changes. This is beautifully illustrated by the processes of photography. The green light which leaves scatter or allow to pass through them, produces scarcely any effect on the most sensitive photographic preparations; and one of the greatest imperfections of the beautiful art of Daguerre and Talbot, the unnatural blackness of the foliage in photographic landscapes, is due solely to this cause. So far as we yet know, this is a defect which cannot be avoided. Thus it appears that we may compare (roughly) an animal supplied with food to a galvanic battery, in which chemical affinity is exhausted in producing electric motion, heat, and mechanical work; while a plant resembles a cell containing an electrolyte, or a photographic plate, in either of which energy supplied from without in the form of electricity or light is transformed into a restoration of potential energy of chemical affinity. Of course the analogies are by no means complete, but they are sufficient to give the popular reader an idea of the essential difference between the two forms of organic life. For, though by far the greater portion of the energy of the food supplied to an animal is dissipated directly or indirectly as heat, a portion is stored up as potential energy in its flesh, which in turn is employed as the food of man or other animals, or even of the animal itself. And a corresponding deviation, but in the opposite direction, takes place in plants, where radiant kinetic energy is to a certain extent devoted to the formation of complex products, which, though necessary to animal life, cannot be produced in the animal system.

The energy at present directly available to us for the production of mechanical work is almost entirely potential, and consists mainly of—

1. Fuel;
2. Food of Animals;
3. Ordinary water-power;
4. Tidal water-power.

These we will presently consider more closely; but we have also energy in a kinetic form, as—

5. Winds and Ocean-currents;
6. Hot springs and Volcanoes; etc. etc.

The immediate sources of these supplies are four:—

I. Primordial Potential Energy of Chemical Affinity, which probably still exists in native metals, possibly in native sulphur, etc., but whose amount, at all events near the *surface* of the globe, is now very small.

II. Solar Radiation.

III. The energy of the earth's rotation about its axis.

IV. The internal heat of the earth.

Thus, as regards (1), our supplies of fuel for heat-engines are, as was long ago remarked by Herschel and Stephenson, mainly due to solar radiation. Our coal is merely the result of transformation in vegetables, of solar energy into potential energy of chemical affinity. So, on a small scale, are diamond, amber, and other combustible products of primeval vegetation. Though (II.) thus accounts for the greater part of our store, (I.) must also be admitted, though to a very subordinate place.

As to (2), the food of all animals is vegetable or animal, and therefore ultimately vegetable. This energy then depends almost entirely on (II.) This also was stated long ago by Herschel.

Ordinary water-power (3) is the result of evaporation, the diffusion and convection of vapour, and its subsequent condensation at a higher level. It also is mainly due to (II.)

Tidal water-power (4), although not yet much used, is capable, if properly applied, of giving valuable supplies of energy. As the water is lifted by the attraction of the sun and moon, it may be secured by proper contrivances at its higher level, and there becomes an available supply of energy when the tide has fallen again. Any such supply is, however, abstracted from the energy of the earth's rotation (III.) We will presently advert to the first recorded remarks on this subject.

Winds and ocean-currents (5), both employed in navigation, and the former in driving machinery, are, like (3), direct transformations of solar radiation (II.) We have already quoted from a lecture of Joule's a clear statement of the bearings of this part of the subject.

So far as our brief and imperfect summary (which it would be easy to extend indefinitely) goes, there remain to be considered only (6) Hot springs and Volcanoes, due to (IV.), but of which no application to useful mechanical purposes has yet been attempted.

We must next very briefly consider the origin of these causes, with the exception of (I.), which is of course primary; though possibly related to gravitation. Helmholtz, Mayer, and Thomson come to our assistance, and suggest as the initial form of the energy of the universe the potential energy of gravitation of matter irregularly diffused through in-

finite space. By simple calculations it is easy to see that, if the matter in the solar system had been originally spread through a sphere enclosing the orbit of Neptune, the falling together of its parts into separate agglomerations, such as the sun and planets, would far more than account for all the energy they now possess in the forms of heat and orbital and axial revolutions. We cannot here enter into details as to the amount of each of these forms of energy in the members of the solar system. The reader will find them given with more or less detail in the writings of the three authors just named. Thomson's numerical results, with reference to the "Age of the Sun's Heat,"* are amongst the most recent, and are probably the most accurate of any that have been given on this vast subject. It is sufficient to observe that these calculations entirely forbid the supposition once entertained, that the sun's heat is due to chemical combination (or combustion). If the sun's whole mass were composed (in the most effective proportions) of the known bodies which would give the greatest heat of combination, the entire heat that could be developed by their union would but supply the sun's present loss by radiation for about 5000 years. But geological facts show that for hundreds of thousands of years the sun has been radiating at its present, if not at a much higher, rate. The potential energy of gravitation is the only known antecedent capable of accounting for the common facts of the case. And the sun still retains so much potential energy among its parts, that the mere contraction by cooling must be sufficient (on account of the diminution of potential energy) to maintain the present rate of radiation for ages to come. Moreover, the capacity of the sun's mass for heat, on account especially of the enormous pressure to which it is exposed, is so great, that (on the least, and most, favourable assumptions) from seven to eight thousand years must elapse, at the present rate of expenditure, before the temperature of the whole is lowered by one degree centigrade.

As regards the transformation of energy, this presumed origin of the sun's radiation is most instructive, and we have only to mention the as yet unexplained relations which have been observed to exist between solar spots on the one hand, and two such distinct phenomena as terrestrial magnetism and planetary configurations on the other, to show that the grand subject has as yet been barely *sketched*; and that every step towards filling in the details will be of importance as well as novelty in science.

As regards dissipation of energy, all the

members of the solar and stellar systems are of course in the position of hot bodies cooling. The smaller bodies would of course be less heated by the agglomeration of their constituents than the larger; and, even if they had been equally heated, would cool faster. The original fluidity of all the larger masses is attested by their nearly spherical forms, rendered more or less oblate by their axial rotations. Dissipation by radiation takes place very freely until the surface cools sufficiently to solidify to some little depth; and is then, on account of the low conductivity of rock masses, reduced to a very slow rate. Though a great portion of the interior of the earth must be still at a high temperature, the surface temperature is not perceptibly increased by conduction through the crust. The sun, however, has been calculated to give out energy so profusely, that the radiation from one square foot of its surface amounts to 7000 horse-power. This estimate is possibly too low, as no account is taken of absorption by the matter which fills all space between the earth and sun.

But while the heat of the sun and planets is thus being lost by dissipation, the energy of their axial and orbital motions is, on account of resistance, being gradually converted into heat. This process is so slow that its effects have as yet been observed only on one of the smaller comets, but it is certain that on this account all the planets will in time fall in to the sun, whose store of energy will thus be for a short time recruited. One noticeable point in Mayer's *Celestial Dynamics* is the effect of tidal friction in dissipating the energy of a planet's axial rotation. [J. Thomson had worked this out eight years before, but unfortunately did not publish it.] The general tendency of tides on the surface of a planet is to retard its rotation till it turns always the same face to the tide-producing body: and it is probable that the remarkable fact that satellites generally turn the same face to their primary is to be accounted for by tides produced by the primary in the satellite while it was yet in a molten state.

Numerous and beautiful though they have been, the applications of the laws of energy to the solar system are yet merely in their infancy; and, till they have been carried into further detail, it would be presumptuous to attempt to shift the field to stellar or nebulous systems, of which our knowledge is so small in comparison.

In this short account of the discovery and development of the grand laws of nature, so far as they are yet understood, we have confined our illustrations to the simplest cases; and the reader must not imagine that we

* *McWilliam's Magazine*, 1862.

have alluded to more than a small fraction of the known facts which have been directly shown to agree with them. It is as if, in treating of the theory of gravitation, we had contented ourselves with the proof that Kepler's laws of the planetary motions follow from it, and that it enables us to compare the masses of the earth and sun; without even mentioning lunar and planetary perturbations, or precession and nutation, as far more recondite facts also perfectly explained by it.

By means of extracts, notices, and general remarks, we have sufficiently characterised the various works enumerated at the commencement of the article, with the exception of M. Verdet's Lectures. In our former article we considered them so far as they referred to the direct relation between heat and mechanical effects. We can now say of them as a whole, what we said of a part, that, though brief, they are exceedingly clear and comprehensive. As before, our objections are confined to their historical portion, and will be easily understood by the reader. We will make but two, though there are several passages equally open to unfavourable comment. Thus (p. 82) M. Verdet says—

“A une somme donnée d'actions chimiques de nature donnée doit correspondre un dégagement constant de chaleur, quelle que soit la constitution de la pile et du circuit où les deux phénomènes se produisent à la fois. Cette conclusion théorique a été vérifiée par une remarquable expérience de M. Favre.”

As we have already mentioned, Joule, in 1843, showed by experiment that—

“However we arrange the voltaic apparatus, and whatever cells of electrolysis we include in the circuit, the whole caloric of the circuit is exactly accounted for by the whole of the chemical changes.”

The earliest of M. Favre's experiments was published in 1853.

Again (p. 101), M. Verdet says—

“Lorsque l'animal est en repos, ce travail a pour équivalent la quantité de chaleur que l'animal dégage incessamment pour compenser la perte de chaleur due au rayonnement, au contact de l'air et à l'évaporation. Lorsque l'animal est en mouvement, une portion du travail des affinités chimiques a pour équivalent le travail effectué par ce mouvement; le reste seulement se convertit en chaleur, et par conséquent à une même somme d'actions chimiques produites dans l'intérieur de l'organisme, doit répondre un dégagement de chaleur moindre dans l'état de mouvement que dans l'état de repos.

“Ces idées introduites pour la première fois dans la science en 1845, par Jules-Robert Mayer, font faire à la physiologie générale un progrès, etc.”

What is this but a mode of stating, somewhat less concisely than Joule had done in 1843, the *hypothesis* that

“If an animal were engaged in turning a piece of machinery, or in ascending a mountain, I apprehend that in proportion to the muscular effort put forth for the purpose a *diminution* of the heat evolved in the system by a given chemical action would be experienced”?

It is, no doubt, to be ascribed to the facts that Joule's papers appeared only in the *Philosophical Magazine*, and that some of his most valuable remarks were made in the Appendix to one of them, that these important discoveries have been thus attributed to others.

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- ART. IV.—1. *The Warden*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.
 2. *Barchester Towers*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.
 3. *Dr. Thorne*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.
 4. *The Three Clerks*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1860.
 5. *The Bertrams*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Third Edition. London, 1860.
 6. *Framley Parsonage*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London, 1861.
 7. *Orley Farm*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London, 1861–62.
 8. *The Small House at Allington*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London, 1864.
 9. *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New Edition. London, 1861.

SIR WALTER SCOTT somewhere compares the critic who selects an entertaining novel for the subject of his invidious labours, to the mischievous child who plays with his new toy to-day, and finds a still more exciting amusement in tearing it in pieces to-morrow; and it must be owned there is something almost ungrateful in coldly dissecting books that are written for our amusement after they have served their purpose of amusing us. On the other hand, novels now-a-days are not quite so humble in their pretensions that the simile of the child and his toy should indicate the relation between them and their readers. Even if they are not written with the object of illustrating or refuting any particular theory of life, or system of morals, or doctrine of theology, it is impossible for a man of any mental power at all to invent human beings and set them in motion without touching, expressly or by

implication, the problems of human existence. If the world be a school in which we cannot live a day without learning something, no true picture of the smallest fragment of it can be altogether insignificant; and though few people, now that Miss Edgeworth is forgotten, read novels for the purpose of improving their minds, it is only very happily constituted persons that can be certain of always escaping that result. And, indeed, the functions of criticism would be miserably curtailed if amusing novels were considered too sacred, or dull ones too trivial, for handling. It is probable that the writing of such books at this moment absorbs more talent than any other literary pursuit; and it is certain that no amusement is so universal as the reading of them. The popularity of a novelist who is popular at all is so enormous that every successful novel, good or bad—and some very bad novels have been among the most successful—is a phenomenon worth studying. Such a study will be far from fruitless if it only convince us how little ability, imagination, or culture, it takes to set all England talking. This humiliating conviction, we are afraid, would be only too often the result of an analysis of the novel of the season; and it would not be at all uninteresting to investigate the sources of so much unmerited popularity. Our present task will be less amusing, but certainly much more agreeable; for if bad novels sometimes fascinate a deluded public, neither do good ones often fail of success; and Mr. Anthony Trollope's have unquestionably deserved their good fortune.

The novelist *par excellence* of the moment is assuredly Mr. Trollope. His work can by no means be placed in the highest rank; but within their own range, nothing better ever came from an English novelist. In our view, it is no drawback to their merit that they are the books of a man whose peculiar temperament is scarcely that of the literary artist. If we may judge on such a point from his writings, we cannot help thinking it a happy accident that Mr. Trollope should have written books at all. The wit and liveliness of his story and dialogue, and the simplicity, ease, and vigour of his style—an admirable style—are unquestionably the graces of a master of his craft. But the whole tone and habit of mind implied in these novels is that of a man of activity and business, rather than of a man of letters. His books are the result of the experience of life, not of the studious contemplation of it. A rare degree of talent was required for their production, but the kind of talent which was required is not, perhaps, uncommon. Books like *Barchester Towers* are certainly

not very numerous; and therefore it may be assumed that the writers are few, who possess such gifts as the author of *Barchester Towers*. And yet it is probable that the same powers of observation, the same shrewdness, good sense and humour, are expended every day on the common affairs and common amusements of life by people who never dream, or who only dream of writing novels.

The great charm of Mr. Trollope's novels seems to lie in this circumstance. While we read them we are made to share, in the easiest way, the experience of a man who, in going through his own daily business, has been brought in contact with an immense variety of people; who has looked at so much of the world as it came in his way to consider, with a great deal of keenness, kindness, and humour; who thoroughly understands, because he shares the thoughts and feelings of the majority of educated Englishmen; and who sets himself to describe his own world and ours, with vivacity and grace, with a delicate appreciation of the niceties of character and manners, and in plain straightforward English. The result is a picture of society, wonderfully real and true. It is not merely that the incidents are such as occur, and the characters such as may be met with every day. The atmosphere also is that of real life. Mr. Trollope, if his books survive, will afford invaluable materials to the future historian of the manners of the nineteenth century; not like some of his contemporaries, by minute dissection, either of society or of individual men and women, but at least by a very agreeable exhibition in his own person, as well as in his characters, of the common opinions, sentiments, and habits of the men of his own day. We shall look to him in vain for such an analysis of mankind in society, as Balzac has given us in such marvellous perfection for a fragment at least of the world of France; and the great novelist whose loss we all deplore, for probably a larger section of the world of England. To compare him, indeed, with Thackeray at all, were both useless and misleading. They are too dissimilar to furnish common points for comparison. Their disparity, according to a sound doctrine of Coleridge, excludes comparison. With all his subtle power of observation, Mr. Trollope has few of the qualities of the satirist, and is still more slenderly endowed with any of the qualities of the moralist. The force of his peculiar talent deserts him, if he strays for a moment into the regions where Thackeray has shown most unmistakeably the true elevation of his genius. And yet there is one point in which he resembles if he does not even rival the greater writer. There is

no other male novelist that we remember, who has seized so successfully the true character of the petty intrigues of society, of family feuds, of household discomforts and household pleasures, of small malignities and daily kindnesses. He seldom attempts, with success, to penetrate deeper than other people to the ultimate springs of all the good and evil, "all the wealth and all the woe," which he sees and depicts on the surface of the world. But the surface world with which he does deal, the characters which come within his range, the manners, affections, sympathies, of ordinary people, the common activities and occupations, the accidents and trivial realities of life, these things are represented with marvellous truth and minuteness of detail, and at the same time with a certain sobriety of tone which is singularly characteristic of English society.

The effect of all this is probably heightened by the somewhat inartistic obtrusion of the author himself and his opinions. It is natural in the houses to which Mr. Trollope introduces us that there should be a good deal of talk about Mr. Carlyle and pre-Raphaelites, and the Bishop of Oxford, and the system of pleading at the bar. It is equally natural that such talk should be lively and sensible, without indicating any very profound insight into the real meaning and character of men, or books, or pictures, or institutions. If the plot of Mr. Trollope's novels were of paramount importance, such superfluities would be more objectionable. But the realist in fiction is careless about plot. His sole object is to describe men's lives as they really are; and real life is fragmentary and unmethodical.

We do not know whether this is Mr. Trollope's opinion, or whether he has any theory on the subject at all; but we know that it is not by dexterous manipulation of his story that he hopes to sustain the interest of his readers. That moves on, not indeed very rapidly, but easily and naturally enough; and ever as it moves, we are made to understand more clearly how thoroughly this storyteller despises the arts by which curiosity may be kept on the stretch. One or two of the scenes have some connexion with each other, and follow each other in natural sequence; but this is by no means the case with the majority. In many of these books, the chapters which carry on the story, and lead up to the catastrophe, are probably fewer in number than those which have nothing whatever to do with either the one or the other. This is a serious fault in art; and in policy, if Mr. Trollope desires his novels to be read often, it is, we think, a dangerous error.

But here it is necessary to discriminate. We are not of those who think that a perfect plot, or what is called so, is essential to a good novel. A plot may be a very ingenious invention; but it generally implies at once an isolation and interdependence of characters and interests which never found its counterpart in real life since this world began. Ten or twelve people are so absolutely cut off from the rest of mankind, and linked so closely to one another, that the most insignificant cannot move an arm without hastening or retarding a catastrophe, the gradual evolution of which is the end of their miserable existence. Such phenomena are rare in the actual world; and by no means essential to the interest of those novels which appeal to higher feelings than curiosity. In these, there is no reason that we can see, why the people should not hang together as loosely as in real life. The characters need not be isolated from the world, nor from all the interests of humanity which do not affect the catastrophe. A novel is not a drama; and we have time, in our way to the conclusion, to pause upon details and to wander into byways. If the novelist can trust himself to let his story stand still, while he elucidates a nicety of character, or describes a picturesque or a humorous situation, there is no reason why he should not disport himself in this way, so long as he continues to amuse his readers. Even a dramatic writer, if his dramas are to be read, may be allowed a certain license in this respect. On the stage, a play must move; in the closet we are delighted that the action should pause, while Egmont displays the Golden Fleece to his Clächen, or describes to her the stately Regent of the Netherlands. But all this is permissible, only because, although it has no tendency to evolve the *dénouement*, it throws light upon the characters in whom it is presumed that we are interested. It is not the least inconsistent, therefore, with that unity of feeling and interest which is absolutely indispensable in the drama, and almost equally important in prose fiction. But if the scenes for the sake of which the story stands still, in no way concern the principal characters, and are remote from the leading interest of the piece, their introduction at all is a blot, more or less excusable according to the skill with which they are described, but always awkward and inartistic. The interest of *Orley Farm*, for example, turns upon the trial of a certain Lady Mason, nominally for perjury, but virtually for forging her husband's will. A trial involves barristers, attorneys, and witnesses. It is obvious that all these people must have interests in life, unconnected with

Lady Mason; and it is right that this should be made apparent in a novel which aims at representing things as they are. But when two or three months are interposed—for the book was published in monthly numbers—between Lady Mason's committal for trial and the opening speech for the prosecution, in order that the high-life love affairs of her junior counsel, and the low-life love affairs of an unhappy witness, to say nothing of the eatings and drinkings of that witness's brother-in-law, should be detailed at length, this is surely carrying reality to a dangerous pitch. It is imitating nature, as it was said that Richardson imitated nature, *jusqu' à l'ennui*.

For Mr. Trollope scarcely seems to be sufficiently aware that the time-honoured rules which he disregards so pleasantly are founded on principles as real and permanent as the love of novel-reading itself. Superfluities and irrelevancies are objectionable in a novel for no other reason than because they make it less interesting. Even in a novel there is a certain strain on the reader's attention. The strain is at its minimum if every particular scene is good in itself, and also contributes to the general movement of the book; but many a stout swimmer has perished in sight of land, because the power which might have carried him triumphantly to the conclusion has been thrown away on an unnecessary episode. If that, as he somewhere hints, is a slight impropriety in Mr. Trollope, which would have been a fatal fault in some of his predecessors, it is only because he sins more gracefully than they. It may be that his episodes are in themselves amusing; the incomparable liveliness with which he tells his story does not often desert him, even in his digressions; and his readers are seldom allowed to guess how narrowly they have escaped being bored. His peculiar merit as a story-teller lies in the conduct of particular scenes; and the ease with which these lead into one another, blinds one occasionally to their real incoherence. But his novels would be still more interesting than they are, if, in the construction of the story, they were more artistic.

This, however, is a point on which criticism may easily degenerate into pedantry. It is no blame to Mr. Trollope, who writes novels, that his talent is in some respects undramatic; for after all it is no more desirable than it is necessary that either in the marshalling of scenes and incidents, or even in the delineation of character, the novel should conform to the conditions of the drama. The dramatist who describes his characters instead of making them reveal themselves, fails in the principal object of his

art. But the novelist is tied down by no such rigorous rules. It is his privilege to describe, if he is so minded, what a play-writer would be bound to represent. And as long as he can do so without becoming tedious, we know no other reason why he should not be permitted to explain, in his own language, whatever he may find it troublesome to make his characters themselves express.

Mr. Trollope, indeed, occasionally tells us, on the first introduction of a character, that he will allow it to unfold itself as the story proceeds; but that only means that he will describe it a little more minutely by and by, and illustrate what he describes by its walk and conversation. Some of his characters are rather vague and shadowy, but the greater number are very far otherwise. He not only draws very clearly and correctly the salient features, by means of which all men recognise their fellows, but with still more felicitous delicacy and precision, the minuter shades of sentiment, by which ordinary people, living the same life and holding the same opinions, are nevertheless distinguished from one another. His books are full of ordinarily upright, generous, and well-bred people, who in the real world in which they might easily have lived, would not be supposed to rejoice in any very striking or peculiar physiognomy. But Mr. Trollope, with the delicate perception which he possesses, seizes upon the distinctive features which underlie so much apparent uniformity, and creates, or rather portrays, a character which is not the less amusing, because it is perfectly commonplace. Some female writers have possessed this peculiar subtlety in still greater perfection, but then it is accompanied in Mr. Trollope, with a masculine maturity and knowledge of the world, to which there is no kind of parallel in Miss Austen nor in any of her English sisters. And yet it is not by penetrating very far below the surface that the character is rendered so lifelike. His books are a wonderful mirror of the world; or at least of a certain portion of the world. Of the heart, they reveal few secrets that are hidden from the generality of mankind.

Miss Austen's name reminds us of a talent, in which that exquisite delineator of character was deficient. She cannot describe the faces of her heroes and heroines. Mr. Trollope's powers in this direction are admirable. In the delightful art of portrait-painting in words, we doubt if any master has surpassed him. We can scarcely think of a rival excepting Count Anthony Hamilton. The gift is by no means a common one. It may be easy enough, perhaps, to describe the exaggerated features of imaginary monstrosities, so that the duller reader cannot mistake one

caricature for another. The difficulty lies in conceiving such characters. No one but Mr. Dickens could have invented Mr. Quilp; but most people who happened to meet so extraordinary a monster, would be able to give some recognisable description of his personal appearance. It is a much more difficult task so to describe clergymen, and squires, and barristers, and young ladies and gentle matrons, such as we all of us know hundreds, that the written words shall give us a more distinguishable portrait than the pencil of an able artist. Yet, if the readers of *Orley Farm* will compare Mr. Trollope's pictures with those of Mr. Millais, they will certainly pronounce the former the better portrait-painter of the two.

We remember but one occasion on which the painter has beaten the novelist, and that is in one of the illustrations to the *Small House at Allington*, the beautiful drawing of old Mr. Harding at the door of Barchester Cathedral. Both head and figure are full of the finest possible expression,—the very simplicity, purity, and sweetness of Mr. Trollope's delightful conception, "where all is conscience and tender heart."

This happy talent goes a great way towards giving their unquestionable verisimilitude to Mr. Trollope's men and women. Only one or two of the greatest of his predecessors have invented characters who take the same place in our memory as familiar acquaintances. It does not in the least degree diminish—it rather increases—the skill which was required for their creation; but perhaps it may help to account for our familiarity with them, when they have been created, that they are not, as we have said, extraordinary people. Some of them have a little more wit than is common; but they are not stronger, abler, or braver, richer in imagination, or more tender in sensibility than a courteous novelist must suppose the generality of his readers to be. But if there be not found among his people a single specimen of that ideal elevation of character which is rarer, perhaps, but just as true to the nature as the most commonplace of us all, what an infinite variety of good English men and women has he not made known to us! Of all writers he has the most delicate feeling of the private life of our day; and it may be that the completeness and truth of his best pictures result quite as much from the innumerable minute touches by which the relations of the characters are indicated to the general life of the society in which they live, as from the distinctness of the characters themselves. In so complex a state of society as ours, all people are connected by so many intricate and slender threads to

the general body of their profession, of their class in society, of the nation itself, that the most searching annalist will not easily discover in any human being what characteristics are factitious, and what are original and his own. You do not penetrate to the man behind the bishop by robbing him merely of his lawn-sleeves and apron. The merely accidental associations of a lifetime are so closely interwoven with the mind and heart of every man that, unless some occasion arises to stir up the depth of his passions, he is better known to his dearest friends by the things that are outward and conventional than by his own more intimate nature. A wonderfully lifelike picture may therefore be produced by a skilful combination of features that are merely external; and if to such features of this kind as are supposed to be peculiar to the individual, one or two strongly-marked class-characteristics can be added, the result will be a portrait as recognisable to most readers as their own familiar acquaintances. The latter elements of character are more freely, or at all events more obviously, used by Mr. Trollope when he is writing about clergymen than on any other occasion. Perhaps this is owing to the subject. The opinions and sentiments, amusements, and occupations of Civil Service clerks must be as familiar to him, and we have no doubt he has represented them quite as truly, as those of bishops, deans, and prebendaries. But the cloth is a more glaring badge in these days than any other, and assuredly Mr. Trollope has known how to use it. None of his sketches of human nature are better; none are more humorous, more truthful, more full of cheerful, frank good-nature, or more thoroughly redeemed from insipidity by a sufficient infusion of the salt of sarcasm, than those in the books that first made his fame—the *Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. His venerable, indolent, tender-hearted, soft old Bishop Grantly: his vain, feeble, henpecked, dapper little Bishop Proudie; his Archdeacon—high-handed, terrible, and commanding; above all, his admirable Warden—the most scrupulous, the most conscientious, the gentlest, and yet the firmest, the kindest, and most musical of human beings. These, to say nothing of so many slighter, graceful sketches of clerical wives and daughters; nor of the evil spirits of the tale, the Slopes and Mrs. Proudies; nor of the venerable cathedral and its stately services, and the sacred atmosphere of the Cathedral Close, in which everything is solemn, clerical, and wealthy, and everything—except the ravens, as to which we are entirely incredulous—is appropriate and in its place;—these are the people who first won

for Mr. Trollope the affections of the novel-reading world; and these, we suspect, notwithstanding the immense variety of rivals whom he has since made known to us, are still the favourite characters of his admirers.

These are the favourites: but we are not quite sure that they are either the most difficult or the most successful performances of the artist. There are a class of people in England, even more numerous than clergymen, and even more like one another. There are young men in the world, now-a-days, which, to judge from the novels of the last generation, was not formerly the case. In the old times, when there still were heroes, no one thought of bestowing on a young man, who was born to make love, and be strong and handsome, and meet with difficulties, and be helped out of them, any superfluous character or interest. Mr. Trollope has abandoned the old tradition. Here, indeed, he is surpassed by a greater writer. He has given us no picture so true, so searching, and so painful, as Arthur Pendennis. But nowhere, as it seems to us, has his talent been more successfully employed than in describing the characteristic features of young Englishmen. Peregrine Orme, Johnnie Eames, Charley Tudor, and half-a-dozen more, are portraits of a kind that nobody before Mr. Trollope has succeeded in drawing. The last of the three is one of the best. How he comes up to London, very young, and not particularly well educated; how he obtains a berth in the fastest and idlest of all public offices; how he plunges into all sorts of low dissipations; how he succumbs to the fascinations of gin-and-water, tobacco, and the bar-maid of the "Cat and Whistle;" how he almost plights his troth to that young lady; how infinitely he prefers reputable society, and women who are gentle and refined; and how he is saved from Norah Geraghty and the abyss, and marries charming Katie Woodward, and becomes a popular novelist; all the mingled good and evil of this life, and the light-hearted, impressible temper which makes it possible, is described, we think, as admirably in the *Three Clerks* as any character or career of which Mr. Trollope has told his readers. In one of his later books he is equally successful with a youth of a different species. We do not remember in our experience of novel-reading, any such unexaggerated character of a prig as Lucius Mason in *Orley Farm*. He has been educated at a private school, and afterwards in Germany. He has had less than the usual opportunities, therefore, of measuring himself with others, and discovering where he excels and where he is surpassed;

and his talents, his knowledge, his self-confident ambition, his dignity, his persuasion that nothing considerable has yet been done with philology and the races of men as a combined pursuit, and his pleasing conviction that no human being ever read, wrote, or thought before he came into the world, are very skilfully described in themselves, and contrast very well with the manly ignorance of Peregrine Orme, his simplicity, and his love for rats. Lucius Mason has terrible things to suffer in the course of the story, and he bears his griefs, as indeed he bears his prosperity also, so that no one can help respecting, and no one can persuade himself to like him.

If Mr. Trollope's boys are almost as good as the bishops, his girls are even better than the boys. No other writer that we know of, can show you so charming a gallery of graceful and natural English girls. The delicacy of his touch is nowhere so masterly as in describing his heroines, and their love affairs. They are not too stiff, too sensible, or too discreet. There is a kind of effusion in the best of them, such as Lucy Roberts and Lily Dale, which it requires the greatest possible tact to manage. Mr. Trollope in general manages it admirably. If he occasionally forgets his cunning, it is only a momentary lapse; and even when he allows his favourites to say things that are scarcely ladylike, they do not entirely cease to be ladies.

Mere pictures of characters, however, would never have made Mr. Trollope's novels so amusing, or nearly so popular, as they are; and we have said already that as a constructor of plots he has some serious deficiencies. How is it then that his characters in action are made so interesting? It is owing, we believe, to the universal interest in every species of conflict between men. It is simply a new version of the old fighting stories of our boyhood, transferred to a far more delicate atmosphere; and we watch the struggle between Mrs. Proudie and Archdeacon Grantly, with very much the same kind of anxiety as that with which we used to regard the engagements of the Deerslayer with the bloody Mingoes. It has been well said* of Mr. Trollope that he is a master of what may be called "social tactics;" and the critic from whom we borrow the observation points very justly as a minor illustration of this sort of strategy to the skilful manœuvring of Lily Dale in her contest with Hopkins the gardener. "I always like," says Lily, "to get him into the house, because he feels himself a little abashed by the chairs and tables, or perhaps it is the carpet that is too

* In the *Spectator* for April 9th.

much for him. Out on the gravel walks, he is such a terrible tyrant, and in the greenhouse he almost tramples on one." The only unfortunate effect of this peculiar talent is that it makes it rather unfair to quote particular scenes from these novels. The strategic movements in this kind of social war are so subtle and delicate that you must have the whole of them before you, to appreciate their skill and humour. But here is a good scene from *Barchester Towers*. In this case the war is rather complicated. The immediate subject is the Wardenship of Hiram's Hospital, which ought to be given to Mr. Harding; and the belligerents are Archdeacon Grantly on the one side, and the Bishop of Barchester, his wife, and his chaplain, on the other. But this latter force is divided against itself. The Bishop's wife and the Bishop's chaplain are struggling for the sole government of the Bishop; and although the chaplain is ultimately defeated, with great loss and some disgrace, he is not unsuccessful in occasional skirmishes: and in the following he is triumphant. Mrs. Proudie has commanded her lord to give the wardenship to a certain Mr. Quiverful, and the chaplain has recommended Mr. Quiverful to withdraw from opposition to Mr. Harding's claims.

"It was hardly an hour since Mrs. Proudie had left her husband's apartment victorious, and yet so indomitable was her courage that she now returned thither panting for another combat. She was greatly angry with what she thought was his duplicity. He had so clearly given her a promise on this matter of the hospital. He had been already so absolutely vanquished on that point. Mrs. Proudie began to feel that if every affair was to be thus discussed and battled about twice and even thrice, the work of the diocese would be too much even for her.

"Without knocking at the door she walked quickly into her husband's room, and found him seated at his office table, with Mr. Slope opposite to him. Between his fingers was the very note which he had written to the archbishop in her presence—and it was open! Yes, he had absolutely violated the seal which had been made sacred by her approval. They were sitting in deep conclave, and it was too clear that the purport of the archbishop's invitation had been absolutely canvassed again, after it had been already debated and decided on in obedience to her behests! Mr. Slope rose from his chair, and bowed slightly. The two opposing spirits looked each other fully in the face, and they knew that they were looking each at an enemy.

"What is this, bishop, about Mr. Quiverful?" said she, coming to the end of the table and standing there.

"Mr. Slope did not allow the bishop to answer, but replied himself. 'I have been out to Puddingdale this morning, ma'am, and have seen Mr. Quiverful. Mr. Quiverful has aban-

doned his claim to the hospital, because he is now aware that Mr. Harding is desirous to fill his old place. Under these circumstances I have strongly advised his lordship to nominate Mr. Harding.'

"Mr. Quiverful has not abandoned anything," said the lady, with a very imperious voice. 'His lordship's word has been pledged to him, and it must be respected.'

"The bishop still remained silent. He was anxiously desirous of making his old enemy bite the dust beneath his feet. His new ally had told him that nothing was more easy for him than to do so. The ally was there now at his elbow to help him, and yet his courage failed him. It is so hard to conquer when the prestige of former victories is all against one. It is so hard for the cock who has once been beaten out of his yard, to resume his courage and again take a proud place upon a dunghill.

"Perhaps I ought not to interfere," said Mr. Slope, 'but yet—'

"Certainly you ought not," said the infuriated dame.

"But yet," continued Mr. Slope, not regarding the interruption, 'I have thought it my imperative duty to recommend the bishop not to slight Mr. Harding's claims.'

"Mr. Harding should have known his own mind," said the lady.

"If Mr. Harding be not replaced at the hospital, his lordship will have to encounter much ill will, not only in the diocese, but in the world at large. Besides, taking a higher ground, his lordship, as I understand, feels it to be his duty to gratify, in this matter, so very worthy a man and so good a clergyman as Mr. Harding.'

"And what is to become of the Sabbath-day school, and of the Sunday services in the hospital?" said Mrs. Proudie, with something very nearly approaching to a sneer on her face.

"I understand that Mr. Harding makes no objection to the Sabbath-day school," said Mr. Slope. 'And as to the hospital services, that matter will be best discussed after his appointment. If he has any permanent objection, then I fear the matter must rest.'

"You have a very easy conscience in such matters, Mr. Slope," said she.

"I should not have an easy conscience," he rejoined, 'but a conscience very far from being easy, if anything said or done by me should lead the bishop to act unadvisedly in this matter. It is clear that in the interview I had with Mr. Harding, I misunderstood him—'

"And it is equally clear that you have misunderstood Mr. Quiverful," said she, now at the top of her wrath. 'What business have you at all with these interviews? Who desired you to go to Mr. Quiverful this morning? Who commissioned you to manage this affair? Will you answer me, sir?—who sent you to Mr. Quiverful this morning?'

"There was a dead pause in the room. Mr. Slope had risen from his chair, and was standing with his hand on the back of it, looking at first very solemn and now very black. Mrs. Proudie was standing as she had at first placed herself, at the end of the table, and as she interrogated her foe she struck her hand upon it with almost

more than feminine vigour. The bishop was sitting in his easy chair twiddling his thumbs, turning his eyes now to his wife, and now to his chaplain, as each took up the cudgels. How comfortable it would be if they could fight it out between them without the necessity of any interference on his part; fight it out so that one should kill the other utterly, as far as diocesan life was concerned, so that he, the bishop, might know clearly by whom it behoved him to be led. There would be the comfort of quiet in either case; but if the bishop had a wish as to which might prove the victor, that wish was certainly not antagonistic to Mr. Slope.

"'Better the d—— you know than the d—— you don't know,' is an old saying, and perhaps a true one; but the bishop had not yet realized the truth of it.

"'Will you answer me, sir?' she repeated. 'Who instructed you to call on Mr. Quiverful this morning?' There was another pause. 'Do you intend to answer me, sir?'

"'I think, Mrs. Proudie, that under all the circumstances it will be better for me not to answer such a question,' said Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope had many tones in his voice, all duly under his command; among them was a sanctified low tone, and a sanctified loud tone; and he now used the former.

"'Did any one send you, sir?'

"'Mrs. Proudie,' said Mr. Slope, 'I am quite aware how much I owe to your kindness. I am aware also what is due by courtesy from a gentleman to a lady. But there are higher considerations than either of those, and I hope I shall be forgiven if I now allow myself to be actuated solely by them. My duty in this matter is to his lordship, and I can admit of no questioning but from him. He has approved of what I have done, and you must excuse me if I say, that having that approval and my own, I want none other.'

"What horrid words were these which greeted the ear of Mrs. Proudie! The matter was indeed too clear. There was premeditated mutiny in the camp. Not only had ill-conditioned minds become insubordinate by the fruition of a little power, but sedition had been overtly taught and preached. The bishop had not yet been twelve months in his chair, and rebellion had already reared her hideous head within the palace. Anarchy and misrule would quickly follow, unless she took immediate and strong measures to put down the conspiracy which she had detected.

"'Mr. Slope,' she said, with slow and dignified voice, differing much from that which she had hitherto used, 'Mr. Slope, I will trouble you, if you please, to leave the apartment. I wish to speak to my lord alone.'

"Mr. Slope also felt that everything depended on the present interview.

"And yet it was not so easy to keep his ground when he was bidden by a lady to go; or to continue to make a third in a party between a husband and wife when the wife expressed a wish for a *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

"'Mr. Slope,' she repeated, 'I wish to be alone with my lord.'

"'His lordship has summoned me on most

important diocesan business,' said Mr. Slope, glancing with uneasy eye at Dr. Proudie. He felt that he must trust something to the bishop, and yet that trust was so wofully ill-placed. 'My leaving him at the present moment is, I fear, impossible.'

"'Do you bandy words with me, you ungrateful man?' said she. 'My lord, will you do me the favour to beg Mr. Slope to leave the room?'

"My lord scratched his head, but for the moment said nothing. This was as much as Mr. Slope expected from him, and was on the whole, for him, an active exercise of marital rights.

"'My lord,' said the lady, 'is Mr. Slope to leave this room, or am I?'

"Here Mrs. Proudie made a false step. She should not have alluded to the possibility of retreat on her part. She should not have expressed the idea that her order for Mr. Slope's expulsion could be treated otherwise than by immediate obedience. In answer to such a question the bishop naturally said in his own mind, that as it was necessary that one should leave the room, perhaps it might be as well that Mrs. Proudie did so. He did say so in his own mind, but externally he again scratched his head and again twiddled his thumbs.

"Mrs. Proudie was boiling over with wrath. Alas, alas! could she but have kept her temper as her enemy did, she would have conquered as she had ever conquered. But divine anger got the better of her, as it has done of other heroines, and she fell.

"'My lord,' said she, 'am I to be vouchsafed an answer, or am I not?'

"At last he broke his deep silence and proclaimed himself a Slopeite. 'Why, my dear,' said he, 'Mr. Slope and I are very busy.'

"That was all. There was nothing more necessary. He had gone to the battle-field, stood the dust and heat of the day, encountered the fury of the foe, and won the victory. How easy is success to those who will only be true to themselves!

"Mr. Slope saw at once the full amount of his gain, and turned on the vanquished lady a look of triumph which she never forgot and never forgave. Here he was wrong. He should have looked humbly at her, and with meek entreating eye have deprecated her anger. He should have said by his glance that he asked pardon for his success, and that he hoped forgiveness for the stand which he had been forced to make in the cause of duty. So might he perchance have somewhat mollified that imperious bosom, and prepared the way for future terms. But Mr. Slope meant to rule without terms. Ah, forgetful, inexperienced man! Can you cause that little trembling victim to be divorced from the woman that possesses him? Can you provide that they shall be separated at bed and board? Is he not flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, and must he not so continue? It is very well now for you to stand your ground, and triumph as she is driven ignominiously from the room; but can you be present when those curtains are drawn, when that awful helmet of proof has been tied beneath the chin, when the small remnants of the bishop's prowess shall be

cowed by the tassel above his head? Can you then intrude yourself when the wife wishes 'to speak to my lord alone?'"

When it is said that a writer's strong point lies in the representation of characters, as they affect one another in society, the limit of his power in drawing character is pretty plainly indicated.

So much, as we have said already, of men's characters in a highly civilized age is made up of associations, manners, conventionalities, that it would be almost as impossible to make a modern Englishman in a novel develop himself, except through the medium of those external characteristics, as it would be to make him talk without the use of language. But, though it be impossible to reach the inner man except through this complicated upper integument, his real heart and mind are nevertheless beneath it; and if the character of the man is to be made fully known to us, it is from within that the artist must proceed. Now, it would not be true to say absolutely that Mr. Trollope shows us nothing in his people that we should not see for ourselves if they were our living acquaintances. Many of them, at least, have something more than manners, physiognomy, and costume. The scrupulousness of the Warden, for example, and the unscrupulousness of Alaric Tudor, are inner qualities, in the presentation of which Mr. Trollope goes somewhat farther than he is accustomed to do, below the surface. But then they are only qualities, and a man does not consist of a bundle of qualities, any more than he consists of a bundle of habits. Or if he does, they are too numerous to be detailed, so as to let us know much about him. You have no full view of a man's character when every mental and bodily characteristic that at any particular moment he possesses has been numbered and labelled for your inspection. Even if this were done with the most perfect completeness, you would know little unless you had imagination enough to combine into one all-embracing whole the separate parts you have been permitted to look at. But it never by possibility can be done with anything approaching completeness. The simplest character in the world, if you look at it piecemeal, is so complex, intricate, and many-sided, that a lifetime will hardly be sufficient to inspect its innumerable aspects, for only a lifetime will be sufficient to display them. As Emilia says, "It is not a year or two shows us a man." Some of our readers will remember the touching and beautiful essay in which Charles Lamb, talking of his present self with all disfavour, recalls with so pathetic and humorous a tenderness the merits of the child Elia. Any one who without

going quite so far back as his infancy can form a distinct image of what he himself was years ago, will be conscious of a contrast between the past and present, almost as startling as that between the childhood of Elia, and all that the introspective essayist conceals under his terrible asterisks. He will find it almost impossible, ponder he never so wisely, to lay his finger on the relation that subsists between that past and present. He will be perfectly conscious, no question, that however his character may have been modified by time and events, it remains the same character still. But he will be just as thoroughly assured that the points of character which in that unforgotten past he presented most prominently to all men's view, were those which, for his familiars now, there is no possibility of perceiving.

And therefore it is that separate features, ever so vividly depicted, no more represent a man's character than a narrative of half-a-dozen accidents that have happened to him can be called the history of his life. One particular aspect of his character, or several, may have been described; one or two more or less significant fragments may have been presented to the reader; but the man himself is different from a combination of the fragments. Mr. Trollope has given us more of his Barsetshire parsons than their mere external peculiarities, but he has not enabled us to form a conception of what they are out of the four corners of Barchester Towers. Try to abstract them from the circumstances in which you have seen them, place them in another age and a different costume, and the clear outline becomes faint, and the vivid picture is the shadow of a shade. Mr. Trollope indicates his own deficiencies distinctly enough when he bids farewell to Archdeacon Grantly. "We fear," he says, "that he is represented in these pages as being worse than he is; but we have had to do with his foibles, and not with his virtues. We have seen only the weak side of the man, and have lacked the opportunity of bringing him forward on his strong ground." He is brought forward afterwards in another book, but not so as to make us understand him better.

It seems to us that Mr. Trollope is never successful in dealing with that which he has had no opportunity of subjecting to actual scrutiny. He generally fails in the characters in whom the intellectual element is predominant. With all his subtlety in certain directions, his talent is positive and unideal; and his tact and insight leave him, when he tries to handle subjects and people, whose proper habitation is in a rarer atmosphere than that of society. He is much less familiar with ideas, than with manners, feelings,

and habits; and when the interest of a character is meant to turn on the conflict of thoughts in a mind of unusual speculative power, he is singularly unsuccessful.

It is true that he seldom attempts such a character. In his many pictures of clergymen, for example, he will show us anything rather than their opinions and feelings about religion. He tells us, indeed, that his Grantlys and Slopes differ widely from one another; but their differences are merely hinted at as the origin of certain social feuds. It is in these feuds that the real interest of the novel is intended to lie; and the opinions of which they are the most insignificant result, the beliefs which lie at the root of some of the characters, and must be supposed to have had the most searching and powerful influence upon all, are generally left in the vague. This is perfectly right. Mr. Trollope is wise in confining himself to common life; and any one who would know how wise, should compare *Barchester Towers* with *The Minister's Wooing*, and be thankful that the pleasant humour of Mr. Trollope has nothing in common with the shocking profanity of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. But unhappily Mr. Trollope is not always wise. He sometimes does attempt character, the interest of which shall lie in nothing that can be seen in the common intercourse of society; and he never makes such an attempt without failure. Mr. Arabin, for example, we have always thought a failure. What is intended in this character, is the representation of a fine mind, under the influence of reactionary but ardent and profound convictions. The idea was a good one; but Mr. Trollope has neither knowledge enough nor speculation enough to work it out. A life, the interest of which lies in thought, is precisely the life which he is least capable of adequately setting forth. We are, somewhat indiscreetly, promised a remarkable character, a thinker, a controversialist, a brilliant leader of the church. We are given a clergyman beset with certain social perplexities. If Mr. Trollope were writing about Plato or Julius Cæsar, he would tell us nothing about either, except their difficulties and triumphs in the society of their day. George Bertram's is a more ambitious portrait than that of Mr. Arabin; and it is of a kind that no living novelist but the author of *Adam Bede* has shown any real capacity for painting. Bertram's unworldliness is extremely well described; but when Mr. Trollope attempts to show us how his devotional feeling is dried up, and the faith that is in him is shaken by the coldness of his mistress and the harsh realities of life, it is impossible to help feeling that we have been seduced into regions of the heart that have never

yielded up their secrets to the novelist, who moves over the surface of every-day life with so easy and assured a mastery. We do not assert that such a character as Bertram was meant to be is quite beyond the reach of Mr. Trollope. But at least we may say that such an achievement, if he should ever accomplish it, will be the fruit of silence and reflection. These are not the successes which an author can attain, who thinks it necessary every year to write two or three novels that will sell.

There is another class of people who are better described than the Bertrams and Arabins, but not quite so happily as the Mrs. Proudies and Lady Luftons. The eccentric characters, we think, are not drawn with so much skill as the commonplace ones.

Bertie Stanhope, for example, in *Barchester Towers*, and his sister Madeline, the Signora Vesey Neroni, although they are certainly amusing, have not, we think, the reality of their fellows. It may be possible, for aught we know, that they are copied from living originals; and in that case we should say that Mr. Trollope had failed in attempting to embody in a character certain exceptional features, and probably the cause of his failure might not be difficult to trace. When Mr. Dickens develops an extravagance into a human being, every one understands that this is an inhabitant of an unreal world, peopled by Micawbers and Pickwicks, "where no cold moral reigns," and whose denizens the most prosaic of critics would not dream of trying by the common standard. But Mr. Trollope copies the eccentricities of the Signora with the same literal accuracy with which he draws the more familiar features of Dr. Proudie. It is not his object to expand either one or the other into a caricature, and both alike are made to move among the common scenes and people of everyday life. Of the Bishop, indeed, as of the Signora, he describes no more than the accidents, not the essence from which they spring. But his readers are familiar with the conditions under which the Bishop lives and moves. An immense mass of associations and feelings is floating in their minds, with which they half-unconsciously connect whatever is told them about him. The reader, therefore, himself brings no inconsiderable aid in supplement of the reality of the Bishop. But all such resources fail him with Madeline Stanhope; and so he pronounces the Bishop natural and life-like, and Madeline incredible, distorted, and out of place. The most unmistakable proof that she is a failure, is the coarseness and clumsiness of her manœuvring, at the very points where, if Mr. Trollope had kept anything like his usual grasp of the character,

it would have been most subtle. The last scene with Mr. Slope is both clumsy and vulgar, and the scene with Eleanor is improbable, and perfectly useless.

Bertie is a great deal better; and if we do not quite believe in him, as we do in the Tudors, Ormes, and Masons, he is more amusing than any of them. Here is his first appearance at Mrs. Proudie's reception:—

"Ethelbert Stanhope was dressed in light blue from head to foot. He had on the loosest possible blue coat, cut square like a shooting-coat, and very short. It was lined with silk of azure blue. He had on a blue satin waistcoat, a blue neckhandkerchief which was fastened beneath his throat with a coral ring, and very loose blue trousers, which almost concealed his feet. His soft glossy beard was softer and more glossy than ever."

"Do you like Barchester on the whole?" asked Bertie.

"The bishop, looking dignified, said that he did like Barchester.

"You've not been here very long, I believe," said Bertie.

"No—not long," said the bishop, and tried again to make his way between the back of the sofa and a heavy rector, who was staring over it at the grimaces of the signora.

"You weren't a bishop before, were you?"

"Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held.

"Ah—I thought so," said Bertie; "but you are changed about sometimes, a'nt you?"

"Translations are occasionally made," said Dr. Proudie; "but not so frequently as in former days."

"They've cut them all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?" said Bertie.

"To this the bishop could not bring himself to make any answer, but again attempted to move the rector.

"But the work, I suppose, is different?" continued Bertie. "Is there much to do here, at Barchester?" This was said exactly in the tone that a young Admiralty clerk might use in asking the same question of a brother acolyte at the Treasury.

"The work of a bishop of the Church of England," said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, "is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed."

"Is it?" said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. "Well, I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop, myself."

"Had thoughts of being a bishop!" said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"That is, a parson—a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best."

"The bishop could not discuss the point, so he remained silent.

"Now, there's my father," continued Bertie; "he hasn't stuck to it. I fancy he didn't like saying the same thing over so often. By the by, bishop, have you seen my father?"

"The bishop was more amazed than ever. Had he seen his father? 'No,' he replied; 'he had not yet had the pleasure: he hoped he might;' and, as he said so, he resolved to bear heavy on that fat, immovable rector, if ever he had the power of doing so.

"He's in the room somewhere," said Bertie, "and he'll turn up soon. By the by, do you know much about the Jews?"

"At last the bishop saw a way out. 'I beg your pardon,' said he; 'but I'm forced to go round the room.'

"Well—I believe I'll follow in your wake," said Bertie. "Terribly hot—isn't it?" This he addressed to the fat rector with whom he had brought himself into the closest contact. "They've got this sofa into the worst possible part of the room; suppose we move it. Take care, Madeline."

"The sofa had certainly been so placed that those who were behind it found great difficulty in getting out;—there was but a narrow gangway, which one person could stop. This was a bad arrangement, and one which Bertie thought it might be well to improve.

"Take care, Madeline," said he; and turning to the fat rector, added, "Just help me with a slight push."

"The rector's weight was resting on the sofa, and unwittingly lent all its impetus to accelerate and increase the motion which Bertie intentionally originated. The sofa rushed from its moorings, and ran half way into the middle of the room. Mrs. Proudie was standing with Mr. Slope in front of the Signora, and had been trying to be condescending and sociable; but she was not in the very best of tempers; for she found that, whenever she spoke to the lady, the lady replied by speaking to Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope was a favourite, no doubt; but Mrs. Proudie had no idea of being less thought of than the chaplain. She was beginning to be stately, stiff, and offended, when unfortunately the castor of the sofa caught itself in her lace train, and carried away there is no saying how much of her garniture. Gathers were heard to go, stitches to crack, plaits to fly open, flounces were seen to fall, and breadths to expose themselves;—a long ruin of rent lace disfigured the carpet, and still clung to the vile wheel on which the sofa moved.

"So, when a granite battery is raised, excellent to the eyes of warfaring men, is its strength and symmetry admired. It is the work of years. Its neat embrasures, its finished parapets, its casemated stories, show all the skill of modern science. But, anon, a small spark is applied to the treacherous fuse—a cloud of dust arises to the heavens—and then nothing is to be seen but dirt and dust and ugly fragments.

"We know what was the wrath of Juno when her beauty was despised. We know to what storms of passion even celestial minds can yield. As Juno may have looked at Paris on Mount Ida, so did Mrs. Proudie look on Ethelbert Stanhope when he pushed the leg of the sofa into her lace train.

"Oh, you idiot, Bertie!" said the Signora, seeing what had been done, and what were to be the consequences."

"'Idiot!' re-echoed Mrs. Proudie, as though the word were not half strong enough to express the required meaning; 'I'll let him know——'; and then looking round to learn, at a glance, the worst, she saw that at present it behoved her to collect the scattered *débris* of her dress.

"Bertie, when he saw what he had done, rushed over the sofa, and threw himself on one knee before the offended lady. His object, doubtless, was to liberate the torn lace from the castor; but he looked as though he were imploring pardon from a goddess.

"'Unhand it, sir!' said Mrs. Proudie. From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said; but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion.

"'I'll fly to the looms of the fairies to repair the damage, if you'll only forgive me,' said Ethelbert, still on his knees.

"'Unhand it, sir!' said Mrs. Proudie, with redoubled emphasis, and all but furious wrath. This allusion to the fairies was a direct mockery, and intended to turn her into ridicule. So at least it seemed to her. 'Unhand it, sir!' she almost screamed.

"'It's not me; it's the cursed sofa,' said Bertie, looking imploringly in her face, and holding up both his hands to show that he was not touching her belongings, but still remaining on his knees.

"Hereupon the Signora laughed; not loud, indeed, but yet audibly. And as the tigress bereft of her young will turn with equal anger on any within reach, so did Mrs. Proudie turn upon her female guest.

"'Madam!' she said—and it is beyond the power of prose to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes.

"The Signora stared her full in the face for a moment, and then turning to her brother said, playfully, 'Bertie, you idiot, get up.'

"By this time the bishop, and Mr. Slope, and her three daughters were around her, and had collected together the wide ruins of her magnificence. The girls fell into circular rank behind their mother, and thus following her and carrying out the fragments, they left the reception-rooms in a manner not altogether devoid of dignity. Mrs. Proudie had to retire and re-array herself.

"As soon as the constellation had swept by, Ethelbert rose from his knees, and turning with mock anger to the fat rector said: 'After all, it was your doing, sir—not mine. But perhaps you are waiting for preferment, and so I bore it.'"

Mr. Trollope's humour is limited very much in the same way as his description of character. It is the humour of a good observer. He has a thorough appreciation of all that is amusing in the various scenes and characters with which he comes in contact, and he succeeds in conveying the same sense to his readers in a very easy and delicate manner. But it is always that which he has seen that he appears to be describing, and he describes it as it really was. His transcript

is uncoloured from the resources of his own fancy. And his humour accordingly is very light, graceful, and pleasing, when there is anything pleasing or graceful in the subject which he is treating; but when that presents no such attractive qualities, the humourist also becomes heavy and repulsive. When Mr. Trollope takes the trouble to describe, with minute and literal accuracy, the characteristic vulgarities of low-minded people, whose aspirations and enjoyments alike are centred in their animal nature, he produces a picture that is mean, and hateful, and contemptible enough, but neither amusing nor even laughable. A story in the *Cornhill Magazine*, called *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, is an example of this. There is hardly anything in the book which is not as offensive to all good taste and right feeling as it is supposed to be in the real life, which the book professes to represent. Some of the worst offences of this kind are in his last novel, and certainly one of his best—the *Small House at Allington*. We are grateful to Mr. Trollope for the vulgarities of his London boarding-house; but only because it induced us to go to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and compare Mrs. Roper's with Todger's. A painter or a novelist may depict as much as he pleases the lowest and vulgarest things in the world, provided only that in so doing, he can exercise our understanding like Hogarth, or make us laugh like Dickens. If he cannot do either, let him stick to what is pleasant. What object, for example, is to be gained by the elaborate portraiture of such a person as Mr. Moulder, in *Orley Farm*? A commercial traveller, in the grocery and spirit line, whose face and body roll with fat; whose eyes are bloodshot; who has something in his face that is masterful, and almost vicious; who kills himself with eating and drinking; whose brandy-and-water goes into his blood, and his eyes, and his feet, and his hands, but not into his brain—such a commercial traveller in the hands of some humourists we know of, might have been made intensely amusing. But the literal detail of these peculiarities is only disgusting. A writer who desires to make fun of things and people that are mean and vulgar in themselves, must have an inexhaustible power of moving laughter, if he would not shock instead of amusing us. He must idealize and exaggerate; he must not be content to copy, with dull veracity, the amiable traits of people like Mr. Moulder. A drunken old hospital-nurse, who tortures her patients and mixes their medicines with snuff, is probably quite as repulsive a figure, and not much more entertaining. But the hand of a master has seized upon every ludicrous point in her character;

idealized every feature; placed her in every grotesque situation, and heightened every ridiculous contrast; vivified her bonnet, her umbrella, her chest of drawers, and her bed; put the most amusingly appropriate language in her mouth; and endowed her, from his own inexhaustible fancy, with a life and richness of absurdity that makes her the most laughable old woman, all things considered, in the whole realm of fiction. It is pitiful to think what Mr. Dickens might have made of Mr. Moulder, and what Mr. Trollope would have made of Mrs. Gamp.

Even the inimitable raillery of Mr. Trollope's political satire is in danger, when he gets among dull people, of becoming as heavy as they. Nothing can be better, in general, than his mode of quizzing political parties and public men. He laughs at living bishops, statesmen, and authors. But when he is most personal he is always good-humoured; and whether he is personal or not, he seldom ceases to be entertaining. Nothing can be more clever or more perfect in its way than his Convents' Custody Bill in the *Warden*, or his struggle of the gods and the giants, or Mr. Harold Smith's cry for new blood in *Framley Parsonage*. But even this cunning leaves him in *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*; and the debating society, by means of which he is pleased to represent in a figure the British House of Commons, is almost as stupid as the advertisements of Brown, Jones, and Robinson themselves.

Imagination is so variable a word that it is hardly possible to convey one's meaning by attributing or denying imagination to any writer. There is no fair use of the word, however, in which it can be said that the inventor of so many good characters is destitute of imagination. But of that degree of imagination Mr. Trollope is certainly not possessed, which should enable him to give reality to characters remote from daily life, or to interest us in subjects that do not commend themselves to our sympathies by a beauty and grace of their own. And yet one of the most remarkable novels he has written undoubtedly falls under those conditions. The *Macdermots of Ballycloran*, as far as we can gather, is among the least popular of his writings. We can easily understand why it should be so. The subject is miserably painful; Mr. Trollope's mode of treating it makes the book more oppressing than any novel ought to be; but nothing he has written contains more of his peculiar power.

Macdermot of Ballycloran is the unhappy owner of "about six hundred as bad (Irish) acres as a gentleman might wish to call his own." His father had died when he was

twelve years old, deeply in debt to the builder of his house of Ballycloran. The builder had taken a mortgage over the property to which the heirs succeeded, and the weight of that fatal mortgage had crushed poor Larry Macdermot. When the story opens, Macdermot is about fifty years old, "but a total want of energy, joined to a despairing apathy, have rendered him by this time little better than an idiot." So imbecile and torpid has he become, that he cries like a child if he is left during the morning without his whisky-and-water; he is never drunk and never sober; and he sits over the fire whining and slobbering over his wrongs and persecutions till he has drunk himself into silence. He has two children—a son and daughter. Mr. Trollope is always happy in describing young English ladies; but the happiest and brightest of his Lucies and Madelines is not better drawn than poor Feemy Macdermot. "She was a tall dark girl, with that bold, upright, well-poised figure which is so peculiarly Irish. She walked as if all the blood of the old Irish princes was in her veins. Feemy also had large, bright brown eyes, and long, soft, shining, dark hair," and other equally attractive personal advantages. But her toilet, unhappily, was not irreproachable as to neatness and tidiness; her mother had died before she had grown up, and she had no one to look after her but her idiotic old father and her brother Thady. She would have been a fine creature had she been educated, but she had not been educated; her feelings and courage were strong, and they stood her in the place of mind. Thady had been brought up to no business, except to harrow the tenantry for money; he could read and write, but little more; but he had ardour and energy, if he could have had anything to be energetic about; he felt the degradation of his family, and he loved his sister better than any living creature. The best friend of this unhappy family is Father John, the priest of the parish. And Mr. Trollope, who has delineated the dignitaries of Barchester so successfully, is no less skilful in depicting the peculiarities of this Irish priest—his hospitality and his empty larder—his two tumblers and the stone jar of whisky under his bed—his books, his St. Chrysostoms and his Charles O'Malleys—piled one on the top of another in his little sitting-room, and closely packed in great boxes in every room in his cottage; his talent for wheedling his fees in pence and shillings out of Irish peasants at a wedding; his simplicity, his warm-heartedness, his charity, and his real ability and good sense. Father John hints to Thady that since a certain Miles Usher, a

captain of Irish police, had been paying constant visits to Ballycloran, people began to talk of him as Feemy's lover; that he ought to speak to his sister on the subject; and that if things are not as they should be, he must tell Captain Usher that he will be welcome at Ballycloran no longer. But Thady, with the fondest brotherly affection, is totally unfit for so delicate a duty; and his uncouth and blundering fashion of interfering, only alienates Feemy, without inducing her to be circumspect. By and by Usher is promoted and ordered to a different part of the country; he is deaf to poor Feemy's entreaties that he should speak to her father, or make any arrangement for their marriage; and at last, in despair, she consents to leave her father's house with him by night, and travel with him to his new quarters, under a promise that he will marry her in Dublin. On the night that has been fixed for the elopement, Usher is detained by an accident; Feemy has to wait for him at the gate of her father's house, till, from cold and dread of discovery, she can hardly move. When at last she hears her lover's gig on the road, she sees that Thady has come to the door, and is listening to the sound of the wheels: "all but fainting, she just preserves her senses sufficiently to torture her;" Usher leaves the gig; she tries to rise and whisper to him, but she is unable; and when he stoops and lifts her from her seat she has really fainted. Meanwhile Thady has come down the avenue unperceived. He sees a man stoop and lift something in his arms. As he comes nearer he sees "it is a woman's form that the man is half dragging, half carrying, and he hears Usher's voice say loudly, and somewhat angrily, 'This is d—d nonsense, Feemy; you must come now.'" Thady by this time is close to him, strikes him with a heavy stick which he always carried; strikes him again, and he falls dead without a groan. Thady is tried for murder. Feemy dies on the very day of the trial. No evidence, therefore, of the way in which Usher met his death can come from her; no one else saw the blow struck; and the circumstances in which it was given do not appear at the trial. The view taken by the jury is that the death of Usher was premeditated, and that Thady was the sworn instrument of a society of murderers, to whom the revenue officer had become obnoxious. After the worst of the bad speeches which Mr. Trollope puts into the mouths of imaginary barristers, the jury return a verdict of guilty, and Thady is condemned and executed.

We have not given anything like a complete outline of the story; but its principal motive is the death of Usher, and the con-

sequent condemnation of Thady. The characters are all of them drawn with remarkable force; and Thady especially—his natural high-mindedness, his sense of his own degradation and that of his family, and the rough surface with which all the deplorable circumstances of his life had encrusted his nobler and finer feelings, till they could find no outlet, struggle as they might—Thady is represented with a tragic power, of which Mr. Trollope has hardly given any indication elsewhere. The history of his feelings before the homicide and after it; the successive stages of his misery from stunned despair to resignation; are related with a moving simplicity and with perfect gravity, but with a terrible reality of detail. The pain of this story is so utterly unredeemed, that one is driven to ask how far the novelist was entitled to write it. There is a dull monotony of degradation about the atmosphere of the book, which even the humours of Father John are insufficient to lighten. The coarser humours of some of the other characters infinitely deepen it, and almost the only purifying element is to be found in the finer qualities of the man, who, in the last page, is hanged for murder. That men's souls should be purged by pity and terror is the justifying motive of all tragedy; but the terror and pity should be drawn from the deeper conflict of higher passions than any that are touched in Mr. Trollope's tale. From beginning to end we are left on the same dull level of wretchedness. A man, the monotonous misery of whose life has offered no scope for the development of the nobility that is in him, strikes a sudden angry blow, and is condemned—most wrongly condemned to die for it. And then the confused suffering, the desolation, the degrees of agony by which he is crushed, are minutely narrated—for our instruction? That the approach of a shameful death should develop the tenderness and unselfish affection of the poor man's nature, as Mr. Trollope shows very finely that it does, is only a partial justification for this most painful book. That such things are, and that the saddest lessons are to be read from them; nay, or that such a character and such a fate as Thady Macdermot's appeal keenly to all human sympathies—these are no sufficient reasons for describing them in a novel. The very reality of the representation, in a book that after all we take up for amusement, makes us feel utterly ashamed, as we read, because that we are playing with human miseries. That Mr. Trollope has no such meaning we know well; and he may tell us that his object is gained, if we rise, as we ought to do, humbled and sad, from the

perusal of his novel. But, then, that is not a fair object in writing novels, nor a common one in reading them. We wish to be amused, and not to be disquieted in mind. All the agonies of the Macdermots, it is true, are trifling compared with the tremendous woes which we are not unwilling to contemplate in tragic poetry. But these are the woes that spring from the high passions of great natures. Unmixed pain in a novel of to-day is merely intolerable. Are there not heartaches enough in the world? Our only consolation is to reflect that there is really no case against Thady after all, and that Mr. Trollope is certainly mistaken either about the nature of the evidence, or about the result of the trial.

But homicide is not the crime with which Mr. Trollope deals most successfully. The peculiar kinds of meanness and dishonesty of which men of the world are most apt to be guilty, could not be represented with more delicate skill, or more admirable fidelity, than in such characters as Mr. Crosbie, in the last book, who being engaged to one of the very best of Mr. Trollope's heroines, sells himself to marry an Earl's daughter, or, as Alaric Tudor in *The Three Clerks*, who speculates with his ward's money.

If Mr. Trollope has not searched the recesses of the heart, that very deficiency stands him in good stead when he is drawing such characters as these. There is no deep-rooted wickedness in Crosbie or in Tudor. In the height of their offences they fall but little below that middling elevation of character, beyond which Mr. Trollope will not exalt even his heroes. They are weak, and they are tempted, and they succumb. They do very contemptible things, but they are not irredeemably bad; and when they have smarted under such cutting, yet restrained scourgings, as no dispenser of poetical justice knows better than Mr. Trollope how to administer, we are glad to think that they may take their places once more among mankind, and are not driven for ever beyond the pale. They are defeated, but they are not absolutely crushed; and after their punishment and disgrace, neither their author nor his readers are unwilling to take them into favour. They are like their prototype, Gil Blas. Hateful, when he is the favourite secretary of the Duke of Lerma, we forgive him after his fall, and are almost as well pleased as he is, with the pavilions of Lirias. There is no deficiency of sound morality in all this, any more than of knowledge of the world. Mr. Trollope shows nowhere so much of what Dr. Arnold called "moral thoughtfulness," as in the kind of retribution with which he visits such delinquents as Crosbie and Alaric Tudor.

There is, indeed, no very broad and palpable system of rewards and punishments in his long series of novels, any more than in the world which they are intended to represent. The good apprentice does not always become Lord Mayor; nor is the idle one sent to the gallows. When he does make use of that implement, we have seen it is his hero whom he hangs. And in the *Small House of Allington*, one of the most charming girls in the world is left unmarried at the end of the book. But although there is no hint of any kind of connexion between good and evil in themselves, and good and evil fortune, bad actions produce their moral consequence as they do in the world. Crosbie's retribution is admirably described, and it is of a kind which it fell peculiarly within Mr. Trollope's province to describe well. He deserts Lily Dale and marries Lady Alexandrina, only to keep or to gain a position in society; and as soon as he is irretrievably doomed to a distinguished marriage instead of a happy one, his pride and place in the world are gone. Here is a picture of social degradation:—

"Crosbie had consented to go to the party in Portman Square, but had not greatly enjoyed himself on that festive occasion. He had stood about moodily, speaking hardly a word to any one. His whole aspect of life seemed to have been altered during the last few months. It was here, in such spots as this, that he had been used to find his glory. On such occasions he had shone with peculiar light, making envious the hearts of many who watched the brilliance of his career, as they stood around in dull quiescence. But now no one in these rooms had been more dull, more silent, or less courted than he, and yet he was established there as the son-in-law of that noble house. 'Rather slow work, isn't it?' Gazebee had said to him, having, after many efforts, succeeded in reaching his brother-in-law in a corner. In answer to this, Crosbie had only grunted. 'As for myself,' continued Gazebee, 'I would a deal sooner be at home with my papers and slippers. It seems to me these sort of gatherings don't suit married men.' Crosbie had again grunted, and had then escaped into another corner."

There is another subject on which we have a single word to say, before we bid farewell to Mr. Trollope. His satire is generally lively and good-humoured. It is acrid only when he talks of lawyers. Them, and the system they administer, he honours with relentless enmity.

Now, we are by no means of opinion that a novelist should be forbidden to trench upon political, or moral, or theological questions. It would be a poor piece of business, indeed, to represent men, and women, and society, without being allowed to exhibit the action of opinions and institutions on the tone of society and on the character of individuals.

But a novelist who chooses to deal professedly and repeatedly with a subject of such magnitude as the system of administering justice in this country, and expresses in many different ways the strongest opinions in favour of that system or against it—a novelist, like any other writer who, by discussing a public question, assumes a public function important in proportion to his opportunity of making himself heard—is bound to investigate the question with honest diligence, and reflect before he speaks. If he do so, he may make what attack he pleases upon people or on institutions, and we shall not be entitled to impeach his honesty of purpose, even when we think him wrong. Mr. Reade, for example, may or may not be unjust in his prosecution of mad-doctors, elephants, and governors of jails; but if his charges are not all made out, at least he makes it plain that that is not because he has failed to make these criminals and their ways the subject of serious study. We cannot say the same for Mr. Trollope. He is constantly expressing his conviction that if all barristers are not liars, yet the tendency of their profession is to make them so, and their business to propagate falsehood; and yet he does not seem to us to have taken the trouble to acquaint himself in the slightest degree with the system under which they exercise their profession, with the position in which they stand towards their clients, their opponents, and the court, or the nature of the duty they undertake. No doubt there are points in which the moral position of an advocate is anomalous and difficult. It is not always an easy matter for the most experienced to balance the conflicting claims of his client, of the court, and of his own honour; and a man who has made himself master of the subject might do good service by explaining where those different duties really come into collision, where they only appear to do so, and how the moral difficulties that result from that collision should be met. But before he does so, even in a novel, if he be an honest writer, he will ascertain what the real difficulties are, and how they are met now by the men who give the tone to their profession. He will ascertain the exact degree of license which the English bar permits to its members, in the advocacy of a cause. And when he has investigated those important points, he will probably discover many things which have not yet dawned on the comprehension of Mr. Trollope. He will discover that it is irregular for counsel in a criminal trial to declare emphatically his own conviction of his client's innocence; that if he do so, knowing well from that client's own statement that he is guilty, his brethren of the

bar will hold the same opinion of his falsehood as other English gentlemen; and that if he tamper with the opposite attorney, in the hope of suppressing a prosecution, he degrades himself beyond redemption in the eyes of his profession as in those of the world. These are the sins of the great Mr. Furnival, in *Orley Farm*. The last, we suppose, is meant to be an exceptional offence; but it is also meant to be the natural result of a lifetime spent, as Mr. Trollope describes it elsewhere, in turning black into white. It is odd enough that Mr. Trollope, who thinks so badly of the Bar, should speak of the Judges as if they were persons whose truth it is impossible to doubt. There is no influence in the formation of a man's character more potent or general than the practice of his profession; and it is strange that men whose youth and manhood have been passed in the practice of every kind of falsehood, should suddenly, in their age, become the great exemplars of veracity. And yet Mr. Trollope has not overstrained his compliment to the Judges. If you except one or two great thinkers, there is no class of men with whom a regard to truth is a principle of action to anything like the extent to which it is the principle on which English Judges are in the habit of thinking and acting. And, *pace* Mr. Trollope, the reason is not very far to seek. It is because, for their lives long, they have tasked their minds in the investigation of truth, in questions in which they themselves have had no kind of interest. We do not say that the practice of advocacy can, by no possibility, twist the mind. In some points it is unfavourable to the moral being, in some even to the intellect. But in this respect it does not stand alone. Every profession has its characteristic tendencies to evil. The human mind, no more than the body, can be kept in one attitude without danger of disease. And since truthfulness, in the strict sense, is the rarest of human virtues, it must probably be that which is most easily affected by the peculiar morbid tendencies of all mental occupations alike. Even the profession of novel-writing is not exempt from the infirmities by which other professions are beset. Let Mr. Trollope consider whether a man's perfect truthfulness, in the highest sense of the word, is not placed in danger, when he drags before his own petty bar, individuals or corporate bodies, and condemns them as false, without troubling himself to master the facts of the charge under which he is trying them. He has indeed answered the question already, in talking of the writings of an author whom he chooses to nickname Mr. Popular Sentiment. "The artist who paints for the million must use glaring colours," says

Mr. Trollope; and the remark is almost as applicable to the author of *Orley Farm*, as it is to the earlier and more amusing assailant of the Court of Chancery and the Circumlocution Office.

Let us not be mistaken. We are not answering Mr. Trollope's objections to the morality of advocacy. We only say that he has not entitled himself to an answer. When he tells us how the great Mr. Furnival, who is the leading counsel in a case, not only directs that a particular junior shall be retained, and selects that junior because he is utterly unknown except for certain opinions about the morality of defending the guilty, but approaches that fortunate young barrister, through one of Her Majesty's judges, who is made to offer him the case, and the hand of his daughter in marriage, and to assure him that he may safely hold a brief on this occasion, because he himself (the learned Judge) would have done so, if he had been convinced of his client's innocence "at the beginning;" when all this is explained to us by Mr. Trollope, we cannot help saying that a more accurate knowledge of the etiquette of the profession would at least put him in a position to make his attack upon the morality of the profession with infinitely greater force and effect. The views of the Judge in question, Mr. Justice Stavely, are peculiarly perplexing. We should like to know what that particular point of time may be, which Mr. Trollope and Judge Stavely consider "the beginning." The Judge tells his scrupulous young friend, that if he should be "driven to change his opinion as the thing progresses, he must go on as a matter of course." The "progress of the thing" can hardly mean the actual trial in Court, because in this case Mr. Felix Graham sees reason to change his opinion before the trial, and yet goes on as a matter of course. Besides, the reasons—apparent it should seem, even to Mr. Trollope—why a barrister must not, but in very exceptional cases, throw up his brief in the course of a trial, because he has come to think his client in the wrong, are just as good reasons for his continuing to hold the brief when he has once undertaken the case, although after studying the evidence which has been laid before him, and consulting with other counsel and with the attorney, he has come to be of opinion that his client is in the wrong. But when is it that he is to make up his mind whether he may undertake the case or no? Not "after the thing has progressed?" that is to say—not after he has had an opportunity of knowing in a civil case whether his client is right or wrong, in a criminal case whether his client is guilty or innocent. He must not undertake a criminal case unless he

is fully convinced at the beginning that his client is innocent. But he must not take the means of being fully convinced, which alone produce conviction in a reasonable mind, because, when the thing has progressed so far, that his withdrawal would be equivalent to a declaration that a lawyer knowing the true state of the facts had found his client guilty upon good evidence, he must then go on as a matter of course. To save his conscience he must be satisfied that his client is innocent, but he must not, in order to be satisfied, be so rash as to investigate the question. In that case he would be committed to the defence. The doctrine is illustrated by the practice of Mr. Felix Graham. He is convinced of Lady Mason's innocence, and therefore may safely undertake to defend her. But the grounds of his conviction are simply these, that she lives within three or four miles of Judge Stavely, that she is generally respected, and that one or two people who know nothing about the case think her extremely ill-used. As soon as he himself really understands the case he is driven to change his opinion. But having been "fully convinced" upon no evidence whatever, it is too late to withdraw, and he continues to hold the brief.

Mr. Graham is said to be a very able man as well as a very high-minded man. He is Mr. Trollope's model barrister, and it appears that such a barrister, if he defends a prisoner, must in the first place be fully convinced of his client's innocence; but then also he must know absolutely nothing about the matter. In other words, he must be convinced of his client's innocence, on precisely the same grounds as those on which Mr. Trollope is convinced of the immorality of advocacy as practised by the bar of England. Which were absurd.

Of the external aspect of courts of law, however, Mr. Trollope does know something. He is very familiar with all that is striking and picturesque in the ordinary conduct of a trial. His satire is gayest and most trenchant when it is directed against certain practices which may be witnessed every day, even in our superior courts; and we have no desire that it should be restrained. There are persons in all professions who have no decency, no manners, and no self-respect. When such men exercise with coarse brutality the kind of power which an unscrupulous counsel has over a timid witness, by all means let the whip of the satirist be cracked for their improvement. They are pachydermatous to everything but ridicule: and no one will laugh them to scorn more effectively than Mr. Trollope. But his satire loses all its point when he confounds their malpractices with the necessities of their profession, and

that is a blunder which he makes at every step. To torture a witness for the purpose of making him lie is a wicked and degrading occupation, whether the torture be inflicted through his mental or his physical nature. There are men who are not ashamed to confess themselves guilty of such crimes; but we do not believe they are numerous; they are not the leaders of the bar. By all means let Mr. Trollope protect mankind, if he can, from the sufferings which they inflict. But when from punishing such offenders he diverges into a discussion of the principles of the law of evidence, let him in the first place take the trouble to understand them. Mr. John Stuart Mill has remarked, that few persons know enough of things to say whether a dispute is merely about words. On the same principle, it is not every novelist who knows enough of jurisprudence to say whether a legal argument is a quibble or not; and a writer who makes so many blunders, as, if it were not tedious, we could easily point out in Mr. Trollope's very numerous examinations of witnesses, is hardly in a position to decide whether the law of evidence is so irrational that the application of its principles in a criminal trial tends to the conviction of the innocent, and the acquittal of the guilty. Yet that must be the meaning of Mr. Trollope's account of Mr. Allewinde. "The unfortunate junior," says Mr. Trollope, "who fondly thought that, with the pet-witness now in the chair, he would be surely able to acquit his client, finds that he can hardly frame a question which his knowing foe will allow him to ask, and the great Mr. Allewinde convicts the prisoner, not from the strength of his own case, but from his vastly superior legal acquirements." Mr. Trollope disapproves of cross-examination. He may possibly be right, although we do not share his opinion, nor greatly respect it. But he must consider that it is one thing to torture a man in order to make him lie, and another to question him in order to show that he is lying, or that he is forgetful, or stupid, or that he is prejudiced and incapable of seeing or describing without colouring what he sees and describes. The accuracy of a witness, his opportunities of observation, and his capacity of telling what he has seen, without confounding it with what he has conjectured, are as important as his sincerity. "The difficulty of inducing witnesses to restrain, within moderate limits, the intermixture of their inferences with the narrative of their perceptions, is well known to experienced cross-examiners." Experience seems to have proved that a cross-examination is the most effectual method of distinguishing the inferences, and the perceptions,

as well as of testing the veracity of the witness. That may be a false opinion, nevertheless, and if a writer of Mr. Trollope's ability holds a different view, which is founded upon thought and knowledge, it is very desirable that he should express it; but he is bound to know about the matter first, and then he is bound to express himself rationally. He must show where the present test fails, and he must be prepared to substitute another. When he contents himself with saying that cross-examination "is opposed to truth and civilisation," he expresses so coarse and summary a conclusion, of an intricate question, in language so silly and unmeaning, that he does not deserve to be answered with gravity or respect.

We have probably said enough about an author who is so familiar to our readers. His name will not stand among the highest in his own department of literature; but some at least of his books deserve to live. Writers of fiction may be divided roughly into two classes, Cervantes being the unquestioned leader of the one, and Le Sage, though not so unapproachable in his greatness, being the leader of the other. Mr. Trollope is of the house of Le Sage. Incomparably inferior to the great master in power and genius, he yet resembles him in this, that he represents ordinary characters, and paints real life as it is, only omitting the poetry. The highest object of imaginative literature he neither attains nor aims at. His novels will not raise our minds very far above the weary trivialities of common life; but although they contain nothing very great or elevated, they are simple, natural, and moral, and if we can be amused with a picture of common life—as all people with any healthy curiosity of mind must be—he paints it for us, of the present generation, with an almost unrivalled delicacy and discernment. No novels are more pleasant than the best of Mr. Trollope's.

ART. V.—*Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.*
By D'ARCY W. THOMPSON. Edinburgh,
1864.

THIS volume is the work of an accomplished scholar, and of a man of original mind and feeling. It will be suggestive, and in some respects instructive, to those who take a special interest in education; and it will amuse and delight the larger class of readers who have more taste for human nature than for abstract discussions. The author is evidently not a mere classical

scholar: still less is he a mere grammarian, although a great deal of his book is occupied with grammatical questions. He heartily enjoys the great writers of antiquity, and looks at them with his own eyes and from his own point of view. But he appears to be as thorough a student of the modern as of the ancient languages and literatures. He is altogether free from the pedantry and prejudices of the ordinary classical student or teacher. His faults are indeed all the other way. He is almost too free from conventional and traditional views of things, and too partial to what many will call his own crotchets. We should think, indeed, that his brethren, in our schools and Universities, would find more in his theories to arouse than to convince them; but whatever else they may think of him, they will never call him dull or commonplace. Freshness of feeling and vigour of mind are the primary conditions of writing a good style, but fine scholarship is a great aid to the acquisition of that accomplishment. Mr. Thompson claims for himself the possession of one qualification for the task of writing a good grammar: "The directness and plainness of speech that characterize my countrymen." We heartily wish that a large proportion of his countrymen could write with the singular force and accuracy which we recognise in this volume, and which appear to be the result as much of a careful linguistic training, as of strong natural endowments. A critic may indeed question the taste as well as the judgment displayed in occasional passages of the book, but he will attribute these defects (if they are so to be regarded) rather to the oddities of a humorist and "sentimentalist" (in the better sense of the word), than to inadequate power or ignorance of the true effect of words. There are other passages in the book of great beauty and pathos, the effect of which is enhanced by the careful but unforced simplicity with which they are expressed. Even the most unfavourable critic of Mr. Thompson's manner and opinions will often envy him the happy force and invariable liveliness of his language.

The title of the book is by no means sufficient to indicate the nature of its contents. It is rather suggestive of that kind of work in which the author relies more on a literary faculty for writing about everything in general and himself in particular, than on the interest and importance of his subject. Such books have no doubt their value; they are said to be the favourite food of a large class of readers, while they are excessively distasteful to an ungenial minority. To glorify one's-self in print is at least a more venial offence than to do so in conversation. In

the former case you cannot bore your neighbour, except with his own consent. It is undeniable, also, that some of the pleasantest works, both of ancient and modern literature, consist, in a great degree, of personal revelations. In no other works are we brought into such immediate contact with real qualities of human nature and real modes of human experience. But even if all such writers were equally sincere, there is a great difference in the original value of the nature and experience which they reveal. Thus the admirers of Horace and Montaigne may be forgiven if they are less partial to the self-communings of those who write about themselves because they have no ideas beyond their own unremarkable pursuits. But whatever may have been suggested to us by the title of the *Day Dreams*, we were happy to find that it was not to be included in this category. Mr. Thompson does indeed found his remarks on his own personal experience; he tells us a great deal of what he has gone through, of what he is doing, and of what he hopes or wishes yet to do. He allows us to see into his own heart and mind; and he secures our personal sympathy, more even than our assent to his opinions. But he does all this without being offensive. And the reason why he succeeds where other clever men fail, is that, notwithstanding the personal form which his book has assumed, he is not primarily interested in himself, or in any ideal of himself, which he wants the public to admire. He does not care to be taken for a man of more learning, or genius, or fashion, or knowledge of the world, than he really is. He writes in the first person because it is through his own experience that his convictions have come to him, and because it is the most direct way of bringing those convictions to bear on others. He has a doctrine to enforce, which has been first enforced upon himself by the labours, the mistakes, the success, the aspirations of his own life. He shows us everywhere that he cares more for his calling than for himself, and that he thinks of himself chiefly as an instrument for furthering and elevating the work to which he has devoted his life.

What, then, is the purpose which gives consistency to this medley of personal memories and experience, of humour and sentiment, of ingenious philological speculation and literary criticism, which comes before us under the title of *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster*? The author hints to us in his happily chosen motto, that his book is meant to be "not a dream, but a blessing." If from nothing else, yet from his fine and touching dedication, we should gather that it was written under the influence of serious feeling,

and with the hope of effecting some worthy object. That object may be briefly described as the elevation of his own profession. We do not mean solely or chiefly its elevation in social estimation; although he has expressed without bitterness, but with proper pride, his sense of the vulgar prejudices which unfortunately have not yet ceased to disgrace the public opinion of Scotland in this matter. In no position of life is it more important to employ a gentleman and a man of superior culture than in that of a teacher of boys who are expected themselves to become gentlemen and men of educated minds; nor is it possible for a community to secure the hearty and willing services of such men so long as their professional position is a drawback, and not, as in all other cases of professional position, an advantage to them. But although he touches this in passing, it is not the burden which Mr. Thompson feels intolerable, and which he wants to get rid of. He seems long to have felt that there is something radically wrong in all our elementary teaching; that it is a dreary and monotonous routine, wearisome and unprofitable alike to teacher and taught. He dwells in a vein of genial discontent on his own experience in both capacities. It is not with the subject but with the method of instruction that he finds fault. He upholds the advantages of linguistic training and of high classical culture in the education of the mind; and he fully realizes the pleasure as well as the profit which attend the more advanced stages of a classical education. But he is oppressed by the sense of the long uninteresting road which leads to these stages; he sees that only a few of those who start upon it proceed to their journey's end, and that they reach it fatigued rather than refreshed, and perhaps weakened rather than invigorated. He fancies that this road can be made shorter, easier, more attractive; and he desires for the sake both of master and pupils that the elementary teaching of the ancient languages may become a refined and intellectual exercise to the former, and their acquisition a natural and delightful process to the latter.

Before expressing our assent to or dissent from these sanguine views, we shall quote a passage in which Mr. Thompson expresses them in his own language:—

“And all the while, we should be endeavouring to deceive our little fellows, by concealing from them the real amount of their increasing stores. So long as we abstained from using a pedantic and dull grammar, we should easily deceive, in this respect, a number of their parents, who would be firmly persuaded that their children were learning nothing. For in the

minds of many people, education is inseparably connected with the idea of difficulty and tediousness. They imagine that a great deal must be accomplishing, when painful efforts are being made. They find a grim satisfaction in the feeling of obstruction. So, when you row a boat against the stream, you hear the water ruckling at the prow, and you feel virtue go out of you at every sweep of the oar; and the boat is almost stationary. But, when you row with the current, you hear no noise of rippling; you scarcely feel your oar; and the boat is gliding like a swan.

“Some such method as that above—and remember a *viva voce* method can, at the best, be drawn in but faintest outline upon paper—would lead boys to catch with rapidity sentences of great length, so long as the construction were not involved. They would almost insensibly be brought to think in Latin; that is to say, it would very soon sound as ridiculous in their ears, to put *ille* after *amo* as to put *he* after *I love*; and this *intuitive perception* of the grammar of a language, as connected with its musical sound, is one of the first requisites for a subsequent thorough knowledge of, and capacity of *easy handling* the same. And the process for acquiring this intuitive perception is not so difficult as it is usually thought to be. It is, in fact, not a very high mental process. It is acquired by postilions abroad and foreign waiters here, without great difficulty or delay. But although it is not a highly intellectual acquisition, it is a wonderfully useful one, to serve as a foundation for a really intellectual structure. And I am convinced that some such process should be employed with a novice in Latin, and in any language he may be approaching; and that it is a positive cruelty to pin him wholly down for a year to monotonous lessons of memory, or to worry him too soon with formal rules for parsing.”

We think the main value of Mr. Thompson's book, apart from its literary interest, is, that he has raised this question. He is contending against a real evil, and his position and experience render him an important witness both as to the evil and its remedy. Some reform is undoubtedly needed, chiefly for this reason, that a large number of boys never acquire the elements of Latin and Greek thoroughly, while they find no time for learning anything else. We wish to see a change in both of these points, and Mr. Thompson's book will be very useful if it direct attention to the subject. Still his evidence and his suggestions must, we think, be received with considerable qualifications. We think that he exaggerates the sense of dreariness which boys experience in grappling with difficulties of Latin and Greek as they are usually taught. No one indeed looks back on the struggle with those difficulties as among the bright memories of his school-days. Yet we doubt if any boy is conscious of that sense of barren and wasted

labour which a man of superior mind must often feel when he is obliged to teach subjects on a level with boyish capacities. The discontent with established methods of teaching arises in part from the disappointment which a man of active mind experiences in not being able to enjoy the exercise of his higher faculties in the ordinary work of his class. He rebels against its routine and drudgery, and transfers something of his own feeling to his pupils, forgetting perhaps that, at their ages, he himself was equally incapable of feeling the tedium of routine work, and of deriving enjoyment from the exercise of thought. We think also that Mr. Thompson entertains far too sanguine views in regard to the intellectual pleasure of which boys are capable. He seems almost to fancy that the acquisition of the ancient languages, which to the mass of boys is chiefly valuable as a rigid discipline, might be made as pleasant as listening to a fairy-tale. We notice particularly that he would make this acquisition as much a receptive process as possible,—that he would be inclined to spare boys even the trouble of turning up dictionaries and vocabularies. We have known instances of boys and girls too who had been taught Latin for a year or two on something like this principle, who were supposed to acquire an easy command of the language almost imperceptibly, and who at the end of that time knew so little, and that little so inaccurately, that it was found necessary to make them begin the study anew on the old conventional method. Perhaps, too, Mr. Thompson's plan of giving more rational explanations of the forms and uses of cases, etc., and his scheme of teaching English, French, German, Latin, and Greek as "dialects of one common language," would puzzle rather than enlighten the young understanding. We fear that it is a part of the constitution of things that boys as well as men must find a good deal of their work disagreeable. They must learn, both mentally and morally, on authority, and cannot be expected to understand the reason of everything. They are, in general, blessed with lively and retentive memories, and it is chiefly through that faculty that the foundations of their future culture must be laid. It is, comparatively speaking, of little moment that a boy should have for the time keen enjoyment in his lessons, provided that he acquires thorough habits of application without being overtasked, and acquires some command over instruments which may by and by afford exercise and enjoyment to the various faculties of his mind, as they begin to unfold themselves. Such instruments the classical languages and literatures are in

their higher stages, and healthy boys have so many other sources and capacities of amusement, that we do not look on their condition as very deplorable, even if they cannot be brought thoroughly to like their Latin grammar.

Still, after saying so much on the other side of the question, we heartily agree with Mr. Thompson in thinking that there are some important and remediable mistakes in our system of classical instruction. Much must always depend on the individual master; and, if we were to judge from the powers of clear statement, and from the vivacity of mind displayed in the book now under review, we could think of no one more likely than its author to beguile the youthful mind into the pleasant paths of learning:—

"Ut puerorum ætas improvida Indificetur
Laborum tenus, interea perpotet amarum
Absinthi laticem, deceptaque non capiatur,
Sed potius tali pacto recreata valescat."

There is no reason why our elementary grammars and school-books should not be simplified, and at the same time (without being burdened with recondite philology) be reformed in accordance with the results of recent grammatical and philological research. Mr. Thompson thinks that "the Syntax," necessary to be learned, may be included in "two pages;" and in another place (at page 119), he says:—

"I assert that a good Latin grammar might be limited to twenty-four pages, and sold, with a large profit, for sixpence; and that this book-ling, with an extra outlay of half-a-crown, might, with a competent master, carry scholars over two years of work."

He would confer a great service on parents, boys, and schoolmasters, if he would only write such a grammar, suited for general use. There are, again, parts of our classical teaching that may be looked upon as non-essentials, and, in the case of the majority of boys, may be dispensed with. This is the case especially with the writing of verses. This task is by no means altogether useless even for the majority of boys. It calls for the exercise of ingenuity, under strict conditions; it is a boy's first trial of anything like art. It is a task in which he has to exert himself, not merely to be a passive recipient. Even to young boys it is often that part of their work in which they are for the first time conscious of pleasure. It is, besides, almost essential for the most finished scholarship, that this accomplishment of verse should have been acquired, not indeed that the full-grown scholar may amuse his leisure by turning nursery rhymes into iambics or elegiacs, but that he may have a finer and subtler

perception of the genius of Greek and Roman poetry. Still, with all these admissions in favour of the time-honoured practice, there remains this drawback, that in the case of nine boys out of ten, it occupies much more time than it is worth. We should therefore limit its practice to the few who learn their ordinary lessons with more ease than their fellows, or who, from natural aptitude, find it an amusement rather than a task. More time would thus be set free for the acquisition of modern languages and "useful knowledge," which should be carried on in company with, but not in antagonism to, those studies, which, though more slowly acquired and of less immediate application, are more truly the necessary training of a highly organized intellect.

But there is a greater evil in our elementary teaching in Scotland than antiquated grammars or verse-making. It is an evil so obvious to common sense, that it has often been pointed out, though we are not aware that any attempt has been made to remedy it. We of course refer to the custom of carrying on all boys, at the same rate of progress, through different stages of their course. Whether this custom is kept up in deference to the vanity of parents or the immediate interests of masters, there is no doubt that it is more fatal to sound elementary education than any other cause. Even the idleness and cricket of English schools, of which we have lately heard so much, are scarcely so mischievous in their results on education. A boy, carried on in his classics or mathematics to a stage beyond what he is fitted for, goes off the road at once, and at every step plunges deeper and deeper into the mire, until he is thankful to give up the journey altogether, and enter on some more familiar way. We do not believe that the masters themselves are in favour of such a system, but they cannot be expected to originate any changes which, according to present arrangements, would injure their interests in proportion to their efficiency. But we think the time has come when, for many reasons, there ought to be an inquiry into the working of our schools as there has been into that of our Universities, which we should hope would result not only in a reform of our school-teaching all over the country, but also in an adequate recognition and remuneration of the services of our schoolmasters.

Mr. Thompson is a radical reformer though not a revolutionist on the subject of our school education. He will carry most of his readers with him, when he points out the defects of our existing system; but we doubt if he will convince other teachers to follow his own method. We doubt altogether the possibility

of teaching the languages of ancient Greece and Rome according to the method by which living modern languages are acquired. The acquisition of an ancient, to a much greater extent than a modern language, involves the gradual habituation to new modes of thought. The minds of the civilized nations of modern Europe are cast in the same mould; they differ from each other in opinions, sentiments, and manners, but not in mental structure. The study of Latin and Greek, in which languages the relations of ideas and objects are expressed in accordance with ancient modes of thought, is thus a much slower and more difficult process than the study of French and German; but at the same time it is much more efficacious in enlarging the mental capacity, and in training the mind to unfamiliar processes of thought. For this reason it has been found, both in England and Germany, to be the most fitting preparation of the faculties for critical and philosophical study. If those languages could be acquired in an easy, conversational way, they would lose their chief value as a mental discipline. We admit the necessity of having better and simpler grammars and text-books. We admit too that such a teacher, as Mr. Thompson appears to be, may illustrate even grammatical lessons so as to make them lively and interesting to his pupils. But still the lowest foundations of scholarship must be laid almost entirely in the memory. The inflexions of Latin and Greek words, the rules of syntax, and above all, the common meanings of a great number of words must be acquired, unreasoningly, in the two or three first years of school attendance. And this is the reason why we cannot agree with some educational reformers, that the commencement of the study of Latin and Greek may be advantageously deferred till the minds of boys are more mature. The memory for words is more retentive and more accurate before the higher faculties are awakened; and tasks which are felt to be a great drudgery after the development of the maturer powers of understanding, produce no such impression at an earlier stage of education. A judicious teacher will not expect too much from boys; he will be satisfied with accuracy in the first place, and will be content to look forward to the time when they will make a more intelligent use of the materials which they accumulate in the earlier years of their classical studies. As a boy advances from the mere task-work of accurately rendering Latin and Greek sentences into English—to the work of interpreting the great classical authors, he will find full scope for the exercise of his judgment and reasoning power, of his taste and imagination, of his power of expression, and

of all his higher intellectual sympathies. But the condition on which these faculties can be adequately exercised on classical studies is, that they should act on the foundation of accurate and tolerably extensive knowledge; and the most essential part of that knowledge is best acquired in the years when the memory is most active, and the reasoning power is not indeed altogether inoperative—because even then it acts as a silent aid to the memory—but is still latent and unconscious.

We fear that to Mr. Thompson, and to other enthusiasts in education, our views will appear to be mere unreasoning conservatism. We cordially sympathize with his aims; and our first impression on reading his clear and lively statement of his method was, that this was at last a hopeful attempt to solve the difficulties connected with the earlier stages of education. The most valid objections against classical education arise out of the difficulties which surround its commencement. It is scarcely necessary to argue that it is a good system for boys who work well at school, and whose position and future destination secure to them the advantages of a long preparation for the business of life. But the great difficulty is to make this study, so far as it goes, a useful training for those who are obliged to cut short their education, and enter on the work of life at an earlier period. And for both classes, there seems to be no doubt that this particular study must more and more admit the claims of rival studies—of modern languages and literature, of history, and of science. The advocates of classical education have to meet the double difficulty—of teaching their classics more thoroughly, and of doing so on a less exclusive system. This is the problem which the Public School Commission proposes to the great schools of England; and if our school teaching in Scotland has been less limited in its scope, we are afraid that it has failed in want of thoroughness even more than that of England. We fear, on the whole, that Mr. Thompson's suggestions are hardly a satisfactory solution to difficulties, which will require the careful consideration of many persons interested and engaged in our school and university education. One strong objection to the adoption of his views is, that they are not capable of general application. Mr. Thompson himself might succeed with his system, while an equally good scholar, but a less fluent and ready linguist, would find the conversational method break down entirely in his hands. It is desirable that, within certain limits, every teacher should have a good deal of latitude in his method of teaching. It is only by the success of new experiments that much advance can be made in what is, after all, a

purely experimental process. For any real improvement we must rely chiefly on the ability and enthusiasm of individual teachers, and on the common sense of the general body. Mr. Thompson has abundance both of ability and enthusiasm, and even if he fail to establish his main points, he has done no ordinary service to our schools and schoolmasters, by raising the question which he discusses in so interesting and attractive a style.

There is, however, a great deal more in Mr. Thompson's books than mere suggestions for educational improvement. There are several chapters, such as those with the quaint titles, "*Back to Babel*," "*Dissolving Views*," "*The King of the Alphabet*," etc. devoted to philological speculation, which are very ingenious writing and very interesting reading on a dry and difficult topic. We don't, however, profess our competency to answer the author's question as to the value of his views, which he puts at page 183:—

"Am I in earnest, Reader, or simply hawing? Have I made some curious discoveries? or, what is more probable, some curious blunders? Have I sprung a mine of philology, or sprung a leak? The issue either way will serve to point a moral: will encourage or deter, by demonstrating the advantage, or the danger, of trusting to mother-wit."

There is perhaps no branch of knowledge in which a man is more tempted to rely on his mother-wit, and in which discovery seems to be more accessible to happy guessing than philology. But there is no study which demands more caution and more special learning. It is easy enough for an ingenious mind to make guesses, and, in doing so, to light occasionally on discoveries; but the great difficulty is to find a true criterion by which to distinguish guessing from certainty. We must leave Mr. Thompson's "mine of philology" for the inspection of the two or three competent critics, who have devoted their lives to similar inquiries. But whatever may be the value of his own novelties, there is no doubt that he states in a very clear and lively manner some points, on which we fancy there is now a general agreement among scholars.

There is also some very original and genuine criticism on the style of the ancient authors, and, especially, of the Greek and Latin poets, scattered through these pages. One of the best chapters in the book is that which the author has chosen, for some unexplained reason, to call "*Solar Specks*." He there gives us the results, in the way of criticism, of his own reading of Homer and of the Augustan poets. The value of his criticism consists in its entire independence. Mr. Thompson reads his classical authors in the way in which a cultivated scholar will always read

them for his enjoyment. The true way to enjoy and appreciate Homer and Thucydides, Lucretius and Tacitus, is to take the best text of these books (in the clearest type and most convenient forms), and read them through without looking at a note, and with as little reference to a dictionary as possible. This is the plan which Mr. Thompson's imaginary Principal of his "Schola in Nubibus" recommends to his shadowy pupils, when they enter the University. We fear it will only be "in nubibus" that young lads, on entering the University, will be able to dispense with commentaries and lexicons, but we hope that for the sake of those not "in nubibus," future commentators will try to interpret their authors in as simple a style, and within as limited a compass as possible, and will not go on raking up all the chaff of their predecessors merely to show that it is chaff. The ultimate stage at which we arrive in the interpretation of a classical author is when we get him "to explain himself by himself." But before we can accomplish this return to nature, a great deal of artificial toil must be undergone. The power of entering immediately into the spirit of a great representative author and of his epoch, is the last result and highest reward of scholarship. But in acquiring this power we must lean much on the help of others. Even when we think we can see for ourselves, we are none the worse of comparing and correcting our point of view by that of other inquirers. Mr. Thompson would have perhaps been a safer and more useful critic if he had had a less absolute reliance on his own sight; but then he might not have been so suggestive and entertaining a writer. Thus, we think the opinion he has formed of the main subject of the *Iliad* (p. 130), "that it was the glory of Troy, and that Hector was the real hero of an Ionian poet's fancy," slight and unsubstantial. His criticism on the action of the poem does not seem to us to "hold water;" but even if it were sound so far as it went, it would not help the reader in the way in which a few penetrating sentences of Mr. Arnold help him,* to read that poem with a deeper and clearer appreciation. But, on the other hand, Mr. Thompson, reading from his own point of view, and in search of his own special objects of interest, opens up, as it were, a new vein in the criticism of ancient poetry. The original force of his mind, acting through his special faculty for scholarship, leads him to explore the mental conditions under which the great poems of antiquity were composed; by a minute examination of metrical and syntactical effects. The following remark, for in-

stance, about the Homeric poems, is a specimen of what we consider a novel and valuable line of investigation:—"From the extreme perfection of the metre in the two poems, and the *extreme inaccuracy in the use of conditional and dubitative moods*, it is obvious that the poems were brought to a completion in an age of high civilisation."

His criticisms on Latin poetry appear to us on the whole sounder than his observations on Homer, and they are especially valuable and original, by drawing attention to the more artificial style of the great Latin, and especially of the Augustan poets, as exemplified in their departure from the natural position of words. The difficulty which a modern reader finds in satisfying himself that he understands the effect of ancient as thoroughly as of modern poetry, does not arise from the dissimilarity between ancient and modern sentiment and ideas, but from the widely different practice of ancient and modern writers in regard to the collocation of words. This is really one of the greatest, if not the very greatest chasm between the modern and the ancient mind. We cannot suppose that what appears to us arbitrary and unnatural, appeared arbitrary and unnatural to a Greek and Roman. We cannot doubt that certain powerful effects were produced on the minds of ancient readers or hearers by what Mr. Thompson calls 'the daring disregard of simplicity' in such writers as Virgil and Horace. But we cannot realize to ourselves what those effects were. To an educated Roman the style of Virgil and Horace may have appeared as natural—if not as simple—as the style of Plautus or Catullus; but to our modern mental structure the one appears strange and involved, the other plain and direct. From the fact that the educated Romans themselves gave an undoubted preference to those of their writers whose style appears to us most conventional and artificial, we are led to the inference that that style was the result of high art rather than of artificiality, and produced a deeper and more lasting, if a less immediate, impression on the mind, than the language of less thoughtful and elaborate artists.

We have dwelt, perhaps, long enough on those parts of Mr. Thompson's book, which provoke controversy or suggest inquiry. But we said in the beginning of this article, that if the chief value of the book consisted in its educational suggestions, it contained also abundant attractions for the general reader. We shall subjoin a few specimens of the pleasant, half-humorous, half-serious strain in which the whole volume is written. Take, for instance, the following graphic description of one of the Ushers of St. Edward's:—

* *Lectures on translating Homer.*

"But before quitting for ever the old Under Form, let me say that my quarrel has been with a system and not with persons. The only unfeeling man, under whom I had been placed, was the genteel clergyman of the riding-whip. My other Masters were good and kindly men, who went according to order through a dull routine, believing in it most probably, and quite powerless from their position, if not also from their abilities, to modify it to any material extent. One of them, before passing further, I must specially recall. He was the only classical Usher; the only classical authority not in orders; a tall, gigantically tall and muscular Scotchman, of the name of Ramsay. *He was, also, the only classical teacher without a cane.* He used a strap; *Scoticè*, the tawse. Was it because he was only an usher and a layman? or was it a kindly record of his own more merciful training in his dear native land? Good soul: even in the using of this innocuous instrument, he kept his elbow on the desk, to spare us the full sweep of his tremendous arm. There was a silly legend current among us, founded only on his physical strength, that the cane had been denied him, after his having once cut unintentionally through a boy's hand,—an idle myth, that wrapped a possibility in specious falsehood. To see the huge *torso* towering above the comparatively puny desk, it was like the figure-head of a man-of-war. Why, with a cane the man could have hewn a beadle to the chine, and with a birch have minced us mannikins to collops. I wonder if he had an ancestor at Bannockburn: such an one, I could imagine, with a great two-handed sword, would have chopped off English heads like turnips. I have an indistinct idea of there having been something very soft and tender in the domestic relations of that biggest and best of ushers.

"But, farewell! good, kindly Usher! and farewell! good gentlemen of the Under Form!—ye deserved a better fate than the fate of Sisyphus *Æolides*."

Or take, again, the following not unkindly and not unreasonable complaint:—

"And now, Reader, I would willingly draw you on with me through an initiatory course of Greek; and show you how interesting and amusing may be made the study of its regular declensions and conjugations; how the bare branches of its rudiments may be clothed with green leaves; how with the besom of common sense we should sweep aorists and polysyllables underneath the schoolroom grate. Or, leaving grammar on the ground-floor, I would fain carry you along with me up our Greek staircase to Plato and *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes* in the drawing-room, or to exercises in prose and iambs in the garret. But, Reader, how can I hope to retain you so long, when I fail to retain my own pupils? If I begin my march at *Penna* with half a hundred little privates, before the march is ended my company has been eight times decimated, and a sorry decade is left for the closing of the campaign. Some have fallen by the way, and been buried in lawyers' offices, or counting-houses, or beneath bank-counter. Some have deserted, and gone to serve com-

manders, who gave them a finer uniform and less toilsome work.

"I met the other day a former pupil, whose school-fellows are still under me: he stopped to shake me by the hand, and I was delighted to see him, for, though his talents were below mediocrity, he was a well-conditioned, manly little fellow. If he were still in his old school-class, he would probably be a successful candidate for the last place but one. I asked him what he was now engaged in, and he told me, somewhat nervously, that he was attending the class of Logic and Metaphysics. And this reply of his set me thinking, Reader, of that wondrous chain of gold that binds to one another all things in nature, animate and inanimate; how the green grass grows upon the idle hills to feed the silly sheep; how the silly sheep browse thereupon to fatten you and me; and how the great round world, with its green hills, and its silly sheep, and all its boys and schoolmasters, is bound by the chain of gold fast to the throne of Zeus. So, looking into that frank and pleasant face, I thought: 'Well, my boy, thou art not living altogether in vain. When thou quittest this thy bleating-ground, thou wilt leave some tags of wool behind thee. And the fleece of thy modest fees will cover with an over-coat the learned form of a most excellent professor.'"

We must quote one passage of a "higher mood," to show that our author is a master of pathos as well as of humour, and that "the schoolmaster" has a warm human heart as well as a fervid enthusiasm:—

"Meanwhile, at the end of the last bench upon my class sat a boy who was very backward in his learning. He was continually absent upon what seemed to be frivolous pretences. These absences entailed upon me much additional trouble. I had occasionally to keep him and a little remnant in the room when the others had gone out to play; to make up to him and them for lost time. And on one occasion my look was very cross, and my speech very short; for it seemed to me provoking that children should be so backward in their Latin. And when the work was over, and we two were left alone, he followed me to my desk; and said: 'You have no idea, sir, how weak I am.' And I said: 'Why, my boy, you look stout enough.' But he answered: 'I am really very weak, sir; far weaker than I look!' and there was a pleading earnestness in his words that touched me to the heart; and, afterwards, there was an unseen chord of sympathy that bound the master to the pupil, who was still very dull at Latin.

"And still he would be absent; at times, for a day or two together. But it excited no surprise. For the boy seemed to sit almost a stranger among his fellows; and in play-hours seemed to take no interest in boyish games. And by and by he had been absent for some weeks together. But I was afraid to ask concerning him; thinking he might have been removed, as many boys have been, without a letter of explanation, or his shaking me by the hand. And one morning I received a letter with a broad black edge, telling me that he had died

the day previously of a virulent, contagious fever.

"So when school was over, I made my way to his whilome lodging; and stood at the door, pondering. For the fever, of which the child had died, had been to me a Death-in-life, and had passed like the Angel of old over my dwelling, but, unlike that Angel, had spared my first-born and only-born. And because the latter sat each evening on my knee, I was afraid of the fever, and intended only to leave my card, as a mark of respectful sympathy. But the good woman of the house said: 'Nay, nay, sir, but ye'll see the Laddie;' and I felt drawn by an influence of fatherhood more constraining than a father's fears, and followed the good woman into the small and dim chamber where my pupil was lying. And, as I passed the threshold, my masterhood slipt off me like a loose robe; and I stood, very humble and pupil-like, in that awful Presence, that teacheth a wisdom to babes and sucklings, to which our treasured lore is but a jangling of vain words. And, when left alone, I drew near the cheerless and dismantled bed, on which my pupil lay asleep in his early coffin. And he looked very calm and happy, as though there had been to him no pain in passing from a world where he had had few companions and very little pleasure. And I knew that his boyhood had been as dreary as it had been short; and I thought that the good woman of his lodging had perhaps been his only sympathizing friend at hand. And I communed with myself whether aught I had done could have made his dulness more dull. And I felt thankful for the chord of sympathy that had united us, unseen, for a little while. But, in a strange and painful way, I stood rebuked before the calm and solemn and unrebuking face of the child on whom I had frowned for his being backward in his Latin."

These specimens will justify the admiration we have expressed for the style and spirit in which this book is written. We differ considerably from many of Mr. Thompson's views and theories; but we hope we have not failed in appreciating the enthusiasm and love which he shows for everything connected with his calling, and the fine kindly temper in which he urges his case. We are satisfied that the book will do good, as well as afford very pleasant reading. It will co-operate with other influences to call attention to the teaching and endowments of our schools in Scotland. And this is the point on which all persons who are interested in what is called "the higher teaching" should, for some time, concentrate their efforts, if they want to carry out successfully the University reforms which have lately been inaugurated. It will also give a stimulus to improvement in classical instruction. The old complaints against the study of "the dead languages" are now no longer heard. But they have done good in modifying the spirit in which classical education, in its higher branches, is carried on. If, for instance, any one will

look at the Oxford Examination Papers for the last ten years or so, he will see that they are intended to test the thought and general culture called out by the study of the classics,—which thought and culture may be made equally available in dealing with the philosophical, religious, political, and literary questions and interests of the day,—rather than to encourage a special aptitude for mere linguistic attainments. The appreciation of the value of classical study is as high as it ever was, and it is, at the same time, more general and more intelligent, than it used to be. But schools and universities are now beginning to see, what educated men of the world have long seen, that (to use Mr. Thompson's words) Latin and Greek must "take their part with other studies in rendering" a student "an accomplished man," instead of being "used in excess for the purpose of stuffing him into a useless University Prize Pig." In accordance with this conviction, a change is coming over our methods of teaching both at school and college; and though we do not expect or desire to see so radical and perhaps visionary a reform as that advocated in these pages carried out in our higher schools, yet we should have no fear of the future education of our country, if there were many men taking part in it who had the same love for their work and the same liberal turn of mind which we recognise in the author of this volume.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Christian Missions, their Agents, and their Results.* By T. W. M. MARSHALL. Second Edition, 2 vols. London, 1863.
2. *A Brief Review of Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India.* By JOS. MULLENS, D.D. London, 1864.
3. *The Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier, taken from his own Correspondence, etc.* By the Rev. HENRY VENN, B.D., Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. London, 1862.
4. *History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathen since the Reformation.* By the Rev. WM. BROWN, M.D. Third Edition, 4 vols. Edinburgh, 1854.
5. *Lectures on the Tinnevelly Missions, etc.* By the Rev. R. CALDWELL, LL.D. London, 1857.
6. *History of the London Missionary Society.* By WM. ELLIS. Vol. i. London, 1844.
7. *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.* Vol. xxii. London.
8. *A History of Christian Missions during*

the Middle Ages. By GEORGE FREDERICK MACLEAR, M.A. Cambridge and London, 1863.

9. *Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie.* By HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., Dean of Ely. Cambridge, 1864.

WERE the literature of missions as noble as the theme, it would be a pleasing task to extend farther the list of books at the head of this article. We have given only a selection of those we have been compelled to read; but even these, we fear, will prove too many. For this kind of literature is not generally "easy reading," and it is still more difficult to digest. When Xavier wrote home to the Society in Europe, his official letters were not a little different from his private correspondence. They were not so much meant to tell the exact truth, as to "edify believers." The great Jesuit could, when he chose, both see clearly, and tell plainly what he saw; but he could also pen epistles that gave as little real insight as some of Cromwell's speeches. Nor has Xavier been the only offender in this way. How many letters are to be found, in the missionary records of all the churches, of this highly edifying kind, prepared for that purpose by the writers, and still further cooked perhaps by secretaries and committees at home; and when the reader has carefully, even painfully, got to the end of them, and asks what is the sum of the whole matter? has he not often felt that there was no fruit of all his labour, except that a kind of vague and generally edifying mist somehow dimmed his vision? One wants to see what is actually doing; but that is scarcely the object of missionary reports—or if it be, the good men manage somehow to "darken counsel" by the multitude of good words. Let any reader take up the mission record of any church, and when he has gone through it, let him tabulate the result, and estimate the precise amount of light he has thus acquired. If his photometer does not register zero, he may count himself fortunate in his magazine. Yet we do not blame the missionaries, nor even the home committees, secretaries, and editors altogether. The root of the evil lies in the traditionary idea that edification, rather than information, should be the aim of these reports.

Nor will the inquirer find his path much clearer, when he turns to the more formal histories of missions. Perhaps no books bearing the name of history require more careful sifting to get at the simple truth, hid under euphemisms, under sectarianisms, under particular theories, and under the special interests of "the Church," the "Connexion," or the "Society." Take the large book of

Father Marshall, which he evidently reckons to be also a great book, comparable to *Bosquet's Variations*, though his modesty but suggests the comparison in order to decline it—only nobody else would ever have thought of it at all. This Jesuit Father has laboured, with paste and scissors chiefly, but also not without a certain faculty of plausibility, to produce what, he hopes, will be accepted universally by his own church, and also by ill-informed persons out of it, as the veritable story of Christian missions among all nations of the earth. For this end, with a profuse and superlative candour, he summons Protestant witnesses only whenever it is at all possible to get them. Out of their own mouth they shall be judged; and even by their verdict shall the Romish Church be vindicated. But the observant reader will no doubt be a little startled to find Miss Harriet Martineau quoted as a Protestant witness, and the *New York Herald* as "an influential organ of Protestantism" in America. In fact everybody is a Protestant who does not happen to be a Roman Catholic, or a Hindoo, or a Mohammedan; which is a convenient classification. Then too, if a bilious missionary happens to write a dyspeptic sentence of despondency, as missionaries will do now and then, it is carefully quoted as the final issue of all his labours and prayers. If a bit of discreditable gossip exists in mission literature, Father Marshall scents out the carrion, and serves it up as the natural result of Protestantism, not without effort to make it as offensive as possible, smiling, of course, with sublime candour all the time. Moreover, the art is sadly overdone in this controversial history. All missionaries of the Church of Rome are saints, martyrs, heroes; whatever they do is right, wise, and holy; but all Protestant missionaries are poor married creatures, caring for their comforts chiefly, incapable of sacrifice, doing therefore no manner of good. It is bad also in an illiterate Wesleyan to destroy the hymns of the Feejees; but quite right in Xumarraga to burn the picture-writings of the Mexicans. It is wicked in the Protestant missionaries to keep the Jesuits out of Tahiti; but very proper in Richelieu to "prohibit the admission of Protestant colonists into Canada." Finally, Father Marshall appears to have a cordial hatred of the country that gave him birth, and to cherish a hope that it may be humbled before long, and firmly to believe that the amiable Mexican and Brazilian nations are full of pious Christians, while the people of England are something worse than heathens; all which, it is to be supposed, will commend itself to the dutiful and loyal Irishry, who form his congregation, more than

even the most extensively "liberal" of our Protestant population. Not that this history is altogether worthless. With much careful sifting, one may get an idea or two out of it, worth dwelling upon, and even some facts not readily found elsewhere, which may be partially relied upon. But without charging the respectable Father with dishonesty, we must conclude this book, after careful examination, to be a work of incredible candour, which very simple readers may perhaps believe.

Yet when we turn to Protestant authorities, hoping to find matters better ordered among them, the result is nowise satisfactory. They do not, indeed, paint their own proceedings in quite such roseate hues as the Jesuit used for his Society. They do make some allowance for occasional mistakes and shortcomings, in more or less euphemistic phraseology. Neither do they weave so elaborate a web of damaging testimony against their opponents, as has been skilfully meshed by Father Marshall; which is so far creditable. But they nearly all assume that Christian missions to the heathen began little more than half a century ago. They do not reckon Roman Catholic missionaries among the teachers of Christ, nor their converts among the Christian populations. Thus Dr. Brown, who is, on the whole, a fair and truthful historian, declines to notice the Romish missions, on the plea "that there would often be no possibility of distinguishing between truth and falsehood in the narrations of the missionaries," and quotes M. Cerri, secretary to the Congregation *de Propaganda Fide* in the latter part of the seventeenth century, as his authority for this conclusion. On the credit, then, of this report, the world-wide activity of Romish missions, which, after making all allowance for exaggeration, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in human history, is passed by as an empty glittering bubble, floating about here and there and everywhere, but of no consequence, earthly or otherwise. Nor does Dr. Mullens, in his excellent statistics, take any account of the old missions in Madura or Ceylon, though his object is to show the present condition of Christianity in India. Nay, so far do some of them carry this spirit, that Mr. Venn speaks of the Nestorians in Goa, though rotten to the core, as a Christian Church, but will by no means allow the same title to the Franciscans and Jesuits. Mr. Venn bears an honoured name, but his life of Xavier will scarcely add to the estimation in which it has long been held; for the book is narrow and carping to a degree; in praise the most grudging, in blame the most ready and punctual, that we have come across, for

some time, at least, in the ranks of respectable literature. For a large view, then, of general missionary enterprise, we shall get small help from Protestant writers on the subject. Substantially, they treat the Romish priest as no better than a Brahmin or a Bonze. The gospel is brought for the first time to India by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and to China by Dr. Morrison, though Xavier and Ricci had been there, not without wonderful results, three hundred years before. We confess ourselves, with all our Protestantism, unable to sympathize with this spirit. We think Christian history should not be written after the manner of *The Bulwark*, nor yet after the model of Father Marshall. We do not profess extreme "liberality," but would fain be reasonably honest. If a Father De Nobili puts the Virgin Mary into an idol car, and drives her by torch-light through a crowd of worshippers, with Nautch girls obscenely dancing, and tomtoms beating, and fire-works flaming in the air, we cannot see much difference between such a "Christian" procession and that in which the car was filled by Juggernaut, and all other accompaniments were the same. But if Hindoos and Buddhists are brought to Christ so far that their morals are tolerably Christian, and their habits of worship Christian after a sort, and so dear to them that they will abide long years of persecution and worse neglect, we confess ourselves charitable enough to think there must be some reality in a faith which submits to prison and torture and death rather than go back to Paganism. And believing that a brief survey of the whole course of Christian Missions may help us to a larger and truer appreciation of the nature of this work, and perhaps also shed a little light on various problems springing out of its present state, we think it may be worth while to glance over the whole field, both past and present, and ascertain, if possible, what has been done, and how it has been done, and what practical light it gives for the guidance of future operations.

We cannot fix with any accuracy the precise field of missions occupied by the apostles and their immediate successors. The traditions of St. James's visit to Spain, St. Paul's to Britain, St. Thomas going to India, and others beyond the wall of China, are of course among the many lively flights of patristic imagination. It is certain that at a very early period Christianity had been preached over a wide area of the then known world; but beyond that, let no man ask a question with any hope of a credible reply. Authentic history stops with the Acts of the Apostles. The men who followed did their work, but did not record it; and before a re-

corder came, a great mist swept over Christendom, and only the dimmest vision of that work can now be gained. But we may gather from St. Luke's narrative some hints as to the way in which mission work was done by St. Paul. Perhaps indeed his process was affected, more or less, by the kind of people among whom he laboured. No doubt it was; for St. Paul, unlike most Jews, had a very pliant kind of mind that shaped itself wonderfully to its circumstances, and became "all things to all men," consistently with its staple belief. Now, as the gospel originated with a people less civilized than those of Greece or Rome, its primary mission work differed, so far, from that of all later ages, and is not necessarily a rule to other times. Christianity, since then, has always been identified with the higher civilisation, and its conflicts with Gentilism have therefore been the struggles of intellectual and material progress with Pagan corruption and decay. But it was not so at the beginning. The first mission work of the Church was carried on under peculiar conditions, never precisely repeated at any later period; a people in some respects less civilized having to do their work of moral regeneration among men proud of their splendid trophies in letters and science and government.

Yet it may be worth while to note how St. Paul went about his work in Antioch, or Ephesus, or Corinth, or imperial Rome. Not that this fixes the law of missionary operations in other times and under other conditions; but that it shows how a man of rare wisdom adapted himself to the world in which he found himself placed. Of course, the "weapons of his warfare were not carnal but spiritual." Of course, it was the power of the truth, and "demonstration of the Holy Ghost," that really vanquished the heathen. Of course, too, it was the loving self-sacrifice of the apostle that "commended the truth to men's consciences in the sight of God." This last, among human means, we shall always find to be the great power of conversion; not logic, not "evidences of Christianity;" but always the faith and love and sacrifice of the Christian. If, however, there is anything which, more than another, distinguishes the apostolic missions, it is the new social life which was then established. St. Paul was not a mere teacher of a religious system. He did not settle down to spend a lifetime in the vain attempt to train a small band of converts up to the level of his own spiritual consciousness. His gospel was very brief; not therefore superficial, but necessarily rudimentary, and pregnant with a wisdom which time would ripen and reveal. It was a true "preaching" or herald's proclamation

of the kingdom of God; and, at least in the first instance, it was chiefly addressed to the poor—the slaves and the craftsmen, the weary and heavy-laden. These, on their profession of a very simple creed, were at once baptized, and afterwards brought under more careful instruction,—a process which was by and by reversed, when men came to have "more understanding than all their teachers." Thus the Church was organized, and left very much to edify and increase itself, getting only occasional visits and letters from the apostles, according as circumstances required. We apprehend therefore, that, in order to understand the rapid growth of Christianity, special attention should be given to the nature of the church—the new social organization which the gospel had created.

In many respects, the primitive Christian was nowise distinguishable from any other citizen. He traded in the market, and paid his taxes, and visited his neighbours, like other people. There was no parallelogram, or *phalanstère*, where a theorizing communism experimented on its votaries. At Jerusalem, for a while, "they had all things in common;" but it was not an enforced rule, nor does St. Paul seem ever to have followed their example. The Christian converts, then, formed a new social organization, but it was one of a very spontaneous kind, quite unlike some others which we shall come across in later times. In point of fact, the Church, instead of having any communistic tendencies, was rather a protest against them. Christianity specially respected the rights of the individual and the institution of home. Then, too, Christians did not go to law, but decided all disputes among themselves. They had officials appointed to care for the widows and orphans. Without attempting the formal abolition of slavery, the Helot, in virtue of his brotherhood with Jesus, was raised to a moral level with his Christian master. And at least once a week, high and low, rich and poor, met on a footing of equality, and realized it in "the fellowship of breaking of bread and of prayer." We have comparatively few special ordinances or regulations on this subject; but any one, even slightly acquainted with the social life of Greece or Rome, may easily imagine how the moral principles of the gospel would inevitably embody themselves in "a kingdom"—a social system radically and intensely different from all its surroundings. Slaves and men of the lowest caste became beautiful in their lives, and grand in their death. What was almost as strange, the few "wise and prudent" among them were no longer contemptuous of those beneath, for they had learnt that "he that would be lord in the

church must become a servant." Thus the Pariah rose, for moral worth, to a level with the Brahmin, and the Brahmin, in virtue of his Christian ministry, became truly a son of God; and the gospel triumphed, not simply as an idea by mere force of logic, but rather as a fact, whose evidence was its own faith, hope, and charity. Such, to our minds, was the primary mission-action of the Church. First, the loving self-sacrifice of the apostles caused "God to be admired in his saints," and kindled a fine enthusiasm which was, in due time, to burn up the selfishness of heathenism. This power, acting mainly from beneath upward—beginning, *i.e.*, at the basement storey of the social edifice—gradually elevated the poorest to a moral level above the wise and great. Organized now into a social institution, the influence of Christianity became, not merely the power of a new doctrine, but the power of a new life. The social organization was simple, natural, and spontaneous, but on that very account, markedly different from the elaborate state and caste institutions of the Gentiles. Gradually, therefore, the apostles and their miraculous powers faded away, and the apostolic communities alone remained, like the central nucleus in the fire-mist, gathering together, by moral attraction, the loose elements of spiritual yearning and unrest among the heathen, and making them "to shine as the stars for ever and ever." In this way, Christian missions would seem at first to have made progress—by means of truth embodied in a free, spontaneous community of love and good works. All could see it. All were bettered by it. All might enter it. And so, ere the last of the twelve was in his grave, the little "seed" was already a great tree, and the birds of the air were nestling in its branches.

The age of the apostles, then, was intensely missionary; but that which succeeded was rather theological. Readers of Church history will find this succession frequently repeated in after years; an era of progress followed by an apparent arrest, during which religious thought is deepening and consolidating. So in the growth of a plant the vital force is first expended in simply enlarging its dimensions, with texture feeble and pulpy; but by and by, the same power, neglecting mere size, achieves firmness and consistency. It was impossible, then, that the primitive creed could remain in its original simplicity. A religion, sooner or later, demands a theology. The Christian intellect must adjust itself to the Christian consciousness. This had been partly done by the apostolic epistles; but as various errors arose in those years,—Arian, Sabellian, and others,

chiefly ontological,—the Church, perhaps inevitably, became more anxious to save the truth than to save souls. Moving also for a while only among the lower classes, it had ignored the higher thought of the age, and was, in its turn, contemptuously ignored. But now its relations with philosophy had to be adjusted; and the force which had ere-while increased its dimensions, was expended in giving fulness and clearness to its creed. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, however, the old mission spirit of the Church revived, at least in the West. With the Greek Churches it was different. What with hair-splitting theology, and artificial rhetoric, and frantic ascetism, their heart and strength had been destroyed. There was no missionary spirit in Ephesus and Antioch and Alexandria when the Crescent hurled its hordes upon them. The salt had lost its savour, and was henceforth good for nothing but to be trodden under foot of men. A very different spectacle, however, was presented about the same time in Western Europe, as one may see even in the general Church histories, but with more detail in such books as that of Dr. Maclear, or in Professor Ebrard's papers on "The Church of the Culdees," in the *German Journal of Historical Theology* (1863). Those times have been called "dark ages" by one class of writers; and "ages of faith" by another; each having seized only on one aspect of them, and each having a certain basis of truth in their idea. For they were dark ages in so far as their notion of Christian truth was clouded by heavy masses of superstition and confused ignorance. But they were also "ages of faith" in respect of their genuine, earnest, and vigorous belief. The critical intellect may despise their opinions; but the Christian must needs honour their work. For when that mysterious impulse seized on the Teutonic nations to leave the steppes of the Don and the forests of the Danube, and to hurl themselves, by tribes and nations, on the crumbling Roman Empire, holy men came forth to meet them from Irish cells and cloistered monasteries and lonely island chapels among the sea-girt Hebrides, and with uplifted cross and heroic self-devotion, did battle with Thor and Odin, and the long-haired Druid, and their rites of blood and gloom. This grand mission enterprise was almost as strange as the migration of barbarism which it overcame. There were no societies, or committees, or subscriptions, or bazaars, or other financial arrangements; but there lacked not men, with apostolic heart, careless of purse and scrip.

An immense amount of missionary zeal arose in those times. Probably the mission-

aries numbered ten to one to our present staff—many of them also men of the very highest heroic type. But their way of going to work differed considerably from that of the apostles. Already the monastic idea of protected and regulated societies, afterwards elaborated in South America, had established itself, especially among the Culdees. When we read of the 4000 monks at the one abbey of Fulda, we must understand that this was more properly an establishment, in connexion with the monastery, for drilling Christian converts after their pattern. The Romish missions were under a bishop, and their social life therefore was of a more spontaneous kind. But the Culdees were essentially monastic, and the taint of an artificial socialism pervaded all their labours. In general also the order of procedure seems to have been reversed, since the apostolic age. Instead of acting from beneath upwards, Christianity now rather affected the high places, beginning with the prince and not the peasant, and disseminating itself rather by authority of the chief, than by persuasion of the truth. No doubt Augustine and Boniface and Alcuin repudiated forced conversions, and wrote words of good counsel on the subject to German Dietrichs and Saxon Ethelberts and Mayors of the Frankish palace. Yet it is certain the work went on nevertheless mainly in the way we have said. Kings were converted by means of supposed or pretended miracles. Or they were married to Christian maidens, pious and beautiful, who by and by brought them over to the faith. Thereupon, the clan or nation was baptized by strict order: and all peoples conquered by the sword of the convert, must choose between the gospel or death. So the fierce Frisian got his baptism from the fiery Frank. So the Norwegian Olaf sailed up his beautiful fiords with a great cross at the prow of his war-galley, and forced his lenders, men, and bondsmen, under fierce penalties, to overthrow the temples, and build the white kirk among the pine-covered hills. Such was the rough and round conversion of Northern Europe; yet under it Thor and Odin and Valhalla and Ygdrasil and the mead-feasts of the heroes disappeared before the Cross, leaving scarce a trace of their existence, save in the names of our week-days, in the Yule log, in the sacred mistletoe, and the lonely “standing-stones” upon the desolate heath. Fuller tells us that the early wild Irish let all their bodies be baptized except their right arm, which they kept unsained for dealing a good devil’s blow; and it must be confessed those middle ages did reserve a wild, unconsecrated hand for some wild, unholy deeds; though they also yielded

many “peaceable fruits of righteousness,” chivalrous nobleness, ample charities, pious enthusiasms, and wise institutions, the benefit of which we are reaping even at this day.

We have ventured to glance at these early ages, partly to remind readers that missions are not a late invention of our own, and partly also to indicate the growth of certain ideas in the Church, differing materially from those of the apostles. We have now reached a period requiring somewhat more detail; teaching the same lessons, but in more definite form, and therefore demanding special examination. The literature on the subject is more ample than it is reliable, but we shall give the results, so far as they are clear to us, after some painstaking.

At the Reformation, the Luthers and Calvins and Farel would, we suppose, have very gladly sent forth missions to the heathen, if it had been possible. The spirit was in them, but they had it laid on them to sweep the gathered dust from the Temple at home; and beyond that, they were not privileged to labour. Admiral Coligny, indeed, tried to establish a kind of mission colony in Brazil, but it was rather to be a refuge for Huguenots than a church for the heathen, and at any rate it utterly failed. The English Puritans also went to New England expressly to bring about “the fulness of the Gentiles,” but before long they thought rather of “slaying the Canaanite” than converting the Red Man. Meanwhile, in Europe, Socinianism, Arminianism, and Deism, occupied the busy theologians, and wars and troubles distracted the people, so that for many long years no missions were possible. Protestantism had to consolidate its theology, and maintain a life-and-death struggle for existence, ere it could think of those without; and when the time of freedom came, its own heart, alas! was not what it had been. Rome, however, having lost so much territory in Europe, sought to recompense herself by the conquest of a new world. In nearly all the expeditions of the adventurous sixteenth century, the advance of Christianity was one chief avowed object. Cortes, Pizarro, Vasco de Gama, Albuquerque, and many meaner voyagers all placed this in the forefront of their schemes, no doubt in a sense quite sincerely. These were rough soldiers, greedy adventurers, missionaries perhaps of the very worst type; yet it is certain they had nearly as much pleasure in charging full tilt at a Mexican god as they had in gathering up his jewels and gold, and were as piously anxious to baptize the heathen as they were to seize on their lands and persons. Such soldier-

priests, however, would have done little real service in those years, had not God raised up men of another type, as brave and less selfish, as zealous and far purer. Protestants have found it difficult to understand men like Loyola and Xavier, Ricci in China, and Nobrega in Brazil. They are apt to judge the individuals by the evil reputation of the "Society of Jesuits" as a whole. But we ought to distinguish between the Jesuit in Europe, and the Jesuit in India or America. On the banks of the Seine or the Thames, he was too often a crafty and unscrupulous intriguer; on the Ganges or the Uruguay, he was, at least in those years, an ardent missionary of the Cross. The mass-priest and seminarist of England was a very different man from the Rector of the Reduction, or the missionary in Japan. And it is forbidden us by the facts and documents of history, to merge these last in the grand condemnation which fell at last on the community as a whole. Of course, we know that the Jesuits were not the only missionaries of the sixteenth century. Franciscans and Dominicans shared with them in the glory of this service. But the special honour does belong to the followers of Loyola, and among these the foremost rank must be awarded to Francis Xavier.

It is exceedingly difficult to give British readers a clear and fair idea of this man's life, even now after Sir James Stephen has tried to portray it. Of a noble Spanish family, and reared in all its delights and delicacies, in 1541, with solemn consecration of himself to suffering and ignominy, he sailed for Goa in a ship that carried the Governor, and in which a cabin was, by royal order, appropriated to the missionary, though he slept with his head on a coil of ropes upon the deck, and lived chiefly on the mess of the common sailors, so winning from the rude mariners almost idolatrous veneration. Arrived at Goa, he strove to revive the old Nestorian communities, that still lingered with a kind of blighted, withered, sea-shore life on the Malabar coast, badly used by the heathen, and still worse by buccaneering Europeans; nor can we greatly blame him, if he sought to unite them to Rome, instead of leaving them under the deadening influence of the Syrian Patriarch; for Rome, as represented by Xavier, was surely nobler than the Greek Papa. By and by, he wandered away among the fishers of Comorin and the Tamul Hindoos of Ceylon, sounding his hand-bell through their streets and by the temples and bazaars, or sitting by the plague-stricken beds, when heathen tender-mercies had forsaken their kindred. Ere long, burdened with the thought that "the harvest is

great, and the labourers are few," he sailed to Malacca, to Japan, guided by a real "man of Macedonia," who cried "Come over and help us," and one of whose letters, still extant, bears witness to the Christian character of the work Xavier was doing.* True, the Father can hardly speak any of the languages, though he reads a translation of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, to all who will give ear. True, therefore, he can only weep and pray, and smooth the hard pillow and make the fevered bed, and soak the sleeve of his surplice in water, and squeeze out a few drops to baptize the dying. A very imperfect mission-work, though he does baptize many thousands. But all along he speaks of himself as a pioneer, preparing the way for more careful instructors. And let us not limit God's free spirit by our narrow intellectualism. Who will say that Xavier's love and mercy did not commend Christ to some? Is there not eloquent persuasion in such acts as well as in high discourse of reason? In Goa, in Ceylon, in Japan, his converts, however made, endured great fights of affliction, and died renouncing all but their faith. Dare any one assert that such conversion was a delusion, and that Christ, illustrated by the practical commentary of courage and devotion and pity, was not really preached? So this faithful servant of God, unresting and unwearying, toiled and prayed, striving hard at last to find a way into China for the gospel, until in the island of Sancian, and on the eve of success, he at length obtained the crown of glory. Let us not fear to speak the truth of this servant of God. Meek and tender was the fine spirit of Brainerd. Brave and high the noble character of Martyn. Schwartz was a true man, and Williams a wise apostle. But perhaps the world never saw a better missionary of the Cross than the Jesuit, Francis Xavier.

As we shall have to note in other instances, some of his successors in India and Ceylon were by no means of the same stamp. It is true, and it ought to be remembered, that our knowledge of their proceedings is chiefly derived from the rather questionable source of a recreant Father Norbert—somewhat mission-priest, somewhat London *littérateur*, and finally some kind of priest again, but without the tonsure; not exactly a man to trust implicitly, though his statements have been made the most of in an article in the *Calcutta Review*. It is true, also, that it is not easy to determine how far one may go in adapting Christianity to national customs and ideas; and even a good man, meaning well, may, not very blamably, mistake the

* Anger's Letter, vide *Life of Xavier* by Venn.

wise line of demarcation. Thus, if a missionary refrain from wine, from animal food, from European clothes and habits, making himself as like a native as possible, these things are mere questions of expediency; but it cannot be doubted that *morally* he is entitled to do so if he please. Father De Nobili, however, went much farther than that—farther, surely, than a Christian may safely go. He is accused of forging a new Veda; which, however, is by no means clearly made out. But he certainly set up for a Brahmin, and wore the yellow clothes and sandal-wood mark, and in other respects put Christianity before the Indians as a baptized Hindooism. And while we cannot hesitate to condemn his conduct, we yet feel somewhat at a loss to account for the fact that the Roman Catholics of Madura are not Hindoos in morals, in industry, or in worship; but even after long neglect and persecution, do still retain, however imperfectly, certain elements of religion which we acknowledge to be Christian. In 1857 there were in India and Ceylon nearly a million members of the Church of Rome, the large majority of them descendants of the converts of Xavier and his successors; and of whom Claudius Buchanan testifies at an earlier date, certainly,—but when vital religion was, in all churches, at a lower ebb, that they deserve “the affection and respect of all good men;” while Mr. Hough admits that “many of them have given satisfactory reasons to believe them sincere Christians.”*

If Xavier was not fortunate in his successor at Goa, it was very different with those who took up the cross which had dropped from his hand on the threshold of the Celestial Empire. We have, indeed, only Romish accounts of their procedure; and these are manifestly highly-coloured, abounding in the miraculous, and in the most wonderful self-denials and sufferings. Still, it is certain that Ricci, an able Chinese scholar, found access to the palace, and made converts even among the high mandarins and in the royal circle; and at his death there were few large cities in which Christians were not found. Verbiest, another of the Society, was in high estimation as imperial mathematician; and Adam Schaal worthily sustained the good reputation of the mission. It is specially to those three men that its great success is owing. They were accused, indeed, of making some compromises with Buddhism—allowing a kind of worship to Confucius, and honours to be paid to dead ancestors, and so making an easy bridge for their converts.

* Sir Emerson Tennent bears similar testimony in favour of those in Ceylon, though he allows that the Baptist missionaries were of a different opinion.

But it is allowed by Dr. Milne that “the learning, personal virtues, and ardent zeal of some of those missionaries will be equalled by few, and perhaps rarely exceeded by any.” It is also not to be doubted that many were, by their labours, turned from sin unto God.” Of the truth of this last statement there is abundant proof, in their patient endurance of a terrible persecution, which came duly on them as on their brethren in Japan. The accounts given of the individual martyrs are, indeed, more “edifying” than reliable. But that many of the priests, and thousands of their converts, were cruelly tortured and slain, is unhappily too clear; though it was not found possible utterly to exterminate them, as in Japan. Even in the latter country, it required a long persecution, and a final slaughter of more than 30,000, ere the hated sect disappeared from Yeddo and Kagosima. But the number of converts in China appears to have been still greater. At the present day they are said to amount to upwards of half a million; and Dr. Medhurst assures us they are zealously ministered to by competent priests, on the ample salary of £17 or £20 per annum!

Great, however, as these successes were, and with all their drawbacks beneficial to the heathen, it was not in the East that the Romish missions were to attain their characteristic development. In Ceylon and Japan they were checked by the disgraceful conduct of the Dutch, whose own attempts at conversion were of the most lame and impotent kind. In India and China they have, as we have seen, a certain footing, but their present missionaries are nowise like the Riccis and Schaals of the 16th century; and those great continents are now open to receive, we trust soon, a purer faith than theirs. It was in the new world of Columbus, and Cortes, and Pizarro, that their method of Christianizing the heathen was to be specially tested. Into the details of their various operations in America we cannot, of course, enter. The French-Canadian priest on the St. Lawrence had a different work to do from the Portuguese friar in Brazil; and the results achieved among the hunting tribes of California differed from those accomplished amid the civilisation of Mexico. But perhaps the most characteristic, and apparently successful, of these missions was that of Paraguay, so admirably described from Dobritzhoffer in Southey’s *History of Brazil*.

From Spain, from Portugal, from Italy, from France, went forth, by scores and hundreds, the devout followers of Loyola, carrying the cross to Mexico, to Peru, to Brazil. No perils daunted them; no hardships made them pause. Men of rich culture banished

themselves to those ignorant peoples. Men of noble race cast in their lot among the basest of their kind. Scholars, knights, divines, philanthropists, rushed on this crusade. The dense forests were penetrated by them. The great rivers were swam by them. The malarious jungles were traversed by them. And amid famine and pestilence and the injustice of his Christian countrymen, the missionary stood fast, the never-failing friend of the unhappy red man. In this way, the confidence of many Indian nations was gained, and thousands were baptized into the faith. But as no means were at first taken to follow up those baptisms with careful instruction, "the seed sown by the wayside was soon carried away by the birds of the air." They remained simply baptized heathens as before, till the missionaries resolved to establish new social communities in which they might develop their idea of Christian life.

Hence the origin of what was called the Jesuit *Reductions*. These institutions, with more or less modification according to circumstances, formed the distinguishing feature of Romish missions in America, but were carried to their highest development among the Guaranies of Paraguay. A square was mapped off like Fourier's *phalanstère*, three sides of which were occupied with houses for the converts, the fourth being filled by the church and the rector's house. Hither the baptized Indians were brought, the population of each Reduction averaging from three to four thousand. Over this assembly the rector, or chief priest, held absolute rule. There were magistrates, but they were substantially of his electing. They had laws, but they were all of his ordaining. No European might enter a reduction, except with his consent. No intoxicating liquors were allowed within the quadrangle, nor any firearms at first, till the slave-hunting bands compelled them to defend themselves. All property seems to have been held in common, and there was no money, except a few coins for special religious services. All were bound to work at some craft, and all were held to absolute obedience of the priest. From childhood, the boys and girls were separated till they were married, the lads at seventeen and the females at fifteen years. Even their very graves were sundered by a ditch. Thus everything in life was under the most rigid regulation. They were taught to repeat the creed and the paternoster, to sing in the choir, to dance a kind of pious dance, and to play a part in religious interludes or mysteries. But they also learnt to till the fields, to manufacture cloth, to prepare Paraguay tea, and to rear excellent cattle. So

far the Reductions seemed to be entirely successful; and what might have been the final issue of them it is not easy to say, because they were by and by rudely overthrown, partly through the ill-will of the colonists, partly from the decaying credit of the Jesuits. It is manifest, however, that these institutions contained no germs of progress beyond the point which they had already reached. They kept the converts in a state of perpetual pupillage, so that the Fathers themselves described them as only "bearded babies." The Indian of the Reduction had less intellectual vigour than the Indian of the pampas. He was taught no virtue, but obedience; no doctrine, but to believe in the rector. Consequently his mind was never quickened, never exercised, never grew. This was the root of the system, and the root also of its failure. The Reductions perpetuated, by their elaborate over-government, a feeble incapacity, a pious ignorance, a dutiful silliness, capable of no religious struggles, capable only of pretty religious shows. But the gospel will not be made a fetter for the soul that Christ has set free. It creates new men, not religious babies. And therefore we are not at all astonished that the elaborate mission communities of South America have degenerated in later years into empires and republics, which are a byword and a reproach to Christendom. Dr. Marshall does not tell us much about the present condition of these nations, which is his safest course. Some rhetorical flourishes he does give, which for his own credit might have been spared. Father Ugarte's celestial post-office will be long-remembered among the Chilians, and may perhaps lead them some day to inquire whether the Virgin Mary's postmen are necessary officials. The mixture of piety and ruffianism prevailing in Mexico and Peru will scarcely commend to modern people the zealous labours of Las Casas and Zumarraga. And though it may be granted that any kind of Christianity which has abolished cannibalism and created several half-chaotic nations is, so far, serving its purpose better than one which only exterminated the red man, by means of whisky, powder, and vice, wherever it came in contact with him; yet it would need a very peculiar *rhetoric* to claim South America as a special trophy of Christian grace.

Thus, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Romish Church girdled the globe with her missions, planting the cross from beyond the wall of China to the Peruvian Cordilleras. Nor is it to be denied that her missionaries, in those years, were men abounding in Christian heroism and sacrifices. Of monetary means at her disposal she had not so much as any one of our Protest-

ant societies. But she had, what alas! we so often fail to get, abundance of large-hearted men, ready to do and to suffer everything for the faith. That was the secret of her success. The cause of her comparative failure lay in her many errors, her sinful compromises, her mistaken socialisms. Yet by means of such men, she did in those years a work greater than any other Church has yet accomplished, far greater than anything she herself is now able to do. Too many of her present missionaries are of a very different stamp. As we read their letters in the *Annals de Propaganda Fide*, we feel ourselves in another atmosphere from that which breathes in the sixteenth-century Jesuits. Petty intriguing to outwit Protestants, trickeries of sentimental superstition, meet us with sad frequency; and form a very wholesome and corrective commentary on the tinsel rhetoric of Father Marshall. Yet even now, though the race of Xaviers and Schaals and Nobregas and Peters of Ghent has died out, the Romish Church appears to have more success in her missions than falls to the lot of the Protestant communities. What is the reason of this? Is it her splendid ceremonies? Her priests are often so poor that a crucifix and a ragged cassock is all their ecclesiastical furniture. Is it her idolatrous compromise with bridges across the chasm between a sensuous Gentilism and the spirituality of the gospel? And does Romanism thus hold a place, in the providence of God, akin to that of Judaism, as a preparatory scheme, introducing the heathen to a knowledge of the true God, and quickening a measure of faith and a purer morality, while "because of the hardness of their hearts," suffering many things which shall, in the long run, be burnt up as the stubble and straw? We do not pronounce dogmatically on this interesting inquiry; but we may say that it is one, the solution of which calls for deeper thought and greater fairness than polemical divines have yet accorded it. For the student of history will not be satisfied without some theory or law, adequate to account for the undeniable fact that hitherto the progress of Christianity among the heathen has chiefly been carried on by Romanism, and only in a slight measure as yet by a consistent and scriptural Protestantism.

Thus the Romish Church had substantially done its mission-work among the heathen, before the Protestants entered the field at all. We have already seen what was the reason of this delay. At first the mission spirit of the Reformation was necessarily limited to the home field, having to restore the pure Evangel to Europe. During the seventeenth century, the struggle to maintain and elabo-

rate Protestant theology engrossed all the energy of the Churches. By and by, a somewhat rigid dogmatism naturally occasioned a sifting scepticism; and the weapons of controversy were sharpened anew in order to contend with Spinoza and Herbert and Hobbes. Unhappily, while the Protestants gained the victory in argument, the armour they put on benumbed and oppressed them; and for a season Christianity appeared to be only a beautiful, but impotent, system of ethics. There was no mission possible to the "moral theologians." Bishop Berkeley was the nearest approach to such enthusiasm they were able to produce. The Puritanism of New England indeed sent forth a meek and patient Eliot; but the "fire-water of the pale-faces" proved too much for their gospel. Not till the second quarter of the eighteenth century was anything effectually done in the way of Protestant missions; for though the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was established in 1701, its efforts were of the feeblest, and the results absolutely *nil*. It was the poor Moravians of Herrnhut that led the way in this great enterprise. A number of Bohemian peasants, clinging to the old faith of Huss and Zisca, had left their country under the leadership of Christian David, and found shelter and protection from the young Count Zinzendorf, who afterwards became their pastor and general hierarch. Under his guidance they founded their Herrnhut, or watch of the Lord, which became the model of all their mission institutions. Mr. Carlyle describes it as being, in autumn 1852, "An opulent enough, most silent, strictly regular, strange little town. The women are in uniform; wives, maids, widows, each their form of dress." "A petrified Sabbath," he calls it; "Calvinistic Sabbath done into stone." In Schleiermacher's *Life* also we find a good account of the manner of existence in a Herrnhut, which seems to have been closely akin to that of the Jesuit Reductions. There was the same separation of sexes, the same artificial arrangement of time and work and worship. Everybody was drilled into religion. Everything was done to order. Men must go wherever they were commanded. Girls must marry at the bidding of the Elder. Everything, in short, was done to check a natural spontaneous development. But while all this drilling would inevitably, in the long-run, produce a thin-blooded and feeble generation, at first the Moravian Herrnhuts sent forth a race of robust and dauntless missionaries, full of hardihood and self-reliance, who went forth to the desolate Greenland shores, to the rice-swamps of Georgia, and the slave-cursed islands of the West, carrying

everywhere the good lesson and example of industry and thrift and piety. That their labours and sufferings were largely blessed, is beyond question; but their social system, lacking spontaneous force, to a great extent failed. They produced Moravian Herrnhuts, but hardly Christian nations. They planted lights here and there in the darkness; but scarcely brought the full, clear day to Labrador.

To the Moravians, then, belongs the honour of being the pioneers of this great enterprise. They were followed by Francke, who, from the Orphan House at Halle, sent forth the earliest missionaries to India. Ere long also, Carey managed to persuade Andrew Fuller to take up his scheme. The work, however, went on but feebly till it was adopted by the English evangelical party. Of that great party it is impossible to speak without the reverence due to those who have done much good in the world. Individually, they exhibit many littlenesses. They were narrow and dogmatic, and little given to "the charity that thinketh no evil;" and they have bequeathed unhappily a tradition of that spirit, which has not improved in later years. But they were the beginners, or at any rate the actual doers, of some of the grandest achievements in modern history. They abolished the slave-trade and slavery. They established the Bible Society and other kindred associations. They created the multitudinous philanthropic schemes that are now purifying and healing our social life. And they gave, not being, but power and prominence to the great missionary enterprise of Protestantism. Brown was taught by Milner. Buchanan was converted by Newton. Martyn caught his inspiration from Simeon. And Wilberforce in Parliament, Grant at the India House, Thornton in general religious circles, maintained the mission cause against the scepticism of the higher classes, and the paganism of the Nabobs. It is not unusual among certain classes just now to undervalue this party; and we don't pretend to deny that Newton was deficient in refinement, and Scott intolerant, and Milner prosy; and the rest, except Simeon, afflicted with various disagreeable peculiarities. But let no existing party venture to make light of those men, till it can point to some trophies of piety and zeal and love, which will bear comparison with the great and good works which they achieved.

It would be impossible, in a single article, to give any detailed account of the diverse mission schemes which began towards the close of the last century, and have gone on, ever since, with increasing resources and efficiency. There are Jewish Missions, largely

patronized by the millenarians, but hitherto not fruitful of much result. There are Nestorian Missions, chiefly carried on by the American Board, but baffled or outwitted by the Romish priests. There are Anglican Abyssinian Missions, mainly with German agents, hitherto fruitful rather in geographical than religious issues. But these are not missions properly to the heathen, and may be passed over. Nor can we even briefly review the various isolated efforts of different sects in the West Indies, in Africa, or elsewhere, although they are accomplishing much good. At present, however, we must, from want of space, chiefly confine ourselves to the two great missionary enterprises; that to the broken nations and fragmentary superstitions of Oceania, and that to the elaborate heathenisms of India.

Towards the close of the last century, the atmosphere of English religious society was highly charged with a sort of electrical mission spirit, which needed but a conductor to concentrate and direct its power. There was a wide-spread feeling that our Protestantism had not been very diffusive, and that its intense conservatism did not tend to increase its own health: for if Christianity be not a heaven, it is very apt to decay. With whom the idea of a new missionary society at first took shape, it is hard to determine. But perhaps Dr. Haweis—Lady Huntingdon's chaplain, author also of a commentary on the Bible still popular among country people,—had more to do with it than any other individual. At length, in 1794, the staff of the *Evangelical Magazine*, with some other clergymen, Episcopal and Dissenting, English and Scotch, among the latter Waugh, Bogue, and Hunter being most notable, formed themselves into the London Missionary Society. Evangelical, but not sectarian, it promised to afford a bond of brotherly unity, more solid than a mere "alliance," because providing a ground of common duty on which all might heartily labour. Pity that this hope has not been quite fulfilled; but Protestant union is still the desire of all good men, and the expectation of very few. In 1794, however, hope was high and zeal warm. Money was collected, and men enlisted, some of them rather hurriedly, for several volunteered who, as it turned out, knew not the warfare they had undertaken to wage: and at length the good ship *Duff*,—*May-Flower* of the eighteenth century, say some,—sailed on the 23d September 1796, with nineteen missionaries and their families, bound for Tahiti and Tonga, and other fair but hapless islands beneath the Southern Cross.

Mr. Ellis has written, on the whole, a fair

account of this mission, which few were better fitted to do, knowing as he did both the localities and the documents. He does not tell us why this particular field was chosen by the Society; but as India was not then open, and as Captain Cook and other navigators had awakened a deep interest in those Islands, it is easy to see that they may have seemed at once the only feasible, and also the most urgent field of enterprise. Several of those Islands were called "Friendly," and had hospitably entreated the voyagers. They were generally fertile—the bread-fruit and the banana supplying almost every want, without effort to cultivate them. As to the people, they were sunk in the most degrading superstitions. They were mostly cannibals. They were greatly given to child-murder. They were inveterate thieves. Frightful wars were exhausting them, and they were addicted to miscellaneous immoralities, not to be named. Tahiti was supposed, a few years before, to have maintained, in comfortable indolence, a population of 120,000; but what with infanticide, human sacrifice, and war, this had been reduced to about 8000 or 10,000. And it was much the same in the other islands. Certainly a Christian mission was greatly needed, and it was in a sense welcomed also, for the natives thought they could make a good thing of it, were it only by stealing the missionaries' materials.

The idea of a mission colony, settling down among the heathen, and carrying with them a measure of Christian civilisation, as well as religion, was obviously the fittest for such a state of things. This therefore was the plan adopted in Tahiti and Tonga, and carried out, on the whole, with admirable patience and excellent results. Some of the missionaries, indeed, had mistaken their calling. One of them turned absolute savage, and got himself tattooed; another became an infidel. One married a heathen woman, and was, perhaps rather sharply, excommunicated; and several others, in the long-run returned to commerce, or colonial politics. But far the greater number stood by the post of duty—suffering much, slowly learning the language, slowly forming it into a written speech, training the people in useful arts, teaching the children, preaching as they were able, and seeing no fruit in the conversion of the heathen for twelve long weary years. They were on the eve of giving up the attempt in despair, when the young king, Pomare, rather unexpectedly declared his *lotu*, or conversion to Christianity. What moved him to this step it is not very easy to see, as he had long been a notable thief and drunkard, and continued to be so all his days. But if he did not like the commandments, he

greatly favoured the missionaries; and as it was in Europe during the Middle Ages, so now also, in Polynesia, the conversion of the king was followed by nearly a general baptism of the whole people. The chief-priest in Tonga burnt the great idol. Others brought their gods and sent half a ship-load of them home to the mission museums for exhibition at public meetings; churches were built; schools were filled; whisky stills were abolished; and large collections of pigs were sent as contributions to the Society's funds. The zeal of the converts, indeed, was most remarkable. Unlike the Hindoo Christians, who appear to be sadly indifferent to the progress of their new faith, the Polynesian catechists busily disseminated the gospel from island to island. When Williams landed on one, never hitherto visited by a European, he found an eager welcome, some poor Tongans, whose canoe had been drifted thither in a storm, having earnestly prepared the way for Christianity and civilisation. Thus a fierce, cruel, and debasing superstition rapidly disappeared from those beautiful islands; and under the guidance of the manly and sagacious Williams, they seemed about to start on a career of inspiring and hopeful progress.

But the wars they had waged had been the only thing that kept alive a little energy of character; and now that Christianity had largely abolished these, the people having no need of patient industry, found life beginning to hang heavy on their hands. Hence, when traders came to buy their pork, they were eagerly welcomed for the sake of the rum and powder which formed their chief articles of exchange. The result may be imagined. It was not religion only that was in danger, nor even morality; the whole nation was threatened with destruction. Of course, a half-barbarous feeble people needed protection; and when Pomare saw that his country was like to blaze up in one huge, drunken fire-work, and disappear, though he could not part with his own cups, he listened to the missionaries, and forbade the sale of intoxicating liquors in any part of his dominions. English and Yankee blackguard skippers, unable any longer to make cent. per cent. in those quarters, loudly blamed the missionaries; and the Russian Kotzebue joined their cry for reasons of his own. The missionaries were said to be tyrants, drilling the people to keep Sundays, and sing hymns, and work for their profit, and otherwise of no good whatever. But respectable naval commanders, like Captains Duperry and Fitzroy, bear very different testimony; while Charles Darwin says of their accusers, "I do believe that, disappointed in not finding the field of licentiousness as open as formerly, they will not give credit to

a morality which they do not wish to practise, nor to the effects of a religion which is undervalued, if not quite despised." We cannot then question for a moment the real benefits, religious and social, arising from the faithful labours of Nott and Crook and Williams, and their brethren.

Unfortunately, however, for those islands, the missionaries committed one unhappy act which wrested the kingdom from their hands. Though themselves chiefly English dissenters, and when at home, doubtless staunch defenders of religious liberty, they had on various occasions allowed considerable interferences with Tahitian freedom. An act had been passed, *e.g.*, ordering every man to go to Church on Sunday; and they opposed it feebly, if they did not originate it. And in various other ways they had exhibited, now and then, more good intention than good sense. But in the year 1834, certain Roman Catholic priests, prompted by piety or meddlesomeness, thought proper to visit those regions. At first they were told to go and convert heathens for themselves, as there were plenty in the islands round about. But this they declined; and as we do not hesitate to go where there are Roman Catholics already, they might fairly enough do to us as we did to them. Seeing they were determined "to build on another man's foundation," Queen Pomare (her father had been dead some time) was reminded of an act forbidding foreigners to land without permission, which had been passed in order to preserve the islands from drunken dissolute sailors. This law was now enforced against the priests, who were never contemplated by its framers, and who might well feel themselves insulted by being classed with runaway mariners. The result is known to everybody. No doubt Louis Philippe behaved in a manner unworthy of the great nation he ruled. And Dupetit Thouars was at once crafty and overbearing. And the whole affair is little to the glory of that France which is so fond of glory. But it is clear the missionaries were led, by their intolerance, into the commission of a great blunder, which imperilled the religion of Tahiti, and forfeited for those islands the advantage of British influence.

Such is briefly the story of the first great effort of the London Missionary Society. That Society still continues with increasing efficiency, and on the same basis of catholicity, though practically it is now almost entirely in the hands of the Independents. By last year's report, we find that it has 170 missionaries at present in the field. Of these twenty-eight are in Polynesia, twenty-one in the West Indies, thirty-eight in South Africa, seventeen in China, sixty in India, and six in

Madagascar. Its income for the year amounted to £81,924 odds, while the number of communicants at the various stations was 27,002, and of scholars 42,241. One good feature is, that nearly £17,000 were collected at the missionary stations; and another, which is by no means so good, is that £2417 are paid as salaries to secretaries, etc. This, considering the various other expenses connected with the gathering of this benevolent fund, in the shape of collecting cards, boxes, magazines, reports, etc. etc., appears to us a large sum, though it is not so large as in some of the other societies. For the rest, the London Missionary Society has been a noble institution, and in sending forth Williams and Lacroix, Moffat and Livingstone, it has had the honour to support some of the foremost Christian missionaries the world has ever seen.

Turning now to India, which is perhaps the great citadel of heathenism, where idolatry, ancient and deep-rooted, has varied its forms to suit all castes and peoples, maintaining among the savage Khonds and Koles the human sacrifice and devil-worship, and providing for the reflective Brahmin a subtle pantheism which is a sort of universal solvent for all theological ideas and customs, we find that great continent committed, in God's providence, to the charge of Protestant Britain, doubtless not without a great design on His part, and a great responsibility on ours. How then has that trust been fulfilled? We are not disposed to exaggerate the errors of English statesmen; nor the shortcomings of English Churchmen. We think with Mr. Kaye that, in some cases, good men have made the most of the Honourable Company's mistakes, and that eloquent platforms have now and then needlessly blackened those commercial rulers, who naturally ruled for a dividend, and therefore perhaps should never have ruled at all. Yet it must be confessed that, while the tale of British conquest in India, from Olive, down to Havelock and Clyde, has been one of the most brilliant pages of history, the story of British Christianity during the same period and in the same place, is by no means an exhilarating narrative. For eighty long years, the British conquerors got on, without finding any need for a Church in Hindostan. Some chaplains there were to baptize Christian children; but the worthy clergy, like their congregations (which never were congregated) were chiefly anxious about the number of rupees they could hope to amass before a bad liver sent them home to old England. And the Government connexion with religion was chiefly seen in the maintenance of idol temples, which the priests were apt to neglect, and in

adorning by the presence of their soldiers the foul processions of the gods. It is a sorrowful picture, the conquerors, in everything but courage, sinking to the level of the heathen they had subdued.

Nor was it only personal neglect of religion of which they were guilty; there was really a positive hatred of Christianity and dread of its progress. We do not care to dig for the curious extinct fossils of history, and drag to light the Scott, Warings and Twinings, and other men of foolish speech, whose influence it is so hard for us now to understand. Everybody knows how the first proposals to convert India were met by a howl from Twinning and a cry of horror from the agent of Warren Hastings. The Brahmins could not be converted; were better without conversion; would drive us out of India, if there was any attempt to convert them. They had a pure simple worship already, as one might see in Voltaire's Philosophical Tales. They were mild, and wise, and good, with a natural religion which was about as good as ours, and for them indeed better. In fine, missionaries were firebrands, and the knell of British India would be rung so soon as one of them got a footing in the country. Wonderful was the outcry; specially wonderful when we remember what it was all about. For English missions in India began in the most humble and modest fashion. Strange surely if the conquests of Clive and Hastings hung by so feeble a thread that the presence of a quiet chaplain, a cobbler, and a printer, among the dusky millions of our great Eastern Empire, threatened its immediate overthrow!

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had been established in 1701, and had aided in the support, ever since, of a few Danish and German missionaries. Ziegenbalg and Plutschow from Francke's Orphan House at Halle had got from its funds some £20 per annum. Kiernander, a Swede, had also been assisted, till he married a rich wife, two rich wives, indeed, and spent their money chiefly in mission work, at least in church-building, by which he came to grief in the end. Schwartz in Tinnevely had founded the greatest of these Anglican missions, and gained the confidence of Sivajee, and even of Hyder Ali, as "the Christian,"—about the only one in India, they thought. But in truth, till the eighteenth century was near its close, little had been done by England for India, except to grow indigo and carry away rupees. Of properly mission work, the first was that of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, truly, though rather heavily, described by Marshman's son in his biography of those pious Baptists. But Carey, the ruling spirit,

was, like Morrison in China, a religious *littérateur* more than an active missionary; and accordingly he shut himself up in Serampore, multiplying and disseminating translations of the Bible and tracts, but making converts at a rate which would have taken a century to fill a small church. The translations also were much too hurried to be of lasting value; and altogether, except that their scholarship commended them to the Marquis of Wellesley, and established missionaries in a certain credit, as good, useful, and quite harmless persons, the great Serampore scheme was but an interesting failure, printing books which nobody read, which made no converts, and which are not now greatly valued. We may add, in connexion with this, that Carey's mistake has been fruitful of unhappy results in almost every Protestant mission. Of course, it is right to translate the Bible into every language under heaven; nor can it be denied that the missionaries of all churches have done immense service in this way both to philology and to religion. Tongues and dialects, which would never have been mastered by the zeal of mere scholarship, have, by their means, become familiar to the learned. For these labours, surely, they are worthy of all honour. But they seem at times to have regarded the Bible much as the Romanists looked at baptism. No matter, though the Japanese understood nothing about it, Xavier christened them, and rejoiced in their salvation. No matter, also, though the villagers could not read a syllable, our missionaries, standing in the bazaars or under some stately banyan-tree, scattered Bibles and tracts, and went away rejoicing that the good seed was sown. Father Marshall tells, with a chuckle of very foolish satisfaction, how the recipients made cartridges of them, and wrapped medicines in them. We are glad to see, however, from Dr. Mullens' account, that the missionaries have latterly resolved to correct this, and to make a small charge for their books, or at least to ascertain, before distributing them, that there are some people in the place able to read them. Not three per cent. of the populations of India can read a word, though many millions of books have been scattered among them. Certainly this trusting in a Bible which could not be understood, was as much trusting in a charm as Xavier's squeezing of the baptism-water from the sleeve of his surplice.

If the Serampore mission, substituting book-distribution for the voice of the living teacher, wrought no deliverance for the Hindoos, we can believe that the first efforts of the Evangelical party may have appeared to some a still more impotent scheme. For all

they attempted was to get comfortable chaplaincies, worth £1000 a year, filled by competent and zealous ministers, who properly had nothing to do with the Hindoos, but to let them alone. And yet these same chaplaincies were the real sources of India missions. Simeon and his friends were "led, by a way that they knew not," to do the very thing most likely to evangelize the East. English Christianity in Calcutta and elsewhere was in such a state, that without a revival of faith within its pale, the conversion of the Hindoos was scarce possible, or perhaps desirable. To make Christians of the type of the old Nabob would not have been a great achievement, and there were few specimens of anything better than in India. The business then of Brown and Buchanan, and Martyn and Corrie, was to awaken the dormant life of British religion; and their value is that they did this, and did it in a truly missionary spirit. Ere long a new spirit arose among the English conquerors. Churches were built, and even attended. The Sunday was not devoted exclusively to flirtation and whist. English religious respectability began to establish itself as at home. And slowly, but truly, a real power of God wrought into the heart of society in Calcutta. Then, the death of Martyn did more for missions than he had ever done while he lived, or perhaps could have done, for he was of a somewhat hard and unmanageable temper. But there was enough of the hero in him to kindle the enthusiasm of his evangelical countrymen; and so the cadets who came from England after the publication of Mr. Sargent's Biography, were many of them full of pity for the heathen, full of admiration for Henry Martyn, and nowise disposed to favour the old Pagan Nabobs who kept zenanas by the Hoogley.

This was the first step, then, towards the conversion of India, viz., getting converted ourselves. For Christianity is not a mere intellectual system which may be demonstrated and accepted like mathematics, whatever the character of its teachers. It must be embodied in a social life ere it become a great social power. As long therefore as the English showed no regard for their own religion, the Hindoos were nowise troubled about the safety of their gods. But when it began to appear that the conquerors were not atheists, when the gentle Heber and the zealous Wilson, and Teignmouth, and pious Lord W. Bentinck showed that Christianity was no longer to skulk obscurely under shelter of the Danish flag, but to wield the moral influence of the great Company at Leadenhall Street, then the Brahmin became aware that the final victory of England must be the conquest

of his gods. Doubtless this feeling produced a jealous suspicion on his part, and a readiness to seize on any pretext for a revolt. Yet for many a long year there seemed nothing to apprehend, for the progress of the missionaries was scarcely perceptible. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Tinnevely continued their traditionary custom of hiring Germans to evangelize for them; but found no successor to Schwartz. Judson in Burmah, scattered, amid sorrows and persecutions, the seeds of a great revolution, the fruits of which are now being reaped there among the Karens. Laeroix, among the fishing caste in the jungle lands of Lower Bengal, had also a measure of success, till a terrible inundation drowned or dispersed his congregations. That good Swiss pastor was a zealous missionary, and his daughter had the honour of starting the first zenana school; an element of mission labour certain to grow in importance every year. But his latter days in India were not cheered with much fruit of his toil and prayers. In general, it almost seemed for a while as if the zeal which had struggled so bravely to get a footing for the gospel in India, died away as soon as the victory was achieved. A miserable sectarianism also disturbed the nascent Christianity. Baptists broke in on Presbyterian preserves, eager to dip the converts. Anglican high churchmen contended for the prey of dissenting divines. And the Hindoo proselyte himself was ready to be sold to the highest bidder. For an unhappy system of paying the converts had got a footing among the missions. No doubt it was a difficult matter to know what to do with men who, on becoming Christians, lost caste, and with caste the very means of living. Hence they were to a large extent provided for out of the mission-fund. Hence the baser sort were ready to profess anything for a living. Hence for a time the so-called Christians in Bengal and elsewhere contained a larger proportion of lying rogues than the Societies at home were at all aware of. Doubtless the missionaries grieved at this, and did not mean to deceive; but it was a serious difficulty, and on the whole they were not the men to solve it.

A new and not unimportant element was introduced into Indian missions, when the Scotch Kirk started her great educational institutions, and sent a Christian hero to Calcutta in the person of Alexander Duff. We are not sure, indeed, that the personal influence of this large-hearted man has not been of more value to the cause than the particular scheme with which his life has been identified. Yet that scheme was not without value as a subsidiary and indirect method of evangelization. Duff and Ewart and Nesbit,

and others, resolved to bring the ripe culture of the West, as well as its faith, to bear on the semi-civilization of the Hindoo. They saw that the Shastres were pledged to certain theories of physical science, and they found that the Hindoo had an aptitude for mathematical processes. Carrying out, then, to its extreme the Protestant idea of a purely intellectual mission, they established collegiate schools, and poured the enlightenment of Europe into the Eastern mind. It was hoped that the progress of pure science would unsettle faith in a religion bound up with scientific absurdities,—which it has done. It was hoped that, for the sake of a good European education, the scholars would read the Bible,—which they have done. It was hoped that in this way the Institutions would tell on the men of most influence, the higher classes, who sooner or later give the tone to national thought,—and this also they have done. But it was also hoped that many would, in this way, be converted to Christ, and that a native ministry would thus be raised up, fully equipped, to do for their brethren what no European could do so well; and here, alas! the results have been very meagre. For more than thirty years now this work has been carried on with much patience, intelligence, and prayer; and certainly the intellectual belief of the higher class of Hindoos has been undermined, and the younger men of the Presidencies have learnt to praise, at least, the ethics of Christianity, as we may see in the curious play, called *Nil Durpan*. It is said also, doubtless with some truth, that the germs of a great spiritual revolution have been scattered from Himalaya to Cape Comorin, though it is hard to say whether it will turn to properly Christian results, or follow the leading of Rammohun Roy and the young gentlemen who lately wrote a sympathizing epistle to Mr Francis Newman. Meanwhile, the various Scotch institutions send forth able clerks to Government offices, lawyers and judges to the Mofussil courts, and merchants and bankers to the exchange. But the converts are very few, and the educated native missionaries from all sources number, if we mistake not, less than half a dozen in all Bengal. May we also venture to add that, perhaps, the elaborate training, after the Western form of thought, is not the most certain way of making good Eastern missionaries? Is it not possible to educate the fresh zeal and love almost out of their hearts? Is it quite natural to a Hindoo to express himself after the exact pattern of modern Protestant theology? Will our readers pardon us if we venture to say that, after reading letters from the Ganges, for-

mulated precisely on the model of the Westminster Confession, we have almost longed for a dash of mild heresy as in the early Christian ages, just to give us assurance that these converts were not repeating a lesson, but were actually grappling with great truths, and growing "in knowledge and wisdom to the perfect man in Christ."

Thus the work of Christianizing India was going on very slowly, indeed, when the great Mutiny broke forth in 1857. It is at this point that Dr. Mullens takes up the narrative, and the British and American churches are greatly indebted to him for his clear and encouraging statistics. It may be difficult to determine what special causes have produced the great change manifested during these later years. Possibly there has been a combination of powers and motives of a very mingled character, but all tending to the same end. Perhaps even the selfish Hindoo mind was touched by the way in which Christian England, after sternly crushing rebellion, arose and determined to send them the Christian gospel of love. Perhaps that same Hindoo mind began to think that fate was against their cause, and that it would be wise to submit to fate. Perhaps the Mission Conferences in Bengal and the Punjab, and elsewhere, at which it was resolved that the different Societies should not interfere with each other's labours, but work harmoniously, was not without wholesome influence. Perhaps, also, the abolition of the "hot-house system" of orphan-houses and boarding-houses and general sustentation of converts, and the establishment of a healthier independence, which has resulted in much good to the native Christians, helped more or less. So it is at any rate that nearly all the mission stations in India have been latterly in a more thriving condition. Various new agencies have entered the field, and there are now in India and Burmah 541 foreign missionaries, 186 ordained native preachers, with 1776 native catechists. These minister to 213,182 converts, of whom 49,688 are in communion with the church, and they contribute to the mission funds at the rate of one rupee per annum each, or more precisely, a sum of 218,092 Rs. Of vernacular schools there are 1811, attended by 43,390 boys; and of Anglo-vernacular 193, with 23,963 boys, and 2000 girls; but unfortunately, we think, a good many of these schools are conducted by heathen teachers, who are not likely to use them for the purpose of making converts to Christianity. The whole expense of all these missionary operations amounts to about a quarter of a million, apart from the money expended in Bibles and tracts, which must be considerable, though latterly, as we have said, it has

been somewhat reduced by the adoption of a wiser method of distribution. Such is the machinery, and the results are highly encouraging on the whole. In Tinnevely, of which Dr. Caldwell gives an excellent account, the last ten years show an increase of 30,000 converts among the Shanars, a race of genuine devil-worshippers. Among the Karens of Burmah, there has been a still more remarkable success; and the Koles, an aboriginal race of savages in Nagpur, have been mightily influenced by poor German lads from the Rauhe Haus at Hamburg and elsewhere. Of these German missions, it appears to us that Dr. Mullens speaks rather slightly, and not quite fairly. His book is otherwise so truthful that he can bear to be told this. He seems to think that their success is not so much owing to the missionaries as to the Koles themselves. Christianity was in the air, and they took it like an epidemic, and infected each other. Now, this appears to us one of the most hopeful characteristics of the work both among the Koles and the Karens. The reports from nearly all the other stations are, that the converts submit to be taught, submit to discipline, submit to anything, but are actively busy nowhere in favour of their new religion. It is otherwise among those Koles and Karens. They contribute, on an average, more in money than the others, and they have far more men, however ill-furnished in some respects, eagerly preaching the gospel. Altogether, the present aspect of Indian missions is such as to call on the churches to be of good heart. They have waited long to see the salvation of their God; but there are many symptoms now of change and hope, indicating that if they will go in, they shall verily possess the land.

This article, however, has reached its full limits. We have not referred, or but in the most passing way, to many minor missions, which, if space had permitted, we should have liked to dwell on for a little. There is the Romish Mission in Cochin-China, which, according to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, has all the glory of heroic martyrdoms and brilliant triumphs. There is the Mission of the London Society in Madagascar, which after more than a quarter of a century of persecution and wonderful constancy, has again revived, with good hope to the Hovas and comfort to Mr. Ellis. There are various missions among the Caffres, who troubled their bishop, but are more manageable, it appears, by men of less acute arithmetical powers. Above all, there is the interesting University Mission on the Shire, in connexion with Dr. Livingstone, which appears unhappily now to be given up. We

are sorry for this. Their occasional papers are about the most clear, light-giving documents of the kind we have come across. Their spirit in starting under Bishop Mackenzie was truly Christian and full of hope; and we think the spot where he died should have been sacred ground on which, at whatever sacrifice, British Christian courage should have taken its stand, resolved that it must never be desecrated by the heathen, but be a point from which the gospel should radiate over hapless Africa. Bishop Tozer has thought otherwise; and we can only hope that some Society, with more patient endurance, will yet occupy the ground he has forsaken. More important still than any of these is the mission to China, though as yet it has not accomplished much. It was begun by Morrison in a feeble, timid spirit. The worthy home-official who excited the sorrowful wrath of Edward Irving by declaring that Prudence was the alpha and omega of the missionary spirit, must, we imagine, have had Dr. Morrison in his eye. For he skulked about the seaports, and did not venture out of the house except at night, and in the garb of a Chinaman. If he preached to his servants, he did it with doors carefully bolted. If he distributed books, he tells us it was in such a secret way that they could not easily be traced back to him. The man was a diligent scholar, but certainly no hero; and the mission in consequence has always wanted the example and consecration of self-sacrifice. It has been most prudently conducted, but great battles are seldom won by mere prudence. Even noble spirits like Burns and Sandeman would appear to have been tamed down to commonplace by the prudential tradition of the mission. One good element, however, seems to have been developed in China more fully than elsewhere. It was the American Board of Missions, we believe, that began the use of a medical, as well as of a preaching agency. And the medical missionary has played a considerable part in the Chinese field, commending the gospel to human suffering, and reviving one of the characteristic features of primitive Christianity. We are glad to see that this machinery is being adopted in India also; and that Christian physicians in Britain are interesting themselves in it. It cannot fail to be an instrument of great value; only we do not think it altogether wise to forbid the physician in any case to take a fee. For while prescribing to the poor gratis, it would lighten the expense of such agency, and so permit it to be greatly increased, if those who are able and willing were allowed to remunerate his skill. On the whole, the mission at Amoy is the most flourishing; but there is not much

doing apparently there or elsewhere. The Romanists cover the land with their priests, up to the great wall; but we are still among the seaports and under the consular flags.

In summing up this sketch of mission work, we may be permitted to offer one or two suggestions for the consideration of all interested in their success.

1. It would appear that, in order to the successful prosecution of missions, it is not money so much as men that we need—men of the heroic type, with a warm enthusiasm, and a wise enthusiasm, but at any rate enthusiasm, for “God is to be admired in his saints.” Of course, we can no more expect all missionaries to be heroes than we expect all ministers to be sages. Commonplace men must exist in both spheres, and there will be, no doubt, plenty of them. But in the mission field, if anywhere, our best and richest gifts should be found. The great divines may stay at home, and welcome; but without the great men, ready to dare and suffer, without these no mission has ever yet prospered. And in order to find out such men, and prepare them specially for their task, while zeal and love are hot within them, the Protestant Churches ought to borrow a leaf from the wisdom of Rome, and have their *College de Propaganda Fide*. For the training that is best for the home-pastor, is by no means fittest for the missionary. The doctrinal disputes of Europe are not often called into requisition among Brahmins and Bonzes. At any rate, a comparatively brief course of such studies would serve the purpose of the missionary, while a large portion of his curriculum might be occupied with the history and language and literature and mythology of the country he is to evangelize. As it is, he goes out to India or China utterly ignorant of these, and before he can speak a word to the Pagan, his health is broken, or he wants a wife, and must come home for a year or two to Britain, so that the Church gets but a brief term of service from him. How such a college might be established, whether by individual Churches, or in union with others, is a matter for their consideration. But we are persuaded that until we thus lay hold of young enthusiasm, and train it for the work, using our returned missionaries for this purpose, instead of settling them in rural parishes, our duty to the heathen will never be effectually done.

2. Our review appears also to show that, while the individual missionary is, at the commencement, of prime importance, yet, ere long, the Christian community must become itself the instrument for disseminating the gospel. That Christian community may be organized, as at the first, by the action of

religion on the lower orders, elevating them above their rulers and sages—or as in the middle ages, by a process exactly the opposite, although the former appears to us both the more Christian and the more effective plan. History however proves that the Church may arise in either way. Only, by one method or other, it must speedily be organized; for the progress of the gospel is accomplished in the long-run, not merely by the teaching of a man, but by the leaven of a society. Care must be taken, however, to avoid over-drill and discipline and socialism; and to encourage a natural and spontaneous association of the converts, whereby they may help each other, and exercise their own powers, and grow in knowledge and wisdom; for a school-system of elaborate education is apt to produce a mere dull mechanical learning by rote, and a social system of elaborate over-government is sure to end, like the Jesuit Reductions, in rearing “bearded babies.” But a spontaneous Christian society, though it will require wise counsel and watchful help, for errors and sins will naturally arise in it, is essential to the wide diffusion of that gospel which is not a mere philosophy of religion, but a manifest life in God.

3. We had intended in the body of this article to allude to the question of Funds, which assumes such proportions in all our home proceedings and appeals. But we hesitate to refer to so delicate a matter, partly because Directors are naturally rather touchy about it, and partly lest contributors might take advantage of any remarks to lessen their subscriptions, instead of increasing them. We may be permitted however to say that all care should be taken, in managing a benevolent trust, to see that it is done with the utmost economy. Of course, we do not sympathize with those who sneeringly calculate how many pounds each convert costs us. That is a line of argument more effective than creditable. But anything like waste or extravagance tends to dry up the sources of supply; and when a missionary society uses 25 per cent. of its income in mere expenses of management, the contributors will grumble, because no other trusts are so expensively conducted. Then, if missionaries want wives, it is rather too much to have to pay their passage home and back again, where by and by the wife turns sick perhaps, and both quit the field together. Further, all the societies have a bad habit of falling every now and then into debt. Possibly it is unavoidable. Possibly there is no blame whatever attachable to anybody. But it is unfortunate to be making a new appeal, every five or six years, in order to get rid of debt; and we would suggest that something

like a *rest* should be accumulated year by year, if possible, so as to obviate these repeated calls. But this is an unpleasant theme; and we close by simply expressing a hope that the most rigid economy may be exercised, lest the Christian community become weary of giving, instead of growing "in this grace also."

In concluding this paper, we would remind our readers that Christianity is essentially aggressive, and our business is, not so much, to save it, as to save the world by it. Judaism was a testimony, but the gospel is a leaven. We may see this in its very geographical distribution. So we find it first at Jerusalem, just before the dispersion of Israel; then among the restless Greeks, with their colonies everywhere, and commercial transactions everywhere, and a philosophical influence over all realms of thought; and then in Rome, the heart of the old world. Finally, Britain—the mother of colonies, the centre of commerce—has become the chief depository of this saving light, just because it was not meant to be preserved merely, but always to be diffused. Are we then rising to the level of our opportunity? Let us remember the so-called "dark ages,"—the Abbot Columba, the Monk Augustine, and the thousands who rushed from Irish cells and wattled huts on lonely isles; or the Romish priests and knights and scholars of the fifteenth century who followed Xavier to the East, or Nobrega to Paraguay; and as we think of their zeal and courage, and sacrifice and faith, and love of souls and love of our Lord, if these were children of darkness, are we walking like children of the light? It is worth a little serious consideration whether our "clear views" and committees and collections present after all so grand a spectacle, or do so great a work, as the brave and solemn enthusiasm of those great-hearted men.

ledge of it may be confined to the humblest classes, or to the most retired districts of our native land. A hundred years ago it was freely current among the better ranks of society, and at the beginning of this century, it was the common language of our nurseries, and was intelligible to every one. Now, however, our nursemaids and nursery-governesses speak nothing but a sort of school-English; our sons and daughters conclude their education beyond the Tweed, and except by special study, are unable to appreciate either Burns or Ramsay; and every day the number becomes fewer of those who could stand the test which an old friend of ours used to apply, of being able to interpret the lines in the "Address to the Deil:"—

"And dawtit twal-pint Hawkie's gane
As yell's the Bill."

This change is so natural, and indeed so necessary an effect of the wider diffusion of uniform education and of an increased communication with our Southern neighbours, that it ought not to excite either wonder or regret. But let us hope that, if the old Scottish dialect is thus doomed to languish and die, it may thereby gain something of that additional honour which ought to attend the departed. Things in every-day use have about them a certain tincture, if not of vulgarity, yet at least of triviality, which antiquity tends to remove. If we had the veritable "parritch-pats and auld saut-packets" of an antediluvian age, they would not be vulgar but venerable. Our Scottish tongue has still strong claims on our regard, though it may no longer be colloquially used. It is deserving of careful study, both for its intrinsic excellence as a vigorous and expressive form of speech, and as an apt vehicle by which men of distinguished intellect and genius have conveyed to the world the creations of their fancy and the emotions of their heart. It must always have an additional attraction for Scotchmen, or those interested in Scotland, as being a true reflex of the national character and an indispensable key to the national history.

But we are desirous at this time to interest in its study, not only our fellow-countrymen of Scotland, but all our brethren of British birth, and we wish, therefore, to point out some strong inducements to their making its better acquaintance.

And here, in the outset, we may both ask and attempt to answer the question, What is this Scottish tongue which we are thus seeking to recommend to notice? What is it as to its elements, and as to its affinities with other systems of speech? The answer, in our view of the matter, is short and

ART. VII.—1. *The Brus, writ be Master Johne Barbour*. Aberdeen. Printed for the Spalding Club. 1856.

2. *The Pricke of Conscience (Stimulus Conscientie)*. A Northumbrian Poem. By RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE. Edited (for the Philological Society) by RICHARD MORRIS. 1863.

It cannot be doubted that the old Scottish language of our forefathers is hastening to decay; and it is not improbable that before the close of the century the use or the know-

simple. The Scottish is but another form of English. The two are sister dialects of one and the same language.

No one, we think, who approaches the consideration of this subject without prejudice or prepossession, can fail to arrive at the same result. If we regard as among the most ancient and authentic remains of Scottish, the well-known lines that are said to have been made on the death of Alexander III., we shall be convinced that we are dealing with a mere variety of old English. Divesting them of some peculiarities of spelling, we recognise scarcely more than a single word in them that is not ordinary Saxon and Norman. The character of the language is precisely that which belongs to English, being a graft of Norman inserted on an Anglo-Saxon stem.

If, indeed, we take a wider view, and compare together the longer compositions of Scottish and English writers which begin to abound in the fourteenth century, we shall find certain inter-diversities of form which deserve our attention. If, for instance, we compare Barbour and Chaucer, who are as nearly as possible contemporaries, and belong to the latter portion of the fourteenth century, we discover differences both in words and grammatical forms, but chiefly in the latter, which naturally call for explanation, and lead us to inquire from what source these discrepancies arise. Before, however, we can determine whether there is here a sufficient ground for separating Old Scottish from Old English, the previous question occurs, Whether there is only one form of old English of that period, or whether, among English writers themselves, there are not diversities, more or less great, corresponding to those which distinguish the poet of Bannockburn from the Morning Star of English literature. We soon find that there are such diversities, and we are thus involved in an examination of the different dialects of early English, to see if we can trace in any of them an identity or close resemblance with our own Northern tongue.

We should not consider ourselves competent guides, and our readers would probably be unwilling to follow our footsteps, through the various and intricate differences of old or existing English dialects, with their several local limits at successive periods of time. But we have here on our table four well-known volumes, which will sufficiently illustrate this question for our present purpose. These contain the Metrical Chronicles published by old Thomas Hearne, two of the volumes being occupied by the work of Robert of Gloucester, and the other two devoted to that of Robert de Brunne. In

these two compositions we see at a glance a marked diversity of dialect, such as cannot be ascribed to difference of date; for the two writers lived within half a century of each other, Robert of Gloucester having written after 1280. and Robert de Brunne before 1330. The contrast is plainly ascribable to the different localities to which the writers belong, the one connected with the western and the other with the eastern part of England—Robert de Brunne being a monk first at Sempringham, and afterwards at Sixhill in Lincolnshire.

We shall here notice a few of the points in which the dialects of these two chronicles differ from each other. These are:—

1. The absence or extreme rarity in Robert de Brunne of the prefix *y* or *i* (the Saxon *ge*), and its frequent occurrence in Robert of Gloucester, particularly as the sign of the past participle.
2. The use in Robert de Brunne of the demonstratives *they*, *their*, *them*, as the plural of the third personal pronoun, instead of the proper and original plural of *he*, being *hi*, *hire*, *hem*, which are found in Robert of Gloucester.
3. The absence or rarity in the Lincolnshire chronicle of the final *n* in the infinitive and in the other inflections of verbs, with the remarkable exception of the *n* of the past participle, which in those verbs which the Germans call *strong* is more faithfully preserved in Robert de Brunne than in the monk of Gloucester.
4. The great rarity in Robert de Brunne of the final *n* in the plurals of nouns; the plural of *brother*, for instance, being not *brethren*, but *brether*, while *ky* not *kine* is the plural of *cow*.
5. The absence in Robert de Brunne of the termination *th* in the inflection of verbs, and the substitution of the final *s* instead of it; the second person plural of the imperative always ending in *s* when it has any inflection at all.

Now these differences, some of which have found their way into modern English, are among the most remarkable of those which distinguish Barbour from Chaucer, the dialect of Barbour having a strong resemblance to that of Robert de Brunne, while Chaucer approximates to that of Robert of Gloucester. We are thus led to the conclusion that the old Scottish language of this early period corresponds more nearly with the old English of the east of England, than with that of the south or west. A further examination of early English compositions will convince us that, in the 13th and 14th century, the east coast of Britain, from Essex northward to the Forth, was occupied by a population substantially the same in blood, and, with insignifi-

cant local varieties, speaking throughout its whole extent one and the same Anglo-Norman tongue, of a character sufficiently distinguished from the English of Chaucer, and the other southern and western writers of England, to deserve the name of a separate dialect of language.

We have probable grounds for believing that the Angles, who occupied the eastern part of England, were a different tribe or family from those Saxons who followed or accompanied them in their migration from Germany. At one period the Anglian kingdoms in England were equal if not superior to their Saxon neighbours, not only in enterprise and energy, but in learning and literature. But in the progress of events the Anglian districts were more exposed to the ravages of pagan marauders, both domestic and foreign; and the same devastations and disasters which enfeebled their political power, destroyed in a great measure the monuments of their literary genius. The influence and the language of the West Saxons came in this way to gain the ascendant; and what may be termed classical Anglo-Saxon, as preserved in literature, is chiefly the language of the West Saxon kingdom. It is even probable that works such as the poems of Cædmon, composed originally in the Northumbrian or Anglian dialect, have been transmuted by some southern scribe or reciter into the Saxon form in which we now possess them.

The proper Anglian tongue has only of late years been begun to be studied. By Hickes it was not well understood, but later grammarians have cleared up the subject, and the works published by the Surtees Society have afforded valuable materials for maturing the inquiry. When Hickes spoke of the Anglian dialect as Dano-Saxon, he promulgated a theory which is unsupported by evidence, and probably erroneous in fact. The term seemed to imply that the Anglian was originally identical with the common Anglo-Saxon, and only came to differ from it in being subsequently corrupted by the infusion of Danish influences. In some respects, certainly, there is an approach to Scandinavian forms in the remains which we possess of the earlier Anglian tongue, and of the Anglo-Norman of the Northumbrian districts; but it is probable that some of these resemblances existed long before in the primitive settlements occupied by the Anglian immigrants in the neighbourhood of the modern districts of Eastern Schleswig. It is well observed by a high authority, that in the relative position of the Angles and Saxons, the dialect of the Angles would more nearly resemble that of their neighbours, the Norsemen, while the Saxons would approximate to the men of the Low

Countries, from whom they were divided only by the Elbe. It is possible, however, that after the Anglian immigration to England, and under the disturbing effects of the Danish invasions, the Scandinavian tendencies which existed in the Anglian dialect may have received a certain impulse; and in this way the abolition of the final *n* in the infinitive of verbs, and of the prefix *ge*, which is wholly unknown to the Scandinavian languages, may have become more complete and confirmed. But it is true, on the other hand, as Dr. Guest has remarked, that the most characteristic peculiarities of Scandinavian inflection seem never to have been imported into the Anglian or Anglo-Norman dialects; such as the postposition of the definite article, the *-r* inflexion of verbs, and the use of a proper passive voice, which appear in all the Scandinavian tongues, but are wholly unknown to the dialects of northern England or southern Scotland. It is often unsafe here to infer that words which now seem to be peculiar to the Scandinavian languages are truly derived from that source; for if they have a form consistent with Anglian rules, they may equally belong to the old Anglian tongue, though, from want of early records, we may be unable to trace them. Thus the word *gate*, as used for a street, has been supposed to be Scandinavian; but there is nothing to hinder its being Anglian as well, since the root is very widely spread, and this is precisely the shape which it would bear if the Anglians had used it. There are other words, however, which we find in the Old English of the North, and which are undoubtedly Scandinavian; such as *ettile*, to aim at; *settle*, to adjust; *flit*, to remove; *sitt*, a sickness or sorrow. All of these words, according to the Anglian type of their etymology, would have had before the *t* a guttural *ch* or *gh*, which the Scandinavian languages reject, and their occurrence in the forms we have mentioned, is conclusive evidence of their having been adopted from the Norsemen. But, on the other hand, the extent to which the Northern English retained, and to which the Scottish dialect still retains, the internal guttural in its full energy, is a standing protest against the theory of a Scandinavian origin. The common words *nicht*, *dochter*, *aucht*, and many other Scottish forms, are wholly inconsistent with the genius of the Scandinavian tongues, which, with a softness resembling that of the Italian, convert these forms into *natt*, *dottir*, *atta*, etc. The peculiarly Scotch words *but* and *ben*, afford another example of divergence from Scandinavian principles, as no such words would have been used or understood by the Old Norsemen, to whom the prefix or preposition *by* or *be* was unknown. The frequent termination of the

inflections of the verb in the letter *s* is certainly not Scandinavian; and if there be a connexion between that termination and the Scandinavian *-r* inflection, the Anglian is the older of the two.

Hazardous as it may seem to lay hold of a single peculiarity, and use it as an important distinction, we cannot refrain from here reverting to the form we have already noticed of the plural imperative ending in *s*. The full inflected form of the second plural imperative in West Saxon is *-ath*; thus *bringath thá fixas*, bring ye the fishes; *gáth hider and etath*, come ye hither and eat. The Old English of the south and west retains this inflection as *eth*, where it uses any inflection at all. Thus in Chaucer:—

“Lordings, quod he, now *herkeneth* for the best.”

“Now *draweth* cut, for that is mine accord.”

“*Goth* now, quod she, and *doth* my lordes hest,
And o thing would I pray you of your grace,—
Burieth this little body in some place.”

“Ye archewives, *stondeth* ay at defence,
Sin ye be strong, as is a great camaille;
Ne *suffreth* not, that men do you offence:
And sclendre wives, feeble as in bataille,
Beth eagre as is a tigre yond' in Ind;
Ay *clappeth* as a mill, I you counsaile.”

In like manner Piers Ploughman, who is still further removed from the Anglian dialect:—

“For-thi I rede yow, riche,
Haveth ruthe of the povere;
Though ye be myghtful to mote,
Beeth make in your werkes.”

The old Anglian second person plural imperative is, when fully inflected, not *ath* but *as*. This is not a Scandinavian form, but is found frequently in the Anglian Gospels, and we often find it mixed in the same manuscript with the West Saxon inflection. Thus in the Lindisfarne ms. we have:—“*Rehta doeth* oththe *wyrceas* stiga his; rectas facite semitas ejus: *sceacas* oththe *drygas* thæt asca of fotum iurum; excutite pulverem de pedibus vestris.” In the Old Northern English, and in Old Scottish of the fourteenth century, this inflection becomes *es* or *is*, so that, instead of *hearkeneth*, we have *hearkens*, instead of *doth* and *beth*, we have *does* and *bees*, or *dois* and *beis*. The distinction is tolerably well marked, so that often the first line of an old ballad will tell us if it is Anglian or Saxon, according as it addresses the audience with *herkeneth*, *listeneth*, or with *herkens*, *listens*.

We may here observe, however, once for all, that several disturbing influences have been at work which introduce considerable uncertainty into our conjectures as to such

matters. In the first place, the writers who lived in the debateable land between two districts employed alternately or miscellaneously the dialect of each; and in the next place, compositions which were framed at first in one dialect were copied by scribes in another, and adapted, partially at least, to their own dialect, or that of their readers, so that often a very hybrid and incongruous compound was the result. We believe Robert de Brunne to have been a genuine Anglian, though a neighbour to the Southern; but if we remember right, for we have not the book at present within reach, his *Sinner's Manual* or *Handlyng Synne*, whether in consequence of his own or his transcriber's variations, has a strong tendency in a southerly direction.

We now give some Anglian examples of the peculiar imperative which we have noticed, observing at the same time that here, as in the Saxon-English, there is often no inflection in this part of the verb. Robert de Brunne thus delivers the last advice of the Romans to the Britons on retiring from the island:

“*Waxes* bold and fende yow fast.
Thinkes your fadres wan franchise.
Be ye no more in other servise
Bot frely lyf to your lyves ende.
We will fro yow for ever wende.”

He thus expresses Merlin's orders for transporting Stonehenge from Ireland:—

“Merlyn said: ‘Now *makes* assay,
To putte this stones down if ye may.
Go now alle and *spedis* yow,
For ye salle welde them wele inough.’”

Here are other examples from North of England writers:—

“‘*Lufes* nocht the world here,’ says he,
‘Ne that, that ye in world may se.’—*Ham-pole*.

“*Lithes*, and I sall tell yow tyll
The Bataile of Halidon-Hyll.”—*Minot*.

“*Listens* now, and *leves* me.”—*Ibid*.

“*Herkens* now both mor and lasse.
Herkyns now and ye schall here.”—*Hartshorne's Tales*.

Among our early Scottish writers we find the same form. Barbour thus shortly gives the directions of the dying Edward as to his Scottish prisoners:—

“Than lukit he awfully tham to,
And said, girnand, *Hangis* and *drawis*.”

Wyntown thus tells us that a prince in battle should lead on his men, and not bid them go before him:—

“Thus suld a Prynce in Battale say,
‘Cum on Falowis,’ the formast ay.
A Pryncis word of honeste
[‘*Gais* on, *gais* on,’ suld nevyr be.”

In the remarks we have hitherto made, we have not taken much notice of the Anglian peculiarities so far as the vowels are concerned; and we shall not now dwell on this distinction, but shall merely say that as we proceed northward we find the vowel *o* freely exchanged for *a*. In particular, the long Saxon *oa* or *o-e* passes into the Anglo-Scottish *ai* or *a-e*: *bone, bane*; *home, hame*, etc. This peculiarity is ridiculed by Chaucer in his Reeve's Tale, where the two northern students at Cambridge are made to speak in this way, and for the most part say *hame, gae, sae*, for *home, go, so*. Here is a couplet put into the mouth of one of them:—

"Our hors is lost: Alein for Goddes *banes*;
Step on thy feet; come of, man, al at *anes*."

We shall now proceed to bring under the notice of our readers the principal compositions in the Northumbrian or Anglo-Scottish dialect which we think preserve the best examples of its peculiarities. For the publication of these we have hitherto been indebted chiefly to individual or insulated exertions, often with an exclusive tendency; but we trust that a new era is commencing under the auspices of the Early English Text Society, just instituted; and that ere long many valuable works will have been given to the public, not only honestly and accurately; but also in such a form as to make them generally accessible to the students and lovers of early English literature. We have no doubt that among the treasures which are to be thus widely communicated, the Anglian dialect will be duly represented. Dr. Guest has remarked that the number of mss. written about the year 1300 which, judging from dialect and other circumstances, must be referred to Lincolnshire or the neighbouring shires, is singularly great, and these, we have no doubt, will present us with the more Southern form of the Anglian dialect, such as it is seen in Robert de Brunne's Chronicle; and indeed a fuller edition than we yet have of the early part of that chronicle would seem to us to be a very clear desideratum. The portions of it which Hearne has given are expressed in admirable Anglian, and are a most instructive philological study, approaching more nearly in substance to the dialect of Barbour than any other work we can mention.

We shall not here attempt the observance of any precise chronological order in our account of some of the principal remains of this Anglian tongue, and we shall commence our notices with those which, in all probability, belong to the southern side of the Tweed.

The first composition we shall now mention is the metrical version of the early Eng-

lish Psalter published by the Surtees Society. The ms. followed is said to belong to about the middle of the reign of Edward the Second; and we may reasonably ascribe the work itself to the thirteenth century. We subjoin a few specimens which we think will particularly interest our Scottish readers. In illustration of the English where it is obscure, we recommend a comparison with the Vulgate.

PSALM 8TH.

"2 Laverd, our Laverd hou selcouth is
Name thine in alle land this.
For upe-hovene is thi mykel-hede
Over hevens that ere brade;

3 Of mouth of childer and soukand
Made thou lof in ilka land,
For thi faes; that thou for-do
The fai, the wreker him unto.

4 For I sal se thine hevenes hegh,
And werkes of thine fingres slegh.
The mone and sternes mani ma,
That thou grounded to be swa.

5 What is man, that thou mines of him?
Or sone of man, for thou sekis him?"

PSALM 18TH.

"2 Hevens telles Goddes blisse;
The walken schewes handes werkes hisse.

3 Dai to dai word riftes right,
And wisdom schewes night to night."

PSALM 23D.

"7 Oppenes your yates wide,
Yhe that princes ere in pride;
And yates of ai up-hoven be yhe,
And king of blisse in-come sal he.

8 Wha es he king of blisse that isse?
Laverd of mightes is king of blisse."

PSALM 113TH.

"1 Noght til us, Laverd, noght til us nou,
Bot til thi name blisse gif thou.

3 Oure God soth-like in heven is kid;*
Alle that ever he wald, he did.

4 Lickenes of genge,† silver and gold,
Werkes of men hend of mold.

5 Thai have mouth, and sal not speke with-al;
Eghen thai have, and se thai ne sal.

6 Thai have eres, and here ne sal thai oght;
Nese-thirles thai have, and smel sal noght.

7 Hend thai have, and noght sal thai
Grape with them, night ne dai.
Feet thai have, and sal noght ga;
In thair throte noght crie sal tha."

* Kid=*kythed*, shown, revealed.

† Simulachra gentium.

PSALM 144TH.

- "14 Laverd raises alle that doune-falle,
And the hurt he up-rers alle.
- 15 Eghen of alle, Laverd, hope in the wide,
And thou gives thar mete in time-ful tide:
- 16 Openes tou the hand over alle thing,
And filles ilka beste with blissing."

We shall next pass to the *English Metrical Homilies*,* edited with great care and success by Mr. Small of Edinburgh. This publication is chiefly printed from a ms. preserved in the Library of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh, which Mr. Small believes to belong to the early part of the fourteenth century, but some defects in that ms. are supplied from others of nearly equal antiquity preserved at Cambridge, Oxford, London, and Lambeth.

The "Homilies" is an interesting book written obviously in a Northern form of the Anglian tongue, and presenting some curious philological features, which explain the connexion between the several Anglian dialects or sub-dialects of different periods or localities. We subjoin an extract from the Prologus to the Homilies as a sample:—

"Forthi suld ilke precheour schau,
The god that Godd hauis gert him knau,
For qua sa hides Godes gift,
God mai chalange him of thift.
In all thing es he nought lele,
That Godes gift fra man will sele,
Forthi the litel that I kanne,
Wil I schau til ilke manne,
Yf I kan mar god than he,
For than lif Ic in charite,
For Godes wisdom that es kid,
And na thing worthe quen it is hid.
Forthi wil I of my pouert,
Schau sum thing that Ik haf in hert,
On Ingelis tong that alle may
Understand quat I wil say,
For laued men hauis mar mister,
Godes word for to her,
Than klerkes that thair mirour lokes,
And sees hou thai sal lif on bokes,
And bathe klerk and laued man,
Englis understand kan,
That was born in Ingeland,
And lang haues ben thar in wenand,
Bot al men can noht, I wis,
Understand Latin and Frankis.
Forthi me think almous it isse,
To wirke sum god thing on Inglisse,
That mai ken lered and laued bathe,
Hou thai mai yem thaim fra schathe,
And stithe stand igain the fend,
And til the blis of heuen wend
Mi speche haf I mint to drawe,
Of Cristes dedes and his sau,

On him mai I best found mi werke,
And of his dedes tac mi merke,
That maked al this werd of noht,
And der mankind on rode boht.
The faur godspellers us schawes,
Cristes dedes and his sawes,
Al faur a talle they telle,
Bot seer saues er in thair spelle,
And of thair spel in kirk at messe,
Er leszouns red bathe mar and lesse,
For at euer ilke messe we rede
Of Cristes wordes and his dede,
Forthi tha godspells that always
Er red in kirk on Sundays,
Opon Inglis wil Ic undo,
Yef God wil gif me grace tharto,
For namlic on the sunnenday,
Comes lawed men thair bede to say,
To the kirc, an for to lere
Gastlie lare that thar thai here,
For als gret mister haf thay,
To wit quat the godspel wil say
Als lered men, for bathe er bouht
Wid Cristes blod, and sal be broht
Til heuenis blis ful menskelie
Yf thai lef her rihtwislie."

Without plunging deep into grammatical explanations, we may here notice one or two peculiarities in the language of the two works we have just noticed, which seem to belong to the dialect of Northumbria proper, and to have scarcely penetrated into Scotland, or not to have been long preserved there. The plural of *hand* is *hend*, just as the plural of *man* is *men*. This is a common inflection in the Platt-Deutsch dialects. The first personal pronoun ought in Old English to be *Ik* or *Ic*. But in most of the northern dialects, it wants the final consonant. In the "Homilies," however, we find both forms: *Ic* before vowels or an aspirate, and *I* before consonants. We find, in these Northumbrian writings, a regular set of adverbs, *hethen*, *thethen*, *whethen*, for *hence*, *thence*, *whence*, and which afterwards appear in Scottish in the short forms of *hine*, *thine*, *quhine*. We have also *sethen* for *since*, which in Scottish is *sine*. The Northumbrian poems show the frequent use of *quh* or *qu* for *wh*, with which we are so familiar in Scottish, but which is merely an orthographical variety for the purpose of showing more strongly the aspirated nature of the sound.

"The Pricke of Conscience" has long been known in a fragmentary form, particularly by the extracts given in Warton, who erroneously prophesied that he would be the last transcriber of it. It is now easily accessible in the complete and excellent edition of it lately published by Mr. Richard Morris of the Philological Society, who has selected for the purpose those mss. which seem to present the purest form of the true Northumbrian text. Mr. Morris's edition is accompanied by a

* *English Metrical Homilies, from Manuscripts of the Fourteenth Century*. With an Introduction and Notes. By JOHN SMALL, M.A. Edinburgh: William Patterson. 1862.

valuable introduction, exhibiting the chief grammatical peculiarities of the Northern dialects, as well as by good notes and a glossarial index. "The Pricke of Conscience" is supposed to have been written about the middle of the fourteenth century, and to be the work of Richard of Hampole, a monk, who derives his name from a Yorkshire monastery situated near Doncaster. The poem is written in a racy and vigorous Anglian dialect, and is full of the stray learning of the times, both in things human and divine. We give an extract from Mr. Morris's preface as a sort of bill of fare:—

"Valuable as is the *language* of Hampole to the student of our early literature, the matter will be found to be almost as interesting.

"The reader, who is on the look-out for what is curious, can learn how to tell, by the *cry* of the new-born babe, 'whether it be man or woman' (p. 14):—

'If it be man, it says "a, a,"
And if the child a woman be,
When it is born, it says "e, e."'

He can read about the *lynx* that, 'with its sharp sight and clear eyes,' sees 'through thick stone walls' (p. 17); he will find the miseries consequent upon 'Old Age' most minutely enumerated (pp. 22, 23); he may learn, from 'men that are sly,' the signs of approaching death, how the left eye of the dying man is narrower than the right, and how

'His nose at the point is sharp and small,
Then begins his chin to fall;
His pulse is still without stirrings,
His feet get cold, his belly clings' (p. 23).

Those who have been accustomed to deathbed scenes, may have observed, perhaps, that

'If near the death be a young man,
He always wakes and may not sleep than;
And an old man to death drawing,
May not wake but is always sleeping' (p. 23).*

The reader will find, whatever may be said to the contrary, that *death* is exceedingly painful, much worse than the wrenching from their roots 'each vein, sinew, and limb' of our bodies (p. 53). Not only is there physical pain at the approach of death, but mental torture; for the

* Hampole here seems to have followed the authorities of his time, as the following extract from a medical ms. will show:—"For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy.—Qwen his broues hildes doune; the right eigh mare than the lefte ye; neyse ende waxes sharp; his eres waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn fallis; his eighen and his mouth es open when he slepes, bot he be wont thar-to; his ere-lappes waxes lethy; his fete waxes calde; his wambe fallis away; if he pulle at the straes or the clathes; if he pyke at his nese thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakand, ald man ay slepand; his twa membres waxes calde agayns kynne, and hydes tham; if he rutills; thir er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe witte thu welle he sal not leve thre dayes."—*Reliq. Antiq.* p. 54.

soul of the dying man is disquieted by the 'sight of friends,' ramping, scowling, grinning, and staring like 'mad beasts' (p. 61). The devils are very 'ugly,' and are only permitted to appear in their 'proper shape' to the dying (p. 63).

"If any Protestant reader should not believe in the existence of Purgatory, our author will give him as trustworthy information upon it as if he had travelled through the country, and seen its 'sights.' He may learn 'What it is' (p. 64); 'where it is' (p. 76); 'what pains are there' (pp. 79-89); 'what souls go thither, and for what sin' (pp. 89-96); and 'what may help to slake their pain' (pp. 96-108).

"If any one desires information upon future punishments, he will find an interesting question raised at p. 82, 'How may the soul feel pain?' Hampole answers it by showing that all *feeling* is in the soul, not in the body. The soul shall feel the pain, but 'each one shall appear to another as possessing shape of body of man' (p. 83). But some clerks, our author tells us, 'maintain that the soul that is in purgatory, or in hell, has of the air a body for to suffer pain in various limbs' (p. 84).

"About Antichrist, 'the man of sin,' there is no lack of information—

'He shall be called the child that is lorn,
And in Chorazin he shall be born,
Of a woman of the kindred of Dan' (p. 113).

And of Gog and Magog, in a passing allusion, we are told that they are the 'worst folk in the world;' and the general opinion concerning them is, that they live beyond the mountains of the Caspian Sea, and are kept quiet by the Queen of the Amazons. At the end of the world, however, 'they shall break out, and destroy many lands about' (p. 121). A curious piece of information is given too about the *resurrection*, when the age of old and young shall be the same, *i.e.*, thirty-two years and three months (p. 135). The reason of this is, that Christ, when he arose from the dead,

'Was of thirty years and two
And of three months therewith also.'

The reader who is ignorant of the whereabouts of hell, can learn that it is in the middle of the earth, like the hollow in the yolk of an egg. According to Hampole, an egg 'hard boiled' exactly represents the relative positions of heaven, earth, and hell.

'And as the *yolk* amidst the egg lies,
And the *white* about on the same wise,
Right so is the earth without a doubt
Amidst the heavens that go about' (p. 174).

Hell, too, is an 'ugly hole' (p. 180), full of boiling brimstone and pitch (p. 181). 'There the devils shall stuff the sinful in the fire, so that they shall glow as fire-brands' (p. 198). So Burns had pretty good authority for addressing the 'deil' as one

'Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane clootie
To scand poor wretches.'

Our Author, in the seventh and last part of his work, treats us to an *astronomical* lesson, far more amusing than instructive. He tells us (p. 206) that

'From the earth until the circle of the moon, es
The way of five hundred winters and no less.'

'And from the point of the earth to Saturnus
The highest planet may be guessed thus,
The way of seven thousand years
And three hundred' (p. 207).

For these, and some few other points of this sort, Hampole relies upon the authority of Rabbi Moses; he seldom advances statements of his own, and it is only in describing the 'city of heaven' that he ventures, as he tells his readers, to 'imagine in his own head' (p. 239). For other points of interest the reader must consult the volume itself."

We also subjoin two extracts from the poem itself:—

"In helle salla be than fulle dolefulle dyn,
Omang the synfulle that salla dwelle thar-in,
That ever-mare salla thus cry and say:
'Allas, alas and walaway!

That ever we war of wemmen borne,
Ffor we er fra God for ever lorne?
Than salla thai grete and goule and with teth
gwayste

Ffor of help ne mercy thar tham noght trayste.
The devels about tham than in helle,
On tham salla ever-mare rare and yhellé;
Swa hydus noyse thai salla than make,
That alle the world it moght do qwake,
And alle the men lyfand that herd it,
To ga wode for ferd and tyne thair witt.
The devils ay omang on tham salla stryke,
And the synfulle thare-with ay cry and shryke,
Thare salla be than mare noyse and dyn,
Than alle the men of erth couth ymagyn;
Ffor thare sal be swilk rareyng and ruschyng
And raumpyng of devels and dyngyng and
dusching

And shrykyng of synfulle, als I said are,
That the noyse salla be swa hydus thare,
Omang devels and thase that salla com thider,
Ryght als heven and erth strake togyder.

Ane hydus thing es it to telle
Of the noyse that salla then be in helle;
The devels, that ay salla be fulle of ire,
Salla stopp the synfulle ay in the fyre,
Swa that thai salla glowe ay als fyre brandes
And ay when thai may weld thair hands,
Ffor sorrow thai salla tham hard wryng;
And walaway thai salla ay syng.

In helle salla be than swa gret thrang,
That nane may remow for other ne gang.
On na syde, backward ne forward

Ffor thai salla be pressed togyder swa harde,
Als they war stoped togyder in ane oven,
Ffulle of fyre bineth and oboven;

Bot never-the-les helle yhit es swa depe,
And swa wyde and large, that it moght kepe
Alle the creatures, les and mare,
Of alle the world if myster ware.

Ilka synfulle salla thare on other prese,
And nane of tham salla other eese,
Bot ever fyght togyder and stryfe,

Als thai war wode men of this lyfe,
And ilk ane scratte other in the face,
And thair awen flessch of-ryve and race,
Swa that ilk ane wald him self fayn sla,
If he moght, swa salla him be wa,
Bot thare-to salla thai haf na myght,
Ffor the ded salla never mare on tham lyght.
Ffulle fayn thai wad than ded be,
Bot the ded salla ay fra tham fle;
After the ded thai salla yherne ilk ane,
Als in the apocalypse schewes Saint Johan:
Desiderabunt mori, et

mors fugit ab eis.

'Thai sall yherne,' he says, 'to deghe ay
And the ded salla fle fra tham oway.'

The next extract is from the description of heaven:

"Of verray ryches, gret plenté es thare,
That er a hundreth thowsand-fa'd mare
Than alle the ryches of the world here,
That ever was sene, fer or nere,
That fayles and passes oway:
Bot the rychesce of heven salla last ay,
That er aile thing, als God vouches save,
That men in heven yhernes to have.
Oboven the ceté of heven salla noght be sene,
Bot bright bemes only, als I wene,
That sal schyne fra Goddes awen face,
And sprede about and over that place.
His bright face sal alle thas se,
That sal duelle in that blisful cité;
And that syght es the mast ioy of heven,
Als men inught here me byf-r neven.
And alle-if that cité be large and wyde,
Men salla hym se, until the ferrest syde,
And als wele thas that sal be fra hym fer,
Als thas that sal thar til hym be nerrer;
For als men of fer landes may haf sight
Of the son, that we se here schyne bright,
And als the same son that shynes byyhond the
se

Shewes it here, and in ilka cuntré
Alle the day, aftir the ryght course es,
Bot when cloudes fra us hydes hir brightnes;
Right swa the face of God alle-myghty,
Sal be shewed in heven appertely,
Tille alle the men that thider sal wende,
Thogh som suld duelle at the ferrest ende.
Bot ilk man, als he lufes God here,
Sal won thar, som fer and som nere,
For som lufes God here mar than sum,
And som lufes hym les that til heven sal com
Alle thas that God here lufes best,
When thai com thar sal be hym nerrest,
And the nerrer that thai sal hym be,
The verreylyer thai sal hym se;
And the mare verrayly thai se his face,
The mare sal be thair ioy and solace.
Bot tha that here lufs hym les,
Thai sal won thar, aftir thair luf es;
Bot ilk man sal se hym in his degré
In what syde of heven swa he sal be
Here haf yhe herd of many fayre sight;
That ay salla be sene in heven bright;
Ful glade and ioyful all thas may be
That swilk fayre sightes, ay, thar sal se
And of mykel ioy may thai ay telle
That in that cité of heven sal ay duelle.
Als wa ilkan sal haf in thair heryng,

Grete ioy in heven and grete lykyng,
 For thai sal here thar aungel sang
 And the haly men sal ay syng omang,
 With delitabel voyces and clere;
 And, with that, thai sal ay here
 All other manere of melody,
 Of the delytable noys of mynstralsy,
 And of alkyn swet tones of musyke,
 That til any man's hert mught like;
 And of alkyn noyse that swete mught be,
 Ilkan sal here in that cite,
 With-uten instrumentes ryngand,
 And with-uten movyng of mouth or hand
 And with-uten any travayle,
 And that sal never mar cese ne fayle.
 Swilk melody, als thar sal be than,
 In this world herd never nan erthely man
 For swa swete sal be that noyse and shille
 And swa delitabel and swa sutille,
 That all the melody of this world here
 That ever has been here, fer and nere,
 War noght bot als sorowe and care
 Als to the lest poynt of melody thare.
 Omang them als wa sal be swete savour,
 Swa swete com never of herbe ne flour,
 When thai war in seson mast,
 Or war mast of vertu for to tast;
 Ne of spicery mught never spryng,
 Ne yhit of nan othir thyng,
 That thurgh vertu of kynde suld savour wele
 Swa awete savour als thai sal fele;
 For na hert may thynk, ne tung telle,
 How swete sal ilkan til other smelle;
 That savour sal be ful plenteuouse,
 And swa swete and swa delicious,
 That alkyn spicery that men may fele,
 And of alle othir thyng that here savours wele,
 War noght bot als thyng that stynged sour,
 Als to regarde of that delycious savour."

The Poems of Minot have been so long known in the excellent edition of Ritson, that it would be a waste of time and space to make extracts from them here. He seems to have written a few years earlier than Chaucer or Barbour, and his writings produce upon us a singular impression, arising from the almost perfect identity of his language with the Scottish idiom, and from his animosity against those very Scots with whom he thus shows himself to be so nearly allied in speech and origin. Minot has long been noted for the ease and smoothness of his rhythms.

The Romance of Iwaine and Gawaine, also edited by Ritson, and inserted in his collection of Romances, is, in our opinion, an excellent poem, as well as an admirable specimen of very pure and racy Anglo-Scottish. We do not profess to assign any precise date to its composition; but it contains many archaic forms and phrases.

The last work we shall at present notice is the *Towneley Mysteries*, one of the most interesting of the publications of the Surtees Society. These compositions are somewhat multifarious in style and manner, and as we

now have them, they are probably in a different and more modern garb than that which they originally wore. They seem to belong for the most part to the region near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and to be marked with some of the peculiarities of the West Riding dialect. But in substance and in the main structure of the language, they appear to us to be decidedly Anglian, and they are, with some simple explanations, quite intelligible to those who know the ordinary Scottish idiom. Some of them, such as the "Mactatio Abel" and the "Secunda Pastorum," descend to a very low depth of vulgar ribaldry; while in others, such as "Abraham," we meet with a touching vein of tenderness and true feeling.

We subjoin here, as a curiosity, some examples from these "Mysteries," of the double bob-wheel, which, after it had come to be disused in England, was so happily made popular by the genius of Burns.

In the "Resurrectio Domini," the centurion says (we somewhat modernize the spelling):—

"The sun for woe it waxed all wan,
 The moon and starnes of shining blan,
 And earth it trembled as a man
 Began to speak;
 The stone that never was stirred or than
 Insonder [brast &] brake.

The Saviour speaks:

"Earthly man, that I have wrought,
 Wightly wake & slepe thou nought,
 With bitter Sale I have thee bought,
 To make thee free;
 Into this dungeon deep I sought
 [And all] for love of thee.

Sen I for love, man, bought thee dear,
 As thou thyself the sooth sees here,
 I pray thee heartily, with good cheer,
 Love me again;
 That it liked me that I for thee
 Tholed all this pain.

If thou thy life in sin have led,
 Mercy to ask be not adread,
 The least drop I for thee bled
 Might cleanse thee soon;
 All the sin the world within
 If thou had done."

We have thus travelled over, in rather a desultory manner, the interesting ground that is presented to us in the Anglian dialects, as used on the south of the Tweed, and we shall here pause for the present. We think it cannot fail to have been seen how important a form of old English is thus presented to us, and how closely it is identified with our Scottish tongue. We do not say that the more southerly idioms of old English are not also to be studied as illustrations on this sub-

ject; for in all the varieties of English speech there is much that is common and universal. There can be no better proof of this fact than the excellent annotations of Mr. Albert Way on the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, a book written in the language of Norfolk, but which has received in those Notes a copious elucidation from all the forms of Old English. It is obvious, however, that the dialects which prevailed from East Anglia to the Forth, and latterly even to the Moray Firth, are those which are most nearly allied together, and that the study of these in their whole extent is the best and only true way of understanding any one of them. Without seeking to draw invidious comparisons, we cannot help remembering how much these eastern districts have in every way contributed to the prosperity of England, and the formation of the English character. Their inhabitants have, from the earliest times, been remarkable for untiring energy and industry, as well as for practical prudence and good sense. They have carried out, in the highest perfection, on their own ground, the two concurring, and yet contrasted pursuits of agriculture and seamanship, which are the main supports of England's greatness; their genius and taste pre-eminently appeared in their early architecture and poetry; and their language, though it could not supersede, has insensibly modified the forms of the southern and midland dialects, and has communicated much of that force, compactness, and precision, for which classical English is now remarkable.

Dr. Guest observes, that "as the northern dialect was retreating northwards, two vigorous efforts were made to fix it as a literary language; the first in the thirteenth century, by the men of Lincolnshire—the same whose taste and genius yet live in their glorious churches; and a second in the fifteenth century by the men of Lothian." We find here indicated the history and progress of the Anglian speech. Reduced gradually in England to the position of a provincial dialect, it had still a refuge in the Scottish Lowlands, and flourished for the space of more than two hundred years as the language of the Court and clergy, as well as of a large portion of the common people, of an important and independent kingdom. The Scottish is thus the Anglian tongue, not neglected and left to run wild, like flowers in a deserted garden, but enclosed, cultivated, and watered by courtly favour and the care of learned men. This Scottish dialect, however, received its death-blow at the Reformation. The circulation of the English Scriptures undermined its ascendancy, and no Scottish Bible was ever authorized. Knox and his followers

were accused of Anglicizing in their language as well as in their politics; and Ninian Winzet, the Popish antagonist of Knox, was among the last who wrote the ancient Scottish in its primitive purity. The union of the Crowns in the beginning of the following century, placed Scotland, in a great measure, in the condition of a province; but left it, at the same time, in possession of a noble literature, the product of the two centuries that had intervened from Barbour to James the Sixth, the last of our purely Scottish kings, and who may be called also the last of our Scottish poets perhaps in more senses than one. The body of poetry which had thus arisen, together with the admirable compositions of Ramsay and Burns, which have since been produced, ought to be regarded, not as the exclusive property of Scottish men, but as belonging also to all their countrymen of England, among whom the Anglian dialect ever prevailed. Its foundations were laid, and the first cultivation of the language was carried on to the south of the Tweed, and the peculiarities of phraseology, and perhaps of thought and feeling, which distinguish Scottish poetry, are common and congenial to the whole Anglian race.

ART. VIII.—*Rambles in the Deserts of Syria, and among the Turkomans and Bedaweens.*
London, John Murray, 1864.

THE title of this book gives promise of something pleasant, and the words *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria* hardly prepare us for a journey which leads from Beles, Hierapolis, Batnæ, and Aleppo, and thence by Marash and the Cicilian Gates to Antioch, Tripoli, Dama, and Chalcis, and so back to Beroëa, and anon by Aishah and Damascus to Jerusalem and Beirut, and once more back to Aleppo, Andrene, Seleucia, and Marash. Such a list recalls the *Mirrors of Aleppo*, in the pleasant story of Sadi and the Merchant of the Isle of Kish, where the latter says: O Sadi! I have one more trip before me. I shall take Persian sulphur to China, for I have heard that it brings a prodigious price there; and thence I shall take China-ware to Greece, and Grecian brocade to India, and Indian steel to Aleppo, and mirrors of Aleppo to Yaman, and striped cloth of Yaman to Persia, and, *after that*, I shall give up trading, and sit at home in my shop."

Sooth to say, men do not ramble in the Syrian Desert. If they be Europeans they

travel principally with a set purpose, and to see a certain locality. If Arabs, they wander, because it is their life to do so, the condition of their existence, as the river flows *in omne ævum*. Thus the tribe of the Anezi circle perpetually "in a great migratory orbit, which takes them to Aleppo in summer, towards Urfa, Diarbekir, Môsul, and Baghdad in winter, and leads them round by the southern regions of the Desert, passing near Damascus, Homs, and Hama, back to Aleppo." Or, be they European or native, Syrian wayfarers stray rather than ramble from the right direction, like the caravan of three thousand camels, with six hundred men, which perished in 1858, near Hara Ija Sheham. "It was bound from Damascus to Baghdad, and lost the way. No Bedaween happened to be within reach, and a tribe came upon their remains long after their death!"

Least of all do men ramble voluntarily among the Turkomans and Bedaweens. It is with bated breath and anxious eye that the traveller presses on through the mountains of the Ansairi, or the great pine forests of the Ghiaoor Dagh, where with opportunity every man is a robber; and the rider who spurs into the illimitable desert of the Bedaweens will do wisely to watch well his mare, and see she misses not the track, as knowing his life depends upon her powers. To one who has had experience of the measure Turkomans mete out to their neighbours, to speak of rambling among them sounds like junketing among cannibals or picnics among pirates. The love of wild adventure, the grim necessity of travel, or serious and responsible duties may and do lead Europeans into the haunts of the robbers of the Desert, but the careless spirit of the Rambler should seek more peaceful districts. No doubt there is a Syrian Handbook, and there are certain frequented routes along which Cockneydom, ignorant of the languages and heedless of the customs of the people, may travel securely; but to penetrate into less known parts and return safely demands qualifications only attained after a long residence in the country, and not often then, but which the author of these pages abundantly possesses. Without such gifts, indeed, his rambles would soon have been unceremoniously abridged. Imagine, for example, an ordinary traveller in the situation of the author, about to enter the wild district of Chikoor Ova at the foot of the Ghiaoor Dagh, when the chief of the Turkoman escort "suddenly pulled up, called in his men and took leave," abandoning him to find his way through mountain fastnesses peopled with robbers, into the Cilician plain, and

then to trust himself to the tender mercies of the Tajeerli. A stranger to the country would be fortunate in such a case to escape with the loss only of property. Or how would such a ride as is described in letter xii. of the volume before us suit the mere tourist? Starting from Aleppo in the fierce heat of August, the author of these pages rode fifteen miles south to the village of Sfiri, and cantered thence to Irjil, the ancient Regillum, which he reached at night-fall. Not finding there an Arab camp, the object of his search, he rode on till midnight and drew rein at Hara Ija Sheham. There he slept on the bare ground without food, and started next day when the sun was hot, with a draught of muddy water as his sole refreshment. Riding on the whole day, at night-fall he obtained from three Bedaween boys a little milk and a crust of hard bread, and again slept on the plain. After riding the whole of the third day he arrived at the ruins of a fine old castle on a hill, called by the Bedaweens Shuemis, not far from the site of the ancient Irenopolis, now Selamieh, half-way between Hama and Palmyra. Thence he rode on all night, "sometimes at a good gallop," and as the fourth day dawned reached the hospitable tents of the Mowali. For such rides the best blood of Arabia is required in the steed, and much of the Arab power of abstinence in the rider.

But with every protection that knowledge of the languages and the tribes, consummate address and presence of mind, and even recognised rank can give, the Desert of the Bedaween is not always to be traversed with impunity. An example of this will be found in the eighteenth letter of this series, where the author's errand of mercy in quest of the unhappy Christian women carried off from Damascus, not only was not "twice blessed," but doubly failed, first, as regards the captives, who were never recovered; and, secondly, with reference to himself, in that his own life was nearly sacrificed. The incident is one so stirring that it deserves to be extracted:—

"Knowing the way perfectly, we left Aisheh without an escort, and having with us only a servant, a groom, and a lad. For several hours we rode safely under the thickly-falling snow, unable to see fifty yards around us, and consequently unseen from any greater distance. In the afternoon, the weather unfortunately cleared, and we came in sight of some horsemen towards the north, belonging to the Shammar Sheikh, Abd-ul-Kerim, with a few of the worst characters among the Ghes and other low tribes, which had taken the field for Deham, in all about sixty. Being only five, we could not think of simple resistance, but both F—— and I were well mounted, and we could try to avoid close

quarters. The party opened as soon as they saw us, and we were soon nearly surrounded. Flight in a straight line was impossible. We had plenty of room, however, as our enemy seemed to have recognised us, and evidently feared that we might have fire-arms. I told F—— on no account to use his revolver, as we must be finally overpowered, and by drawing blood we should only seal our own fate. After ineffectual attempts to force our way through their line, in one of which I got a spear-thrust through my Arab cloak, but without wounding me, we kept wheeling and dodging the attacks made on us within a circle of a few hundred yards. Our three men having inferior horses were soon taken, unhorsed, and stripped. Their cries seem to have been heard by another body of horsemen, which soon appeared rapidly approaching us from the south. Encouraged by the hope that they were friends, we continued galloping about with a decided advantage in the speed and condition of our horses; if they were enemies, we could only give ourselves up. F—— was struggling gallantly, striking out with his fists, like a schoolboy as he is, at four or five Arabs, who were trying to jostle him. At last they got him down, and then others tried to close on me. The shock of several horsemen who ran up against me at full speed without pointing their lances, brought my horse to the ground, and rough hands dragged me from the saddle before he could rise. I contrived to shake them off, and, giving up my horse, ran towards the other party of Bedaween who were coming on at their best pace. The first man who reached me was Khalifeh-el-Kir, of the Roos tribe of Anezi. He was a brother, and he shouted to those behind him who I was. I sent Khalifeh to F——, who was still stoutly sparing at bay, his horse having been carried off. Not knowing Khalifeh, he thought him a new assailant, and struck out at him too. Khalifeh quickly scattered with his lance the Shammar on foot around F——, unwound the aghal from his head, threw it over F—— to secure him, then gave him a horse to ride, taken from one of his men. The next who came up to me was Ahmed-Bey-Mowali, who at once charged those near me, and drove them off with the enormous lance he always uses. The fear of his very name seemed to disperse the Shammar. He gave me the mare of his cousin Daher, who was with him, and a general assault was made on the enemy. The Anezi and Mowali were only thirty, but they soon showed their superiority over the Shammar, who were as two to one. A short *mêlée* settled the affair, leaving twelve wounded, two of them severely. One of the latter was on my horse, and he was set upon ferociously, and knocked off with three bad spear-wounds and a broken head from the blow of a mace, which Ahmed Bey carries at his saddle-bow. In the evening the wounded were carried into the Weldi camp, where every attention was paid them; the Shammar and Ghess having galloped off without bestowing a thought on them. All our horses, cloaks, and everything we had lost, not excepting the minutest articles taken from our servants, were carefully brought to us by Ahmed Bey, who then led the way to Mehemed-

al-Ganim's camp, a short mile further on. News of the fight had preceded us, and the whole tribe came out on foot to meet us; the sheikh with bare head and feet, and tearing his beard with vexation; the women brandishing tent-poles, and screaming imprecations against the Shammar. It was not until F—— and I were felt all over by the faithful Weldi, to convince themselves that we were not wounded, that they would be quiet, and let us rest after our lively ride. All their horsemen mustered next morning to escort us on our return, which was diversified by a very pretty little chase after an enormous wild boar. F—— turned it after a couple of miles' run, and the brute charged him. Excellent horsemanship and the skilful use of his spear secured to him the victory, which was cheered by the Arabs forming a vast ring round the two combatants, when a last home-thrust laid the huge animal on his side, not to rise again."

Dangers, then, and hardships, it must be admitted, attend those who wander from the beaten track in the Syrian Desert, or, indeed, in any part of the Turkish Empire. But without such deviations the real condition of the country can never be thoroughly appreciated. It is when the highroad is quitted, and the escort is dispensed with, that the true state of affairs becomes known.

This volume teems with information as to the actual condition of both the governed and the governing classes in Turkey, and with just reflections on the position and prospects of the Ottoman Empire, and this it is that makes it so valuable. The ordinary incidents of travelling in the East have often been amusingly described, and the reading public have so frequently been regaled with descriptions of Oriental scenery and disquisitions on architectural remains, and the sites of places of historic fame, that at present, "a crude surfeit" is reigning where eager interest used to exist. But the real desideratum is correct information, which would serve to elucidate the political problems, which the Turkish Sphinx proposes to the Bœotians of the West, to the solution of which, in the opinion of many, no steps have yet been made. These problems are, first, Are the reforms declared to be introduced into the Turkish Government by the *Hati-Humâyûn*, or Imperial Rescript of 1856, *bona fide* measures, originally intended to be carried out, and now actually in operation, the results being such as to justify the expectation that the Turkish Empire can continue an integral Power, able to repel foreign aggression, and controlled by a Government willing to act for the interests of the numerous nations, tribes, and sects over which it declares itself supreme, and are there signs of the satisfactory fusing of these discordant elements into one homogeneous mass? Secondly, on the

supposition that the preceding question be answered in the negative, and should it be admitted that there have been no genuine reforms in Turkey, and no real consolidation of the Empire, are there, nevertheless, reasonable grounds for believing that a better day may dawn, and the improvement and continuance of the Ottoman Government being not essentially impossible, is it allowable to hope that the circumstances which have hitherto retarded progress in Turkey may pass away, and is it, therefore, politic to labour for their removal?

These questions are, no doubt, of the very highest interest and importance, especially to England, who has spent so much blood and treasure in aiding her "sick" ally. But in proportion to their gravity is the difficulty of replying to them, as a reference to the contradictory opinions collected by Mr. Senior* on the subject, and to the antithetical sentences in Lord Strangford's amusing chapter "Chaos" will show. Facts, of course, are facts, but the light of them comes to us through various mediums and assumes various colours in the transit. How this occurs is well shown by the last-named author. "The diplomatist," writes Lord Strangford, "resides entirely at the capital; the provinces are to him a mere abstraction, except in recent and rare instances; and in the ordinary exercise of his profession he sees nothing but Turkey as a victim; Turkey bullied, encroached upon, and brow-beaten; Turkey with short measure and false weights dealt out to her in the first moral principles of Christianity, by those whose lips are always wet with the watchwords of Christianity. Interest apart, his feelings thus come naturally to be enlisted in favour of Turkey, and many travellers and writers are found to reflect his lights for the public at home. The Englishman who holds no office, the merchant, the railway or telegraph superintendent, the man set in authority over Turks, the lawyer, and many other classes, see nothing of the diplomatic encroachments and foul play themselves; but they are face to face with venality and rascality every day of their lives; in the provinces they see countless instances of unequal justice, and unfair, often contumelious or oppressive treatment, towards the subject races; by profession, interest, or antipathy, they are often actually opposed to Turks, and their mind becomes tinged, at least on the surface, with the colour of vehement hostility. This in Turkey is rarely accompanied with any corresponding feelings of active sympathy towards the said subject races,

whose qualities are not such as to endear them to Englishmen on the spot and away from home. The consuls, living wholly in the ill-governed provinces, are politicians one day, and merchants, advocates, or judges the next; they come under both of these influences, and these fluctuations of opinion may easily be traced in their reports. Yet no diplomatist would wish to support Turkish rule otherwise than as a provisional rule."*

These remarks point out abundant reasons for the difference of opinion which exists as to the condition of Turkey, but there is yet another source of discrepancy to which they do not refer, and that is religious bias. A sincere Christian, be he layman or priest, missionary or merchant, cannot believe in the tendency of the Turkish Government, influenced as it is by Mohammedanism, to improvement. To him a religion, not only false in itself, but inculcating systematic hostility to Christianity, must appear an insurmountable bar to progress and civilisation. If no knowledge but that contained in the Koran be allowable, what becomes of mental culture and the discoveries of science? How are the rights of the community to be protected and equal justice administered to all, when the creed of the dominant sect finds expression in such sentences as the following: "O true believers! take not the Jews or Christians for your friends. . . . Fight against those who believe not in God, nor in the last day, and forbid not that which God and his apostle have forbidden, and possess not the true religion, until they pay tribute by right of subjection, and they be reduced low."†

On the other hand, the diplomatist, who has resided long in the lax society of Constantinople, becomes too often imbued with prejudices of quite an opposite tendency, and ends in being more Turkish than the Turks. Between such extremes there is room for every shade of opinion, and in the conflict of testimony thus engendered by so much opposition in theory, it is requisite to walk with careful steps under the guidance of some one whose local knowledge, acquaintance with the languages, and habits of intercourse with the people of Turkey, entitle him to confidence. But it would be, of course, absurd to expect from any one man an encyclopædic knowledge of a country so vast as Turkey. A lifetime would not suffice to make even the most diligent collector of facts acquainted with the actual state of more than two or three provinces. But, perhaps, on the principle of *Ex pede Herculem*, it may be allowa-

* *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858.*

* *Eastern Shores of the Adriatic*, p. 344.

† Sale's *Koran*, edit. 1764, pp. 141, 243.

ble to reason from what is known to be true provincially, to what is desired to be known of the empire generally. Acting on this idea, and preferring to agree with a recent critic,* in considering Syria as "an important and almost typical Asiatic province of the empire," rather than with Lord Strangford, in regarding it as "the most utterly confused and disorganized of all Turkish provinces;" we shall extract from the *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria* such passages as throw light on the political problems connected with the great Mohammedan power, and support the views thus derived with testimony from other sources.

Of the qualifications which entitle the Syrian Rambler to be regarded as an authority in the Turkish question, mention has already been made. They are such as Lord Strangford himself admits give the greatest weight to evidence on the subject, and that weight does not appear to be diminished by the manifestation of Christian sympathies, which make their appearance rather in the actual stir of such events as the massacres in the Lebanon and at Damascus, than in theoretical discussions.

Let us see, then, what light this writer throws on the reforms which are said to have been initiated after the Crimean War, and whether he affirms that these are to be considered *bona fide* measures, originally intended to be carried out. His testimony on this head is explicit:—

"I believe in little or no change in the inward feelings of the Mussulmans towards the Christians, who themselves believe in none, and they talk of pillage and massacre as being imminent on every occasion when the ancient spirit of Islam is fired by the excitement of religious festivals. Hence their state of dread.

"The Mussulmans of the interior of Turkey are a different people from those of the capital and the great seaports. There, a contact with European ideas exists, which is unfelt here. The dominant race is still in the provinces of the Ottoman Empire what it was four centuries ago, proud, bigoted, and indolent. It is not here as at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria, a mongrel transformed by the inroads of Frank trade. Commerce flourishes more or less in the inland towns, no doubt, but it is an element apart, which has not exercised any great influence on the thoughts and habits of the Mussulman. The descendant of the Arab grandee, as of his Turkish conqueror, remains unconscious of the gradual encroachment of foreign enterprise, and blind to the rise of Christian ascendancy. The traditions of the two great factions which have always divided Mohammedan society, the green-turbaned Shereefs claiming kindred with the prophet, and the fierce Janissaries trusting only to the favour of

Sultans, though forgotten on the coasts, are still fresh inland. In vain one talks to a Mussulman here of the altered circumstances of Turkey, which appear incredible to him, and he continues to live on in his narrow circle of contemptuous exclusiveness, animated only by personal and party rivalries. His religion, essentially a religion of pride, forbids his admitting the possibility of Christianity, which he knows to be a religion of humility, ever becoming compatible with power abroad or prosperity at home. The condition of this northern capital of Syria is thus a remnant of what Turkey has been, rather than a production of any new system or influence. The Sultan's authority is represented by a governor-general, who puts his seal to all acts of the administration, which is practically in the hands of the Ayans or notables of the town. These latter are always squabbling amongst themselves for a predominance of power. Few pashas have the energy or patriotism to resist their usurpation. They might oppose it successfully were they so inclined. In 1815 when Chapanoglu, the deposed Prince of Yuzkat, was sent to govern Northern Syria, thirty of the Ayans were summoned to his presence, and summarily beheaded. In 1819, the different local parties united against his successor, whom they murdered for levying a house-tax; and the town was besieged for four months by the Sultan's troops before order could be restored. The vigour of the Egyptian government kept the Ayans in subjection from 1832 to 1841, but, when Syria again fell under Turkish rule, their rebellious and overbearing spirit was unchecked; and in 1850 it went so far as to produce bloodshed. That spirit is fed by the weakness of Turkish governors, and by the encouragement found in the non-realization of the various reforms which have been decreed. The Mussulman here has thus seen nothing to corroborate the statements made of Turkey having entered a new era of her existence as an empire. He falls back on his old traditional sturdiness, and remains what he was in her period of barbaric power."*

The most important change announced by the Hati-Sherif of November 3, 1839, and confirmed and supplemented by the Hati-Humáyún, was that no penal sentence could thenceforth be carried into execution without trial before a criminal court. But the institution of courts of justice is of little avail if the courts themselves be corrupt. Now it requires very little examination to discern that the Turkish courts of law must in the very nature of things be corrupt. The two lowest courts are entirely under the influence of the Provincial Governor, who, at his pleasure, can render them inoperative or turn them into engines of oppression. The first of these, the Mejlis el Tahkik, or Court of Inquiry, consisting of a President and four members, has no power of pronouncing sentence without the command of the Gover-

* *Saturday Review*, No. 445.

* *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria*, p. 55.

nor, under whose influence it is originally appointed. The Provincial Council, which consists of from thirteen to twenty of the chief functionaries and leading men of the neighbourhood, is simply a Court of Appeal from the Mejlis-el Tahkik. It may be said to have none but Mohammedan members, for those of other sects are mere nonentities, and never venture to give an opinion, or even to sit in the presence of their colleagues. The Mehkemeh, the next court, which is the true law court, is conducted by a Judge, the Kází, who is annually changed, and an Interpreter of the Law, the Muftí, who is a local, resident officer. Both these officers must be, in the nature of things, intensely bigoted Mohammedans, for they are drawn from the priesthood, a class nurtured from boyhood in the study of the Koran and in the service of the mosque. They are ill paid, and can hardly purchase the necessaries of life if they remain honest, while they may easily and safely enrich themselves by taking bribes. There is no check upon their decision, and no escape from it, for while the Muftí declares the law, the Kází finds as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and passes sentence, on oral evidence, and without recording the proceedings. On the subject of the Mehkemeh the author of *Rambles in Syria* pronounces as follows:—

“The Cadi seeks only to enrich himself during his short stay, and the last month of his year generally sees a great number of causes settled at a cheap rate to leave no gleanings for his successor. The Muftí sells his fetwa, or written opinion, to the highest bidder. The proceedings are not recorded, testimony is merely oral, the witnesses are often bribed, the judges almost always, and the heaviest purse gains every cause. The entrance to the different courts on days of hearing is crowded by persons making a livelihood by giving false evidence. Witnesses are wanted; they are found at the door, ready to swear to anything for a couple of dollars.

“The evidence of Christians is not yet received by any court, notwithstanding all that has been said, written, and proclaimed on the subject.”

To this, his description of the provincial councils forms an apt pendant:—

“The working of the provincial councils, as I have already explained in part, is very defective. As a first step in the career of reform, much was expected from their organization. But it is now abundantly demonstrated by its mode of action that, however beneficial it may be in other countries and under different circumstances, it was adopted prematurely here, being incompatible with the stage of political education at which the population had arrived, and not in the least in harmony with their social condition. I allude, of course, only to the provincial population of Turkey, for that of the capital is in a widely dif-

ferent state, and seems to belong to another age. Those who judge the former by the latter, and write on the shores of the Bosphorus sanguine disquisitions, inspired by the more advanced and intelligent members of the patriotic party amongst Ottoman statesmen, on the prosperity of the rural class, the safety of life, honour, and property, and on the great and favourable changes which have taken place within the last twenty years, deceive themselves and others in so far as the provinces of the empire are concerned. I used to be one of those myself, but a deeper insight into the state of the interior of Turkey has since then forced me to give up some of the bright theories I indulged in. I now see that the great change to the agricultural population, which was often oppressed by a pasha cruel and rapacious, is the substitution of fifteen or twenty councillors, always greedy of gain, full of enmities, and more skilled by local knowledge to oppress whenever oppression is safe and profitable. It is idle to talk of the influence of Christian members of provincial councils; for they hardly presume even to sit in the presence of their Musulman colleagues, and never venture to express dissent, calculated though the decision may be to fall heavily on their own constituents. These councils, in point of fact, hamper a good governor without acting as a check on a bad one. They are, in addition to this, a new source of evil in themselves. Men of public spirit and integrity are not to be found in the class of notables in the interior. The councils are consequently composed of unscrupulous speculators. They do not give themselves the trouble to attend their sittings unless they have some personal interests to further. Collusion supplies the means of serving such interests, and pashas are powerless, when willing, to cope with their deep collective chicanery. Possessed of great experience, wielding a dangerous ascendancy over the people, and well versed in all the trickery of the East, they rarely fail to reduce the best-intentioned governor to the condition of an instrument in their hands. He is soon made to feel the weight of their displeasure, and the value of their support, by the unwise credit given at Constantinople to their censure or approbation, and he then resigns himself to let them govern the province in his stead. The same familiar phases of such struggles, with the same results, have come under my notice in the provinces of European Turkey and Asia Minor, as now in Syria.”

While this is the state of the reformed law courts in Turkey, that of the police is if possible worse. These pretended guardians of the peace are, in fact, a horde of licensed robbers and murderers. Indeed, their infamy is such that it in a certain sense obtains for them all the immunity of innocence, for the acts they perpetrate seem incredible to Europeans who are not resident in the country, and atrocities thus, too often, escape denunciation. As a specimen of their acts, let us take what is recorded in these Syrian rambles of Hájí Batrán, the chief of the mounted police in the district between Aleppo and the Salt Lake.

This wretch himself related to the author the manner in which he had indemnified himself and his horsemen, for some pay which had been withheld by the Government. Throwing himself suddenly upon the inhabitants of a village that was placed under his protection, he killed sixteen of them, and stripped the unfortunate survivors of everything they possessed. He then joined the wandering tribe of Anezi, and did not return till the Government, with morality similar to his own, condoned the offence and settled his accounts. "He then resumed his previous functions, as if they had never been interrupted." The whole province of Syria is intrusted to the safe keeping of a body of two thousand mounted police, similar to Hájí Batrán and his myrmidons. Their pay is always in arrear, and, as if the temptations to plunder a defenceless population were not sufficient, the Government urges them to do so by the prospect of starvation if they remain honest.

The condition of the other Asiatic provinces, as regards the police, is as bad as that of Syria, if not worse. Take, for example, the highroad between Trebizonde and the Persian frontier, a distance of four hundred miles. This, as being one of the chief commercial lines in the empire, ought to be the most secure, and secure indeed it is, as compared with the out-lying villages, where no traveller's life would be safe for a moment without an escort. But on the highroad itself caravans are continually plundered, and even the carriers of Government are robbed and maltreated. At most of the stations an escort of from five to ten horsemen is required, and though what befalls the native traveller is never brought to light, we know from Europeans what the dangers of the journey are.

Again, the whole line of frontier between Persia and Turkey, from Khoi to the southern districts of the Pashalik of Baghdad, is one incessant scene of bloodshed and violence. The nomade tribes are here continually on the move in search of pasturage, descending to the Arabian plains in winter, and ascending to the Kurdish mountains in summer. Each tribe has a long register of blood feuds, only to be wiped out by creating others in greater number. The traveller is the common prey of all. On the great road that leads from Khanikain to Baghdad it is impossible to pass without seeing men firing on one another from the hill-tops, and encountering the inhabitants of villages turning out to protect their flocks from robbers. About eight miles to the south of Khanikain is a long range of low hills infamous for the attacks of brigands. At this spot a European

merchant, resident at Baghdad, beat off a few years ago a party of Arabs, not without loss on both sides. Here, too, three years since, some property belonging to the English Government was plundered. There are many graves by the way-side, each of which is a record of some bloody deed. As this locality is but three stages from Baghdad, the seat of the Viceroy of the second highest rank in the whole empire, and the headquarters of one of the five provincial armies, it may be imagined what insecurity prevails in more distant and unfrequented regions! To the south of Baghdad again is the land of the wandering Arabs. Here the Anezi pitches his tent, and hence to the shores of the Mediterranean is one vast tract, where anarchy has prevailed from time immemorial. In fact, the obedience which the Arab yields to the Turk is merely nominal, and the intercourse between the two races may be best described as plunder and oppression on one side, and retaliation on the other. With the simple substitution of plains for mountains, what is described in the Syrian Rambles as taking place in the hills of the Ansairi, would apply *mutatis mutandis* to the deserts of the Bedaween.

"The actual condition of this part of the country may be estimated by recent incidents, showing that little change has here taken place from the old times of rapine and bloodshed in Turkey. A village of worshippers of the sun refused to pay its taxes. A member of the provincial council of Tripoli was sent there to remonstrate a few days ago. Having failed in his mission, and not having ventured to proceed to extremities with so violent a people, he was returning home, when he passed through a Christian village. Village for village mattered little; he set fire to it. The panic-stricken inhabitants hurriedly conveyed their moveable property into their church, in the hope that it would be respected. The church was broken open and plundered by the followers of the functionary. Another village had been totally abandoned a few months ago on account of the unchecked depredations of a band of malefactors under a leader of infamous character named Issa. The villagers with their families took refuge at Antioch, where they remained in a state of the utmost destitution, while their crops were being publicly sold by Issa at the neighbouring small town of Jisr-Shogl. Efforts were made by the poor people to obtain protection from the Turkish authorities, but Issa found means of obtaining support amongst the members of the provincial council of Antioch. Last year the two Amamreh tribes, one of which bears the distinctive name of Beit-el-Shelf, the other Mohelbeh, together with the tribe of Beni-Ali, determined to attack and subjugate at one blow the hostile tribe of Cardahá. The latter, having discovered the plan of attack, resolved on dividing into two bands; one to meet the assault, the other to destroy the villages of their assail-

ants. The second detachment burnt six villages of the Beni-Ali, killed several persons, burnt two villages of the Mohelbeh, and carried off all the cattle they found, while the first detachment was driven in, and the villages of Wady-Beit-Ha-sar, situated on the high hills of the Cardaha, were destroyed. The people of Beit-Tashoot, a portion of the Semet-Cobli district, hastened to defend the villages of the Beni-Ali and Boodi against the Cardaha, but the Crahleh trib, from another part of the Cardaha mountain, called Carein-Ibalieh, attacked Beit-Tashoot. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Ahmed-Aga-el-Mohammed-Adra, an enemy of the Crahleh, advanced from his castle of Merkab with a large party of his followers, attacked and burnt several of the Crahleh villages, and carried off a great many of their cattle. The tribes of Darins, the two Amamrehs, and Beni-Ali, united, and negotiations for peace having been opened, hostilities ceased, and have not been renewed as yet, but they will be, as soon as a good opportunity offers. The Turkish authorities were fully cognisant of all that passed, but did not interfere further than by sending orders to preserve tranquillity. Mohammed-Aga-Haznadar, a chief of irregular cavalry, however, casually met several parties of armed men belonging to both sides, with whom he exchanged a few shots; three of his horsemen were wounded, and he reported having killed four of the Ansairi. The inhabitants of Beit-el-Shelf, who are moon-worshippers, attacked lately El Harf, a part of the Bahluli district, burnt two villages, and carried off all their live stock. Three lives were lost on each side. The assailants were subsequently routed in their turn by the villagers of El Harf, who killed three more of their number. The Scoobin worship the sun, and are therefore immemorial foes of the Beit-el-Shelf. A mere squabble among some children led to a whole day's desultory fighting between the two tribes, during which five men of the Beit-el-Shelf and one of the Scoobin were killed, while another of the latter was taken prisoner and burnt to death, after having his hands and feet cut off. On this occasion twenty mounted irregulars were sent to the spot, but they did not interfere between the combatants, and returned home with the head of an Ansairi, in no way connected with the affair, whom they had met on the road, and decapitated unquestioned. This brutal act was justified by the statement that at the same place where the man was met by his executioners, a Turkish officer had been put to death by the Ansairi two years ago, and his body left to rot by the roadside. So deplorable a state of anarchy and conflict exists in a province, the chief town of which contains three hundred regular and three hundred and eighty irregular troops: of the former none have been ordered out of Lattakia, and of the latter none ever reached the scene of action, although they left the town for the purpose of restoring tranquillity. The very presence of irregulars in the town is an evil, for their frequent excesses prevent the industrious and peaceful portion of the Ansairi population in the immediate vicinity from bringing provisions and other commodities to market."

As regards police, then, and in the matters of civil and criminal justice, the subjects of the Turkish Government are truly unfortunate. The large reforms so much vaunted as the offspring of the Crimean War, are proved to be mere cheats, which have already served their time, and are no longer alluded to even as pretexts. The next question is, What progress has been made in the matter of taxation, and in the removal of class disabilities? Viewed with reference to the population, the revenue of Turkey is so small that the public burdens would not seem to press heavily on individuals. Assuming thirty millions* to be the numbers of the inhabitants of the Turkish dominions, and taking the revenue in round numbers at fifteen millions, the pressure would be no more than ten shillings per head. But this would give a very erroneous idea of the actual condition of the labouring classes.† The tithe of agricultural produce, which forms the back-bone of the revenue, "is collected by speculators, who purchase from the Government the right of collection, hoping to receive from cultivators a greater amount than the price paid." In general it is the provincial council that thus buys up the tithes of a district, and so unlimited is their power of extortion, that instances are by no means rare of their exacting from the unhappy cultivator thirty-five per cent. instead of ten. In addition to this a variety of presents in the shape of lambs, fruit, and forage are wrung from the villagers, who are exposed as much to the violence and licentious passions of the tax-gatherer and his satellites as to their cupidity. One of the boons held out to the non-Moslem subjects of the Porte in the Hâti-Humâyûn was the abrogation of the capitation-tax, and to this

* According to the census of 1844, the population of European and Asiatic Turkey, together with that of Tripoli, Fez, and Tunis, amounts to 33,350,000. But of these the Arabs number 885,000 in Asia, and 3,800,000 in Africa (*The Resources of Turkey*, by J. L. Farley, p. 3); and many of the Arab tribes, the Anezi, for example (*Rambles in Syria*, p. 29), pay no taxes to Government. The revenue for 1862 is calculated by Fuad Pasha at £15,118,640. (*See Resources of Turkey*, p. 29.)

† Mr. Farley says (*Resources of Turkey*, p. 18), "It is not the fiscal dues imposed by the State, which are burthensome to the people; on the contrary, taxation in Turkey is much lighter than in most other countries. It is the abuses of collection, the extortion of the revenue farmers or their agents, and the numerous rates of interest charged by the Saraffs, that oppress the agriculturist, and by retarding the development of the vast natural resources of the empire, prevent her from taking that position among the commercial nations of Europe to which by nature she is eminently entitled."

was added a right of admission into military service. But this apparent concession has been changed into a fresh source of oppression. The capitation-tax reappears as the *bedelieh askerieh*, or tax in lieu of military service, which is a permanent impost levied whether a conscription is going on or not, and is at least double the amount of the sum formerly exacted under the name of capitation. At the same time none but a Mohammedan could really enter the Turkish army, for to say nothing of insults, his life would not be safe from the fanatical violence of his fellow-soldiers. In this respect the army of the Shah contrasts very favourably with that of the Sultan, for instances have occurred in which Mohammedan regiments in Persia have combined to save the lives of Nestorian Christians serving in their ranks.

While on the subject of taxation, it is only fair to say that the author of *Rambles in Syria*, after speaking of the extortion to which the agricultural classes, and all, whatever their avocation, who are not Mahomedans, are subjected, nevertheless asserts that the taxation is not severe. "I believe," he writes, "that, in comparison with other countries, the population of Turkey is, on the whole, lightly taxed." But it is quite evident that he is here looking rather at the amount of revenue raised, and of taxation per head, than at the ability of the population to pay. The best proof of the miserable condition of the people is the food on which they are obliged to support themselves. Of the whole Arab population, amounting to several millions, the same author writes, "they never taste animal food, except when a sheep is slaughtered for a guest. Their ordinary food is bread dipped in melted butter, but they are often reduced to camel's milk, either alone or with a few dates." The Irregulars under Háji Batrán were glad to feast on the flesh of the hyena. The Turkumans, who number about two hundred thousand, still live as in the time of Burckhardt,* "they taste flesh only upon extraordinary occasions." Yet these are professional robbers; and partly by plundering, partly by legitimate traffic, are in a position of luxury compared with the Fellahs or cultivators. The condition of these latter has not improved one whit since the days of the above-named traveller, who speaks of them thus:—"Fellahs live wretchedly; whenever they are able to scrape together a small pittance, their masters take it from them under the pretence of borrowing it. I was treated by several of them at dinner with the best dish they could afford—bad oil with coarse

bread. They never taste meat except when they kill a cow or an ox, disabled by sickness or age; the greater part of them live literally upon bread and water." European travellers, especially if they are officials or men of rank, are purposely hindered from seeing the poverty of the land in travelling through Turkey. But let them leave the highroad, put off the name and dress of Englishmen, and take shelter in the villages at random, as Burckhardt did, and they will soon learn the truth. What is said by Mr. Senior's informant of the state of the masses in Egypt, applies generally to the people all over Asiatic Turkey.* The habits of the mass of the people are so bad, their bodies are so filthy, their dwellings are so wretched, their food is so ill prepared (and it may be added so unfit for man), that the climate must be excellent, or they could not live." To the excellence of the climate must be added also the fertility of the soil in most parts of Turkey, as the real reason why the scanty population does not dwindle even below its present number. "The agricultural improvements,"† says the author of *Rambles in Syria*, "seen on the plain, are still very primitive, and the science of husbandry remains in a stunted infancy; but the soil is so marvellously productive that heavy crops are obtained by merely throwing seed into shallow furrows scraped by the most wretched of ploughs, without harrowing, rolling, or weeding. As for the Turks themselves they are naturally averse to husbandry, and, if they had not Christians and others for their farm-serfs, would scarcely be induced to till the earth's surface at all. 'Look,' said one of them, 'at these hills of El Himr, here a man can subsist without labour. There are sixteen kinds of roots here on which life can be supported, and amongst them the wild onion; what more is required?'"

With absolute insecurity for life and property, with such preservers of the peace as Háji Batrán, with taxation carried to the utmost limits that the misery of the masses will allow; what, it may be asked, has been gained for Turkey by the Hâti-Humáyún, and all the expenditure of blood and treasure in the Crimea? There is but one reform to which the partisans of the Turks can point, and that is the security of life to converts from Islamism, or to those who lapse to their former faith after becoming Mohammedans. It is not so very long since that an Armenian, who had become a Mohammedan, and reverted to Christianity, was put to death at Constantino-

* *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land*, Appendix i.

* *Journal kept in Egypt in 1855 and 1856* (*Victoria Magazine*, April, 1864).

† *Rambles in Syria*, p. 86.

ple. It is said that application was made to the British Embassy to interfere on that occasion, but that the intervention, however it was conducted, failed. A formal execution at the capital on such a charge would now, of course, be impossible, but, in spite of this, it is more than doubtful whether any step has been made in the right direction. Though a lapsed convert could not be openly put to death at Constantinople, his danger at any distant town would be extreme, and his execution certain, if the Mohammedan authorities were assured that the affair could not possibly come to the knowledge of a European Consul. If this be doubted, let reference be made to the unbiassed and unquestionable authority of the author of *Rambles in Syria*. His opinion on this head, which has been already quoted (see p. 249), is delivered in the clearest terms, and must be echoed by every one who pretends to a real acquaintance with the Turkish character, and the present state of feeling among all classes of the Mohammedan population in the Turkish Empire.

But more impressive and convincing than the language of any writer is the testimony of events. Is it the case, that since the Crimean War the Christian population of Turkey has lived in greater security, and that the old Mohammedan rigour has been softened towards a faith whose followers have saved Mohammedan power from being torn up by the roots? What is to be said, then, of Jeddah? of the massacres in the Lebanon, at Deir-el Kamar, at Hasbeya and Rasheya, and at Zahleh? These places were destroyed by fire, and 3600 Maronites were slain in them. The same scenes of horror that occurred at Aleppo nine years and a half before, when for three weeks the Christian quarter was given up to pillage and the sword, would doubtless have been repeated in 1860, but for the firmness of Omar Pacha, a Russian refugee. What would have occurred at Aleppo may be inferred from what did occur at Damascus, where 1280 Christians were barbarously murdered, and every conceivable outrage that the most fiendish cruelty could suggest, was perpetrated on an unoffending population. It is true that the authors of these atrocities were punished, that Ahmed Pasha, the governor of Damascus, the commandants of Hasbeya and Rasheya, and a colonel of irregulars, with 117 of his officers and soldiers, and several civilians, were shot, that 66 other ringleaders in the massacres were hanged, and 550 sentenced to hard labour for life or for twenty years. But these retributive acts were due to French intervention, and were in no degree ascribable to any regard for justice on the part of the Turkish Government.

It may be said, however, that the whole

epoch of the Crimean War was fraught with bitter humiliation to the Turks, that to have required and received the aid of Christians to save them from being trampled under foot by Christians, was in itself inexpressibly galling to their proud spirit; that their pride was still further wounded when the Sultan was compelled to proclaim, as the price of the intervention which had saved his empire, equality of rights to all his subjects, and abolish the pre-eminence of the Osmanli, which for centuries had never been called in question; and that a violent revulsion of feeling was the inevitable result of such compulsory obedience to the wishes of a despised sect, but that the explosion once over the danger of reaction is past. This line of argument leads to the investigation of the second of the two questions with which we set out. It must, indeed, be admitted that hitherto the promised reforms in Turkey have not borne fruit, that there have been recent evidences of the continuance of the old rancorous spirit in the dominant race, that there is the same disorganization and anarchy and oppression, that for so many years have been indignant described by so many writers; but may not a better time be looked for, when by the development of commerce, the immigration of Europeans, and incessant contact with Western civilisation, the Turkish character itself may be altered, Mohammedan prejudices softened, and the equality of rights for all Turkish subjects, which has been now twice proclaimed by imperial edicts, be really established?

Were it indeed the case that the fanatical, unbending spirit which was formerly so characteristic of the Osmanli, was now found only in the lower order of Turks, or in those who, from residing in the interior, are less exposed to contact with European ideas, there might be some hope of improvement. But this is far from being the case. The higher classes of Turks, even those who have resided in the capitals of the European States, and who have mixed in European society, still continue quite devoid of those free and generous notions which are the true source of all real progress. The Government itself, though it yields to the remonstrances of the European ambassadors, returns to its original form wherever and whenever the pressure is removed. For example, retribution was exacted by the French for the massacres of 1860. The Porte yielded to the pressure, and about 740 Mohammedans suffered death or imprisonment; but no sooner was the excitement over than Namik Pasha, who was governor of Jeddah during the massacre, was appointed to the highest disposable command in the empire, the government of Baghdad, where he is at this moment. Namik Pasha

is, besides, an excellent illustration in his own person of the unchangeable character of the Turk, under continual contact with European civilisation. He has resided in both England and France; he speaks French almost as well as a native of France; he affects a great regard and admiration for Lord Palmerston. Yet it is notorious that there is not a more bigoted and relentless Turk in the whole empire. Not to speak of Jeddah, it is well known that his constant aim is to resist European influence, and to mortify and harass those who are under consular protection. It is said, that having by an effort of this kind brought down on himself a sharp reprimand from the Porte, he was ordered to apologize to some European functionary, who, the better to insure the *amende* being made, was supplied with a copy of the despatch. Armed with this paper the European proceeded to an interview with the Pasha, who received him as usual, and said nothing about the instructions. At last the visitor, growing impatient, inquired if such a despatch had been received. "Yes!" said the Pasha, "the order has arrived. The Sultan can take my head, but I will never apologize to an infidel." It may easily be imagined how little respect is shown under such a viceroy to the regulations of the Hâti-Humâyûn. Thus, in that edict it is said: "All foreigners may possess landed property, obeying the laws and paying the taxes; for this purpose arrangements shall be made with foreign powers." As a matter of fact, there are foreigners possessing land in the Pashalik of Baghdad, but an inquiry into their grievances would discover many curious circumstances. At a station, for instance, not very far from Baghdad, there is a most commodious caravanserai built by a foreigner. It is very much needed where it stands, and would be a great convenience to the public, but for some reason or other no one has ever entered it, or is likely to do so under the present régime.

The author of the *Rambles in Syria* admits most fully the wretched state of Turkey, and distinctly avows his disbelief in any improvement proceeding from the Government itself. At the same time he does not altogether despair of a change for the better under certain circumstances. His panacea is "a steady but not violent pressure from without," coupled with "the influence of European settlers." But under the most favourable circumstances, he thinks that progress in Turkey must be a work of time, and that whether the change that has commenced will reach a fortunate issue or not, is still an unsolved problem. It is fair to quote his opinions at length in his own words, before commenting on them:—

"Police is not what is most wanted in Turkey; it is government. The want of government creates here lawless classes, not individual criminals. Lord Macaulay says that no ordinary misgovernment will do as much to make a nation wretched as the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous. The constant effort of most Turks to better themselves belongs to one of two descriptions; plunder and bribed connivance. High and low, official and unofficial, rich and poor, all follow the tortuous groove of speculation, corruption, and extortion, on the one hand, or are addicted, on the other, to armed depredations. I allude, of course, only to the provinces of Turkey, as I have already more than once specified in remarking on the state of the country. Were the astonishing perseverance and ingenuity employed in the pursuit of illicit gain, and the great courage and skill displayed in acts of violence, turned into the wide and legitimate channel referred to by our distinguished historian, they would, by a parity of reasoning, make the nation very prosperous. But to effect anything of the kind, a new social order must be inaugurated, which would admit of both classes earning their livelihood honestly, and some moral distinction must be established between what is right and what is wrong, that crime should be stigmatized. For the usual isolated disturbances, remedial measures, more or less prompt and efficacious, may be expected from the Turks, but, when a people is thus perverted, as well as misgoverned, all practical improvement to be looked for from the Porte can, I fear, be of little avail. The evil is deep-seated in a country where labour is not allowed to be productive, and plunder in all its varieties is encouraged by sharing its profits. Lord Macaulay's ordinary misgovernment theory has no application here. This is a stupendous misgovernment, and the nation is very wretched."

"By putting a check upon the abuse of power through its equal distribution between Mussulmans and Christians, by effecting a more equitable arrangement of the respective and relative rights of conflicting sects, and by opening the country to foreign colonists, along with an absolute prohibition of foreign protection and local interference, these ends might be attained in so far as legislative means can avail. Interests now antagonistic would thus be bound together. The labourer or artisan, no longer forced to work for another, might then work for that other while working for himself. A middle class would spring up from such a regulation of social rights in proportion as prosperity might enable the cultivator and tradesman to extend their operations, and according as necessity might oblige the great proprietor of land and looms to become himself industrious. Trade would then be indigenous, and wealth would cease to be monopolized by local magnates and foreign speculators, while money, instead of filling the coffers of a favoured few, leaving the provinces to purchase influence, or being sent abroad by strangers, would circulate at home, begetting affluence, producing what is now imported, and remaining in the country as the stock of future

generations. The missing links in the social chain once supplied, the equilibrium essential to productive harmony established, the different wheels of the machine so adjusted as to work well alone, and the population brought to the normal state of well-regulated society, prosperity would become possible, and good government certain. The hour of redemption from starving pride on the one hand, and from debasing servitude on the other, sounded for millions of human beings at the close of the Crimean War. The lapse of a certain interval between the shock of a great conflict, and the realization of its stipulated and proclaimed results, naturally took place. The shaken supremacy of the dominant race oscillated for a time, and Europe looked on in expectation of the final practical abolition of all class privileges. Matters have settled down, however, on their former basis. The decree, comprising the germs of such important social and political changes, has remained a dead letter, in so far as regards all practical results. The warning conveyed to the tottering throne of Turkey has hitherto been disregarded. Unaided and unwatched, one can have but little confidence in the administrative abilities and political morality of any man or set of men in Turkey. With the exception of Fuad Pasha, Ahmed Wefik Effendi, and a select few, too few to achieve the rapid transformation of so vast and so corrupt an empire, the best-intentioned Sultan has not instruments at his disposal for such an undertaking. Hence arises the grievous evil of foreign local interference in the details of government, to which it may not be unfair to attribute in a great measure the failure of Turkey to keep her promises. She is not left time nor temper to do it under the constant teasing of embassies about trifles. Every one knows that our own ambassador has never followed that course, and that Sir Henry Bulwer has, on the contrary, contributed very efficaciously towards the realization of every good purpose of the Porte, while his not having always succeeded either in effecting progress or preventing evil is not to be wondered at in presence of other influences, less disinterested and beneficent, but equally entitled by position to claim the Sultan's careful consideration. I cannot doubt, however, that, by a moderate and justifiable insistence on the adoption of obvious principles and practice, emanating directly from a friendly power, so as to escape the Scylla and Charybdis besetting the local approaches to the Porte, Turkey might be placed and kept in a train of improvement advantageous to herself and satisfactory to Europe. It must, certainly, be a work of time; for I imagine that a people cannot at once be raised, as was expected, from the actual state of the Sultan's subjects by international stipulations and imperial enactments, however beneficial and comprehensive they may appear, without passing through a period of transition. That period has commenced; whether or not it will ever arrive at a favourable issue, is still an unsolved problem, involving the peace of Europe."

There are, it seems to us, two fallacies involved in these theories for the resuscitation

of Turkey, as in similar views propounded by those whose opinions have been reported by Mr. Senior. The first of these fallacies is in speaking of "the steady but not violent pressure from without," as if the welfare of Turkey was the prime object of all the European states, whereas there is nothing so certain as that, except England, Turkey has not a single real friend or disinterested ally. It is true that France, Sardinia, and, to a certain extent, Austria, combined with England to save Turkey in the Crimean War, but jealousy of Russia was the moving principle in that struggle, and not regard for the Porte. France has since then shown a strong disposition to join in the dismemberment of the country she protected; and were Austria assured of the impossibility of resisting Russian aggrandizement she would certainly, as the next best course, unite in plundering the fallen. There are not wanting politicians who would willingly assign the Principalities and perhaps Bosnia to Austria, and who would say, as was said to Mr. Senior,* "Austria could hold them against Russia. Her interests are naturally the same as those of England. She is, as respects Western Europe, a pacific, unaggressive power. We cannot strengthen her too much." By an extraordinary combination of circumstances, France and England were able and willing to unite against Russia to preserve Turkey, but it is very improbable that such an alliance could be formed again for a similar purpose. In the meantime Russia has more than recovered the vantage-ground she lost by the Crimean War. In the first place, she has gained experience, and will never again advance by the difficult route of the Danube and the Balkan, though even in that direction her progress has not been slight and there is truth in what was said by one of her diplomatists:† "We are repaid for all our losses in the Crimea and in Bessarabia by what we have gained in the Principalities. From enemies we have made them friends." But Russia has an efficient fleet of merchant steamers in the Black Sea, and before defensive measures could be adopted, might land 30,000 men in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, where they would find thousands of Greeks and other sympathizers to assist them.

But the great step which Russia has made, and it is one that more than compensates for the fall of Sebastopol, is the overthrow and expulsion of the Circassian tribes. As long

* *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858*, p. 86.

† *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858*, p. 96.

as the almost impenetrable defiles of the Caucasus were occupied and defended by a hundred thousand such soldiers as the Circassians, the Russians never could have advanced in great force into the Turkish provinces. The giant of the North was chained like Prometheus to a rock, where the eagle of war fed on his vitals, but his fetters are now broken, and the way is clear. Into the localities deserted by the Circassians will pour a stream of Cossacks, and the great army of 200,000 men, which has been hitherto engaged in Caucasia, will now be able to detach two-thirds of its number to invade Turkey or Persia. In the meantime, Turkey is likely to derive little benefit from the immigration of hordes of turbulent and semi-barbarous mountaineers. The author of the *Rambles in Syria* thus speaks of those who had immigrated into Turkey in 1860: "Robbery seems to be their present pursuit, while preparing to form agricultural settlements. It would surely have been wise to reflect whether or not the authorities under whose rule they are intended to establish themselves, are in a position to preserve order, before thus adding to the number of a disorderly population." On the whole, therefore, Russia is now in a better position for an attack on Turkey, and Turkey in a worse for resisting that attack than before the Crimean War; and to expect more forbearance from Russia now than formerly appears to be simply an absurdity, and the same reasoning applies, though in a less degree, to other European nations.

The second fallacy, which seems to pervade the arguments of all those who maintain that the integrity of the Turkish Empire can be preserved, is, the supposition that the Turks are willing to be assisted in the way their European allies think best. This is to take from the Turk all that distinguishes him from other sects and races, and to suppose him wholly uninfluenced by the religion which makes of him at one moment a moody bigot, at another a fanatical zealot. It is to ignore the testimony of all the most reliable witnesses, who assure us that the Turk is still "what he was four centuries ago," that he retains "the characteristics of his savage intractable ancestors,"† that "he is utterly unimprovable,‡ that he hates change, and therefore hates civilisation, hates Europeans, and hates and fears all that they propose." It is to deny the saying which is now in the mouths of even those Turks who have been most in

contact with European ideas, and who reply to suggestions for the improvement of the races under their sway with the pithy saying, "We came into Europe with the sword, and we will go out of it with the knife."

Let those who expect improvement under the Turkish rule, or such modification of the rule as will render its continuance over millions of Christians possible in these days, examine well the character of the Mohammedan religion, and see whether it be reasonable to expect the desired changes while Islam continues the religion of the State, supported by a priesthood constituted as is that of Turkey. A very slight investigation of the principles of Islam will show that though they may, as Mohammedans boast, breathe freedom to the true believer, they absolutely enjoin restraint and degradation as the lot of all others. Were it not logically demonstrable, it is at least practically proved by the history of eleven hundred years, that Mohammedanism and civilisation are incompatible. The utmost that can be achieved with Islam as the religion of the State, is a strong government under an absolute monarch. With such a government there may be considerable development of national resources, a magnificent court, and much splendour of living in the families of the chiefs or nobles, but the state of the people will be such as it was under Mohammed Ali, Pacha of Egypt. The security of the subject under such a ruler is well illustrated by the story of the jaded courier who had brought a letter of importance to the Pacha. As this unfortunate had been told that the errand was urgent he had exerted himself to the utmost to arrive in time, and, sinking with fatigue, expected his reward. The Pacha, on the other hand, was anxious that the communication should remain a secret, and as one means to this end, the courier, half an hour after his arrival, was at the bottom of the Nile with a heavy stone round his neck. A simple tale this, and but one example of myriads of how the life of a subject is valued by a Mohammedan ruler.

In point of fact, the ablest rulers in all Mohammedan dynasties have shown their impatience of Islam by becoming heretics. They have felt it impossible to inaugurate those reforms, which their genius or their good feelings prompted, without breaking through the shackles of their religion. So early as the first centuries of Islam the most renowned Khalifs, as Vathek and Mamun, had become heretics and had adopted the principles of the Motazelah, among whom were sects inclining to Christianity. The greatest of the Mogul emperors, Akbar, did his best to found a new religion, as did Hallun, the most remarkable of the Egyptian sultans. The present state

* *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria*, p. 295.

† *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria*, pp. 44, 98.

‡ *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857 and 1858*, p. 28.

of the Turkish Government, based on the miserable doctrines of the Koran, and yet coquetting with European improvements, is altogether forced and unnatural. To be strong, Mohammedanism must go back to what it was at its commencement, stern, uncompromising, and aggressive, such as it has become again among the Wahabis, or it will lose its vitality and succumb to a more enlightened faith. It is not, indeed, to be expected that Mohammedans would be converted in great numbers if the sceptre departed from among them, but the Turks, at least, with their peculiar habits, would melt away and disappear among the increasing masses of Greeks, Armenians, and other Christians. The disciples of Islam would, no doubt, ever continue such as they have been from the first, such as they recently showed themselves in the Indian Mutiny; after years of intercourse with Englishmen, unchangeable in their bigotry and hatred and contempt of other sects. But a creed, the essential part of which is to trample on all other creeds, if it came to be despised in its turn, could not survive—it would die out. There is a foreshadowing of this in Persia and in Baghdad, where the aspirations after freedom of some ardent spirits have led to the development of a new sect, the Bábís, who show “no antipathy to Christians, or to the followers of any other creed except the Mohammedans.”* The Bábís are converted Mohammedans, and if their numbers should increase they would extirpate Islam.

On the whole, then, it would appear that the Turks are “an unimprovable race,” and that no efforts can bolster up their Government long. What policy is to be adopted, then, in lieu of that struggle to avoid the inevitable which has already cost us such sacrifices? We cannot here accept the counsels of the author of the *Rambles in Syria*, who, after vivid sketches of the decadence of Turkey, still returns to that impossible scheme of interested physicians treating disinterestedly a patient that rejects all medicine. Common sense, on the other hand, would say, “If the dying must die, let care be taken of those who are to survive.” As the Turkish power decays, life begins to reanimate the nationalities that have lain so long in a death-like trance beneath it. Greece, for example, begins to revive, and though the new State of the Hellenes may have to pass through a long season of troublous energy, it cannot be doubted that a prosperous future is in store for it. Why should there be less hope for the Principalities, the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Armenians, Syrians, Egyptians, and

Arabs? As the ship founders, let raft after raft be cut adrift, and by the success of these several ventures all will be saved. This seems to be the view adopted by the author of “Chaos,”* though his thoughts are somewhat indistinctly shadowed forth, and his suggestions are rather for being prepared to act than for action. He speaks of “England that preserves Turkish rule not for the sake of Turkish rule, but for the sake of sheltering the immature growth of future free nations against the destroying blight of despotisms far more dangerous, if not worse, than Turkey.” Further on he refers to the policy of England towards Turkey as dual, “Liberal in one sense and direction,”—that is, we suppose, as regards the nationalities; and “Conservative in another,”—that is, in supporting the Turkish Government. Again he says, “But we must also look to see that, after putting the sick man in his coffin when much breath is still in his body, we may have something better to take his place than a nursery full of fractious and rickety children.” Viewing it in this light, many will be disposed to regard our imperial policy as “both expedient for all parties and right in itself.” But, is it quite the case that protection of “the immature growth” of the nationalities under Turkish rule is recognised by us as of such paramount importance? If so, what becomes of the guarantee that the Turkish territories shall remain as they are? It must be explained to mean,—Turkey to the Turks, in reversion to their subject nationalities when ripe for self-government. But who is to decide when “the immature growth of these future free nations” reaches maturity? For this “we want our country,” says Lord Strangford, “to be served in Turkey by the most perfect and highest type of English manhood;” we must have Englishmen, not Levantines; and the best Englishmen we can get, instructed by “travel in Turkey and intercourse with the people,” and comprehending the rising nationalities.

But it may be asked, is even this limited and temporary support of the Turkish power, this trusteeship for immature nations possible? Are there not too many suitors for these tender wards, not to make us fear they may be wedded to undeserving strangers under our very eyes? Perhaps not, for there is a potent influence at work, which might fight on our side,—“nationality is taking its place as a new power among us;” and it may be added, that the Liberal party throughout Europe would support it, while one great Despotism at least could hardly now disown it. The danger is that we chill and alienate

* *Life and Manners in Persia*, p. 179.

* *The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic in 1863*.

this power, these budding nationalities, by joining hands too long with the effete government of the Turk. For guidance in so difficult a policy, the best ambassador, the best attachés, the best consuls, the best Englishmen not Levantines, are, as Lord Strangford justly says, required to do England's work in Turkey.

Thus far as regards the "dual policy" and its adroit manipulation by the ablest men that can be selected. Something more, however, is required, something practical, to meet the sharp practice of physicians not so unselfish as England in their attendance on the sick man. On three different sides of the Turkish Empire three great powers are preparing vantage-ground to spring forward when the last scene of all arrives. France advances by the line of Africa and Egypt, where the completion of the Lesseps canal would give her overwhelming influence. Russia is peopling Circassia with Cossacks, and sits now in terrible strength before the open portal which leads into the centre of Asiatic Turkey. Austrian troops are being massed upon the frontier of the Principalities, and in that direction, and towards Bosnia, the German power is pre-potent. The strength of England lies in linking herself with India by the nearest bridge across Turkish territory. As England acted on India in putting down its mutinies, so might she draw support from India in a great struggle in Syria, Mesopotamia, or Egypt. For every Sepoy regiment that landed with Baird in Egypt, ten regiments of Sikhs, little, if at all, inferior to Russian or French regiments, could now be drawn from India. But the way must be prepared. It will not do to alienate Persia by coldness and indifference, and to leave her to be bribed by France with offers of the coveted shrines of Kerbela and Najuf and Kázimain. It is but shallow policy that surrenders the Shah's army to be officered by Frenchmen and Germans, that would let Persian ships of war, manned or at least officered by Frenchmen, make their appearance in the Persian Gulf. It would be little creditable were a French company to get the start of English enterprise, not only with a Suez canal, but also with a Syrian, Mesopotamian, and Persian railroad.

To sum up in few words, safe and rapid communication with India, implying and including a commanding influence throughout the line, is what will give England strength to resist her rivals when the Turkish Empire breaks up. India, in fact, is at once a beacon and a support. The past history of India shows the Empire of the Moguls, resembling in many respects that of the Turks, dissolving at length from internal weakness, and

leaving a few Mohammedan states, the Nizam's kingdom, for example, as the only traces of its existence. The present history of India displays to us a development of resources, and an increasing revenue, that would give England surprising strength in any new contest. To obtain paramount influence in Persia, the English Government has only to will the acquisition. English instructors would be readily received for the Shah's army, and would be what Lindsay, Hart, Sheil, and Rawlinson were before. The Persian Gulf is still completely under our control. We have treaties with all the petty states there, and it will be our own fault if we suffer the French to supersede us. A double line of telegraph will soon be complete to India. A railway from Jokenderna to Mepps and Baghdad, and from Baghdad to Jehran, worked by an English company, is the next great want. We must have an iron bridge from sea to sea between England and India. Iron links must rivet the communication. It is calculated that the new Overland Route from Ostend to Brindisi will be quicker by two days than that by Paris and Marseilles. It will be, too, on safer ground. From Brindisi to Alexandretta, and thence by rail to Baghdad, and so by the Persian Gulf to Bombay, would be a gain of five days on the route by Egypt. A railroad from Baghdad to the Mediterranean would carry off from the present route by Egypt all the passengers and much of the traffic between India and England. It would enrich the country it passed through. The Arab tribes, unmanageable by the Turks, would be peaceable with us, and in return would be enriched and civilized. Above all, England and India would be brought by this railroad *en rapport*, and their weight as regards Turkey would be, if not irresistible, at least many times greater than it now is.

ART. IX.—*Sporting Books.*

INSTINCTS are curious things. The hunting instinct is one which seems to be common to men and carnivora, but the omnivorous intellectual biped which hunts instinctively is often driven by the better half of his human nature to write a book. The book is worthy or worthless as intellect or instinct prevails in the hunter who writes. "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" All men are hunters, but all hunters are not poets, though some are.

As an uneducated kitten, just able to toddle, pounces on mice, and a young otter

on fish as soon as it can swim, so every boy delights to chase and catch and slay mice, cats, fish, and otters. If girls be less blood-thirsty, they too make early prey of embryo-hunters, and women run each other down, and write novels to describe their sport. The last new sporting book* which has passed from the publishers' shelves to the editor's box is not a mere record of slaughter. It is full of pictures of animate and inanimate nature, of scenes and events which have an interest for men and women with minds. The author has seen much of the world, and he has taken notes; he has published them, and he has produced an amusing and instructive book. As one of its chief merits it suggests pictures to other minds. Who that has ever been a boy can read the first picture of country life without feeling the truth of it stirring within him to make him young again? The boy joins the other old boy, and runs back with him to the hills.

With the woodcut of Skipness, in Colonel Campbell's pleasant volume, a flat Highland strand rises up as if in a magic mirror; the bright flickering sunlight of a hot summer's day makes the air quiver; the blue sea is crisped by a gentle breeze; the warm yellow sand gleams like gold; a herd of cows stand in the water, switching their tails to drive away the summer flies, and drowsily champ their jaws, while gulls and terns chatter and scream over the tiny silver fish that make their prey. A gay troop come scampering down the road and scatter over the sand. Two ladies come driving a trotting team of Shetland ponies in a phaeton, and three young savages, half naked, their kilts and flannel shirts streaming in the wind, gallop through water and over wet sand, splashing and screeching, while fish and birds flee in dismay. They are the Skipness boys as they used to be, and as one of them describes himself.

On a quiet Sunday afternoon, a stately lady and her brother, a young imp of a boy, and some terriers, pace gravely through a garden amongst the flowers. Of a sudden a terrier's tail is seized with convulsions, and his nose is into a bed of violets. The infection spreads, the hunter's instinct is roused; the boy runs after the terrier, and beats the coverts; the grown man follows helter-skelter; the lady cheers them on. From violet-bed to rose-bed, from wild hyacinth to grass-tuft, dogs and men rush, barking, cheering, and shouting with glee, for the hunt is

up. At last the wild whoo-whoop of the best sportsman in all wide Scotland, and the worry, worry, worry of the terriers proclaims the death—of a mouse!

The garden fades, and in its place a stack-yard grows. On the top of a stack is a farm-servant unbinding thatch, and round about the yellow fortress stand a grinning army of boys. The grieve's son and the blacksmith's boys, and the keeper's boy with a game-bag, and the gardener's boy with a big shinny, and the rest of the boys, all armed with sticks. Down comes the thatch, and down come nests of young mice and rats, and all that come die. Down comes the stack, sheaf by sheaf, to be carted away to the barn, and the garrison of grown rats begin to stir. A sharp nose, long whiskers, and a pair of bead-like eyes peep out, and draw back in dismay. "Look out, lads," shouts the man with the pitchfork, and with the next toss he bolts the quarry, and off go the pack at score. "Hit him!" "smash him?" "that's it, Spotty;" "weel dune!" "that yin's deid;" "'od man, ye're a real slunge;" "that yin's awa;" and so on till the last stone in the foundation of the stack is turned over, and the last mouse escapes, or finds a grave in the maw of pet eagles, ravens, falcons, hawks, and hoodie-crows.

Stacks and stackyard, pets and boys have vanished and scattered, as the chaff was scattered by the wind, but the "old forest-ranger's" picture of the life of a bare-legged kilted savage, gathers the grain once more, and it grows green again in autumn.

A river of amber, with pools of creamy froth sweeping through a brown moor, glowing with the bright purple of heather-bells in autumn, water and heather dancing and waving gladly in the bright sunlight of a summer's noon, wells up. Two lanky boys, naked as they were born, followed by a keeper, and armed with rods, wade through the shallows, swim through the pools, peer into holes and under banks, and grope under stones. There is a sudden commotion: a salmon has been found, and at it they go again with heart and soul, as if they were born otters. They pelt the fish, they chase him, they drive him into the pool, and dive till they drive him out on the shallow, with the water flying from his back-fin and broad silver tail. At last with a wild yell of triumph the mouse-hunter pounces on nobler prey, grips a ten-pounder by the gills, and carries him to land writhing and struggling. It was a fair fight and the naked bipeds won.

The river swells till it grows a sea. A Highland shore comes next. It is a maze of rocky islands and points, green birch woods and heather, a calm glassy ground-swell is

* *My Indian Journal*. By Colonel W. Campbell, author of *The Old Forest Ranger*. Edinburgh, 1864.

rolling in from the wide Atlantic, the horizon is studded with white sails of big ships becalmed, the foreground is brown seaweed moving in the green sea, a round-eyed bullet-headed seal, with the sunlight glittering like a star on his wet brow, lifts his blunt nose to stare at a gull; the gull hangs his legs and his head and stares and screams in return. Both are hunting. A boat with four oars comes sweeping round the point with a steady even strong pull, the water foaming under her bows. The gull wheels off, the seal goes down stern foremost, and the boat stops at a cairn. As she touches the first stone the silence is broken by a chorus of discords made by a dozen open canine throats, all barking and screaming at once with keenness. The pack scrambles forward, falling over the thwarts, plumping into the sea, scrambling over the oars, slipping on the wet sea-weed, and in they all go with a rush. There is a pause, and then the breathless silence of expectation is broken by a muffled 'Yaff! yaff! yaff! far away down. "She's in;" they have her, hurrah! and out go men and boys, as the dogs went, helter skelter to join the otter-hunt. With the patience of a cat, the sportsman sits watching the hole from which the otter is to bolt. This battle is not to be won by brute force alone. Men have sent dogs to go where they cannot follow, and they are armed with weapons which they have learned to use. It is a trial of skill outside, and a furious brute battle under the stones. The collieshangie grows hot and furious, the dogs get hoarse with barking, and breathless with fruitless efforts to cram themselves into chinks. The yaff yaff is varied by shrill yells of pain, and angry growls, and mingled with the sputtering and blowing of the angry otter who is fighting for dear life. "Oh, she's cuttin' them terrible," "Bee sas," shouts the keeper; and as he shouts, a stone, which a giant would think twice about lifting, is lifted and hurled down on the cairn with a crash that shakes the rock. The thunder over head stills the row below, and the vexed otter thinks it time to move; a mass of brown fur seems to flash through the air, but the flash of the gun is swifter still, and the otter rolls over on the slippery sea ware. From every hole and cranny the pack spring, yelling, and fasten on the prey, and then it is worry, worry, worry, "bee sas;" and men and dogs growl and roar till their mouths foam. The master of the salmon has been mastered; the otter is slain by hunter's instinct and man's intelligence combined.

The screen of the magic lantern is blurred for a moment, and out of the sea there rises a broad strath and a wide hillside,—a long stretch of weary moor, over which a tired-out

urchin is wearily striding after a troop of grown men; he is determined not to be beat, but is very near it. They reach the hill-top, and the leader crawls to the brink of a cliff, and peers warily over. A shot and a loud shout celebrate the death of an eagle. A grinning savage is tied to the end of a rope, and down he goes dangling to the nest. The young birds, with tufts of white down on their brown feathers, raise their hooked beaks and scream feebly, fight and flap their half fledged wings, and strive to strike with their talons, but all in vain. They are caught and bound up in a plaid, and carried home, and chained by the leg, and fed on rats and dead cats, and reared; and many a sad and weary hour these captive eagles spent, because the hunters were upon them, and harried them.

That was the kind of life which the author of this journal describes in his first chapter, and it was good training for boy or man. The people with whom he consorted are not commonly found in their old haunts now, as he tells us. The few that remain are going fast. The Highland hunter has been hunted out by his own sheep and deer, and the farmer has been ploughed out of his ground, and improved off the face of the earth.

Chapter the first of the *Indian Journal* shows the hunting instinct growing naturally, as it grows in every country house in England, where there is an English boy. Surely it is a healthy growth. Is this hunting instinct a thing to be eradicated from civilized men? The only way to solve the mystery is to look to those who are sportsmen, to see what they are good for, and what they do. The biggest town in the world is London, and near London there is little sport, but the best tackle and the best shots and fishermen in the world are to be found near the blackest capital in it. On the south coast are certain rivers, and each river has its club. At Christ Church men catch salmon occasionally, and fish for them perpetually; at Stockbridge the weathercock is a trout, and Chantrey made it. One cast in the river is Chantrey's corner, another is dedicated to some other well-known worthy who was a member of this famous fishing-club. The Test is the test of anglers' skill. Day after day men angle with patience and labour, cunning and craft, and two trout make an ample reward for many hours of weary toil. What waste and what wealth of time!

Nay. A senator with a weary brain, a sculptor worn with mental toil, a fat alderman, a half-choked citizen, a man who has a whole State department on his head for months, here throws off his load. He drinks

in fresh air by the chest-full, works his body and sets his whole mind to help his instinct to master and circumvent a coy beauty of a trout. If he succeeds he eats him, and if he does not he eats a good dinner all the same, and sleeps the sleep of the gorged savage, to rise a healthier man, with a clearer head and a brighter eye, and a steadier mind for a civilized man's real work. The gentle art of destruction which old Izaak Walton practised,

"Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety yeares and past,"

is but a human improvement on the instinct which makes part of every natural man.

But this civilized fishing is not the genuine thing, and other English sports are almost as artificial.

Some ten years ago a writer imagined a visit from the Man in the moon. The uninformed stranger was walking thoughtfully about the fields, when he saw a little brown animal with a long tail, with dragged fur and panting sides and rolling tongue, come sneaking under a hedge and pop into a hole. A great noise approached, and a great many furious, panting, yelling, big creatures came tearing up to the hole, and howled like so many mad demons. With a crash and a shout, a still larger animal carrying a man in a red coat burst through the hedge, and more followed. Some fell, one broke his arm, another was planted head foremost in the mire; the whole party were hot and flushed and tired, but delighted, and they all were agreed that it was a "glorious run." A spade was got, the fox dug out, thrown to the hounds, torn limb from limb; and there was another chorus of discordant, triumphant noises while they ate the quarry. When they were somewhat calm, the stranger advanced hat in hand to seek information. He learned that the hunters did not eat the little animal with the long tail, that he did little harm, that it was a grievous crime to slay him in any other way, that his race were carefully preserved, that the hunting of him was a noble recreation enjoyed by the best in the land who paid fabulous sums for hounds and horses, kennels, stables, and houses, that they might risk their own bones. Politely thanking the hunter, the Man in the moon presented his card, and a bundle of tickets for his establishment.

This sort of hunting is not instinctive. Like the trout-fishing, it is a human invention, and sporting-books show it in this aspect.

A clever Frenchman lately came amongst us to see our ways, and he published his view of English manners in French. His papers have been translated, and we see our-

selves as others see us, for once in a way. Of course the traveller went out with the hounds, and clearly he did not enjoy the sport, though he followed as well as he was able, and few Frenchmen lack pluck. In a sporting book called *Ask Mamma*,* the private opinions of a young gentleman who had not received a hunting education are depicted in a series of letters to his mother. In November he writes from Tantivy Castle:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Though I wrote to you only the other day, I take up my pen, stiff and sore as I am, and scarcely able to sit, to tell you of my first day's hunt, which I assure you was anything but enjoyable. In fact, I feel just as if I had been thumped by half the pugilists in London, and severely kicked at the end. To my fancy, hunting is about the most curious, unreasonable amusement that ever was invented. . . . For my part, I don't see the use of hunting an animal that you can shoot, as they do in France."

It is clear that the Frenchman and Mr. William Pringle did not see the fun of the thing at first.

Wherein does the fun consist at last?—for there is something in it which stirs the blood of the coldest.

Take another sporting book, *Market Harborough*,† and hunting life is seen from another side. It is no longer the sham swell, Billy Pringle, who is always sailing under false colours, amongst a set of overreaching humbugs and vile snobs. It is no longer "Soapy Sponge" hunting at the expense of his friends. It is "Mr. Sawyer" who went to "the shires," and his adventures are dedicated "to the first flight in all counties," by the author, who knew what he was writing about, and writes well.

Mr. Sawyer can ride, and does pay his own way; he rides his own horses and pays for his own dinner; he is not an exquisite, but he is a country gentleman, and he associates with the leaders when he goes to the shires. His adventures make a very amusing novel even for the uninitiated. But here is a quotation:—

"Racing-men are bad enough. Politicians are sufficiently long-winded. A couple of agriculturists will keep the ball rolling pretty perseveringly on the congenial themes of 'cake,' mangold-wurzel, short-horns, reaping-machines, and guano; but I have heard ladies, who are perhaps the best judges of volubility, affirm, that for energy, duration, and the faculty of saying the same thing over and over again, a dialogue between a couple of fox-hunters beats every other kind of discussion completely out of the field."

* *Ask Mamma*, by the Author of *Handley Cross*, &c. 1858.

† *Market Harborough; or, How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires*. London, 1861.

Even the story of the sport is no fun. With these sentiments the writer of course abstains from describing the sport of the men, but he depicts men and women, and describes how the wild huntsman was polished by the "Honourable Crasher," how he fell in love, got married, and was tamed by Miss Dove. According to this view the raw material was a strong healthy frame, with well-strung nerves to stand the fatigue, which town-bred Billy Pringle disliked; a keen eye to see the way, a cool head and rapid decision to form a judgment and take a line; and under all a deep foundation of sturdy, unflinching, unflagging British pluck on which to build the man's character. The polish of boots, breeches, and red coats sat better on pretty Billy Pringle. The brandy-and-water and cigars, the horse-dealing, taking of hints, and riding to sell, are surely spots in the sun, if they belong to this photograph.

Besides the instinctive pleasure of chasing and catching, here are pain, danger, toil, and rivals fought and overcome by the courage and endurance of the man. Read the Indian Journal, and study the endurance and courage of carnivora, the courtships of antelopes, and the generalship of a pack of wolves; and it seems that they too share in the pleasures and triumphs of hunting, love, and war.

Now take another case. The writer of the Indian Journal tells how he shot his first grouse, how keen and earnest, blood-thirsty and triumphant the boy was. The author of the *Tommiebeg Shootings** gives a caricature, but a very good one, of Scotch grouse-shooting, as now practised in some places. A lot of Cockneys determine to hire a moor, and make the most absurd preparations. One has an anchor with which to hook himself to the bank when he hooks a salmon. Another is the "Soapy Sponge" of the party, who knows all about the sport, and gets the lion's share. The class may be seen in full dress any August. That proverbial essence of 'cuteness, a Scotch lawyer, cheats them all, a laird and a laird's daughter play the part of Parson Dove. Surely they might have found better game than arrant snobs. The interest of the book turns not upon the sport, but on the men and on their several ways of taking each other in. Like the horse-dealing in *Market Harborough*, there is moor-dealing in *Tommiebeg*, and money, that root of all evil, has played the mischief with the genuine savage-instinct of hunting as it was practised in the British Isles.

From grouse turn to pheasants, and to *Punch* and the papers. For one-half of the year a keeper breeds and feeds and watches over his brood with all the care of a Scotch hen-wife, till the master and his friends sally forth and slay; then the game-cart carries the slain to the rail, and the rail delivers the poultry to the poulterer, who pays. Or else a band of robbers invade the coverts the day before the battue, and carry off the feathered half-crowns which the master planted and meant to reap. Or else the game comes down by rail alive, and returns by rail dead; the sportsman pays for the carriage for the missing, and so much a head for the fun of slaying the dead, who are sent home.

From all this forced growth of game and sport, this mixture of nature and art, savagery and civilisation, money-making and genuine sport, it is refreshing to turn to another class of books and men.

Take Lamont's *Seasons with Sea Horses*,* and watch this growth of the hunter's instinct. If there be danger in riding to hounds, here is greater danger. If there be pleasure in aching bones and quivering muscles, cold, hunger, and fatigue, here are greater hardships braved. If there be pleasure in killing a mouse, or a fox, or a stag, for which you pay, here is the greater pleasure of chasing, with the extra joy of fighting, big brutes able and willing to kill you, and worth money when the fight is won. This is legitimate hunter's commerce. A fair fight, and the victor to have the spoil. The man to flay the bear, or the bear to eat the man. But in the midst of all this blood and blubber, the intellect of a clever man appears in a clever book.

Take yet another book, *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*,† and note how the instinct of the natural hunter rings true in every page. How everything is swamped by one idea which seems to fill the whole mind of the man. He lives to hunt, and hunts to live, and there is no shadow of sentiment or science in the African Desert.

Take yet another, an Indian sporting book, which some hunter of another grade has written, surely to the joy of his foes; watch how utterly bare and bald and stupid and vapid the marrowless bones of departed sport become without some intellectual ornament; see how truly the writer of *Market Harborough* judged when he aimed his shaft at the boredom of sporting stories. The hun-

* *Seasons with the Sea Horses; or, Sporting Adventures in Northern Seas.* By James Lamont. London, 1861.

† *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in South Africa.* By R. GORDON CUMMING. 2 vols. London, 1850.

* *The Tommiebeg Shootings; or, A Moor in Scotland.* By THOS. JEANS. London, 1860.

ter scaled the Himalayas, and saw the most beautiful scenery in the world; he may have seen the gorgeous birds and glorious tropical vegetation which others describe, but the mists of the hill-country seem to have closed hopelessly over the bloodshot mental eyes of the carnivorous man, who saw nothing in a mountain but a place for finding game, and looked on a tree as a thing behind which to crouch. This is a sporting book without one merit, except it be used as a sedative about bed-time. Of this class was the huntsman in whose red nose violets stank. Of this class are the carnivora who have some instincts in common with omnivorous men.

From these several classes of sporting-books in which men show themselves to their readers, turn back once more to the *Indian Journal* which set this train of thought in motion; here is the true hunter's instinct, growing; still green, but with it grows a man's intelligence. The wild moor and the mother's fireside make the boys, the boys become mighty hunters and good soldiers, and yet they are able to see beauty and describe what they saw and felt. There is a love-story and a connected train of thought in the *Old Forest Ranger*, so the book ranks very high amongst Indian sportsmen; and it is read with keen interest by men and boys, women and girls at home, because the hunting instincts of all are roused and gratified.

It may send many to wander in search of adventure, it contains nothing to make a tiger, much to make a gallant gentleman of an English boy.

The *Journal* is like the sporting novel. It is true metal and rings true. There is none of the foppery of "the Honourable Crasher" and his fellows. Thin boots are unfit for jungle wahabs; but there is hard riding in Indian pig-sticking, and it is quite as well described as the Leicestershire lark of Mr. Sawyer: there is danger in facing a bison and a bullfinch, but there is no brag in the books which describe true sport. There is hardship in Indian travel and a little in English hunting, but small reference is made to hunger and sore bones, by the class of genuine sportsmen who are driven by the better half of their human nature to write books.

Instead of poaching amongst these pages, let this one quotation suffice:

"Reader, you have probably spent many a happy hour among your brother-officers at the mess-table; you may have shared in the fun and frolic of a hunting-breakfast at Melton, or you have enjoyed the social glee and brotherly fellowship of a masonic supper. Perhaps, like myself, you have tried them all, and have enjoyed each in their turn: but, unless you have visited 'the Land of the Sun,' you may depend upon it you have yet much to learn. If you wish

to see sociability, comfort, and brotherly feeling; if you want to learn what real good living is; and if you appreciate agreeable society, tempered by sobriety and seasoned by wit, you must to the 'green wood,' with a party of thoroughbred Indian sportsmen; for there will you find them combined and in perfection.

"And here I must remark, that by 'thoroughbred,' I mean not only high-couraged and game to the backbone; but well-informed, gentlemanlike, and agreeable, as I am happy to say my present companions are."

The "old forest-ranger" and his *Indian Journals* are pleasant companions, and game to the backbone. Having thrust your weary feet into a pair of slippers, ensconce yourself in an arm-chair, cut up the book, and worry, worry, worry, tear him and eat him.

ART. X.—Our Foreign Policy.

LORD RUSSELL'S reign at the Foreign Office has fallen on troublous times. During his tenure of power the position of affairs in Europe has been in the highest degree perplexing and alarming. The everlasting difficulty of Russia and the Poles has broken out as fresh as ever; Prussia has displayed a hardy disregard for truth, justice, and public opinion, which would have done credit to Frederic the Great, and a cynical cruelty of which Davoust would have been ashamed; Austria, as if on purpose to confound all calculation, forgetting the discontented elements which compose her motley empire, heads a crusade for "nationality," and in defiance of her traditionary policy and her disordered finance, plunges into a war which, whatever be its immediate result, will eventually do more to overturn the present bases of European politics than any event since the Treaty of Vienna; while France, mindful of past slights, not perhaps without an eye to future interests, adds to the embarrassments of the situation, by pretended indifference and strange inaction. Yet more serious and more puzzling have been the questions arising out of the war in America. England has not been used to be a neutral. Custom has not hardened her to the unjust demands, the passionate reproaches, the ever-imminent risk of insult which that position entails. And in the present instance all these evils have been aggravated by recent modifications of international law, by the changes in modes of warfare, and by the fierce tempers of the belligerents. The East has not failed to contribute its quota to these difficulties. The destiny of England, as it is the fashion to say, or, in

humbler but truer phraseology, the example of the Americans, took us to Japan; and we confess to a strong wish that it had taken us anywhere else. Trade with so great a population is doubtless a most desirable object. But we fear that many English ministers will yet be harassed, and much English blood shed, before we can induce the Japanese millions to honour us with their custom.

It was not to be expected that the Foreign Secretary during such times should escape calumny. The Opposition, eager for place, and finding little else with which to find fault, has assailed the conduct of foreign affairs by the Government keenly if not very consistently or very fairly. The public, rendered restless by its ignorant sympathies, and making little allowance for the difficulties of the situation, has thought lightly of a policy which it has only imperfectly comprehended. Nor need it be disputed that neither the style nor the object of that policy has been such as to attract a rapid or noisy popularity. It has steadily been directed to the preservation of peace; it has been carried on with unusual openness and simplicity. Even Lord Russell's style has the undiplomatic virtue of directness: his meaning is always expressed, as Byron vowed his "wooing mind" should for the future be expressed, "in russet yeas and honest kersey noes." Dislike to such an administration will not be uncommon; attack upon it is exceedingly easy. It is unpopular with all who have an undue respect for the tortuous devices of diplomacy, and by all who are unduly moved by anger or compassion. Those who are afraid to commit the country even by a word, and those who are not afraid to plunge the country into war, condemn it equally. And it is not difficult for this indignation to find words. Lord Russell's policy is easily assailed, because it has been a policy of moderation. To abuse such a policy, in times of great excitement, is to secure a ready and favourable audience. The vocabulary, too, is so simple and so telling. "Neither one thing nor another;" "blustering this minute, knocking under the next;" "no consistent plan;" "no conciliation;" "no vigour;"—of these and such-like phrases we have lately had more than enough.

But from one quarter at least we are entitled to expect something beyond stereotyped expressions of reproach—always vague, often meaningless. The present state of affairs is full of peril, and might be made fertile in instruction. Even should the immediate danger which now threatens us pass away, a study of the causes which gave rise to that danger—of the new aspects which European politics are assuming, of the new influence growing into power, and of the position which this

country has taken up with regard to these—could not fail to afford valuable lessons for the future. We look, therefore, to Her Majesty's Opposition for some assistance in this study. Their constitutional position is that of fault-finders; but in times like the present we may surely expect from them something better than censure.

Any such expectations, however, will be disappointed. In both Houses the Opposition have been lavish of blame; in neither have they announced any principles for the guidance of the opinions of the country, nor suffered any hint to escape them of the nature of the policy which they would recommend. In the debate on the address, nothing could exceed the felicity of Lord Derby's attack, except its vagueness. The Foreign Secretary was ridiculed and made game of with the utmost art of an accomplished and unscrupulous debater; but mere "chaff" will not long support an Opposition. Later in the session—indeed but the other day—his Lordship spoke out in the steam-ram debate, to what effect we shall presently see. Save, however, on this single point, we have had, from the debates of the Upper House, no means of guessing what would have been the conduct of the Opposition. In the Lower House the darkness has been yet more plainly visible. There, besides hesitation as to what policy the Opposition should adopt, doubts have arisen as to who should give that policy expression. Achilles has remained mostly in his tent—sorrowing the loss of no Briseis, but touched by the ruder calamity of a mutiny in the camp. More than one Patroclus has essayed to wear his armour, but none of them has yet proved able to rule the battle.

Still more confidently might a worthy treatment of this subject have been expected from a great literary and political organ. Men cannot always be philosophers amid the excitement of party strife; but a writer, removed from the influences of such excitement, should approach this theme in a spirit of fair speculation and inquiry. On the contrary, however, the author of an article on "The Foreign Policy of England" in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, seems to have set before himself as his sole aim the vituperation of Lord Russell: an aim doubtless laudable in its way, but even the perfect accomplishment of which would be no exhaustive or satisfactory treatment of his theme. To nothing beyond this does his ambition soar. Throughout his prolonged shriek of indignation, topics, however out of date, accusations, however exploded, if only they can be pressed into this service, are reproduced with admirable complacency. The Don Pacifico busi-

ness is raked up—with which Lord Russell was not at all concerned; our conduct in the *lorcha* “Arrow” affair is recalled—conduct which Lord Russell strongly opposed; the dismantling of the Ionian Islands swells the list of charges—though wherein wrong was thereby done no effort is made to show; our dispute with Brazil, which, foregoing all advantages from our superior strength, we submitted to arbitration, is quoted as an example of our want of moderation; and, to crown all, the hoax of the bombardment of Kagosima is paraded before us, with a pompous pretence of shame, as an instance of our “inhumanity.” Indeed, on the Japanese question, this writer’s views are remarkable. We hardly know whether to admire most the accuracy of his reasoning, or the vigour of his imagination. To the former we are indebted for the acute analogical argument that England, in demanding satisfaction for the murder of Mr. Richardson, acted as absurdly as the French Government would act, were they to claim compensation from our Foreign Office in the event of a Frenchman having his throat cut in St. Giles; while the latter furnishes us with the surprising fact, that we could “crush” Japan, “not only without danger, but *without any appreciable addition to our estimates!*” But to dwell on these old and exhausted topics, treated in such a fashion, is not amusing, and far from profitable. We hasten on to themes of a very different importance and bearing.

Beyond doubt the Foreign Secretary has found in America his chief difficulty. The position of a neutral is always ticklish; and the position of a neutral in a war like this, possessing, too, powers for mischief of which both sides eagerly seek to avail themselves, has been peculiarly so. But although, perhaps *because*, it was his chief difficulty, he has overcome it best. In spite of the prejudices of some of the higher classes, in spite of the efforts of interested ship-builders, in spite of wide-spread sympathy with the gallant defence of the South, the great bulk of the people sees the propriety of a strict neutrality on our part, and appreciates the endeavours of the Government to maintain that neutrality. Such, however, is not the temper of the majority of the Opposition. Long ago, they would have forced the country into the uncalled for and utterly useless step of recognizing the Southern Confederacy; long ago, had their ideas of law been acted upon, American commerce would have been utterly annihilated by cruisers sailing from British ports. On this single question Lord Derby has spoken out, and his views are the same as that of the *Quarterly Review*. The Tory peer and the Tory *littérateur* here concur.

The latter, for instance, denounces Lord Russell as follows:—

“Something, too, might be said of the paper blockade set up in sheer defiance of the Protocol of Paris, and submitted to tamely by us, although it was reducing a large part of our population to the condition of paupers. The calmness with which our Government have permitted the Americans to seize English vessels on their passage to neutral or to English ports, under pretence that they were breaking the blockade; the repeated impunity with which they have been suffered to violate our territory by chasing vessels to within the boundary of British waters; the application of oppressive legal proceedings and strained prerogatives to British subjects, under menaces from Washington, would all furnish additional illustration of the violence of the chill which falls upon Lord Russell’s enthusiastic temperament when the spectacle of a large army or a powerful fleet crosses his mental vision.”

It seems to us that writing of this sort is in the highest degree ungenerous—nay, is deeply culpable.

This Journal cannot be accused of having shown undue favour to the Federals since the outbreak of this dismal war. On the contrary, we have not hesitated to speak of their faults and crimes freely and plainly. Yet, at the same time, should not we judge them gently? Can we not understand with what pangs a great nation must see its greatness—as it thinks—passing away? It may be that the dreams of empire had been vain and foolish, but is the waking on that account less bitter? Have we no sympathy for a stirring and ambitious people so lately enjoying unexampled prosperity, and dazzled with the prospect of boundless power, when it finds the former blighted, and sees the latter fast closing on its gaze? It is such insensibility as this, such incapacity to enter into the feelings of others, which has made England disliked by all nations. But the passage we have quoted is worse than ungenerous. It is quite untrue to speak of “the *paper* blockade,” as the Clyde steamers can testify. It is equally untrue to speak of this blockade as being in defiance of the Protocol of Paris. And it is a yet deeper untruth to taunt us with having “tamely submitted to a blockade which made many of our people paupers.” For tame submission we should read noble self-control. That England, rather than violate those principles of international law which she believed to be right, submitted to great loss and suffering—manfully borne by the sufferers, liberally relieved by all classes—is one of the grandest incidents in her history. How easy for her to have broken the blockade, and so relieved the Manchester-distress. She dared not, because she had not the courage to do wrong. And for having

obeyed this righteous fear she is to be reproached with "tame submission!" The rest of the passage from the *Quarterly* is in the same strain; a reckless attempt to stir up the angry passions of the ignorant by vague declamation. Truly a worthy occupation for a great Conservative organ!

But the conduct of the great Conservative leader has been in no wise more dignified or discreet. His amazing speech on the seizure of the steam-rams seemed to indicate, in the judgment of *Mr. Punch*, that he had renounced the hope of governing the country for the pleasure of defending the Messrs. Laird. But in any circumstances, it was most unseemly that the cause of these ship-builders should have been espoused by Lord Derby. The proceedings of these men have deserved the gravest censure. We have now and again, and chiefly from that party which supports the doings of Messrs. Laird, much declamation about the commercial immoralities of tradesmen. But they have no word of reprobation for the conduct of men in a comparatively high position, who for the pure love of gain, bring themselves into collision not only with international but with their own municipal law, embarrass the Government, and expose their country to the imminent danger of war. Nay, Lord Derby does not hesitate to defend these men, and accuses Lord Russell of having interfered to stop their proceedings only because they are Tories!

The Attorney-General, in the debate on the 13th of May, on the question of the "Georgia," treats this matter in a very different and far more becoming style:

"Addressing myself first to the last and most generally important of the topics of my hon. friend's speech, I need hardly say that we are quite sensible of the gravity of the public evil which exists when merchants or any other persons in this country hold themselves at liberty, by all kinds of shifts and evasions, to treat with contempt Her Majesty's proclamation of neutrality, to make themselves parties in a war in which Her Majesty has proposed to be neutral; to shelter themselves under all those opportunities of escape which the just regard of the law of our country for persons accused of any offence invariably offers; and to do acts which in their immediate effects place in peril the friendly relations of this and another great nation, and which in their ultimate consequences may possibly recoil with the most disastrous and destructive effect upon the trade and commerce of their own country. The Government had some right to hope that in the circumstances of such a war as this, English merchants occupying eminent positions would not spell out the law under the advice of lawyers, saying, 'I cannot find it in the bond,' and, availing themselves of every means of escape which ingenuity can

suggest, bring this country into peril, and create a precedent for future mischiefs and dangers against which the law of this country seeks to provide. I hope the time will soon come—indeed I think I may infer, from the memorial to which my hon. friend has referred that the time has come—when the voice of the mercantile community will be raised, so that those who may be unwilling to hold themselves bound by Her Majesty's proclamation of neutrality shall see that they cannot expect the support of the great body of their fellow-countrymen."

On this matter the Opposition in the Lower House is no whit more sensible than Lord Derby or the *Quarterly*. Was ever, for example, a deliberative assembly forced to listen to greater twaddle than the observations of Lord R. Montague in the debate on the "Georgia"?

"Not only had the Southern States manufactured a navy, but they had beaten the Federal ships, which had long ridden the sea, so completely that the latter were now fain to avoid the conflict. How were we to blame for that? Should we have done anything to prevent the South from sending their ships to sea or have refused to them the hospitality which our neutrality bound us to concede equally to both sides?"

It is certainly new to us that the "Alabama" or the "Florida" or "Georgia" has faced and "beaten" the Federal navy, or that these marauders were "sent to sea by the South." On the contrary, they sailed from neutral ports, and their work has been to plunder merchantmen. "It cannot be too often repeated," says the *Times*, "that the whole essence of the transactions now in question consists in the identity of the port of equipment with the port of departure for hostile operations." It is not less idle to confuse this plain question, with the fluent Lord Robert Cecil, by expatiating on the number of muskets and percussion-caps we sell to the Federals. There is no parallel between the cases. We would gladly sell these things to the Confederates also, could they come here to buy them. Indeed, have we not done so? Have none of the blockade-runners carried munitions of war? But to sell munitions of war to belligerents, which they use in their own country, is one thing; it is quite another thing to send out vessels from our ports ready for the business of destruction, while their own ports are sealed against them. It may be that our neutrality is more mischievous to one of the belligerents than to the other; that we cannot help. It is not the less our clear duty to observe neutrality and enforce our law, careless of consequences. The blockade has reduced the Southern States to the position of an in-

land power, and the point then is this, Can a power, without seaports, or with its ports closed, defeat a blockade, or evade its natural disadvantages, by sending from the open ports of neutrals a fleet of cruisers to infest the sea? If this question is to be answered in the affirmative, maritime powers would do well to humble themselves before inland states. England would have more to fear from a war with Saxony than from a war with France. All the eloquence of the Opposition will not lead the country to a conclusion so absurd. The Government action in the case of the "Alexandra" and the "Pampero," and above all their promptitude in stopping the steam-rams, deserved and has received the hearty approval of the nation. In the last instance especially it was well for our interests, not to put it higher, that the Ministry had the courage to do right, undeterred by the foolish taunt that their so acting arose from fear only. Had the disgraceful trick by which the "Alabama" escaped been allowed to succeed a second time, we could hardly have escaped an American war.

For our own part, we do not think that the Government has yet gone far enough. The position indeed of the Ministers is a very hard one. They are compelled to come to an immediate decision on points at once delicate in themselves and involving the most serious consequences, knowing well that the views of law laid down for their guidance by the Crown lawyers will be directly contradicted by Sir H. Cairns and his brethren on the left of the Speaker, and that Chancellor Kent, Mr. Story, and Lord Stowell will be cited on both sides with equal confidence and equal prolixity. But had they regarded the lawyers less, and considered this great question as practical statesmen, we think they would have excluded these privileged buccaneers from our ports. The Americans themselves in 1794, in the words of *Historicus*, established the rule, "that vessels which have been equipped in violation of the laws of a neutral State, shall be excluded from the hospitality which is extended to other belligerent cruisers, on whose origin there is no such taint." In the debate on the "Georgia," Mr. T. Baring urged strongly on the Government the propriety of enforcing this rule:—

"When a vessel left our ports, which would have been arrested here had her objects been ascertained and her construction certified, and proceeded to carry into effect proceedings of hostility against an ally to the endangering of the peace of this country, it seemed to him that it was the duty of the Government to avail themselves in her case of the powers which they possessed, and to shut our ports against her. . . .

Now, these were vessels which avowedly ought to have been stopped if their purpose had been known. They were vessels whose destination was to roam about, never getting home, and which were tainted with the offence of having violated our neutrality. They were vessels, therefore, which on every ground had no claim to the hospitality of the country, and he was bound to say that both our international obligations and a due regard for our own interests ought to have led us to exclude them from our ports."

There is no occasion to embarrass this question, as Mr. Baring did at the close of his speech, with any alternative suggestions of changing our law. The present emergency does not call for any such change. Nobody can dispute the right of a neutral sovereign to qualify by conditions the use to which his territory shall be put. And no condition can be more reasonable than to require a strict compliance with the law; and if that compliance be refused or evaded, then the use of the territory may be refused. Why then should not England carry out this rule in the case of the "Alabama"?

The Attorney-General, in replying to Mr. Baring, stated certain considerations which had induced the Government to shrink from this step. The first was that Federal agents, though without the sanction of the Federal Government, have been trying to enlist Irishmen under false pretences. That is, of course, no answer at all. The next was that the Federals have made "extraordinary and extravagant" demands on us for compensation for the injuries done them by the "Alabama." We cannot say that this reason is very much better than the other. In the first place, if the Federals are unreasonable just at present, is that matter for surprise? The English public, we suspect, has very little notion of what the Federals have suffered from these cruisers. The actual loss sustained by burning and capture has been estimated at £3,000,000 sterling. Worse than this, the danger, with the consequent rate of insurance, has destroyed almost entirely the American marine. From statistics quoted by Mr. Cobden in the House of Commons, it appears that, while in 1860 two-thirds of the commerce of New York was carried on in American bottoms, in 1868 three-fourths was carried on in foreign bottoms. Of course every nation must suffer by war—a truth England just at present would do well to lay to heart; but yet we cannot wonder that a nation which has suffered so much should be somewhat out of temper. In the next place, is the extravagance of the Federal demands any reason why we should neglect our duty? It may be "extravagant" in the Federals to ask us to pay for the mischief which the "Alabama"

has done; but can they not, with all reason, ask us not to give her the means of doing more? We may not be responsible for the past; but are we entitled to aid her in her career of destruction? Why should her escape, accomplished by trickery and deceit, be held as having altered her character? Thirdly, however, says the Attorney-General, we have not established the fact that these vessels were equipped in violation of the law. "We may have strong reason to suspect this; we may even believe it to be true;" but we have not legal proof. Now we venture to think there is a great fallacy here. If the "Alabama" were still in the Mersey, asserting her innocence, we should certainly have to bring forward "legal proof" of her illegal equipment before confiscating her. But by her flight, and the circumstances of that flight, the onus of proof has surely changed. She has, as it were, outlawed herself. The facts, in short, justify us in assuming her guilt. Against whom was levelled that severe rebuke which we have quoted above from the speech of the Attorney-General? Was it not against the builders of the "Alabama?" Lord Russell, too, in an official document, describes "the cases of the 'Alabama' and the 'Oreto', as a scandal, and in some degree a reproach to our law." Is it not plain then that we regard the "Alabama" as having violated our law? is it not certain that she narrowly eluded our grasp? and are we not entitled to say that until she has been purged from this taint she shall be excluded from our ports? It is one thing to refuse to countenance and support; it is another thing to condemn. "Legal proof" is required for the latter only. We have every right to say to a ship which escaped from our ports through fraud, that she shall derive no benefit from us until she shall have been cleared from the suspicion of having abused our hospitality. "It appears to me," said Mr. Cobden, in reply to the Attorney-General,—

"That the only thing remaining that you can do to conciliate the American people under the cruel losses they have undergone at your hands, is to say that henceforth you will deny hospitality to vessels that have been built in your ports, that have clandestinely left your ports, that have been manned and armed from your ports, because you are convinced that to allow such ships to come back here after committing havoc upon a friendly nation, would be to injure yourselves and endanger your own best interests in the future."

But though the Government may refuse to go this length, we owe them much for having opposed the frantic partisanship of the Opposition. If the Conservatives really mean what they say, their accession to power

would be the immediate precursor of war with America. If they do not mean what they say, they are chargeable with the crime of having endeavoured to mislead the judgments and rouse the passions of the people, on a delicate and dangerous theme, for the purpose of advancing their party interests. In neither view are they fit to govern the country. In the former they would go to war willingly; in the latter they might be forced into it in order to redeem their pledges and fulfil hopes they had excited.

When we turn to Europe we find the policy of the Foreign Office attacked with not less bitterness, but by no means defended with the same warmth. As in American affairs, it has been a policy of peace and moderation, and has therefore offended all enthusiasts; while no sympathies like the sympathy many have with the Federals are enlisted on its behalf. But when the present excitement shall have cooled down, the prudent and temperate action of the Government will be appreciated. Even now we shall endeavour to consider dispassionately what their conduct has been, and what their opponents would have had it to be.

To enter minutely into the rights and wrongs of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute would be beyond the scope of this article.*

* On the question of right at issue between Denmark and Germany, great differences of opinion prevail between Danish and German writers. The question itself is exceedingly complicated, and few Frenchmen or Englishmen can be expected to sift thoroughly the intricacies of an old and inveterate quarrel between two different nationalities. Thus much is clear, that German ambition was at the bottom of it disguised by sympathies, no doubt sincere, with the German subjects of the King of Denmark. Reduced to its merely political proportions, and divested of the sentimental and antiquarian nonsense which covers the real facts and tendencies of the case, the matter in dispute between Denmark and Germany is simply this: that the southern part of the Danish monarchy, the Duchy of Holstein, being subject to the jurisdiction of the German Bund, and the adjacent Danish province, the Duchy of Schleswig, being partly inhabited by Germans, the Diet of Frankfort, headed by Austria and Prussia, desired the union of the said Duchies, possibly with the design that not only Holstein, but also Schleswig, might become a part of the Federal territory. For this reason Austria and Prussia, in the diplomatic correspondence of 1851-52, which concluded the war between Denmark and Germany of 1848-1850, proposed an arrangement to the effect that the whole Danish monarchy should be connected by a homogeneous constitution, probably knowing that such a union between the Danish and German provinces was impracticable, and not without a hope, that by the breakdown of this arrangement, the Duchy of Schleswig would follow the Duchy of Holstein into the loving embrace of the German Bund. Denmark accepted this proposal unwillingly, and the diplomatic controversy between Denmark and Germany, from

Besides, these have been the subject of such frequent and elaborate discussion that the public, now in possession of full information, has formed a pretty decided opinion regarding them. Impartial men have generally come to the conclusion that Germany and Denmark are both weak on the real merits of the question, though not perhaps in a like degree. Candour must allow that, at the outbreak of the war, both were obnoxious to the reproach of having made light of the engagements of 1851-52. In the aspect which affairs have now assumed, it is idle to discuss the claims of the Prince of Augustenburg. No one can doubt that the real causes of the war lay far deeper than a desire to vindicate his rights. Popular enthusiasm was excited throughout all the minor German States by the cry of nationality. Still more was it excited by the recollection that the previous settlements of 1851-52 had been brought about by the reactionary governments of that period in order to spite the popular leaders. The people were resolved that, former efforts having proved unavailing, this time at least there should be no mistake. Austria and Prussia were urged into action partly by a fear of the lengths to which this popular enthusiasm might reach, partly by a dislike to the liberal institutions of Denmark, most of all by their old rivalry for the hegemony of the German race. The last motive could not well have been acknowledged, but the first two have never been concealed. Count Rechberg admitted the first when, in answer to Lord Bloomfield's suggestion that the allied troops should halt on the Eider, he said, that were they to act with such moderation, "the excitement in Germany would become uncontrollable, and might lead to civil war." M. Von Bismark admitted the second to Lord Wodehouse, with his accustomed contemptuous candour: "The fact is,

Germany will never be on good terms with Denmark as long as the present democratic institutions of Denmark are maintained." Probably, however, this motive was not a leading one, and M. Bismark's observation was merely a slight indulgence in his favourite pleasure of saying insulting things. The dislike of Prussia for Danish institutions is a very mild emotion compared with her love for Danish territory. The foolish people are led away on the old scent. The King and his ministers have dazzled them with the prospect of territorial acquisitions, and have easily made them forego their designs of internal reform. They have given up the work of obtaining liberty for themselves, and have turned to the more attractive pastime of robbing their neighbours. On the other hand, can it in fairness be denied that the Constitution of November was, on the part of Denmark, a breach of the engagements of 1851-52? It may be true that Denmark was goaded to this. How she was goaded to it by German bullying and German meddling was shown convincingly in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February 15. Still, whatever may have been the provocation, the false step was made; and the enemies of Denmark obtained their vantage-ground. The Germans had then a pretext for saying: The conditions of 1851-52 having been violated, we shall resume the position which before that time we held. This war, in fact, though fostered by the German aristocracy for its own ends, was, in its origin, a war of democracies—the democracy of Copenhagen against the democracy of Germany; and Europe is now teaching us the same lesson as America has taught us—a lesson to be learned in the history of every nation and every age—that such wars are uniformly the most irrational, the most inveterate, and often the most lasting. The judgment of M. Forcade on this unhappy conflict is as true as it is severe:—"Quant à nous, nous avons considéré l'effusion si inutile de sang à laquelle on a vu aboutir la discussion de l'Allemagne avec le Danemark, comme un des faits les plus tristes et les plus honteux de notre siècle. Cette guerre si disproportionnée, si intempestive, cette guerre dont les résultats étaient dominés d'avance par la nécessité d'une délibération Européenne, laissera dans l'histoire de notre temps le souvenir et la tache d'un crime absurde."—(*Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15.)

1855 until the outbreak of the present war, turned exclusively upon the merit of the homogeneous constitution, framed according to the dictates of Germany. When the statesmen of Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfort perceived that the constitution (of 1855) still left the Danish element in the Danish minority uppermost, and that measures were taken to prevent the union of Schleswig with Holstein, and the secession of both from Denmark to Germany, they immediately found fault with the political scheme invented by themselves, and demanded the repeal of that constitution. Nor were they satisfied with its abolition, as far as Holstein was concerned, which took place in 1858; what they wanted was to see it equally repealed in Schleswig. This is the reason of their strong objection to a constitution which unites Denmark Proper and Schleswig. What they want is one uniting Holstein and Schleswig. To this the King and Government of Denmark refused to submit.

But if, in the origin of the quarrel, neither party can be held free from blame, the case is very different when we look to the way in which the quarrel has been prosecuted. Denmark has certainly committed grave

errors. We may even go to the length of the *Times*, and condemn the Danes "as intractable, and even infatuated." She made all her concessions too late. Undoubtedly she acted in good faith, but her delays afforded pretexts of which her unscrupulous foes were not slow to avail themselves. By her hesitation in accepting the Conference, she gave these foes an excuse for inflicting on her the most grievous disaster of the war. And yet more grave condemnation awaits the conduct of M. Monrad when he ordered the hopeless defence of Dybbøl, from a selfish dread of the mob of Copenhagen, against the opinion of his generals. But all this, and much more than this, should be forgiven to a brave people sustaining a desperate fight for national existence. Nor can any one pause to think with severity of the conduct of the Danes when he contrasts with it the conduct of the Germans. The deceit of the two leading German States has been such as to baffle the efforts of any honest diplomacy. Whatever may be the merits of the original dispute, the conduct of Austria and Prussia has indicated, not obscurely, the dishonesty of their ultimate aims. They made fair promises; they professed noble motives: they have broken the former, and belied the latter. They have veiled their covetousness and rapacity under various high-sounding pretexts—each to be cast aside when its immediate purpose had been served. They invited English mediation: they encouraged the Diet to treat that mediation with disregard. When Denmark had professed her willingness to concede all they asked, they took advantage of an excusable tardiness in this profession, pretended disbelief in its sincerity, and proceeded to enforce their demands by arms. They announced that their sole object in invading Schleswig was to secure the abrogation of the Constitution of November. Denmark undertook to abrogate that constitution, and only asked time to do so in legal fashion. The undertaking was slighted, the time refused, the invasion hurried on. In open defiance of all right, in direct violation of their own promises, they treated Schleswig as a conquered country; and now the occupation and the wanton plundering of Jutland has changed the whole aspect of the war, and converted it into an un concealed attack on the existence of the Danish monarchy. To all this deceit and treachery, Prussia can boast of having added deliberate cruelty. She is still the same Prussia as of old—the Prussia which seized Silesia in 1741, the Prussia which stooped to receive Hanover from the French in 1806—combining, in the language of Mr. Fox, all that is contemptible in servility with all that is odious in rapa-

city.* She has vindicated her military prowess in an easy warfare, she has shown that her artillery is good, and that when her strength is fivefold that of her enemy she can conquer; and she has bought these triumphs at the cost of the hatred of all non-German Europe. Whatever may be the issue of these present troubles, Prussia will be found to have paid a dear price for her success. Four years ago all England would have been ready in arms to guard for her the Rhine. Now, should Louis Napoleon stretch out to seize that "natural frontier" of France, no Englishman would say him nay; or if, would do so from dictates of policy alone, with no heart or fervour in the cause.

Still, for the beginning of the "absurd crime" both the parties to it are responsible. Our judgment on this matter should not be swayed by generosity, or by the admiration which steadfast courage against irresistible odds must always command, or even by indignation at the conduct of one of the belligerents subsequent to the outbreak of the war. When some two millions of brave men confront with steadfast resolution the overbearing violence of forty, onlookers feel strongly stirred in favour of the former, whatever be the merits of the controversy. Providence may be generally on the side of the strongest battalions; but human sympathies are generally on the side of the weakest. Yet such sympathies the statesman is bound to restrain, at least so far as to allow them no influence on his conduct. The beginning of strife is like the letting out of waters; but the channels into which these waters may flow must not divert our attention from the causes which set them loose. It is to these beginnings that we should look in forming an opinion of the conduct of our Government, still more in the endeavour to find out the fitting end of the trouble. The Danes were not in the right because they have sustained manfully a hopeless struggle; the Germans were not in the wrong because they have a giant's strength; nay, not even because they have tyrannously used it.

Taking, then, this view of matters, are we led to conclude that the policy of the Government has been blameworthy? In the first place, in this instance, at least, Lord Russell did not "meddle" unasked. The interposition of England was granted in obedience to the express request of Prussia. About a fortnight before the unexpected death of the late King of Denmark, M. Von Bismark, alarmed at the enthusiasm of the Diet, suggested to Sir A. Buchanan that the friendly mediation of

* Applied to Prussia by Lord Ellenborough in a late debate in the House of Lords.

England, and of England alone, would probably have a good effect, and be well received at Frankfort. Acting on this hint, Lord Russell, in his own words, "instructed her Majesty's minister at Frankfort to ascertain from the President of the Diet, and from the ministers of Bavaria and Prussia at Frankfort, whether the Diet would be disposed to accept the sole mediation of Great Britain in the international question on which Denmark and Germany are now at issue." It cannot, therefore, be urged that Great Britain wantonly mixed herself up with this controversy. On the contrary, she was dragged into it. She was the chosen mediator between Denmark and Germany—trusted by both. That position, as it seems to us, she could not with honour have declined, even had she certainly foreseen all the troubles in which it would involve her. Soon, however, it appeared that M. Von Bismark had miscalculated—that the mediation of England alone would prove all-insufficient to allay the rising strife. England then appealed to France and Russia, and met with little encouragement from either.

In the debate in the House of Lords, on the 11th April, Lord Russell said:—

"On the 5th of January, Lord Cowley, having been asked by M. Drouyn de Lhuys what more we proposed besides a Conference, stated that he was unable to answer that question, and that it was unnecessary then to consider more than the present proposition. But as we heard that the French Government desired to know what it was that her Majesty's Government proposed to do, I immediately wrote a despatch conveying the intentions of her Majesty's Government. I also wrote a similar despatch to Russia. What I said in effect was this:—There is a project evidently conceived in Germany for depriving Denmark of the States of Holstein and the Duchy of Schleswig. Supposing that project is persevered in, will you, France, will you, Russia, agree with us in giving material assistance to Denmark? That is my answer to my noble friend's reproach. The very thing which he blamed us for not doing, if he had had the patience to read a few pages further on, he would have found that we actually did."

"EARL GREY.—I expressly mentioned that despatch, and said its terms were too vague."

"EARL RUSSELL.—My despatch referred distinctly to a plan conceived for the dismemberment of Denmark, and went on to say that to prevent the execution of that plan we sought the co-operation of France, of Russia, and of Sweden, in order to give material assistance to Denmark in resisting that dismemberment. My noble friend calls that vague, and says that we did not propose to give material assistance; but it appears that nothing could be more clear and plain than the proposal of her Majesty's Government."

This proposal, however, was in no quarter

favourably received. Russia, very different from the Russia of 1848, stood coldly aloof. France coquetted with the population of the Duchies, gave forth fine sentiments on universal suffrage, was clear only on one point—that she would not fight. In the debate in the Corps Législatif, on the 12th of May last, M. Rouher put it beyond a doubt that such was her resolution from the first. Sweden and Norway have been *vox et preterea nihil*. The *Times* happily compared them to an opera chorus which loudly shouts, "Let us march; let us fly," and never moves a step. Now, in this position of Europe, what course should Lord Russell have adopted? Could he with prudence have pledged the honour of this country to support Denmark single-handed. Why should we, of all the parties to the Treaty of London, have gone to the rescue? Nay, in spite of all our loud sympathy, are we prepared to do so even now? Things have turned out even worse than any minister could have anticipated. Austria, and especially Prussia, have been overbearing to a degree exceeding even their traditions. And with all this before our eyes, indignant as we are, would a Ministry proposing to declare war against Germany receive the support of the country? We greatly doubt it. "L'Angleterre," says M. Forcade, in the *Revue* of 1st May, "a une grande sympathie pour le Danemark, mais elle a une répugnance non moins grande à se brouiller avec l'Allemagne." We confess we think this repugnance very justifiable and exceedingly natural, especially if the Tory lawyers are right in their law; in which case a war with Germany might afford us the pleasant spectacle of a fleet of Teutonic Alabamas sailing out of New York, and swarming all over the sea. It is, moreover, a feeling which the Opposition, to do them justice, seems to entertain not less heartily than Ministers. From no responsible Conservative leader have we heard a word indicating that, had they been in office, they would have adopted a warlike policy. Whatever might have been their conduct of the negotiations, of one thing we may be very sure, that they would never have hurried a hesitating country, and a most unwilling Court, into a war of doubtful justice. The proud English people, sensitively alive to their unsatisfactory position, are naturally desirous of shifting the reproach on their servants; but it is not right that the Opposition, knowing the difficulties with which Ministers have to contend, should embarrass them with vague fault-finding, and censure a line of conduct which they must feel assured that they themselves, in the place of the Ministers, would have certainly adopted. It is an evil thing to inflame men's minds with

vague discontent, in the hope that this unfounded irritation may bring them into office—careless of the troubles and dangers into which it may plunge the country. Lord Grey, indeed, shrinking from no extreme, would have had us confront Germany single-handed, relying on a belief that the Germans would never have been so “insane” as to oppose the power of England. We cannot exactly see wherein the insanity would consist; but were this undoubted, we have not now to learn that forty millions of fanatics, on a question of nationality, are more likely to be influenced by motives akin to madness than by sober good sense. Whatsoever may have been the errors of Ministers, they deserve the gratitude of the nation for having hitherto preserved us from the miseries of a conflict with Germany.

Very few, then, condemn Government for not having involved us in war. But many object to the diplomacy of Government. Lord Grey, for instance, would have had no negotiation whatever. “Far better,” said he on the 11th of April, “if we were determined to give Denmark no help beyond words, that we should have abstained from interfering at all.” His lordship forgets that we did not interfere unasked. Our influence was expressly invited; we were chosen mediators. Whether or no the reproaches against Lord Russell of meddling unnecessarily be true in other instances, certainly no such reproach can attach to him in the present instance. We received an invitation which we could not have declined with honour or even with decency. But, admitting that we were bound to interfere to some effect, it is yet urged that our interposition was injurious to Denmark. This last has not been clearly shown. Looking back even now, with all the wisdom which comes after the event, we fail to see that our advice should have been otherwise. We told M. Hall that his policy was hazardous, and we urged the propriety of certain concessions—particularly the evacuation of Holstein, and the revocation of the Constitution of November. Can it be said that such counsel was unwise? Granted that these concessions have not produced the hoped-for effect on Teutonic obstinacy or patriotism, is Denmark now in a worse position because she made them? We recommended her to evacuate a territory her right to hold which was somewhat doubtful, her power to hold which was not doubtful at all, and to recall a Constitution which she never had any business to grant; and though the injustice of others may have deprived these measures of what we may call their natural consequences, yet were not the measures right in themselves? And because

they were right, they have not been barren of good result. They have enlisted on the side of Denmark the sympathies of all Europe; they have made the leading statesmen even of Vienna impatient of German fervour. Had she refused them she would have been no better off in a material point of view, far worse off in every other respect. As it is, a feeling on her behalf has spread abroad among the nations, which, if the Conference fail to establish peace, may yet ripen into action in time to succour her, and which will bring retribution on her foes.

Nor can it in fairness be said that this country fostered in Denmark delusive hopes of assistance. The strongest thing in support of this accusation in the whole correspondence, is a letter from our Minister at Copenhagen to Lord Russell, of 10th December, 1863, in which he says that he had told M. Hall that by evacuating Holstein “Denmark would at all events have a better chance of securing the assistance” of the non-German Powers. Now surely this was nothing more than an expression of opinion by one statesman to another, and can never be held as implying any pledge that these powers would afford material aid to Denmark, still less that one of them acting alone would afford such aid. In fact, the accusations against the Government in this matter are inconsistent. It is not possible that the policy of this country can have forced Denmark into tame submission, and at the same time encouraged her into dogged resistance. Nor is it unworthy of remark that France and Russia pursued a similar line of conduct. Our relations with Denmark were more intimate; and therefore our interest was greater, our advice perhaps more frequent: but France and Russia equally refused any promise of active support, equally counselled the evacuation of Holstein, and the revocation of the Constitution of November. But it is said we held “menacing” language to the German Powers, and the *Quarterly Review* quotes various extracts from the correspondence conveying specimens of such language. Thus, Lord Napier told Prince Gortschakoff that, in the even of an attack on Schleswig, “it seemed not improbable that the Germans might find themselves confronted by the armed intervention of Great Britain.” And perhaps the strongest thing of all was the language held by Lord Russell to the Prussian Ambassador in London, as stated in a despatch of 14th January, from our Foreign Secretary to Lord Bloomfield:—

“I had spoken on a former occasion in the sense that Denmark would resist such an occupation (of Schleswig), and might be aided by

Great Britain. He wished to have an explanation. On the occasion referred to I had expressly declared that I could not say what the decision of the Government might be, as the Cabinet had not deliberated, and consequently not submitted any opinion to the Queen; but that, judging from the general current of feeling in Parliament and in the nation, I thought an invasion of Schleswig by Germany might lead to assistance to Denmark on the part of this country. Her Majesty's Government could not wonder that the King of Denmark was ready to defend Schleswig, and to consider its hostile occupation as a fatal blow to the integrity of his dominions. But I could not doubt that he would be assisted by Powers friendly to Denmark in that defence."

Now surely these and such-like sentiments were perfectly true, and the expression of them perfectly justifiable. It did at that time seem probable that the non-German powers would interfere to prevent the invasion of Danish territory, and was it not right to bring that probability under the notice of Germany? Not one word can be quoted from the whole correspondence conveying a threat that England would interfere alone. Nay more, not one word can be found clearly showing that she would interfere at all. All that can be found in the whole mass of despatches does not go beyond this—that an invasion of Schleswig would be viewed by Great Britain with great disfavour—that in such an event she would not pledge herself to preserve neutrality—nay, that she *might* interpose in support of Denmark. Now was not this exactly the position which our Government were at that time prepared to take? Was it not exactly the state of English feeling? and was it not honest and candid that Germany should be made aware of this—told precisely what England felt, and what the English Government were prepared to do, no more and no less? Nor should it be forgotten that Denmark was no party to these communications. They were made only to the German States, and to those Powers who might have acted with us, and who may act with us still. That we expressed our views openly to Russia and to France; that we warned Germany of the possible results of her conduct; that we told her she was risking a European war, is true. But surely such frankness to the two great powers and such cautions to Germany cannot be supposed as implying promises of material assistance to Denmark. Least of all, when, in our direct communications with that country, such promises were studiously withheld. M. Hall himself gives, on this point, conclusive testimony on behalf of Ministers. So far from having been misled, he made it matter of complaint to Lord

Wodehouse that no promise of armed intervention had ever been made by England.

The truth is, that on this Danish question the English people have been all along unduly swayed by prejudice and by generous sympathy. The Government has performed an important duty in opposing itself to these influences. It has, indeed, thereby risked its popularity, it has given occasion to the single and somewhat obtrusive assault of General Peel; it has afforded constant and much-needed stimulus to the energies of Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald; it has supplied a text for the long and dreary sermon of the *Quarterly*; but though the results of its action have been so grievous, it has yet done right and justly. When we look to any possible solution of the difficulty, we see how much English opinion has been actuated by feeling in this matter, and how little by knowledge or by reason. Should the Germans propose permanently to occupy Danish territory, or, in other words, to destroy the Danish monarchy, it may be that we shall yet encounter them, and in such a cause we shall have the right on our side. But as regards the Duchies, which constituted the *casus belli*, can we reasonably expect that the result should be otherwise than in favour of the claims of Germany? Holstein to Germany, Schleswig to Denmark, might have been a solution acceptable to both parties at the date of the Treaty of London. It would not be acceptable now. Denmark cannot hope for such favourable terms. Some division of Schleswig she must be prepared to concede, and the past has certainly taught us that there should be no more "unions for purposes of the monarchy," or, any such insufficient devices. All arrangements of this sort can be but temporary,—give rise, while they last, to very bad government and much despatch-writing, and lead most surely to war in the long run. Nor is it less idle to dream of the Treaty of London as affording the basis to any enduring settlement. Without altogether adopting Mr. Bernal Osborne's piquant description of that Treaty as the "last product of the dalliance between Lord Palmerston and Russia," and bearing always in mind that Lord Malmesbury must bear the credit or discredit of that Treaty equally with the present Premier, we cannot but regard it as a great triumph of Russian diplomacy, and as the culminating point of the influence of the Emperor Nicholas in Europe. Why such a treaty is entitled to more respect than the Treaties of Vienna,—except because of its more recent date, it is not easy to imagine, and it is not worth while to try to imagine. For, whenever a practical solution shall seem near at hand, the Treaty of London will receive but slight consideration. Gradually the

question will come to be determined, as it assuredly ought to be determined, by the wishes of the inhabitants of the Duchies; and the only difficulty then will be, how these wishes are to be ascertained. France has given it to be understood that, should she interfere at all, her traditional policy would lead her to urge universal suffrage as the proper means to this end. The English press, generally speaking, has scouted this idea, hastily and inconsiderately. It is true that England does not love universal suffrage. It seems, in our opinion, to lead either to a sort of tyranny in anarchy, as in America, or to pure despotism, as in France. But the question can hardly be settled by our prejudices. In the first place, there is a wide difference between the best mode of governing a country and the best mode of ascertaining the wishes of a people on a question of nationality. The two things are quite distinct; and universal suffrage may be a very bad way of doing the one and yet a very fitting way of accomplishing the other. It is quite consistent to maintain that only the intelligence of a community should take part in the government of that community, and yet to hold that every member of a community is entitled to a voice when the point is with what other race or nation it shall be content to be united. Pure questions of nationality depend on considerations for the appreciation of which education is not perhaps essential; and it may well be, therefore, that with regard to such questions the vote of one man is as good as the vote of another. In the next place, universal suffrage has become a recognised mode of determining the destinies of nations. If England did not actively authorize, she at least welcomed and applauded the votes of March and November 1860, which annexed Central and Southern Italy to Sardinia. After this, it will hardly do to repudiate a similar vote in Holstein. To adapt a homely proverb, what was sauce for the South of Europe must be sauce not less for the North. At all events, it would be impossible for England to oppose a proposal that the *States* of the Duchies should settle the matter. And there would, we suspect, be little doubt but that the States would come to exactly the same conclusion as would be reached by universal suffrage. And if Holstein, and even Schleswig, really desire to be united with Germany, can we, after what has of late years taken place in Italy, with any consistency, or even with any honesty, endeavour to prevent them? Nor should we forget that the present is a case in which the wishes of the people have a peculiar claim to be respected. This is not an instance of one despotic monarch ruling over many different

nations—ruling impartially over all: it is the much harder case of one nationality connected with and subjected to the democracy of another.

Herein lies the difficulty which has surrounded this unhappy quarrel from the first—which has throughout embarrassed the action of England. These questions of nationality are a new element in European politics. But new as they are they have already a great hold on the English public. They early acquired a sudden popularity, and that popularity they have for some time maintained. They recommended themselves as the best means of giving peace to a wearied world, and resting that peace on lasting foundations. The will of the nations would prove a principle noble and unerring; how different from the caprices of kings which shaped the politics of bygone years! The idea never occurred that a time might come when even this majestic principle would prove misleading; that the development of “nationalities” might bring with it much injustice. As the clergy under the Stuarts thought love of the Church and attachment to the monarchy could never be dis severed, so we have thought this principle identical with rectitude. The Danish quarrel has been to us what the reign of James II. was to them. For once this principle pulls the wrong way. A full development of “nationalities” will seriously impair the monarchy of Denmark. We are not prepared to go this length, and yet we shrink even now from discarding utterly our favourite panacea for the wrongs which Europe has so long endured. It was this conflict of our sympathies with our reason which hampered us at the beginning of the dispute; for what has since taken place, the obstinacy of the Danes, the indifference of France and Russia, and above all the treachery and cruelty of Prussia, must be held responsible.

Reasonable critics of Lord Russell raise against him in the case of Poland exactly the same point as in the case of Denmark. Perhaps no one save Mr. Ruskin would seriously contend that we should have gone to war either for the purpose of restoring a nationality long since a thing of the past, or with the yet more hopeless object of teaching the Russians to suppress rebellion with rose-water. But many urge that if not prepared to fight, we should have held altogether aloof, silent if not indifferent. But we must distinguish here a little. Moral influence unless backed up by physical force is of little avail. Admonitions, without guns, will never restrain the action of a powerful State. And in any new question in European politics, which may turn up for the first time, this truth should

certainly be borne in mind. But here we are not dealing with a new question. We cannot shake ourselves free of the responsibilities which the diplomacy of the past has bequeathed to us. We are deeply involved in the Polish difficulty; we have in a sense guaranteed the title of Russia to her Polish dominions. In these circumstances we cannot hold ourselves aloof. Indifference is not possible to us; silence would be construed into consent and approval; and if we neither consented nor approved, we were bound to say so. Placed then in this embarrassing position,—forbidden by reason to fight, and yet compelled, in justice both to ourselves and others, to prevent our inaction being construed into acquiescence,—what line of conduct was open to England? Plainly one only: above all, and from the first, to make it clear to the Poles that they need hope for no material assistance from us; and on the other hand, to intimate to Russia that, although we did not desire and would not fight for the restoration of a decayed nationality, we yet protested against her mode of governing that country, and would hold her persistence therein as releasing us from any obligation to respect her titles under the Treaty of Vienna. The latter course we owed to ourselves, the former to Poland.

Now is not this exactly what Lord Russell has done? The *Quarterly Review* accuses him, most wrongfully, of having excited delusive hopes in the minds of the insurgents. This fault at least he certainly avoided. He refused to send a joint despatch with France, for the very reason that such a proceeding might hold out a prospect of joint action. Nay, at the beginning of the business, he declared in his place in the House of Lords, that under no circumstances would England go to war for Poland,—a declaration which the *Quarterly* passes over in disingenuous silence. We all remember how that declaration was attacked at the time, as nullifying the efforts of our diplomacy. It may have done so. Some effect of that sort it must have had; but surely it relieves Lord Russell from the charge of having buoyed up the Poles with vain expectations. On the other hand, could we have remained altogether silent? Leaving out of view the pressure put upon the Ministry by the public excitement, by the urgency of France, by the urgency, at one time, even of Austria, was it not our duty, as parties to the Treaty of Vienna, to speak out? Believing, rightly or wrongly, that the conduct of Russia was a violation of that treaty, was it necessary to conceal this belief unless we were ready to fight in support of it? It cannot be too often repeated that this is not the case of a

new political complication having arisen. It was a matter in which we were already involved. By the Treaty of Vienna we had recognised the title of Russia to certain territory; if we saw her governing that territory in defiance of that treaty, were we not justified in remonstrating against such government as dangerous to the peace of Europe? nay, were we not bound to clear ourselves from the complicity which silence might have been held to import? We never put war before her as the penalty of such a line of conduct; but is this country always to keep silent, *in matters in which she is already involved*, unless she is prepared for that *ultima ratio*? Such have not been the traditions of our Foreign Office. In 1831, when Russia violently suppressed the Polish Constitution, Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary under Lord Grey, remonstrated, as Lord Russell remonstrated last year. If Lord Palmerston's example is not respected by the Opposition, what do they say to the proceedings of Lord Malmesbury before the Italian War? He wasn't ready to fight, and he knew it; and yet he filled a huge blue-book with lectures and remonstrances and protests. What do they say to the conduct of France and England towards the late King of Naples? They remonstrated with that monarch's treatment of his subjects; their remonstrances were disregarded; they withdrew their ambassadors; but they did not go to war. That they refrained from war in a spirit of contemptuous disgust, sparing his weakness rather than respecting his strength, makes no difference to the present argument. Nay, what do they say to our relations with the King of Dahomey? Had that enlightened prince replied by means of a sarcastic foreign minister, when we remonstrated against the practice of murdering prisoners in cold blood, would England have been thereby degraded? And if it be conceded that extreme barbarity may authorize our interference, the proceedings of Field-Marshal von Wrangel more than justify the whole German blue-book.

We think, therefore, that even in the affairs of Poland, with regard to which there is most room for doubt, Lord Russell's policy was, on the whole, sound. But we have now had enough and more than enough of controversy. Foreign affairs are at present too complicated and too serious to be approached in a party spirit. The rest of our space will be better devoted to a consideration of the future than to a more lengthened defence of the past.

England is at present the most conservative power in Europe. She is so for many reasons; some noble, some, it must be con-

fessed, ignoble. Her bitterest enemies can hardly deny her a love of peace for the sake of peace, and a dislike of war from a keen perception of the miseries it entails. And it is certainly true that a country discharges an important duty, not only to itself, but to the whole community of nations, by developing its own prosperity and increasing its own happiness. Still, it would be unandid to dispute that there is a certain admixture of baser motives. England has a clear conviction that no change is likely to better her condition, and she therefore opposes herself to all change whatever. She has got her hands as full as is convenient, and therefore other people must be contented too. Satisfied with India, she objects to the increase of French influence in the East; she would willingly see Italy without Venetia rather than run the risk of any discussion which might open up the question of Gibraltar. Because we are now virtuous, having got everything we want, there must be no more cakes and ale for anybody else. We cannot see why disputes should arise at all; still less why we should bring our good-fortune into peril by taking part in them if they do arise. Disguise it as we may, the disposition, not of the Ministry, but of the nation, is to fight only when our interests are directly assailed. Many violent and oppressive acts have been done in Europe since 1815: we were roused to action by the violence of Russia alone. It may suit the Laureate to style the Crimean War a "war in the defence of the right," as the "wreaking of God's just wrath on a giant liar;" but the prose of the matter is, that England was alarmed for the Overland Route.

We may, if we please, dignify this policy by a fine name, and call it non-intervention. The title is flattering, but delusive. If non-intervention be taken as meaning a determination not to interfere in the internal struggles of other States, and not to permit others to do so, it is a principle worthy of all praise. On such a principle we should have acted had we opposed the intervention of Russia for the suppression of the Hungarian revolt; on such a principle we did act when, after Villafranca, we opposed the plans of France for the restoration of the Dukes of Parma and Modena and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and maintained the right of the inhabitants of these countries to settle their governments at their own pleasure. But non-intervention, as we commonly use the word, does not deserve to be called a "policy;" it is nothing but a determination not to fight. On such a determination England has of late years acted, combining with it an earnest desire that nobody else should fight either. Thus, with all our paraded en-

thusiasm for Italian freedom, we were half-hearted about the Italian War. We professed the warmest sympathy for Italy; and taunted Louis Napoleon as a firebrand because his sympathy was somewhat more practical than our own. Fine words we gave them in abundance; but always ending with an adjuration above all things to keep quiet. We preached about trusting to time, as if time would blunt Austrian bayonets, or teach the House of Hapsburg moderation. This dislike to look things plainly in the face, to hope against hope, is our besetting sin. "Why anticipate difficulties which may never arise?" said Lord Cowley to M. Drouyn de Lhuys. The Frenchman might have replied, that to do this was the peculiar duty of a statesman, that it was far wiser to anticipate difficulties than to be anticipated by them. But, on the whole, the country is more to blame for this than its leaders. Often when politicians discern and would provide against coming harm, the nation, with distorted vision, will see only what is pleasant and peaceful. From the nature of our Constitution, no ministry, however persuaded of the necessity for action, can act without the support of the people, and that support is never given unless the people chance to be in a passion. Thus, when Lord Russell, three years ago, foresaw and would have anticipated this very Danish difficulty, nobody heeded or would believe him. Prudential policy has little weight with the masses; they must be moved by romantic sympathy or roused by indignation. Two conditions at least must be fulfilled before England will fight; her statesmen must be convinced of the expediency of fighting, and the people must be in a paroxysm about some real or fanciful wrong. It is plain that these conditions will rarely concur with sufficient force to overcome our aversion to war.

But it is of no avail to keep ourselves in a fool's paradise, crying peace when there is no possibility of peace. We cannot expect a universal acquiescence in our optimism and conservatism. Nations less fortunate will be more warlike; less enamoured of things as they are. Venetia, Hungary, Turkey—these names alone tell unmistakably of evils which will not sleep, of difficulties which must be solved. No one will form a true judgment on the state of Europe who does not take into account the growth of the principle of nationality. This principle, as we before remarked, is new in politics. Europe has of old time seen wars of religion, wars of independence, and wars of kings or of kings' mistresses; but this century alone has seen wars of nationality, that is, wars waged by various peoples in order to establish for themselves a separate national existence. So too this principle has

been altogether neglected in the great covenants which have from time to time determined the rights of European states. It was not dreamt of at the Peace of Westphalia, which respected religious but not patriotic feeling. It was flagrantly violated by the Partition Treaty. It found no place in the negotiations of Utrecht. And it has been equally disregarded in what may be called the minor treaties of Europe: the Treaty of the Pyrenees and the Treaty of Nimeguen. Last of all, to quote the words of Lord Macaulay, "Europe well remembers, and our latest posterity will, we fear, have reason to remember how coolly, at the last great pacification of Christendom, the people of Poland, of Norway, of Belgium, and of Lombardy, were allotted to masters whom they abhorred." The astute statesmen who arranged that pacification had recognised doubtless the growth of this new and dangerous principle, and were resolved to crush it. The French Revolution may be said to have given it birth, when, intoxicated with their new-found liberty, French troops went forth to succour the oppressed in every land. Napoleon, even at the height of his tyranny, professed it as a pretext. Trampled under foot at the Treaty of Vienna, it has since sprung up into renewed life and vigour. Nor, in looking at the present aspect of Europe, can we see any signs that its force is abated or its career drawing to a close. Now, this principle or idea is essentially provocative of disturbance. It is a new element. It was long utterly uncared for; it was of late years sternly repressed; and in 1815 Europe was settled without regard for its claims. Therefore, when it is at last rising into importance and power, nay, when it has asserted itself as the leading principle which should regulate affairs, can we expect such a settlement to endure? Take the case of Austria. That power, both from interest and by disposition, is pacific, and yet is so based on a defiance of nationalism that her very existence is a cause of offence and a source of danger. Nor, in estimating the disturbing influences in Europe, can we leave the Danish War out of account. That war has done more than any event since 1815 to change the relations of the European States. What its results may be no man can say. But it requires no great gift of prophecy to foretell that these results will not be altogether such as sanguine Germany expects. The happy dreams enjoyed by Professor Max Müller, and narrated by him in the *Times* last February, of a united Fatherland, are not quite certain to be realized. There is a chance that the minor German States may not clearly see how they have been gainers by a war which has but increased Prussian territory. Nor is it altogether

out of question that similar thoughts may occur to Austria. And even if these lofty conquerors do not quarrel over their ill-gotten gains, Nemesis may come from another quarter. Germany, it appears, now laughs at the warnings of England—to the great scandal of the *Quarterly Review*. A high authority has told us of what sort is the laughter of fools. But they are welcome to their merriment while it lasts. A time may come, and come speedily, when there will be little laughter on their lips. If the French Emperor is possessed by anything of that grasping ambition which we so freely ascribe to him, Germany will yet bitterly atone for her present triumph. And should that day of need arrive, she will look in vain for aid to England. The favour of our Court will avail her nothing. The cheers which rang through the House of Commons when the result of the late sea-fight was announced, revealed a feeling in the country in antagonism to which the Crown would be worse than helpless.

Looking, then, on such a Europe as this, the urgent question is, What should be the future attitude of England? By what principles should she be guided when she is not trammelled, as she was in the Danish and Polish questions, by past engagements? The great fault of our diplomacy, at all times and under all administrations, has been its want of consistency. Partly from the absence of training in themselves, partly from the recklessness of our Press, partly from the publicity of Parliament, our statesmen are sorely hindered in following out any far-sighted line of policy. Hence they go on in a sort of hand-to-mouth style, refusing, like Lord Cowley, to "anticipate difficulties." Now this will hardly serve us in times like the present, when all Europe, to say nothing of America, seems breaking up into new combinations—when events like the Italian War, and a policy such as that of Lord Russell on the Polish question, are happily setting us free from the diplomatic fetters in which our forefathers had left us bound. It would be well, therefore, could we discover some principles of action, however general, by which we may abide when we find ourselves in new situations, untrammelled by old treaties and worn-out traditions. Many eminent men are of opinion that, in such circumstances, the safest, and, in the long-run, the most honourable policy for England will be found to be a policy of strict isolation; always able to defend herself, never caring for the affairs of others, living apart in the enjoyment of her own well-being, like the gods of Epicurus. Others, again, condemn such a policy as ignominious, and as unlikely even to secure the peace which it

seeks by means so unworthy. Thus Lord Grey, in the debate on the Address, expressed himself as follows :—

“I must question the principle on which the noble Earl has acted, that we are not to use our power except when our own interests are immediately attacked. No one of your Lordships is more anxious than myself to avoid all unnecessary interference with foreign Powers; no one feels more strongly the impolicy of meddling in affairs which do not concern us; but, on the other hand, I have always felt, and I trust all your Lordships will agree with me, that the civilized nations of the world have a strong interest in preventing injustice being inflicted on any of their number; and the best security for the peace of Europe and the world, is a general persuasion among the great Powers of the world that if any one of them openly and notoriously violates the principles of justice, and is guilty of oppression towards his weaker neighbours, other nations will stand forward to defend those neighbours, and among the nations ever ready to come forward in a case of justice and reason England will not be the last.”

Mr. Göschén, the seconder of the Address in the Commons, held language of the same purport, in the course of a speech of unusual grasp and vigour :—

“At the present moment, as in all continental struggles, the idea uppermost in every mind was whether England was likely to be drawn in. The country was divided between the modern policy of non-intervention and its traditional regard for international law; it appeared to debate with some uneasiness into which scale on this particular question it ought to throw its weight; and he believed it had not yet made up its mind that the doctrine of non-intervention could be of universal and absolute application. If it were meant that the Government should stand aloof whatever principles were at stake, or whatever interests might be involved, the country would be unable to comprehend how, while the barriers separating different nations were being thrown down every day by increasing intercourse, by the surrender of ancient prejudices, by treaties of commerce, and by the inculcation of the principle of universal benevolence, the first utterance of England on the approach of a novel danger should be to proclaim an utterly selfish and isolated policy, repudiating not only her international obligations, but also, he might say, her international interests. It seemed to him as impossible as it would be inconsistent and improper for England in the face of Europe to lay down a rule of absolute non-intervention. Those professing to desire peace at any price seemed often unwilling to pay the heavy price which might be asked for it; and that was war itself.”

Now, with the utmost respect for these able speakers, it seems to us that their views are at least too broadly stated. There is a wide difference between the circumstances in which a nation is bound to go to war in be-

half of its own interests, and the circumstances in which a nation is bound to go to war in behalf of the interests of others. It is, indeed, desirable that international law should be upheld, but we are not called upon to uphold it with the same zeal and the same sacrifices as if we were repelling aggression. We must be ready and willing to protect ourselves, our dependencies, and our allies, and we are. England, it cannot be doubted, could stand now, as she has stood before, against the world in defence. But, except in defence, our statesmen have no right to bring upon the people, or allow the people to bring upon themselves, the miseries of a prolonged and doubtful war. A country so exposed as ours is was never intended to play, single-handed, the part of the redresser of the world's wrongs, or conservators of the world's peace. We cannot be expected to be knights-errant or even general policemen. Standing alone, therefore, our policy must be, in a sense, isolated; but it is an abuse of language to call it selfish. We but confuse ourselves and obscure the truth, by transferring the ideas or the phraseology of individual morality to the transactions of States. It is not selfishness in an English statesman to care more for the happiness of the people of England than for the happiness of the people of Africa. One-third of the population of this country is dependent for its very existence on commerce; the example of America has shown that, in the present state of naval science, all our power might be insufficient to save that commerce from destruction; and are we to encounter this great wretchedness in the vain attempt to recall the vanished dream of Polish independence? Take a yet stronger instance. Had we interfered to stop the invasion of Jutland, it is plain we must have done so alone. Now, would such a proceeding have been justifiable? Setting aside our alleged promises on the one hand, and the complex question of the Duchies on the other, let us look at the simple question, Would English statesmen have acted aright in risking a single-handed war with Germany for the protection of Danish territory? To refuse to shed the blood of Englishmen in such a quarrel would be no selfishness, but rather our bounden duty.

The point is susceptible of a very simple illustration. The police must always be the stronger side. There should never be any doubt as to the result of a conflict between guardians and the disturbers of the peace. If any such doubt is allowed to exist, the law can no longer be administered. Exactly the same holds good with regard to the law and the police of nations. If wrong is to be

prevented, the force brought to bear upon the wrong-doer must be such that resistance would be vain. Interposition not supported by overwhelming force is as powerless for good as the use of "moral influence," and far more powerful for mischief. Had France, Russia, and England declared that crossing the Eider would be to each and all of them a *casus belli*, Germany would have paused. But the single voice of England would have been powerless to restrain the enthusiasm of forty millions. And what would have been the result had her voice been raised? Laying aside the suffering and the grief, we hold it clear that the end in view of those who advocate such a policy, *i.e.*, the increase of a respect for law, would have been the last thing attained. After a long and bloody contest, justice and forbearance would become of less account in the dealings of nations than before. By interfering in defence of right in such force that perseverance in wrong is at once relinquished, reverence for right becomes extended and strengthened. But by interfering so as merely to create doubtful strife, law is at once brought into disrepute, and passions prompt to violate it are roused into activity. Better utter lawlessness than vain endeavours to enforce law. Single-handed, then, we cannot effectively discharge the duties of European police which Lord Grey would impose upon us. And if we cannot discharge them efficiently, it were best that we should not attempt them. Disputes may yet occur in which we may be mixed up diplomatically, owing to past engagements, as we were in the Polish question; but except in such instances, we must steadily hold aloof, if we insist on acting, as Harry Wynd fought, for our own hand and at our own discretion. There is much to be said on behalf of such a policy; though it will be found difficult to reconcile the proud and dictatorial temper of the English people to its observance. On the other hand, if we think this undignified, and possibly unsafe, an alternative is open to us. We can seek for allies, acting in concert with whom our interference in European politics will have sufficient weight to preserve peace and enforce law. But there is no third course possible. We must choose between isolation and cordial action with one or other of the Great Powers; and the sooner our choice is made, the better at once for our honour and our safety. This is the great lesson which the events of the last two years teach in a manner not to be mistaken.

We may look forward with confidence to a cordial understanding between this country and the new kingdom of Italy. We may hope too that this may come at no distant

date; but it is clear that Italy could at present give no strength to such an alliance as we have in view. Her position is that of one who seeks rather than affords help. It is to France therefore that we must turn. With France and England disunited, every angry passion and every idle ambition is set loose throughout Europe; did a frank and close alliance subsist between them, we might hope not only for the maintenance of peace, but of the settlement of continental troubles. It is no slight satisfaction to know that such are the sentiments of the ablest political writer in Europe, M. Forcade, who thus expresses himself in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1st March:—

"Il était manifeste pour l'Europe entière qu'entre eux et nous une alliance active immédiate était impossible. Cette conviction générale a fait beau jeu aux petites cours allemandes, à la Prusse et à l'Autriche. Quand les deux puissances occidentales sont séparées, lorsqu'elles sont coupées, le reste de l'Europe peut passer au travers, et l'on se permet bien des fantaisies."

"L'enseignement qui sort donc avec une lumineuse évidence de la confusion politique dont nous sommes témoins, c'est que le maintien de la paix et de l'ordre en Europe, c'est que la conservation du prestige et de l'influence des deux nations occidentales sont au prix de la bonne entente de la France et de l'Angleterre. Ni la France ni l'Angleterre ne peuvent s'engager avec succès en Europe dans des entreprises politiques importantes, si d'avance elles ne sont sûres de leurs bons sentimens mutuels, et si l'influence de leur accord ne domine pas et ne contient point les autres puissances. Cet enseignement, nous l'espérons, ne sera perdu ni pour les Anglais ni pour nous. Nous croyons que l'œuvre du rapprochement des deux politiques fait des progrès réels. Les faits déplorables qui se sont passés entre l'Allemagne et le Danemark auraient été prévenus assurément, si la mort du roi Frédéric VII. eût trouvé la France et l'Angleterre décidées à marcher d'accord; mais les pires conséquences que l'on peut redouter du conflit dano-allemand ne seront conjurées que par l'alliance intime et active des deux pays."

So far as the two *peoples* are concerned, our intimacy with France is becoming closer every year. Englishmen may not yet be very popular in France; but at least they are never insulted as they were not so long ago at Bonn. The treaty, too, is gradually doing its work. Therefore the old feeling in favour of the German States as our "natural allies" is fast dying away. It had its origin in the espousal of the Jacobite cause by France, and in the partialities of our Hanoverian kings; and it cannot live in the altered circumstances of the present time. It has indeed been defended on the ground that England will always, to use a slang expression, pull well with Germany, because there can be no

rivalry between them. But this argument will not bear examination. It is quite a mistake to suppose that political friendships are best secured by diversity of interests and of aims. On the contrary, such diversity always implies diversity of feeling; and disputes more frequently arise from opposing feelings than from conflicting interests. Look at the present instance. Prussia is no rival on the sea, does not compete with us in trade, has no colonial power to irritate us; and yet, could we be more entirely alienated from any nation? And this too on a question of pure feeling by which our interests are in no way affected. With France, on the other hand, we have similarity of interests; we are, in some respects, rivals; but the very existence of those interests and that rivalry afford the best security against our quarrelling. The more France gives hostages to fortune by extending her colonies, and developing her commerce, the more she regards her material prosperity, and appreciates the blessings of free trade, the more reason she will have to draw to us, and the firmer friends we shall become. Nothing, therefore, can be more short-sighted as well as more ungenerous than to carp at the extension of French influence in the East or elsewhere. The more she perseveres in such aims the better for both. A large mercantile marine is the most pacific of all influences. Besides these common interests and common pursuits, France and England are actuated by similar leanings in continental politics. Whatever France may be at home, abroad she favours freedom. She goes even further than we do in regarding the desires of the people; she continues to be the champion, as she was the originator, of that idea of "nationalities," which, until lately, at least, commanded our sympathies hardly in a less degree.

Were it necessary to look at the other side of the account, it would be easy to show that we have never taken very much by our German alliances. A most unpleasant monotony runs through all our relations with that country, from the wars of William III. down to the wars of the first Napoleon. It is the same story over and over again: England paying money to induce Germans to do what every feeling of patriotism and manliness should have made them do for themselves; shaping our policy in deference to their view, preferring their interests to our own; and finding our reward in delays, lukewarmness, selfishness, and sometimes actual treason.

But, it is said, we cannot trust the French Emperor as an ally. We do not propose to say a word on the home go-

vernment of Louis Napoleon. It may be that France has given up too much in return for the blessings of order which he has secured to them:* that is no affair of ours, and it is plainly not germane to the matter in hand. But we could say a good deal, did our space permit, on his external policy, and the manner in which, with regard to foreign affairs, he has borne himself towards England. Our experience of him has now lasted through the varying fortunes of fourteen years. During all that time a large proportion of our public men, and our press with hardly an exception, have steadily refused to trust him; have too often heaped upon him the grossest abuse. What has been his demeanour through it all? At times he has not been able to conceal his sense of the injustice; but his fidelity to his

* At the same time it is worth while to remember from how great curses of disorder he relieved them. The following analysis of disturbances in Paris before he took it in hand was given by the *Quarterly* in review of Mr. Kinglake's *Crimea*:

"Beginning from 1830, there were the three days of July. On February 14 and 15, 1831, the sack of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the Archevêché. In June of the same year, riots at the trial of Polignac. On June 5 and 6, 1832, Paris was in insurrection, and declared in a state of siege at the funeral of General Lamarque; great slaughter of the insurgents ensued; but the troops and National Guards alone, under Soult, lost 102 killed and 396 wounded. Garnier Pagès, Cabet, Laboisserie, Châteaubriand, the Duc de FitzJames, Hyde de Neuville, Berryer, etc., were arrested within a few days of each other, and confined in the Conciergerie—the precedent, perhaps, for 'the seizure of some of the foremost men in France' on the 2d December 1851. In 1834, April 13 and 14, there were *émeutes* and barricades in Paris, and great slaughter. What occurred in the Rue Transnonain has been already stated. In 1835, July 5, Fieschi's plot. In 1839, May 12, insurrection under Barbès and Bernard. In 1848, after serious fighting and bloodshed, the Republic was proclaimed; in February the mob attacked the Hôtel de Ville; on the 15th they invaded the National Assembly. In June the bloodiest insurrection that had ever taken place in Paris occurred; 60,000 well-armed men from the clubs, secret societies, and *ateliers nationaux*, were opposed by 30,000 troops, '*bataillons de guerre*,' brought up to Paris by the Republican General Cavaignac; 11 general officers were killed or wounded, the Archbishop of Paris was murdered whilst conveying a message of peace to the insurgents, General Brea was assassinated in a parley, and 1,440 insurgents killed. In 1849 there were two attempts at insurrection, and in 1851 two more. There have been no *émeutes* or barricades in Paris since 4th December 1851. This fact should be remembered, and this one, moreover—that after the 4th December the French funds rose at once, and France emerged from almost a state of bankruptcy into a condition of daily increasing material wealth and prosperity. So much for Mr. Kinglake's assertion that 'the great city was struck down as though by a plague.'"

engagements with us has never wavered, and his determination to be at peace with us has never been shaken. His enemies can give no ground for their lavish imputations of treachery. They cannot point to a single instance of double-dealing or of faithlessness towards England. But then Savoy and Nice are brought up. It might be sufficient to reply that we should take him as we find him in his relations with ourselves. But it may be well to contrast for a moment his conduct in the Italian War with our own. He went to war for an object which we affected to approve, but which, had it rested with us, would never have been accomplished; and we called him a firebrand for his pains. Startled by the cost, impressed by the miseries of war, and dreading every day to find that we had declared against him, he concluded a peace before that object had been fully attained; and we—we who had done nothing, who had refused him even our cordial sympathy—reproached him for having paused. The terms of that peace were not exactly suited to our notions; and we taunted him with wilful deceit in having declared that all Italy should be free, as if a man who proposed a scheme for securing the freedom of Italy by a confederation must of necessity be a hypocrite and a traitor. When those terms became impracticable, and Piedmont received an accession of territory never intended by others and never dreamed of by herself, we became wild with fury because he asked Piedmont, thus raised by him to the rank of a first-class power, to cede to France a small state which, by situation, seemed naturally to belong to her, and by inclination was not hostile to the connexion. Our impotent rage on that occasion would have been only grotesque, had it not been so plainly dictated by mean jealousy of France. What claim had we to interfere between Piedmont and her ally? What right had we to disbelieve Napoleon's solemn assertion that the acquisition of Savoy and Nice was an after-thought, which owed its origin to the extraordinary and unexpected good-fortune of Piedmont? Has even Mr. Kinglake been able to assign the smallest grounds for such disbelief? The whole retrospect seems to us a striking example of British arrogance, inconsistency, and suspicion.

The present attitude of the Emperor also is a cause of great offence. Whatever he does is wrong: if he fights he is a firebrand; if he keeps quiet he is a subtle plotter. It is really too absurd to expect that a great nation should move or remain still, at our bidding. When we refused to stir in 1859, we ascribed our inaction to a noble reluctance to disturb the peace of Europe; when

France refuses to stir in 1864, we ascribe her inaction to insidious designs on the Rhine frontier. We plumed ourselves vastly on our "moral sympathy" for Italy, and let France do all the fighting; can we not forgive France for thinking that a change would be agreeable, that we might do a little of the work in the present case, and let her take up the rôle of sympathizing. This sort of thing is really childish. We abuse the French Emperor without measure, we thwart his policy without scruple; and then "credulous," expect him all "golden," whenever we may be of a coming-on disposition. We have no answer to his sarcastic remark, "You had everything your own way in Greece, and France will not interfere with you in Denmark;" or again, "You scouted my proposal of a Congress, and now you may do the best you can alone when face to face with the dangers which I foresaw and would have averted." If ever we are to form that alliance with France on which the peace of Europe so much depends, or rather, if we are ever to form a cordial alliance with any nation upon earth, we must learn to believe somewhat less confidently in the nobleness of our own motives and the infallibility of our own conduct, and to view more charitably and more trustfully the proceedings of others.

The refusal to attend the Congress has been the one great error of Lord Russell's administration at the Foreign Office. But for this he was less responsible than the suspicions and prejudices of the English nation. The country would not have supported a minister who proposed to accept the French proposal. One remembers how people chuckled over *Punch's* cartoon of "The Bulls won't come," thinking that we had done something vastly clever in declining. The press unanimously made game of the scheme, and no public man on either side has yet expressed regret for our obstinacy, except Mr. Bernal Osborne. And, after all this "cracking up" of our own wisdom, in a very Yankee fashion, what have we come to? Is not our Conference simply a restricted Congress; with the difference that troubles have broken out which the Congress might have prevented, and that wild passions have been aroused which the Congress might have kept down? Yet we may forgive Lord Russell for having deferred to the people on this point, when we think of the more vital matters on which he has opposed them, and by so doing risked both popularity and place. He has refused to be hurried into war by popular clamour. In circumstances less trying Sir Robert Walpole yielded, and plunged the nation into a contest of which he disapproved, and the miseries of which he foresaw. "They may

ring their bells now," he said on the day when the Spanish war was proclaimed; "they will be wringing their hands ere long." But our Foreign Secretary is a man of different stuff. No conceivable inducement, we verily believe, could have power to make Lord Russell act in disobedience to the dictates of duty.

"I am sorry," wrote that good and wise man, Sydney Smith, towards the close of his career, "that I did not, in the execution of my self-created office as a reviewer, take an opportunity to descant a little on the miseries of war; and I think this has been unaccountably neglected in a work abounding in useful essays, and ever on the watch to propagate good and wise principles. It is not that human beings can live without occasional wars, but they may live with fewer wars, and take more just views of the evils which war inflicts upon mankind. If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale death of a field of battle, ten acres covered with death, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted on mankind by one year of war, than by all the civil peculations and oppressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet, gold, and cock's feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every

wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems to be the most fruitful source of human misery."

At a time like the present, when our political writers have so failed to urge these wholesome reflections on the popular attention, it is comforting to reflect that the issues of peace and war are in the hands of men deeply impressed with their truth. It would be difficult, we think, to pronounce a higher eulogium upon a statesman than to say that he is a lover of peace. And to this eulogium Lord Russell is fairly entitled. He has kept the balance even between the contending parties in America; unswayed by prejudice, unmoved by bitter reproaches. On the Continent his efforts have been steadily and zealously directed to avert, if it were possible, the horrors of war. Without unduly fearing diplomatic rebuffs,—the real discredit of which rests with those from whom they came,—without too selfishly consulting what is called dignity, he has endeavoured honestly and frankly to express the feelings which England entertained, and announce the conduct it was prepared to adopt; and, at the same time, he has had the sense and courage to prevent the country rushing into a calamitous conflict from pique, or sympathy, or vague indignation. When the present excitement shall pass away, and when the people shall bethink themselves of what they have escaped, to have done this will be reckoned as no slight thing even among the many services which Lord Russell has rendered to his country.

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ART. I.—*Wordsworth: The Man and the Poet.*

THE great stirring of men's minds, with which the last century closed, and the present set in, expressed itself in no way more conspicuously than in its prodigality of poetic genius. What gave the impulse to the broader, profounder, more living spirit, which then entered into all regions of thought, who shall determine? To recount the common literary commonplaces on this subject, to refer that great movement of mind to the French Revolution, or to the causes of that Revolution, is easy; but such vague talk does not really increase our knowledge. Perhaps it may be for the present enough to say, that the portentous political outbreak in France was itself but one manifestation of the new and changed spirit, which throughout Europe had penetrated all departments of human thought and action. Whatever the causes, the fact is plain, that with the opening of this century there was in all civilized lands a turning up of the subsoil of human nature, a laying bare of the intenser seats of action, thought, and emotion, such as the world had seldom, if ever before, known. The new spirit reached all forms of literature, and changed them; in this country it told more immediately on poetry than on any other kind of literature, and recast it into manifold and more original forms. The breadth and volume of that poetic outburst can only be fully estimated by looking back to the narrow and artificial channels in which English poetry since the days of Milton had flowed. In the hands of Dryden and Pope, that which was a natural, free-wandering river became a straight-cut, uniform canal. Or, without figure, poetry was withdrawn from country

life, made to live exclusively in town, and affect the fashion. Forced to appear in courtly costume, it dealt with the artificial manners and outside aspects of men, and lost sight of the one human heart, which is the proper haunt and main region of song. Of nature it reproduced only so much as may be seen in the dressed walks and gay parterres of a suburban villa. As with the subjects, so with the style. Always there was neatness of language, and correctness, according to a conventional standard; often there was terseness, epigrammatic point, mainly strength; but along with these there was monotony, constraint, tameness of melody. Those who followed,—Collins and Gray, Goldsmith and Thomson,—though with finer feeling for nature, and more of melody, could not shake themselves wholly free of the tyrant tradition, and throw themselves unreservedly on nature. Burns, if in one sense an anticipation of the nineteenth century poetry, is really, in reference to his contemporaries, to be regarded as an accident: he grew so entirely outside, and independently, of the literary influences of his time. Yet, though little affected by contemporary poets, he was powerful with those who came after him. Wordsworth owns that it was from Burns he learnt the power of song founded on humble truth. It was Cowper, however, who, first of English poets, brought poetry back from the town to the country. His landscape, no doubt, was the tame one of the English midland counties; there was in it nothing of the stern wild joy of the mountains. His sentiment moved among the household sympathies, not the stormy passions. But in Cowper's power of simple narrative and truthful descriptions, in his natural pathos and religious feeling, more truly than elsewhere, may be discerned the

dawn of that new poetic era with which this century began. When we remember, that during its first thirty years appeared all the great works of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, not to mention many a lesser name, we may be quite sure that posterity will look back to it as one of the most wonderful eras in English literature. What other age in this, we had almost said in any country, has been, within the same space of time, so lavish of great poets? In England, at any rate, if the Elizabethan and the succeeding age had each one greater poetic name, no age can show so goodly a poetic company. Those who began life, while many of those poets were still alive, and who can perhaps recall the looks of some of them, while they still sojourned with us, may not perhaps value to the full the boon which was bestowed on the generation just gone. Only as age after age passes, and sees no such company again appear, will men learn to look back with the admiration that is due to that poetic era. To sum up in one sentence the manifold import of all that those achieved, we cannot perhaps do better than borrow the discriminative words of Mr. Palfgrave in his *Golden Treasury*. They "carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human passion and character in every sphere, and impassioned love of nature: whilst maintaining on the whole the advances in art made since the Restoration, they renewed the half-forgotten melody and depth of tone which marked the best Elizabethan writers; lastly, to what was thus inherited they added a richness in language and a variety in metre, a force and fire in narrative, a tenderness and bloom in feeling, an insight into the finer passages of the soul, and the inner meanings of the landscape, a larger and a wiser humanity, hitherto hardly attained, and perhaps unattainable even by predecessors of not inferior individual genius."

It is now our purpose to call attention for a little to one of that poetic brotherhood, the eldest born, and the hardest, most original innovator of them all. For a survey of Wordsworth and his poetry there would seem to be now the more room, because his popularity, which during his lifetime underwent so remarkable vicissitudes, has during the fourteen years since his death receded, and seems now to be at the ebb.

It would form a strange chapter in literary history to trace the alternate rise and fall in poetic reputations. To go no farther back than the contemporaries of Wordsworth, how various have been their fortunes! Some, as Byron, were received, almost on their first appearance, with a burst of applause which

posterity is not likely fully to reverberate. Some, as Scott (we speak only of his poetry), were at first welcomed with nearly equal favour, afterwards for a time retired before a temporary caprice of public taste, but have since resumed what was their earliest, and is likely to be their permanent place; others, as Campbell, had at once the poetic niche assigned them, which they are likely hereafter to fill; while others, as Shelley and Keats, received little praise of men, till they themselves were beyond its reach. Wordsworth had a different fortune from any of these. For more than twenty years after his earlier poems appeared, he experienced not simply neglect, but an amount of obloquy, such as few poets have ever had to encounter. But cheered by his own profound conviction that his work was true and destined to endure, and by the sympathy of a very few discerning men, he calmly and cheerfully bode his hour. In time the clamour against him spent itself, the reaction set in between the years 1820 and 1830, reached its culmination about the time of his Oxford welcome in 1839, and may be said to have lasted till his death in 1850. Since then, in obedience to that law which gives living poets a stronger hold on the minds of their own generation than any poet, even the greatest, of a past age, Wordsworth may seem to have receded somewhat in the world's estimate. But his influence is, in its nature, too durable to be really affected by these fashions of the hour. It is raised high above the shifting damp and fogs of this lower atmosphere, and shines from the poetic heaven with a benign and undying light. The younger part of the present generation attracted by newer, but certainly not greater luminaries, may not yet have learnt fully to recognise him. But there are many now in middle life, or past it, who look back to the time of their boyhood or early youth, when Wordsworth first found them, as a marked era in their existence. They can recall, it may be, the very place and the hour, when, as they read this or that poem of his, a new light, as from heaven, dawned suddenly within them. The scales of custom dropped from their eyes, and they beheld all nature with a splendour upon it, as of the world's first morning. The common sights and sounds of earth became other than they were. Man and human life, cleared of the highway dust, came home to them more intimately, more engagingly, more solemnly, than before. For their hearts were touched by the poet's creative finger, and new springs of thought, tenderer wells of feeling, broke from beneath the surface. And though time and custom may have done much to dim the eye, and choke the feelings, which

Wordsworth once unsealed, no time can ever efface the remembrance of that first unveiling, nor destroy the grateful conviction that to him they owe a delicate and inward service, such as no other poet has equally conferred.

Something of this service Wordsworth, we believe, is fitted to render to all men with moderately sensitive hearts, if they would but read attentively a few of his best poems. But to receive the full benefit, to draw out, not random impressions, but the stored wisdom of his capacious and meditative soul, he, above all modern poets, requires no cursory perusal, but a close and consecutive study. It was once common to call him mystical and unintelligible. That language is seldom heard now. But many, especially young persons, or those trained in other schools of thought, or in no school at all, will still feel the need of a guide in the study of his poetry. For what is best in him lies not on the surface, but in the depth. It is so far hidden, that it must needs be sought for. Not that his language is obscure; what he has to say is expressed, for the most part, as clearly, and as adequately, as it is possible for thoughts and feelings of this kind to be expressed. But a large portion of these are of such a nature, so near, yet so hidden from men's ordinary ways of thinking, that the reader, if he is to apprehend them at all, must needs himself go through somewhat of the same processes of feeling and reflection, as the poet himself passed through. The need of this reflective effort on the part of the reader is inherent in the nature of many of Wordsworth's subjects, and cannot be dispensed with. No doubt the effort is rendered much lighter to us, than it was when his poems first appeared; so much of what was then new in Wordsworth, has since passed into current literature, and found its way to most educated minds. Still, with all this, there remains a large—perhaps the largest—portion of Wordsworth's peculiar wisdom unabsorbed, nor likely to be soon absorbed, by this excitement-craving, unmeditative age. A thorough and appreciative commentary, which should open the avenues to the study of Wordsworth, and render accessible his imaginative heights, and his meditative depths, would be a boon to the younger part of this generation. The opening chapter of such a commentary would first set forth the facts and circumstances of the poet's life, would show what manner of man he was, how and by what influences his mind was matured, from what points of view he was led to approach nature and human life, and to undertake the poetic treatment of these. A portion of such a chapter we

propose to place now before our readers, at least so far as to describe the facts of Wordsworth's early life, and the influences among which he lived, up to the time when he settled at Grasmere, and addressed himself to poetry as the serious business of his life.

Wordsworth was sprung from an old North-Humbrian stock, as contrasted with the South-Humbrian race, a circumstance which has stamped itself visibly on his genius. The name of Wordsworth had been long known in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about the course of the Dove and the Don. Of old they had been yeomen, or landed gentry, for both of these they call themselves in old charters, at Penistone, near Doncaster. In this neighbourhood they can be traced back as far as the reign of Edward III. From Yorkshire the poet's grandfather is said to have migrated westward, and to have bought the small estate of Sockbridge, near Penrith. His father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney, and having been appointed law-agent to the then Earl of Lonsdale, was set over the western portion of the wide domain of Lowther, and lived in Cockermouth, in a manor-house belonging to that noble family. John Wordsworth married Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer in Penrith, whose mother, Dorothy, was one of the ancient northern family of Crackenthorpe, a name of note, both in logical and theological lore. These facts may be of little moment in themselves; but they serve to show that in the wisdom of Wordsworth, as in so many another poet, the virtues of an ancient and worthy race were condensed, and bloomed forth into genius. In that old mansion-house at Cockermouth, William was born on the 7th of April, 1770, the second of four sons. There was only one daughter in the family, Dorothy, who came next after the poet. Cockermouth, their birthplace, though beyond the hill country, stands on the Derwent, called by the poet, "fairest of all rivers," and looks back to the Borrowdale mountains, among which that river is born. The voice of that stream, he tells us, flowed along his dreams while he was a child. When five years old, he used to spend the whole summer-day in bathing in a mill-race, let off the river, now in the water, now out of it, to scour the sandy fields, naked as a savage, while the hot, thundery noon was bronzing distant Skiddaw; and then to plunge in once more.

His mother, a wise and pious woman, told a friend that William was the only one of her children about whom she felt anxious, and that he would be "remarkable either for good or evil." According to the Scottish proverb, he would either "mak' a spoon or spoil a horn." This was probably from what

he himself calls his "stiff, moody, and violent temper." Of this, which made him a wayward and headstrong boy, all that he seems afterwards to have retained was that resoluteness of character, which stood him in good stead when he became a man.

Of his mother, who died when he was eight years old, the poet retained a faint but tender recollection. At the age of nine, William, along with his elder brother Richard, left home for school. It would be hard to conceive a better school-life for a future poet, than that in which Wordsworth was reared at Hawkshead. This village lies in the vale, and not far from the lake, of Esthwaite, a district of gentler hill-beauty, but in full view, westward and northward, of Kirkstone Pass, Fairfield, and Helvellyn. Hawkshead school, as described in the "Prelude," must have been a strange contrast to the highly-elaborated school-systems of our own day. High pressure was then unknown; nature and freedom had full swing. Bounds and locking-up hours they had none. The boys lived in the cottages of the village dames, in a natural friendly way, like their own children. Their play-grounds were the fields, the lake, the woods, and the hill-side, far as their feet could carry them. Their games were crag-climbing for ravens' nests, skating on Esthwaite Lake, setting springes for woodcocks. For this latter purpose they would range the woods late on winter nights, unchallenged. Early on summer mornings, before a chimney was smoking, Wordsworth would make the circuit of the lake. There were boatings on more distant Windermere, and, when their scanty pocket-money allowed, long rides to Furness Abbey and Moorcombe Sands. In Wordsworth's fourteenth year, when he and his brother were at home for the Christmas holidays, their father, who had never recovered heart after the death of his wife, followed her to the grave. The old home at Cockermouth was broken up, and the orphans were but poorly provided for. Their father had but little to leave his children. For large arrears were due to him by the strange, self-willed then Earl of Lonsdale, and these his lordship never chose to make good. But the boys, not the less, returned to school, and William remained there till his eighteenth year, when he left for Cambridge.

From Hawkshead, Wordsworth took several good things with him. In book-learning, there was Latin enough to enable him to read the Roman poets with pleasure in after years; of mathematics, more than enough to start him on equality with the average of Cambridge freshmen; of Greek, we should suppose not much, at least we

never hear of it afterwards. It was here that he began that intimacy with the English poets which he afterwards perfected; while for amusement he read the fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage. But neither at school, nor in after life, was he a devourer of books.

Of actual verse-making his earliest attempts date from Hawkshead. A long copy of verses, written on the second centenary of the foundation of the school, was much admired, but he himself afterwards pronounced them but a "tame imitation of Pope." Some lines composed on his leaving school, with a few of which the edition of his works of 1857 opens, are more noticeable, as they, if not afterwards changed, contain a hint of his maturer self. But more important than any juvenile poems, or any skill of verse-making acquired at Hawkshead, were the materials for after thought there laid up, the colours laid deep into the groundwork of his being. In the "Evening Walk," composed partly at school, partly in college vacations, he notices how the boughs and leaves of the oak darken and come out when seen against the sunset. "I recollect distinctly," he says nearly fifty years afterwards, "the very spot where this first struck me. It was on the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances, which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above fourteen years of age." Not a bad resolution for fourteen! And he kept it. It would be hardly too much to say that there is not a single image in his whole works which he had not observed with his own eyes. And perhaps no poet since Homer has introduced into poetry, directly from nature, more facts and images which had not hitherto appeared in books.

But more than any book-lore, more than any skill in verse-making, or definite thoughts about poetry, was the free, natural life he led at Hawkshead. It was there that he was smitten to the core with that love of nature which was the prime necessity of his being; not that he was a moody or peculiar boy, nursing his own fancies apart from his companions. So far from that, he was foremost in all schoolboy adventures,—the sturdiest oar, the hardest cragsman at the harrying of the raven's nest. Weeks and months, he tells us, passed in a round of school tumult. No life could have been every way more unconstrained and natural. But school tumult

though there was, it was not in a made playground at cricket or rackets, but in haunts more fitted to form a poet, on the lakes and the hill-sides. Would that some poets, who have since been, had had such a boyhood, had walked, like Wordsworth, unmolested in the cool fields, not been stimulated at school by the fever of emulation and too early intellectuality, and then hurled prematurely against the life-wrecking problems of existence! Whatever stimulants Wordsworth had, came from within, awakened only by the common sights and sounds of nature. All through his school-time, he says, that in pauses of the "giddy bliss" he felt

"Gleams like the flashing of a shield, the earth
And common face of nature spake to him
Rememberable things."

And as time went on, and common school pursuits lost their novelty, these visitations grew deeper and more frequent. At nightfall, when a storm was coming on, he would stand in shelter of a rock, and hear

"Notes that are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant sounds."

At such times he was aware of a coming in upon him of the "visionary power." On summer mornings he would rise, before another human being was astir, and alone, from some jutting knoll, watch the first gleam of dawn kindle on the lake:—

"Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect of the mind."

Is not this the germ of what afterwards became the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality?" or rather it is of hours like these, that that Ode is the glorified remembrance.

In October 1787, at the age of eighteen, Wordsworth passed from Hawkshead School to St. John's College, Cambridge. College life, so important to those whose minds are mainly shaped by books and academic influences, produced on him no very lasting impression. On men of strong inward bias the University often acts with a repulsive rather than a propelling force. Recoiling from the prescribed drill they fall back all the more entirely on their native instincts. The strippling of the hills had not been trained for college competitions; he felt that he was not "for that hour, and for that place." The range of scholastic studies seemed to him narrow and timid. The college dons inspired him with no reverence, their inner heart seemed trivial; they were poor representatives of the Bacons, Barrows, Newtons of the old time. As for school honours, he thought

them dearly purchased at the price of the evil revelries and narrow standard of excellence, which they fostered in the eager few who entered the lists. Altogether, he had led too free and independent a life to put on the fetters which college contests and academic-etiquette exacted. No doubt he was a self-sufficient, presumptuous youth, so to judge of men and things in so famous a University. Such, doubtless, he appeared to the college authorities; very disappointing he must have been to his friends at home. They had sent him thither, with no little trouble, not to set himself up in opposition to authority, but to work hard, and thereby to make his livelihood. And perhaps home friends and college tutors were not altogether wrong in their opinion of him, if we are to judge of men not wholly by after results. Wordsworth at this time may probably enough have been a headstrong, disagreeably independent lad. Only there were latent in him other qualities of a rarer kind, which in time justified him in taking an independent line.

When he arrived in Cambridge, a northern villager, he tells us that there were other poor, simple schoolboys from the north, now Cambridge men, ready to welcome him, and introduce him to the ways of the place. So, leaving to others the competitive race, he let himself, in the company of these, drop quietly down the stream of the usual undergraduate jollities:—

"If a throng were near,
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy."

It sounds strange to read in the pompous blank verse of the "Prelude," how, while still a freshman, he turned dandy, wore hose of silk, and powdered hair. And again, how in a friend's room in Christ's College, once occupied by Milton, he toasted the memory of the abstemious Puritan poet, till the fumes of wine reached his brain—the first and last time when the future water-drinker experienced this sensation. During the earlier part of his college course he did just as others did, lounged and sauntered, boated and rode, enjoyed wines and supper parties, "days of mirth and nights of revelry;" yet kept clear of vicious excess.

When the first novelty of college life was over, he grew dissatisfied with idleness. Sometimes, too, he was haunted by prudent fears about his future maintenance. He withdrew somewhat from promiscuous society, and kept more by himself. Living in quiet, the less he felt of reverence for those elders whom he saw, the more his heart was stirred with high thoughts of those whom he could not see. As he lay in his bedroom in

St. John's, he could look into the ante-chapel of Trinity, and, on moonlight or starlight nights, would watch the great statue there—

"Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought,
alone."

He read Chaucer under the hawthorn by Trompington Mill, and made intimate acquaintance with Spenser. Milton he seemed to himself almost to see moving before him, as, clad in scholar's gown, that young poet had once walked those same cloisters in the angelic beauty of his youth.

So his time at Cambridge was not wholly lost. Two advantages at least he gained, noble thoughts about the great men who of old had tenanted that "garden of high intellects," and free intercourse with his fellow-men of the same age and of varied character—a special gain to one whose life, both before and afterwards, was passed so much in retirement.

During the summer vacations he and his sister Dorothy, who had been much separated since childhood, met once more under the roof of their mother's kindred in Penrith. With her he then had the first of those rambles—by the streams of Lowther and Emont—which were afterwards renewed with so happy results. Then, too, he first met May Hutchison, his cousin, and his wife to be:—

"By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid tender countenance, first endeared."

It was during his second or third year at Cambridge, when he had somewhat withdrawn from society, and lived more by himself, that he first seriously formed the purpose of being a poet, and dared to hope that he might leave behind him something that would live. His last long vacation, to reading men often the severest labour of their lives, was devoted to a walking tour on the Continent along with a college friend from Wales. For himself he had long cast college studies and their rewards behind him, but friends at home, it may readily be imagined, could not see such foolhardiness without uneasy forebodings. What was to become of a penniless lad who thus played ducks and drakes with youth's golden opportunities? But he had as yet no misgivings, he was athirst only for nature and freedom. So with his friend Jones, staff in hand, he walked for fourteen weeks through France, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. With four shillings each daily they paid their way. They landed at Calais, on the eve of the day when the king was to swear to the new constitution. All through France, as they trudged along, they saw a people rising with jubilee to welcome

in the dawn of, as they thought, a new era for mankind. Nor were they onlookers only, but sympathizers in the intoxication of that time, joining in the village revels and dances of the frantic multitude. But these sights did not detain them, for they were bent rather on seeing nature than man. Over the Alps, along the Italian lakes, they passed with a kind of awful joy. As they hurried down the southern slope of the Alps, Wordsworth tells us that the woods "decaying, never to be decayed," the drizzling crags, the cataracts, and the clouds, appeared to him no longer material things, but spiritual entities, "characters in a dread Apocalypse."

In January 1789, Wordsworth took a common degree and quitted Cambridge. The crisis of his life lay between this time and his settling down at Grasmere. He had resolved to be a poet, but even poets must be housed, clothed, and fed; and poetry has seldom done this for any of its devotees, least of all such poetry as Wordsworth was minded to write. But it was not the question of bread alone, but a much wider, more complex one, which now pressed on him,—the same which so many a thoughtful youth, on leaving the University, with awakened powers, but no special turn for any of the professions, has had to face,—the question, What next? In fact the more gifted the querist, the harder becomes the problem.

This mental trial, incident at all times to early manhood, how must it have been aggravated to a youth such as Wordsworth, turned loose on a world, just heaving with the first throes of the French Revolution! He had seen it while it still wore its earliest auroral hues, when the people were mad with joy, as at the dawn of a regenerated earth. That he should have staked his whole hope on it, looked for all good things from it, who shall wonder? Coleridge, Southey, almost every high-minded young man of that time, hailed it with fervour. Wordsworth would not have been the man he was, if he could have stood proof against the contagion. On leaving Cambridge he had gone to London. The spring and early summer months he spent there, not mingling in society, for probably he had few acquaintances, but wandering about the streets, noting all sights, observant of men's faces and ways, haunting the open book-stalls. During these months he tells us that he was preserved from the cynicism and contempt for human nature which the deformities of crowded life often breed, by the remembrance of the kind of men he had first lived amongst, in themselves a manly, simple, uncontaminated race, and invested with

added interest and dignity by living in the same hereditary fields in which their forefathers had lived, time out of mind, and by moving about among the grand accompaniments of mountain storms and sunshine. The good had come first, and the evil, when it did come, did not stamp itself into the groundwork of his imagination. The following summer he visited his travelling companion Jones in Wales, made a walking tour through that country, and beheld at midnight on Snowdon, that marvellous moonlight vision, which toward the end of the "Prelude" he employs as an emblem of the transmuting power, which resides in a high imagination, and which it exerts on the visible universe.

When in London he had heard Burke speaking from his place in the House of Commons on the great debates called forth by the revolution then in full progress; but he had listened, unconvinced. In November 1791, he passed to Paris, and heard there the speeches that were made in the Hall of the National Assembly, while Madame Roland and the Brissotins were in the ascendant. A few days he wandered about Paris, surveyed the scenes rendered famous by recent events, and even picked up a stone, as a relic from the site of the demolished Bastille. This rage for historic scenes he however confesses to have been in him more affected than genuine. From Paris he went to Orleans, and sojourned there for some time to learn the language. His chief acquaintance there was Beaupois, a man, according to Wordsworth's description, of a rarely gifted soul, pure and elevated in his aims. In youth he had been devoted to the service of ladies, with whom beauty of countenance, grace of figure, and refined bearing made him a great favourite. But now, though by birth one of the old French noblesse, he had severed himself from his order, and given himself with chivalrous devotion to the cause of the poor. One day, as Wordsworth and he were walking near Orleans, they passed a hungry-looking girl leading a half-starved heifer by a cord tied to its horn. The beast was picking a scanty meal from the lane, while the girl with pallid hands and heartless look was knitting for her bread. Pointing to her, Beaupois said with vehemence, "It is against that we are fighting." As they two wandered about the old forests around the city, they eagerly discussed, both the great events that were crowding on each other, and also those abstract questions about civil government, and man's natural rights, which the times naturally suggested. Wordsworth owns that he threw himself headlong into those questions without the needful preparation, know-

ing little of the past history of France and of her institutions, and wholly unversed in political philosophy. He only saw that the best ought to rule and that they don't. In his boyhood, he says, he had lived among plain people, had never seen the face of a titled man, had therefore no respect for, nor belief in, such. He therefore now became a patriot and republican, determined that kings and aristocracies should cease, and longed for "a government of equal rights and individual worth," whatever that may mean. In the days that were coming, abject poverty was to disappear, equality was to bring in a golden time of happiness and virtue. After some months, spent together in sharing dreams like these, they parted, Wordsworth for Blois, and then for the "fierce metropolis;" Beaupois to perish ere long—

"Fighting in supreme command
Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire."

When, in the autumn of 1792, Wordsworth came from Blois to Paris, the September massacre had taken place but a month before; the king and his family were in prison; the Republic was proclaimed, and Robespierre in power. The young Englishman ranged through the city, passed by the prison where the king lay, visited the Tuileries, lately stormed, and the Place de Carrousel, a month since heaped with dead. As he lay in the garret of a hotel hard by, sleepless, and filled with thoughts of what had just taken place, he seemed to hear a voice that cried aloud to the whole city, "Sleep no more." Years after, those scenes still troubled him in dreams. He had ghastly visions of scaffolds with innocent victims on them, or of crowds ready for butchery, and mad with the levity of despair. In his sleep he seemed to be pleading in vain for the life of friends, or for his own, before a savage tribunal. A page of the "Prelude" is filled with the somewhat vague reflections that came to him as he lay sleepless in his garret. The most definite of these is, that a nation's destiny often hangs on the action of single persons, and that the bonds of one common humanity transcend those of country and race. These vague truisms Lockhart, glad no doubt to make the young republican poet look ridiculous, condenses into this: "He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted; and, taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation and conduct the revolution to a happy issue." What authority for this interpretation Lockhart had, except his wish to ridicule Wordsworth, it is not easy to guess. But just at

this crisis, when the young poet, whatever line he had taken, was in imminent danger of falling along with his friends, the Brissotins, in the then impending massacres of May, he was forced—by what he then thought a “harsh necessity,” but afterwards owned to be a “gracious Providence”—to return to England. Lockhart suggests that his friends at home, becoming aware of the peril he was in, prudently recalled him by stopping the supplies.

Returning to England at the close of 1792, he spent some time in London in great unsettlement and mental perplexity. He was horrified with the excesses in which the Revolution had landed, yet not the less he clung to his republican faith, and his hope of the revolutionary cause. When at length Britain interposed, his indignation knew no bounds; this step, he said, was the first great shock his moral nature received. With an evil eye he watched, off the Isle of Wight, the fleet that was to transport our armies to the Continent,—heard of the disasters of our arms with joy, and of our success with bitterness. When every month brought tidings of fresh enormities in France, and opponents taunted him with these results of equality and popular government, he retorted that these were but the overflow of a reservoir of guilt, which had been filling up for centuries by the wrongdoings of kings and nobles. Soon France entered on a war of conquest, and he was doomed to see his last hopes of liberty betrayed. Still striving to hide the wounds of mortified presumption, he clung, as he tells us, more firmly than ever to his old tenets, while the friends of old institutions goaded him still further by their triumphant scorn. Overwhelmed with shame and despondency at the shipwreck of his golden dreams, he turned to probe the foundations on which all society rests. Not only institutions, customs, law, but even the grounds of moral obligation, and distinctions of right and wrong, disappeared. Demanding formal proof, and finding none, he abandoned moral questions in despair. This was the crisis of his malady.

The mental gloom into which he had fallen, and the steps by which he won his way back to upper air, are set forth in the concluding Books of the “Prelude,” and are partly described in the character of the Solitary in the “Excursion.” These self-descriptions, though somewhat vague, are yet well worth attention, for the light they throw on Wordsworth’s own mental history, and as illustrating by what exceptional methods one of the greatest minds of that time was floated clear of the common wreck in which so many were entangled. His moral being had re-

ceived such a shock that both as regards man and nature, he tried to close his heart against the sources of his former strength. The whole past of history, he believed, was one great mistake, and the best hope for the human race was to cut itself off for ever from all sympathy with it. Even the highest creations of the old poets lost their charm for him. They seemed to him mere products of passion and prejudice, wanting altogether in the nobility of reason. He tried by narrow syllogisms, he tells us, to unsoul those mysteries of being which have been through all ages the bonds of man’s brotherhood. This is rather vague; but perhaps we are not wrong in supposing it to mean that he grew sceptical of all those higher faiths which cannot be demonstrably proved. This moral state reacted on his feelings about the visible universe. It became to him less spiritual than it used to be. Turning on it the same microscopic, unimaginative eye which he had turned on the moral world, he learnt, by an evil infection of the time, alien to his own nature, to compare scene with scene, to search for mere novelties of form and colour, dead to the moral power and the sentiment that resides in each individual place. He fell for a time under a painful tyranny of the eye, that craves ever new combinations of form, uncounteracted by the reports of the other senses, uninformed by that finer influence that streams from the soul into the eye.

In this sickness of the heart, this “obscuration of the master vision,” his sole sister Dorothy came, like his better angel, to his side. Convinced that his office on earth was to be a poet, not to break his heart against the hard problems of politics and philosophy, she led him away from perplexing theories and crowded cities into the open air of heaven. Together they visited, travelling on foot, many of the most interesting districts of their native England, and mingled freely with the country people and the poor. There, amid the freshness of nature, his fevered spirit was cooled down, earth’s “first diviner influence” returned, he saw things again as he had seen them in boyhood. It was not merely that nature acted on his senses, and so restored his mind’s health. His understanding saw in the processes of earth and sky, going on by steadfast laws, a visible image of right reason. His overwrought feelings were cooled and soothed by the contemplation of objects in which there is no fever of passion, no impatience, no restless vanity. His imagination, dazzled erewhile with the whirl of wild and transitory projects, found here something to rest on that was enduring. This free intercourse with nature in time brought him back to his true self, so that he began to look

on life and the framework of society with other eyes, and to seek there too for that which is permanent and intrinsically good. At this time, as he and his sister wandered about various out-of-the-way parts of England, where they were strangers, he found not delight only, but instruction, in conversing with all whom he met. The lonely roads were open schools to him. There, as he entered into conversation with the poorest, often with the outcast and the forlorn, and heard from them their own histories, he got a new insight into human souls, discerned there a depth and a worth, where none appear to careless eyes. The perception of these things made him loathe the thought of those ambitious projects which had lately deceived him. He ceased to admire strength detached from moral purpose, and learned to prize unnoticed worth, the meek virtues, and lowly charities. Settled judgments of right and wrong returned, but they were essential, not conventional judgments. In his estimate of men he set no store by rank or station, little by those "formalities," which have been misnamed education. For he seemed to himself to see utter hollowness in the talking, so-called intellectual world, and little good got by those who had held most intercourse with it. He now set himself to see whether a life of toil was necessarily one of ignorance; whether goodness was a delicate plant requiring garden culture, and intellectual power a thing confined to those who call themselves educated men. And, as he mingled freely with all kinds of people, he found a pith of sense and a solidity of judgment here and there among the unlearned, which he had failed to find in the most lettered; from obscure men he had heard high truths, words that struck in with his own best thoughts of what was fair and good. And love, true love and pure, he found was no flower reared only in what is called refined society, and requiring leisure and polished manners for its growth. Excessive labour and grinding poverty, he grants, by pre-occupying the mind with sensual wants, often crush the finer affections. And it is difficult for these to thrive in the overcrowded alleys of cities, where the human heart is sick, and the eye looks only on deformity. But in all circumstances, save the most abject, sometimes even in these, he had seen the soul triumphing over sensible things, the heart beating all the truer from living in contact with natural wants, and with the reality of things. In our talk of these things we mislead each other, and books mislead us still more,—books, which in that day more than now, being written mostly for the wealthy, put things in artificial light; lower

the many for the pleasure of the few, magnify external differences and artificial barriers that separate man from man, and neglect the one human heart. In opposition to all this, he himself had found "love in huts where poor men lie," the finest bloom of the affections where the outward man was rude to look upon; under the humblest guise had seen souls that were sanctified by duty, patience, and sorrow:—

'Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things. . . . My
theme

No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live—
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Not uninformed by books, good books, though
few—

In nature's presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain,
To think of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are."

Then follows a passage, perhaps the most finely thought, most perfectly expressed in the whole "Prelude," in which he describes the different kinds of power, the different grades of nobleness, which he had found among the poor. It is too long to quote here, but those who care for these things will find it worth turning to.

His mind being thus restored to tone, and able to look once more on common life with love and imaginative delight, the visible world re-assumed the splendour which it had worn for him in childhood, with that which only thought could have added—a fuller consciousness of the sources of this beauty. His eye now looked on nature with the wonder of the world's childhood, informed with the reflectiveness of its mature age.

But here we must pause. For in this account of Wordsworth's unhingement and restoration, given almost in his own words, we have somewhat outrun the order of dates and places. This restoration, though summed up in the concluding books of the "Prelude," could not have taken place in a few months, but must have been the work of at least several years. Though this inward fermentation working itself to clearness was the most important, the bread question must, at the same time, have been tolerably urgent. To meet this, he had, as far as appears, simply nothing, except what was allowed him by his friends. Of course, neither they nor he could long tolerate such a state of dependence. What, then, was to be done? Three or four courses were open to him—the bar, taking orders, teaching private pupils,

and writing for a London newspaper. All passed under his review, but to each and all he was nearly equally averse. It must have been at this time that he felt so keenly those forebodings, afterwards beautifully described in his poem of "Resolution and Independence," when the fate of Chatterton and Burns rose mournfully before him, and he asked himself—

"How can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at
all?"

In this juncture, the newspaper press, an effectual extinguisher to a possible poet, was ready to have absorbed him. He had actually written to a friend in London, who was supporting himself in this way, to find him like employment, when he was delivered from these importunities by a happy occurrence. In the close of the year 1794 and the beginning of 1795, he was engaged in attending at Penrith a friend, Raisley Calvert, who had fallen into a deep consumption. Calvert died early in 1795, and bequeathed to Wordsworth a legacy of £900. He had divined Wordsworth's genius, and believed that he would yet do great things. And indeed seldom has so small a sum produced larger results. It removed at once Wordsworth's anxiety about a profession, rescued him from the newspaper press, set him free to follow his true bent, and give free rein to the poetic powers he felt working within him.

One of the first results of the legacy was to restore Wordsworth permanently to the society of his sister. Hitherto, though they met whenever occasion offered, they had not been able to set up house together; but now this was no longer impossible. And surely never did sister a more delicate service for a brother than she at this time did. De Quincey has given a full and engaging portrait of that lady, as she appeared some years later than this, but still in her fervid prime, when he first made acquaintance with her brother's family at Grasmere. He describes her as of "warm, even ardent manner," now bursting into strong expression, now checked by decorous self-restraint, of profound sensibility to all things beautiful, with quick sympathy and deep impressibility for all he said or quoted, seemingly inwardly consumed by "a subtle fire of impassioned intellect." And yet withal, so little of a literary lady, so entirely removed from being a blue-stocking, that she was ignorant of many books and subjects which, to most educated persons, are quite commonplace. Such she was when De Quincey first saw her, more than ten

years after the brother and sister began to live together. We have seen how, when Wordsworth returned from France, depressed with shame and despondency for his shipwrecked hopes, she turned him from dark and harassing thoughts, and brought him into contact with the healing powers of nature. In many places of his works the poet has borne thankful testimony to all she did for him. At this time, he tells us, it was she who maintained for him a saving intercourse with his true self, opened for him the obstructed passage between head and heart, whence in time came genuine self-knowledge and peace. Again, he says that his imagination was by nature too masculine, austere, even harsh; he loved only the sublime and terrible, was blind to the milder graces of landscape and of character. She it was who softened and humanized him, opened his eye to the more hidden beauties, his heart to the gentler affections:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

If there were no other records of her than those brief extracts from her journal during the Highland tour, which stand at the head of several of her brother's poems, these alone would prove her possessed of a large portion of his genius. Larger extracts from them occur in the poet's biography and in the edition of the Poems of 1857, and often they seem nearly as good as the poems which they introduce. Might not that wonderful journal, even yet, be given entire, or nearly so, to the world?

It was in the autumn of 1795, at Race-down in Dorsetshire, that the brother and sister, on the strength of the nine hundred pounds, set up house together. It was the first home of their own, and for this, Wordsworth always looked back to it with love. So retired was the place, that the post came only once a week. But the two read Italian together, gardened, and walked on the meadows on the tops of the combs. These for recreation. For serious work, Wordsworth fell first to writing Imitations of Juvenal, in which he assailed fiercely the vices of the time, but these he never published. Then he wrote in the Spenserian stanza the poem of "Guilt and Sorrow," not published till long afterwards, but in which there is more of his real self than in anything he had yet done. Then followed his tragedy, "The Borderers," which all, even his greatest admirers, feel to be a failure. Besides there were one or two shorter poems, in his matured manner, such as the "Cumberland

Beggar," which was written partly here, partly at Alfoxden. So many trials had Wordsworth to make, "The Evening Walk," the "Descriptive Sketches," "Imitations of Juvenal," "The Borderers," before he found out his true strength and his proper style. But more important than any poetry composed at Racedown was his first meeting there with S. T. Coleridge. Perhaps no two such men have met anywhere on English ground during this century. Coleridge when at Cambridge had read the "Descriptive Sketches," and finding in them something he had never found in poetry before, longed to know their author. Since leaving Cambridge, though two years and a half younger than Wordsworth, he had gone through half a lifetime of adventure, had served as a private in a cavalry regiment, been an enthusiast for the French Revolution, had tried to emigrate with Southey, and found a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, been stopped by want of funds, then turned Unitarian preacher, and was now a young poet and philosopher on the loose. Miss Wordsworth describes him as he looked on his first visit to Racedown. For the first three minutes he seemed plain: "Thin and pale, the lower part of the face not good, wide mouth, thick lips, not very good teeth, longish, loose, half-curling, rough, black hair," a contrast to Wordsworth at this time, with his fine light brown hair and beautiful teeth. But the moment Coleridge began to speak you thought no more of these defects. You saw him as his friend afterwards described him—

"The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature."

Or, as he elsewhere more fully portrayed him—

"A noticeable man with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Deprest by weight of brooding phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

During this visit Wordsworth read aloud to Coleridge nearly twelve hundred lines of blank verse, "superior," says Coleridge, "to anything in our language." This was probably the story of Margaret, or "The Ruined Cottage," which now stands at the opening of "The Excursion," and certainly, in blank verse, Wordsworth never surpassed that. When they parted Coleridge says, "I felt myself a small man beside Wordsworth;" while of Coleridge, Wordsworth, certainly not given to over-estimate other men, said, "I have known many men who have done wonderful things, but the only wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge." Their first intercourse had ripen-

ed into friendship, and they longed to see more of each other. As Coleridge was at this time living at the village of Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, the Wordsworths removed in the autumn of 1797 to the country-house of Alfoxden, in the immediate neighbourhood. The time he spent at Alfoxden was one of the most delightful of Wordsworth's life. The two young men were then, one in their poetic tastes and principles, one too in political and social views, and each admired the other more than he did any other living man. In outward circumstances, too, they were alike; both poor in money, but rich in thought and imagination; both in the prime of youth, and boundless in hopeful energy. That summer as they wandered aloft on the airy ridge of Quantock, or dived down its sylvan combs, what high talk they must have held! Theirs was the age for boundless, endless, unwearyed talk on all things human and divine. Hazlitt has said of Coleridge in his youth, that he seemed as if he would talk on for ever, and you wished him to talk on for ever. With him, as his youth, so was his age. But most men, as life wears on, having found that all their many and vehement talkings have served no lasting end of the soul, grow more brief and taciturn. Long after, Wordsworth speaks of this as a very pleasant and productive time. The poetic well-head, now fairly unsealed, was flowing freely. Many of the shorter poems were then composed from the scenery that was before his eyes, and from incidents there seen or heard. Among the most characteristic of these were, "We are Seven," "The Mad Mother," "The Last of the Flock," "Simon Lee," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," "Lines to his Sister," beginning "It is the first mild day of March," "Lines in Early Spring," beginning "I heard a thousand blended notes," the last containing these words, which give the key-note to Wordsworth's feeling about nature at this time—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

If any one will read over the short poems above named, they will let him see further into Wordsworth's mood during this, the fresh germinating spring-time of his genius, than any words of ours can. The occasion of their making a joint literary venture was curious. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister wished to make a short walking tour, for which five pounds were needed, but were not forthcoming. To supply this want they agreed to make a joint-poem, and send it to some magazine which would give the required sum. Accordingly, one evening as they trudged along the Quantock Hills, they

planned "The Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream which a friend of Coleridge had dreamed. Coleridge supplied most of the incidents, and almost all the lines. Wordsworth contributed the incident of the shooting of the albatross, with a line here and there. The Ancient Mariner soon grew, till it was beyond the desired five pounds' worth, so they thought of a joint volume. Coleridge was to take supernatural subjects, or romantic, and invest them with a human interest and resemblance of truth. Wordsworth was to take common every-day incidents, and by faithful adherence to nature, and true but modifying colours of imagination, was to shed over common aspects of earth and facts of life such a charm, as light and shade, sunset and moonlight, shed over a familiar landscape. Wordsworth was so much the more industrious of the two, that he had completed enough for a volume when Coleridge had only finished the "Ancient Mariner," and begun "Christabel" and the "Dark Ladie." Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, was summoned from Bristol to arrange for the publication, and he has left a gossipy but amusing account of his intercourse with the two poets at this time, and his visit to Alfoxden. He agreed to give Wordsworth £30 for the twenty-two pieces of his which made up the first volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, while for "the Rime of the Ancient Mariner," which was to head the volume, he made a separate bargain with Coleridge. This volume, which appeared in the autumn of 1798, was the first which made Wordsworth known to the world as a poet, for the "Descriptive Sketches" had almost escaped notice. Of the ballads or shorter poems, which, as we have seen, were mostly composed at Alfoxden, and which reflect the feelings and incidents of his life there, we shall reserve what we have to say for a more general survey. The volume closes with one poem in another style, in which the poet speaks out his inmost feelings, and in his own "grand style." This is the poem on Tintern Abbey, composed during a walking-tour on the Wye with his sister, just before leaving Alfoxden for the Continent. Read these lines over once again, however well you may know them. Bear in mind what has been told of the way his childhood and boyhood had passed, living in the eye of nature, the separation that followed from his favourite haunts and ways, the wild fermentation of thought, the moral tempest he had gone through, the return to nature's places, and to common life and peaceful thoughts, with intellect and heart deepened, expanded, humanized, by having long brooded over the ever-recurring questions of man's nature, his true

aims, and his final destiny; bear these things in mind, and, as you read, every line of that masterpiece will come out with deeper meaning and in exacter outline. And then the concluding lines in which the poet turns to his sister, his fellow-traveller, with "the shooting lights in those wild eyes," in which he caught "gleams of past existence"—

"If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion!"

What prophetic pathos do these words assume when we remember how long and mournfully ere the end of her life those wild eyes were darkened!

Before the volume appeared, Wordsworth and his sister had left Alfoxden, and sailed with Coleridge for Germany. It has been said that the reason for their leaving Somersetshire was their falling under suspicion as hatchers of sedition. A Government spy, with a peculiarly long nose, was sent down to watch them. Coleridge tells an absurd story, how, as they lay on the Quantock hills conversing about Spinoza, the spy, as he skulked behind a bank, overheard their talk, and thought they were talking of himself under the nickname of "Spy-nosey." Coleridge was believed to have little harm in him, for he was a crack-brained, talking fellow; but that Wordsworth is either a smuggler or a traitor, and means mischief. He never speaks to any one, haunts lonely places, walks by moonlight, and is always "booming about" by himself. Such was the country talk; and the result of it was, the agent for the owner of Alfoxden refused to re-let the house to so suspicious a character. So the three determined to pack up, and winter on the Continent. At Hamburgh, however, they parted company. Their ostensible purpose was to learn German, but Wordsworth and his sister did little at this. He spent the winter of 1798-99, the coldest of the century, at Goslar, and there by the German charcoal burners, the poet's mind reverted to Esthwaite and Westmoreland hills, and struck out a number of poems in his finest vein. "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," "Lucy," or "Three years she grew in sun and shower," "Ruth," "The Poet's Epitaph," "Nutting," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "Matthew," are all products of this winter. So Wordsworth missed German, and gave the world instead immortal poems. Coleridge went alone to Göttingen, learned German, dived for the rest of his life deep into transcendental metaphysics, and the world got no more Ancient Mariners.

In the spring of 1799, Wordsworth and his sister set forth from Goslar on their return to England. As they left that city be-

hind, and felt the spring breeze fan their cheeks, Wordsworth poured forth that joyful strain with which the "Prelude" opens. Arrived in their native land, they passed most of the remainder of the year with their kindred, the Hutchisons, at Sockburn-on-Tees, occasionally travelling into the neighbouring dales and fells of Yorkshire. In September, Wordsworth took Coleridge, who also had returned from abroad, and had seen but few mountains in his life, on a walking tour to show him the hills and lakes of native Westmoreland. "Haweswater," Coleridge writes, "kept his eyes dim with tears, but he received the deepest delight from the divine sisters, Rydal and Grasmere." It was then that Wordsworth saw the small house at the Town end of Grasmere, which he and his sister soon after fixed on as their home. From Sockburn-on-Tees these two set forth a little before the shortest day, and walked on foot over the bleak fells that form the watershed of Yorkshire and Westmoreland. As side by side they paced the long dales, and set their faces to the Hamilton hills, the ground was frozen hard under their feet, and the snow-showers were driving against them. Yet they enjoyed the snow-showers, turned aside to see the frozen waterfalls, and stopped to watch the changing drapery of cloud, sunshine, and snow-drift as it coursed the hills. At night they stopped in cottages or small wayside inns, and there, by the kitchen fire, Wordsworth gave words to the thoughts which had occurred to him during the day. A great part of "Heartleap Well" was composed during one of these evenings, from a tradition he had heard that day from a native. They reached Grasmere on the shortest day, and settled in the small two-storeyed cottage, which had formerly been a public-house, with the sign of the Dove and the Olive Bough, but was henceforth to be identified with Wordsworth's poetic prime. The mode of life on which they were entering was one which their friends, no doubt, and most sensible people, called a mad project. With barely a hundred pounds a year between them, they were turning their back on the world, cutting themselves off from professions, chances of getting on, society, and settling themselves down in an out-of-the-way corner, with no employment but verse-making, no neighbours but unlettered rustics. When a man makes such a choice, he has need to look well what he does, and to be sure that he can go through with his purpose. In the world's eyes nothing but success will justify such a recusant, and yet the world will not be too ready to grant that success has been attained. But Wordsworth, besides a prophet-like devotion to the truths

he saw, had a prudence, self-denial, and perseverance, rare among the sons of song. To himself may be applied the words he uses in a letter to Sir George Beaumont, when speaking of another subject than poetry:—"It is such an animating sight to see a man of genius, regardless of temporary gains, whether of money or praise, fixing his attention solely upon what is interesting and permanent, and finding his happiness in an entire devotion of himself to such pursuits as shall most ennoble human nature. We have not yet seen enough of this in modern times." He himself showed this sight, if any man of his age did. Plain living and high thinking were not only praised in verse, but acted out by him and his sister in that cottage home. This century was ushered in by a long storm, which blocked up the roads for months, and kept them much indoors. This put their tempers to the proof, but they stood the test. Spring weather set them free, and brought to them a much-loved sailor-brother, John, who was captain of an Indiaman. In their frugal housekeeping the sister, it may be believed, had much to do indoors, but she was always ready, both then and years after, to accompany her brother in his mountain walks. Those who may wish to know more of their abode and way of life, will find an interesting sketch of these given by De Quincey, as he saw them seven years later. There was one small room containing their few books, which was called, by courtesy, the library. But Wordsworth was no reader; the English poets and ancient history were the only two subjects he was really well read in. He tells a friend that he had not spent five shillings on new books in as many years, and of the few old ones which made up his collection, he had not read one-fifth. As for his study, that was in the open air. "By the side of the brook that runs through Easedale," he says, "I have composed thousands of verses."—

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Another favourite resort for composition at this time was the tall fir-wood on the hillside above the old road leading from Grasmere to Rydal. Society they found in the families of the "statesmen" all about. For Grasmere was then, like most of the neighbouring dales, portioned out among small but independent peasant lairds whose forefathers had for ages lived and died on the same farms. With these men Wordsworth and his sister lived on terms of kindness and equal hospitality. He would receive them to tea in his home, or would go to sup in theirs. If the invitation was to some homestead in a

distant vale, the ladies would travel in a cart, the poet walking by its side. Among these men, in their pastoral republic, the life was one of industry, not too laborious; the manners were simple, manly, and severe. The statesmen looked after the sheep, grew hay on their own land in the valley, and each could turn out as many sheep to feed on the fell or common (as they call it) during the summer months, as they could provide hay for in the winter. Their chief source of income was the wool from the flock, and this not sold in the fleece, but spun into thread by the wives and daughters. These, with their spinning-wheels, were in high esteem, for they did more to maintain the house than the spade or plough of the husbands. Wordsworth loved this manner of life, not only because he had been familiar with it from childhood, but also for that he knew what sterling worth and pure domestic virtues sheltered under these roofs. But he lived to see it rudely broken up. Machinery put out the spinning-wheel, and the statesmen's lands pass for the most part into other hands.

The few statesmen's families who survived in and around Grasmere retained an affectionate and reverent remembrance of the 'pawet,' as they called him in their Westmoreland dialect, long after he had left them for Rydal Mount. Many stories we have heard them tell of his ways, while living at the Town-end, how, alone, or oftener with his sister, at night-fall when other people were going to bed, he would be seen going forth to walk to Dunmailraise, or climbing that outlying ridge of Fairfield, which overhangs the forest-side of Grasmere, there to be alone with the stars till near the breaking of the day. When in their houses strangers have read aloud, or told in their own words, some of his shorter poems descriptive of incident and character, or the two books of the "Excursion" which describe the tenants of the church-yard among the mountains, we have heard old residents name many of the persons there alluded to, and go on to give more details of their lives.

The first months at Grasmere were so industriously employed, that some time in the year 1800, when a second edition of the first volume of *Lyrical Ballads* was being reprinted, he added to it a new volume containing thirty-seven new pieces. Among these were the poems already mentioned, as having been composed during the German winter, as well as some new ones which had been suggested since he settled at Grasmere. Such were the "Idle shepherd boys," "Poems on the naming of places," "The Brothers," "Michael," which all are redolent of the Westmoreland fells. These two volumes cannot

be said to have failed, for they were reprinted in 1802, and again in 1805; and in 1807, Jeffrey, even when inveighing against a new and better volume of poems, speaks of the "Lyrical Ballads as unquestionably popular." We shall not, however, stay to comment on their contents, till we have done with narrative. Only a few facts stand out prominently from the happy and industrious tenor of the life at Grasmere. In 1802, that Earl of Lonsdale, who to the last refused to pay to the Wordsworths their due, died, and was succeeded by a better-minded kinsman, who paid to them the original debt of £5,000 due to their father, with £3,500 of interest. This was divided into five shares, of which two went to the poet and his sister. This addition to his income enabled the poet to take to himself a wife, his cousin, and the intimate friend of his sister, Mary Hutchison, whom he had long known and loved. It is she whom he describes in his exquisite lines—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

They lived together in as great happiness as is allowed to human beings, till the poet had fulfilled his fourscore years, when she survived him a few years longer.

In the August of 1803, Mrs. Wordsworth having been kept at home by domestic duties, Wordsworth and his sister set out from Keswick with Coleridge on that memorable tour in Scotland. They travelled great part of the way on foot, up Nithsdale and so on towards the Highlands. Coleridge turned back soon after they had reached Loch Lomond, being either lazy or out of spirits. Everywhere as they trudged along, they saw the old familiar Highland sights, as if none had ever seen them before; and wherever they moved among the mountains, they left footprints of immortal beauty. He expressed what he saw in verse, she in prose, and it is hard to say which is the most poetic. Of all that has been, or may yet be, said or sung about the Highlands, what words can ever equal those entries in her journal? what poems can ever catch the soul of things like the "Address to Kilchurn Castle," "Glenalmain," "Stepping Westward," and the "Solitary Reaper"? The last of these, perhaps the most perfect of Wordsworth's poems, must have been suggested as they walked somewhere in the region about Loch Voil, between the braes of Balquhider and Strathire. What was the name of her who suggested it, and where is she now? Who can tell? But whether she be still alive in ex-

treme old age, or long since laid in her grave, in that poem she will sing on for ever in eternal youth, to delight generations yet unborn.

In the beginning of 1805, the first great sorrow fell on Wordsworth's home, in the loss of his brother, Captain Wordsworth. He was leaving England, intending to make his last voyage, when his ship was run on the shambles of the Bill of Portland by the carelessness of a pilot, and he with the larger part of his crew went down. For long Wordsworth was almost inconsolable, he so loved and honoured his brother. His letters at this time, and his poems long after, are darkened with this grief. In one of these letters this striking thought occurs:—"Why have we sympathies that make the best of us so afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the Supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, if everything were to end here?" Captain Wordsworth had greatly admired his brother's poetry, but saw that it would take time to become popular, and would probably never be lucrative. So he would work for the family at Town-end, he said, and William would do something for the world. "This is the end of his part of the agreement," says the poet; "God grant me life and strength to fulfil mine!"

In 1807, Wordsworth came out with two more volumes of poetry, for the most part produced at Grasmere. He was now in his thirty-seventh year, so that these volumes may be said to close the spring-time of his genius, and to be its consummate flower. Some of his after works may have equalled these, and may even show an increased moral depth and religious tenderness. But there is about the best of the Grasmere poems an ethereal ideality, which he perhaps never afterwards reached. Besides the Scottish poems already noticed, there were the earliest instalment of sonnets, some of them the best he ever wrote, as that "London seen from Westminster Bridge;" "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;" "The world is too much with us;" "Toussaint L'Ouverture;" "Milton, thou should'st be living."

These volumes contain also "The song of Brougham Castle;" "Resolution and Independence," the poem to the cuckoo, beginning, "O blithe new-comer;" elegiac stanzas suggested by the picture of Peele Castle; and last, and chief of all, the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." The three last-named especially have that indescribable, unapproachable ideality, which we have spoken of as the characteristic of his best poems at

this time. Indeed, the "Ode on Immortality" marks the highest limit which poetic inspiration has reached in England within this century, or indeed since the days of Milton. We have now traced the life of Wordsworth till he had reached his mature manhood. To this subject, therefore, we shall hardly again return, but shall give what space remains to a survey of his poetry.

The above account has been extracted mainly from "The Prelude," and is meant to throw light on the aim and spirit of his poetry. If a discriminating mental history of the poet could be given, followed by an edition of his works, in which the several poems were arranged, not in the present arbitrary manner, but chronologically according to the date of their composition, this would form the best of all commentaries. There were three epochs in Wordsworth's poetry, though these shade so insensibly the one into the other, that any attempt exactly to define them must be somewhat arbitrary. What we have already called the spring-time of his genius would reach from his first settling at Race-down, or at any rate his going to Alfoxden in 1797, till his leaving Grasmere Town-end in 1808. The second epoch, or full midsummer of his poetry, would include his time at Allan Bank and his first years at Rydal Mount, as far as 1818 or 1820. This was the time when "The Excursion," "The White Doe of Rylstone," and the "Duddon Sonnets" were composed. The third epoch, or the sober autumn, reaching from about 1820 till he ceased from the work of composition, is the time of the ecclesiastical and other sonnets, of "Yarrow Revisited," and the Scottish poems of 1833; and lastly, of the memorials of his Italian tour in 1837.

But to return to the poems of the first epoch. It was the two volumes of 1807, those which, as we have seen, contained the very prime ore of his genius, that called forth Jeffrey's well-known vituperation. The unfairness of that review lay in this, that the weak parts of the book were brought out in strong relief, while the best were thrown as far as possible into the background. Over "the unfortunate Alice Fell," as it has been called, the critic makes himself merry, and by extracting a number of homely matter-of-fact lines and stanzas, which occur here and there in the other poems, he makes out what must have seemed to careless readers a telling case. But his verdict on the very best—those which all the world has since acknowledged—proves that to the Edinburgh lawgiver on matters of taste, true poetic excellence was as a picture to a blind man's eye. "Yarrow Unvisited," he calls a very tedious, affected performance. After quoting from and redescrib-

ing "Resolution and Independence," he thus concludes: "We defy the bitterest enemy of Mr. Wordsworth to produce anything at all parallel to this from any collection of English poetry, or even from the specimens of his friend Mr. Southey." In the same strain he quotes from the "Ode to the Cuckoo," in which he thinks that the author, striving after force and originality, produces nothing but absurdity. Lastly, the "Ode on Immortality" is "the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication." The only parts of the two volumes quoted with approbation are the Brougham song and three sonnets. These facts we have alluded to, not from a wish to disinter long-since buried strifes, but because the allusion to them is necessary to bring out the true force of Wordsworth both as a man and a poet. The result of this review was to stop the sale of his works for a number of years. But whoever else might be snuffed out by a severe review, Wordsworth was not to be. To a friend who wrote condoling with him on the severity of the criticism—and it must be remembered that in those days the verdict of the *Edinburgh* was all but omnipotent—he replied: "Trouble not yourself about their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous;—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldering in our graves." Again: "I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier." This language is not vanity, but the calm confidence of a man who feels the rock under his foot, knows that he is in harmony with the everlasting truth of things. In the issue between the critic and the poet, the world, long before his death, sided with the latter, and will continue on his side. It is instructive, however, to observe what a change in his feelings about posthumous fame thirty years made. In 1837, he thus writes to another correspondent: "I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must speedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not once have conceived how little I now am troubled by the thought of how long or how short a time they who remain on that shore may have sight of me."

What, then, is there in these poems which there is not in any other? What is their peculiar virtue? To seize and set forth in words the heart of anything with which we have been long familiar is not easy; nevertheless something of this kind, however imperfectly, must now be attempted. In the opening of the "Prelude," Wordsworth tells us that when he first seriously thought of being a poet, he looked into himself to see how he was fitted for the work, and seemed to find there "that first great gift, the vital soul." In this self-estimate he did not err. The vital soul, it is a great gift, which, if ever it dwelt in man, dwelt in Wordsworth. Not the intellect merely, nor the heart, nor the imagination, nor the conscience, not any one of these alone, but all of them condensed into one, and moving all together. In virtue of this vital soul, whatever he did see he saw to the very core. He did not fumble with the outside or the accidents of the thing, but his eye went at once to the quick,—rested on its essential life. He saw what was there, but had escaped all other eyes. He did not import into the outward world transient fancies or feelings of his own, the pathetic fallacy, as it has been named; but he saw it, as it exists in itself, or perhaps rather as it exists in its permanent moral relations to the human spirit.

Again, this soul within him did not work with effort; no painful groping, or grasping. It was as vital in its receptivity as in its active energy. It could lie long in a "wise passiveness," drawing the things of earth and sky and of human life into itself, as the calm, clear lake does the imagery of the clouds and surrounding hills:—

"Think not, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing in itself will come,
But we must still be seeking."

Those early spring poems at Alfoxden, from which these lines are taken, specially express what we mean,—the wonderful interchange that went on between him and all the things about him, they flowing into him, he going out into them. His soul attracted them to itself, as a mountain-top does the clouds, and at their touch woke up to feel its kinship with the mysterious life that is in nature, and in each separate natural object. This is the cardinal work of the imagination, to possess itself of the life of whatever thing it deals with. In the extent to which he did this, and the truthfulness with which he did it, lies Wordsworth's supreme power.

Hence we may observe that all genuine imagination is essentially truthful, and the purer it is, the more truthful. The reports it brings in, so far from being mere fancies, are the finest, most hidden truths. In Words-

worth, the higher his inspiration rises, the more penetrating is his truthfulness. What may be the relation between the truths which imagination reveals and those which are the result of scientific discovery, we cannot pretend to determine. It would be a fine inquiry for one who can to work out. But every one must feel that

"The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare,"

gives the essence of a clear moonlight sky more truthfully in its relation to the human spirit, than any meteorologist can do. What words, poetic or scientific, will ever render the mountain stillness like these few plain ones?—

"The sleep that is among the lonely hills;"

or the impression made by a solitary western peak, like—

"There is an eminence of these our hills,

The last that parleys with the setting sun."

It is this rendering of the inner truth of things which Mr. Arnold has happily called the interpretative power of poetry. This must be that which Wordsworth himself means when, in his preface, he says that "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." And it is "the vital soul" in the poet which penetrates into this, and reads it off for other men. This, too, is what is meant when we find it said in the "Prelude" that imagination, in its highest use, is but another name for "absolute power, clearest insight, reason in her most exalted mood;" and that this imagination, exercised on outward nature and on human life, is the parent of love, or feeling intellect. This language will no doubt, to some, sound mystical. But it is the language of one who possessed that which he spoke of in larger mass, and of finer quality, than any Englishman since Shakspeare and Milton. It is the presence of this power in Wordsworth which is the source of that indescribable charm which many have felt in his poetry, and have found in none other before or since. They were brought by it for a moment soul to soul with truth, caught, as they read, a glimpse into the life of things such as no other poet of these days has given them. This clearness of vision, rare at all times, becomes much rarer as the ages go on. The naming era, when men could still give names to things, is long past, and with disuse the faculty has died out. Under heaps of words, which we receive without effort, dead metaphors, fossils of extinct poetic acts, the moulding power of imagination lies buried. And not only language has got stiff and hardened; but society has become complicated in a thousand

ways; phrases, customs, conventionality, doubts, disputes, lie many layers thick above every new-born soul. The revolutionary age into which Wordsworth was born may have made some rents in these, and let the basement of truth be here and there seen through. But yet, even with this help, what power must have dwelt in that quiet eye to put all these obstructions aside, and see things anew for itself, as if no one had ever looked on them before.

This power manifests itself in Wordsworth especially in two directions, as it is turned on nature, and as it is turned on man. Let us, for clearness' sake, examine them separately, though, in reality, they often blend. Between Wordsworth's imagination, however, as it works in the one direction and in the other, there is this difference. In dealing with nature, it has no limit; it is as wide as the world; as much at home when gazing on the little celandine, as when moving with the vast and multitudinous forces of earth and heaven. In human life and character his range is narrower, whether these limitations came from within, or were self-imposed. His sympathies embrace by no means all human things, but within the range which they do embrace, his eye is no less penetrating and true. About nature, it has become so much the fashion to rave, there has been so much counterfeit enthusiasm, that one almost dreads speaking on it. But whatever it may be to most men, there can be no doubt that free nature, mountain solitudes, were as essential to Wordsworth's heart, as the air to his lungs. About this, nothing he has said goes beyond the simple truth. Of his manner of dealing with it in his poetry, the following things may be noted:—

First, When he would place some particular landscape before the reader, he does not heap up an exhaustive enumeration of details. Only one or two of the most essential features faithfully given, and then from these he passes at once to the sentiment, the genius of the place, that which gives it individuality, and makes it this and no other place. Numerous instances of the way in which he seizes the inner spirit of a place and utters it, will occur to every reader. To give one out of many, after sketching briefly the outward appearance of the four fraternal yew-trees of Borrowdale, who else could have condensed the total impressions in such lines as these, so intensely imaginative, so profoundly true!—

"Beneath whose sable roof

Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked

With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes

May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling

Hope,

Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow; there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves."

Secondly, When in this passage, or in that wonderful poem, "What, are you stepping westward?" and many more, we find the poet spiritualizing so powerfully the familiar appearances and common facts of earth, adding, as he himself says—

"The gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;"

we are tempted to ask, Is this true, is the light real, or only fantastic? Now in this we conceive lies Wordsworth's transcendent power, that the ideal light he sheds is a true light, and the more ideal it is, the more true. Poets, all but the greatest, adorn things with fantastic or individual hues, to suffuse them with their own temporary emotions, which Mr. Ruskin has called the pathetic fallacy. The ideal light which Wordsworth sheds does not so, but brings out only more vividly the real heart of nature, the inmost feeling, which is really there, and is recognised by Wordsworth's eye in virtue of the kinship between nature and his soul. If it be asked how is this, we can but reply, that there is a wonderful and mysterious adaptation between the external world and the human soul, the one answering to the other in ways not yet explained by any philosopher.

Thirdly, Whereas to most men the material world is a heavy, gross, dead mass, earth a ball of black mud, painted here and there with some colour, Wordsworth felt it to be a living, breathing power, not dead, but full of strange life; his eye almost saw into it, as if it were transparent. So strongly did this feeling possess him, that in childhood he was a complete idealist. Speaking of himself at that age, he says, "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all I saw as something, not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over these remembrances." Here is idealism, far beyond that of Berkeley or any other philosopher, engendered not by subtle arguments of metaphysics, but born from within by sheer force of soul, before

which the solid mass of earth is transfigured, or disappears. Out of moods like these, or rather the remembrance of them, are projected some of his most ideal lights, such as form the charm of his finest poems, like the lines to the "Cuckoo," and the "Ode on Immortality." Hence came the

"Absolute questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,"

which he looked back to with thankfulness and joy in mature manhood. With these abstract and visionary feelings, there blended more tender human remembrances of that early time, making together a beautiful light of morning about his after days, and touching even the common things of life with an affecting, tender solemnity.

Fourthly, With this spiritualizing power of soul Wordsworth combined another faculty, which might seem the most opposed to it,—wonderful keenness and faithfulness of eye for the external facts of nature. Seldom in his library, much in the open air, at all hours, in all seasons, from childhood to old age, his watchful observant eye had stored his mind with all the varied aspects of nature. His imagination was a treasure-house whence he drew forth things new and old, the old as fresh as if new. No modern poet has recorded so large and so varied a number of natural facts and appearances, which had never before been set down in books. And these he brings forth, not as if he had noted, and carefully photographed them, to reproduce them whenever an occasion offered, but as a familiar knowledge that had come to him unawares, and recurred with the naturalness of an instinct. Many no doubt had seen, but who before him had so described the hare?—

"The grass is bright with raindrops; on the
moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth
run."

Or again, who else would have noted the effect of a leaping trout, or of a croaking raven, in bringing out the solitariness of a mountain tarn?—

"There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In sympathy austere."

Or again, in the calm bright evening after a stormy day—

"Loud is the vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are
gone,

A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!

"Loud is the vale—this inland depth
In peace is roaring like a sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly."

Who but Wordsworth would have set off the uproar of the vale by this glance at the star on the mountain-head? Here, in passing, we may note the strange power there is in his simple prepositions. The star is *on* the mountain-top; the silence is *in* the starry sky; the sleep is *among* the hills; the gentleness of heaven *is on* the sea, not "broods o'er," as the later editions have it. This double gift of soul and eye, highest ideality and most literal realism combined, have made him of all modern poets nature's most unerring interpreter.

Fifthly, Hence it comes that all the moods and outgoings of nature are alike open to him; every kind of country renders up to him its secret. He is alike true, whether in describing the boundless flats of Salisbury Plain, combs and dells of western Somersetshire, fells and lakes of native Cumberland, Yorkshire moors and dales, wilder glens of our own Highlands, or the pastoral quiet of the Border hills. Who but he could have gathered up the whole feeling of Yarrow into that consummate stanza? "Meek loneliness," etc. etc.

If there is pre-eminence in any one department, it is in the interpretation of his own mountains. This is so altogether adequate and profound, that it has often seemed as if those dumb old solitudes had, after slumbering since the beginning of time, at last waked to consciousness in him, and uttered their inmost heart through his voice. No other mountains have ever had their soul so perfectly expressed. Philosophers have dreamed that nature and the human soul are the two limbs of a double-clefted tree, springing from, and united in, one root; that nature is unconscious soul, and the soul is nature become conscious of itself. Some such view as this, if it were true, might account for the marvellous sympathy there is between Wordsworth's poetry and the feeling of his own mountains, and for his power of rendering their mute being into his solemn melodies.

But it is now time to look at that other side of things in which his vitality of imagination is seen. His meditative eye penetrates not less deep when turned on the heart and character of man, than when it contemplates the face of nature. It has been already noted, that in the latter department his range is limitless; while, in the former, it is not only restricted, but restricted within marked and definite bounds. For man as he is found in cities, or as he appears in the complex conditions of

advanced civilization, Wordsworth cares little; he turns his back on the streets, the drawing-rooms, the mart, and the 'change, but lovingly enters the cottage and the farm, and walks with the shepherd on his hills, or the vagrant on the lonely roads. The choice of his characters from humble and rustic life, was caused partly by the original make of his nature, partly from his early training, which made him more at home with these than with artificial man, partly also from that republican fervour which he imbibed in his opening manhood. He believed that in country-people what is permanent in human nature, the essential feelings and passions of mankind, exist in greater simplicity and strength. Their manners, he thought, spring more directly from such feelings, and more faithfully express them, and their lives and occupations are surrounded with what is grandest and most beautiful in nature. These are the reasons he gives for selecting his subjects from humble life, and within this range he, for the most part, confines himself. There is still another limitation. Even in these characters he is not so much at home in dealing with their trivial outside appearance, or little laughable peculiarities of manner or costume. He has small caring for these things, and when he sets to describe them he often fails, as in the "Idiot Boy" perhaps, and in "Goody Blake." A few touches of real humour would have wonderfully relieved these personages, but this Wordsworth has not to give. He cannot, as Burns often does, exhibit his humble characters dramatically, does not laugh and sing, much less drink with his peasants; he is not quite one of themselves, sharing their thoughts, and having no other and higher thoughts. What he sets himself to portray is their serious feelings, the deep things of the soul, that in which the peasant and the peer are one, and in which, as Wordsworth thinks, the advantage may often lie with the former. He has, as Coleridge has said, "deep sympathy with man as man; but it is the sympathy of a contemplator, rather than a fellow-sufferer or comate; but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of nature; no injuries of time and weather, of toil or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine." In fact it is the moral and spiritual part of man which he most sees and feels, and other things are interesting chiefly as they affect this. His thoughts dwell on

"The depth, and not the tumult of the soul;"

not on the surface manners, nor on the effervescent and transitory emotions, but on those which are steadfast and for ever. It is in vir-

true of his deep insight into these, that common incidents assume for him an importance and interest which to less reflective men has seemed exaggerated or often even ludicrous. The reflections, however, which they awake in him are not only true and deep, but they are such as add new dignity or tenderness to the human life. A frail old man thanked him fervently for cutting through for him at a blow an old root, which he had haggled at long in vain. The tears in the old man's eyes drew out from Wordsworth this reflection—

“I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.”

In setting forth such characters as The Brothers, Michael, the Cumberland Beggar, etc. etc. (though in the last of these there is somewhat too much moralizing), he gives them not only as common acquaintances see them, or as they appear to themselves; this he does, but something more. He lets us see them in their relations to those unseen laws of the moral world, of which they themselves may be unaware, but which they suggest to the inspired insight of the poet. And in this way the emotions called forth by the sight of suffering do not end in mere emotion, but strike into a more enduring, that is, a moral ground, and so are idealized and relieved. This moral vision has a wonderful power to elevate, often to solemnize things, the lowliest and most familiar. It has been said that Burns has caused many an eye to look on the poorest thatched cottages of the Scotch peasantry with a feeling which, but for Burns, they had never known. The same may be said of Wordsworth, with a difference. He has revealed, in the homeliest aspects of life, a beauty and worth not recognised before, or long forgotten. He has opened for men new sources of interest in their kind, not only in shepherds and peasants, but in tattered beggars, and gipsies, and wayworn tramps.

Much stuff has been talked and written about Wordsworth being a merely subjective poet. Critics had good need to be sure they were right before they characterize great poets by such vague, abstract words; for they quickly get into the minds of the reading public, and stick there, and do much mischief. True it is that Wordsworth has read his own soul, not that which was accidental or peculiar in him, but that in him which was permanent and common with all high and imaginative men. But is this all? has he done nothing more? If ever man caught the soul of things, not himself, and expressed it, Wordsworth did. That he has done it in nature almost limitlessly we have seen. In

man he has done it not less truly, though more restrictedly. Taking the restrictions at their utmost, what contemporary poet (we do not speak of Scott in his novels) has left to his country such a gallery of new and individual portraits as a permanent possession? The deeper side of character no doubt it is, —the heart of men, not their clothes,—but it is character in which there is nothing of himself, nothing which all men might not or do not share. The affliction of Margaret, the Mad Mother, Gipsies, Laodamia, the Highland Reaper, the Waggoner, Peter Bell, Matthew, Michael, the Cumberland Beggars, all the tenants of the Churchyard among Mountains—what are these? What but so many separate, individual, outstanding portraits, in which there is no shade of himself, nothing save the eye that can see them? True, it is not their outward contour, nor their complexion, or dress he most busies himself with. He painted them as Titian and Leonardo did their great portraits, with the deeper soul predominating in their countenance. If he seized this, he cared little for the rest. Let us discard, then, that foolish talk about Wordsworth as a merely subjective poet, who could give nothing but his own feelings, or copies of his own countenance. Let us look at things as they really are.

There are many other aspects in which this vital power of imagination in Wordsworth might be viewed. Only one more of these we must note, and then pass on. In him, perhaps more than in any other writer either in prose or verse of his time, we see the highest spirit of this century, in its contrast with that of the preceding, summed up and condensed. What most strikes one, in recurring to the literature of the Pope and Addison period, is its external character. In the writings of that time the play of the intellect is so little leavened by sentiment, so little of individual character is suffered to transpire. The heart, it would seem, was either dormant, or kept under strict surveillance, and not allowed to interfere with the working of the understanding. Literature appeared like a well-bred, elderly gentleman, in ruffles and peruke, of polished but somewhat chilling manners, which repel all warmth of feeling with the frost of etiquette. And just as in such society conversation is restricted to certain subjects, of these touches but the surface, and does even that in set phrases, so it was with the literature of the golden days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges. From this very limitation in the range both of subjects and treatment, there arose in the hands of the masters a perfectness of style within these limits. Just as in the finitude of Grecian architecture, perfection is more

easily attained than in Gothic with its infinite aims. In the writers who followed, so-called classicism degenerated into conventionality in subject, in treatment, and in language. In Cowper, as has been said, we see the beginning of the recoil. * But it was by Wordsworth that the revolt was most openly proclaimed and most fully effected. The changed spirit was no doubt in the time, and would have made its way independently of any single man. But no one power could have helped it forward more effectually than the capacious and inward-seeing soul of Wordsworth. Whereas the poetry of the former age had dealt mainly with the outside of things, or if it sometimes went farther, it did so with such a stereotyped manner and diction as to make it look like external work, Wordsworth everywhere went straight to the inside of things. We have seen already how, whether in his own self-revelations, or in his descriptions of the visible creation, or in his delineations of men, he passed always from the surface to the centre, from the outside looks to the inward character. This one characteristic set him in entire opposition to the art of last century. Out of it arose the entire revolution he made in subjects, treatment, and diction. Seeing deeper truth and beauty in many things which had hitherto been deemed unfit subjects for poetry, than in those which had hitherto been most handled by the poets, he reclaimed from the wilderness vast tracts that had been lying waste, and brought them within the poetic domain. In this way he has done a wider service to poetry than any other poet of his time, but since him no one has arisen of spirit strong and large enough to make full proof of the liberty he bequeathed.

The same freedom, and by dint of the same powers, he won for future poets with regard to the language of poetry. First, in his practice he threw himself clear of the trammels of the so-called poetic diction which had tyrannized over English poetry for a century. This diction of course exactly represented the half-courtly, half-classical mode of thinking and feeling. As Wordsworth rebelled against the inward spirit, so against its outward expression. The whole of the stock phrases and used-up metaphors he discarded, returned to living language of natural feeling, as it is used by men, instead of the dead form of it which had got stereotyped in books. And just as in his subjects he had taken in from the waste so much virgin soil, so in his diction he appropriated for poetic use a large amount of words, idioms, metaphors, till then disallowed by the poets. In doing so, he may here and there have made a mistake, the homely trenching on the ludicrous, as in

the lines about the washing-tub and some others, long current in the ribaldry of critics. But, bating a few almost necessary failures, he did more than any other by his usage and example to reanimate the effete language of poetry, and restore it to healthfulness, strength, and feeling. His shorter poems, both the earlier and the later, are for the most part very models of natural, powerful, and yet sensitive English; the language being, like a garment, woven out of, and transparent with the thought. Of the diction of his longer blank verse poems we shall have something to say in the sequel. Then, as to the theory which he propounds in his famous preface, that the language of poetry ought no wise to differ from that of prose, this is only his protest against the old poetic phraseology, too sweepingly laid down. His own practice is the best commentary on, and antidote to, his theory, where he has urged it to an extreme. Coleridge and De Quincey have both criticised the "Preface" severely, so that in their hands it would seem to contain either a paradox or a truism. Into this subject we cannot now enter. This only may be said on the Wordsworthian side, as against these critics, that while the language of prose receives new life and strength by adopting the idioms and phrases used in the present conversation of educated men, that of poetry may go farther, and borrow with advantage the language from cottage firesides. Who has ever listened to a peasant father or mother, as they described the last illness of one of their own children, or spoke of those who were gone, without having heard from their lips words which for natural and expressive feeling were the very essence of poetry! Poets may well adopt these, for, if they trust to their own resources, they can never equal them.

These reflections on the main characteristics of Wordsworth arose out of a survey of the poems written during his first or Grasmere period. But they have passed beyond the bounds for which they were originally intended, and may apply in large measure to his poems of the second period, written at Allan Bank in Grasmere, and during his first years at Rydal Mount. These were "The Excursion," "The White Doe of Rylstone," "The Duddon Sonnets," and some smaller poems. In these, there is perhaps less of that ethereal light, that spiritualizing power over nature, which forms the peculiar charm of the best of the early poems. But if there is less of naturalistic interpretation, there is a deepened moral wisdom, a larger entering into the heart of universal man. We spoke above of the limitations of his earlier poetry in this latter region. These in his later po-

ems greatly disappear, partly from the expansion of the philosophic mind by years of meditation, and by kindly though limited intercourse with men; partly from a gradual lessening of the exclusive bias towards humble life, as his Republican fervour abated. As to the "Excursion," to discuss it as its importance demands would require a long separate treatise. It was a theme worthy of a great philosophic poem, which Wordsworth proposed to himself,—how a man, like the Solitary, who from domestic bereavement and from disappointment of the impatient hopes he had formed of the French Revolution, had sunk into scepticism and despondency, can have his interest in human nature and his faith in God restored. The outward circumstances of such a subject may vary, but itself is of perennial import. French revolutions may not repeat themselves with every generation, but unbelieving cynicism is an evil of continual recurrence,—an evil which is not checked by, but would rather seem increasingly to attend on, our much-vaunted march of mind. As to the poet's way of dealing with the problem, we feel the same disappointment as many have felt, that the truths of revelation, though everywhere acknowledged, are nowhere brought prominently forward. It is the religion which the poet has extracted from nature and man's moral instincts on which he mainly insists; yet it is such a religion, so pure and so elevated, as these sources, but for the light they receive from a co-existent revelation, never could have supplied. In the crisis of the poem, when the poet has to apply his medicine to the mind diseased, and when the Solitary is importunate for an answer, the poet turns aside, and recommends communion with nature, and free intercourse with men, in a way which to many has seemed like a disavowal of the power of Christian faith. We believe, however, that this is too severe a judgment. Wordsworth knew clearly that there are many cases in which, the passages to the heart having been closed by false reasonings and morbid views, the way to it is not to be found by any direct arguments, however true. What is wanted is some antidote which shall bring back the feelings to a healthful tone, remove obstructions from within, and so through restored health of heart, put the understanding in a condition which is open to the power of truth. Awaken healthful sensibilities in the heart, and a right state of intellect will be sure to follow. This is Wordsworth's moral pathology. And the restorative discipline he recommends is that which in his own mental trial he had found effectual. This we believe to be the true account; and yet we cannot help thinking there was not

only room, but even a call for a fuller enforcement of the Christian verities. The defect probably arose from the poet's carrying his own experience, and his peculiar views about the sanative power of nature, farther than they hold true, at least for the majority of men. But though such is the advice given to the Solitary, the course practically taken is to lead him to the churchyard among the mountains at Grasmere, there to hear from the lips of the pastor how they lived and died, the lowly tenants of the surrounding graves, in order that hearing he may learn—"To prize the breath we share with human kind And look upon the dust of man with awe."

Even to those who may care nothing for the philosophy, if they have feeling hearts, the "Excursion" will always be dear for its pictures of mountain scenes, and its pathetic records of rural life. The two books of the Churchyard among the Mountains, are the most sustained in interest, and most perfect in style, of any books in the "Excursion." In themselves, they form a noble poem, full of deep insight into the heart, of attractive portraits of character, and of tender and elevating views of human life and destiny. No one with a heart to feel can read them carefully without being the better for it. Of all the lives there portrayed, perhaps there is none to which we more often revert than the affecting story of Ellen:—

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,
Screened by its parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small
heap
Speaks for itself; an Infant there doth rest;
The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave.
If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
A natural dignity on humblest rank:
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do;
And if religious tenderness of heart,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and dis-
tained
The spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom."

Then follows the character of the cottage girl, her love, betrayal, the broken vow; her shame and sorrow, relief by the birth of her child, the necessity to leave her own and nurse a neighbour's child; her own child's sickness, and she not allowed to visit it; its death, her long vigils by its grave, a weeping Magdalene—ended by her own decline:—

"Meek saint! through patience glorified on
earth!
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,

The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!

She said,
'He who afflicts me knows what I can bear;
And, when I fail, and can endure no more,
Will mercifully take me to Himself.'
So, through the cloud of death, her spirit
passed

Into that pure and unknown world of love
Where injury cannot come."

They say that Wordsworth wants passion. For feeling, not on the surface but in the depth, pathos pure and profound, what of modern verse can equal this story and that of Margaret? The very roll of the lines above quoted is oracular. There is in them the echo of a soul, the most capacious, tender, and profound that has spoken through modern poetry.

Having spoken of these verses, one word must be said in passing of Wordsworth's blank verse. In the "Excursion," and more still in the "Prelude," it often greatly needs condensation, may even be said to be tediously prolix. When speaking of homely matters, there is circumlocution at times amounting to awkwardness; and when philosophizing, there is, unlike the smaller poems, too profuse a use of long-winded Latin words, to the neglect of the mother Saxon. Yet even in these passages, there is hardly a page without some "atoning" lines of the true Wordsworthian mould. Even in those abstruser disquisitions of the "Excursion," which seem most prosy, there are seldom wanting some of those glances of deeper vision, by which old neglected truths are flashed with new power on the consciousness, or new relations of truth, which had hitherto lain hidden, are for the first time revealed. Of such apophthegms of moral wisdom, how large a number could be gleaned from that poem alone! But it is in the passages where Wordsworth's inspiration kindles, that the full power of his blank verse is to be seen. Such in the "Excursion" are the account of the Wanderer's feelings, when, a boy, he watched the sunrise over Athole, and indeed the whole description of his boyhood, in which Wordsworth reproduces much of his own Esthwaite experience. The story of Margaret already spoken of, the description of the Langdale Pikes, the Solitary's history of himself, the Wanderer's advice to him at the close of "Despondency Corrected," and we may add almost the whole of the two books of the Churchyard. Of the characters who form the chief speakers in the poem, the Pedlar or Wanderer, the Solitary, and the Pastor, we have not time to say one word. Those who wish to see from what materials Wordsworth framed them, will find some in-

teresting memoranda, from his own lips, in the biography by his nephew, and now, we believe, incorporated in the edition of his Poems of 1857. It seems strange now to look back to the outcry that was long made against the employment of a pedlar as the chief figure of the poem. That this should now seem to most quite natural, or, at least, noways offensive, may serve to mark the change in literary feeling, which Wordsworth himself did so much to introduce.

The "Excursion" was published in 1814, and the following year produced another long poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone." This poem, pronounced by the great critic of the day to be "the very worst poem he ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume," has a very bewitching and unique charm of its own. The scene is laid in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and begins and ends with Bolton Priory, and the story of a white doe which haunts it. This doe had been the favourite of Emily Norton, sole daughter of Richard Norton of Rylstone Hall, who, with his eight sons, had marched forth in the army of the Catholic Lords engaged in the insurrection known as the Rising of the North. Emily and a ninth son, Francis, were of the Protestant faith, and disapproved of the enterprise. But he, without taking part in the expedition, follows his father, to be of what use he can; sees him and his eight brothers led to execution, and is himself accidentally slain, and buried in Bolton Priory. The sister's lot is to remain behind, to hear of the utter extinction of her house, and by force of passive fortitude,

"To abide

The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

The white doe which had been her companion in happier days, comes to her side and seems to enter into her sorrow, attends her when on moonlight nights she visited Bolton and her brother's grave, and, long years after she is gone, continues to haunt the hallowed place. "Everything attempted by the principal personages fails in its material effects, succeeds in its moral and spiritual." This is Wordsworth's own account of it. And certainly the active and warlike parts of the poem, are needlessly tame and unexciting, forming a marked contrast with the way Scott would have treated the same subjects. That Wordsworth could, if he chose, have improved these parts of his poem there can be no doubt, for the song of "Brougham Castle" and several of the warlike sonnets, prove that he could, when so minded, strike a Tyrtæan strain. But if, in the "White Doe," he fails where Scott would

have succeeded, he does what neither Scott nor any one else could equally have done. Gazing on Bolton's ruined abbey, as it stands on its green holm, looked down on by majestic woods and quiet uplands, and lulled by the murmuring Wharfe, his whole heart is filled by the impressive and hallowed scene. And all the feelings awakened within him he gathers and concentrates in this legendary creature, making her at every turn, whether passing under broken arch, or throwing a gleam into dark black vault, or crouching in the moonlight on the Nortons' green grave, bring out some new lineament, call up some fair imagination. She is the most perfectly ideal embodiment of the finer spirit of the place that could have entered into poet's heart to conceive.

Of "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner," both composed long before, but published after "The White Doe," we have not now space to say one word. About this time, while preparing his eldest son for college, Wordsworth studied carefully several of the Latin poets, which led to his attempting two or three poems on classical subjects. One of these, "Laodamia," will always stand out prominent even among his happiest productions. Throwing himself naturally into the situation, he informs the old Achaian legend with a fine moral dignity peculiarly his own:

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, though a happy
place."

And now but a word on the third period of Wordsworth's poetry. This began, we may say, about the year 1818 or 1820, and lasted till the close of his poetic life. It was the time when he wrote the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets;" which, though containing here and there some gems—such as that on "Old Abbeys"—

"Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live;"—

are not, on the whole, equal to many of his earlier ones. Sonnet-writing, begun at Grasmere, had long been a favourite relaxation with him in the midst of larger works. The sonnets are like small off-lets from the main stream of his poetry, into which whatever thoughts from time to time arose might overflow. This form is well fitted for the detached musings of a meditative poet. As each new thought awakes, a new form for it has not to be sought, the vehicle is here ready, and all the poet has to do is to cast the liquid metal into the mould. Wordsworth's sonnets are so numerous and so important that they form quite a literature, which, if justice were done them, would de-

mand an extended notice for themselves. The rest of the poems of this epoch are memorials of four separate tours; two on the Continent in 1830 and 1837, two in Scotland in 1831 and 1833. Taken as a whole, none of these tours produced anything equal to his earliest one in Scotland. But the former of the two continental tours produced one poem almost equal to any of his prime, that on the Eclipse in 1820. The description there of Milan Cathedral, with its white hosts of angels, and its starry zone

"All steeped in that portentous light,
All suffering dim eclipse."

is in his finest style.

But that among all these later poems which most wins regard is the beautiful and affecting thread of allusion to Walter Scott that runs through them. Open-minded appreciation of contemporary poets was not one of Wordsworth's strong points. A very strong one-sidedness, not hard to explain, arose out of at once his weakness and his strength. Disparaging remarks about Scott's poetry were reported from his conversation, and these seem to have been present to Lockhart's thought as he penned his last notice of Wordsworth. He might have recalled at the same time the many kind and beautiful lines in which he who never said in verse what he did not truly feel, has embodied his feelings about Scott. Wordsworth had hailed *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* with delight, and always continued to like it best of all Scott's poems. He and the "Shirra" first met, as we have seen, in the latter's house in Lasswade, just after Wordsworth and his sister had left Yarrow unvisited—

"For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."

In 1814, as he descended from Traquair, accompanied by the Ettrick Shepherd, he exclaimed—

"And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!"

In the autumn of 1831, Wordsworth and his daughter Dora set out on a visit to Abbotsford, to see Scott once more before he left Tweedside in hopes of repairing his broken health in Italy. It was but a short visit, as Scott was on the very eve of his departure, but, ere they parted, they snatched one more look at Yarrow,—the last both to Scott, and to Wordsworth:

"Once more by Newark's Castle-gate,
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border."

Though the hand of sickness lay heavy upon Scott, they did their best.

"To make a day of happy hours,
Their happy days recalling."

But throughout the "Yarrow Revisited," written in remembrance of that day, there is visible the pressure of an actual grief, little in harmony with the ideal light that is upon the two former Yarrows. "On our return in the afternoon," says Wordsworth, "we had to cross Tweed (by the old ford) directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly. A rich, but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment, and thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning

"A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain."

This is the sonnet in which he says—

"The might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessing and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror
knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate."

"At noon, on Thursday," Wordsworth continues, "we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day, Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation, *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, 'I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake—they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.'" We remember one most affecting stanza of these lines, which we heard from one who had seen them in the album,—that same album which contained autograph and unpublished lines written by Coleridge, Southey, and other poets of the time, for Wordsworth's daughter. Wordsworth visited Scotland once again in 1833, but by that time Scott was lying in the ruined aisle at Dryburgh, within sound of his own Tweed. Two years after this, in the autumn of 1835, on hearing of the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, he poured forth that fine lament over his brother poets who had so fast followed each other "from sunshine to the sunless land." In it he alludes once again to his two visits to Yarrow, the one with the shepherd-poet for his guide, the other with Sir Walter.

Once more, the last time, when on a tour in Italy in 1837, his heart reverts to Scott in the "Musings near Aquapendente." Seeing the broom in flower on an Italian hill-side, his thoughts turned homeward to think how it would be budding on Fairfield and Helvellyn. Then the thought strikes him, what use of coming so far to see these new scenes, if his thoughts kept wandering back to the old ones:—

"The skirt of Greenside fell,
And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards."

One there was, he says, who would have sympathized with him

"Not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads."

He alludes to the day, then thirty years gone, when Sir Walter, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Wordsworth had ascended Helvellyn together. Then he goes on:—

"Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweedside, thought
turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for him no
friend,
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep
seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed
words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint
smile
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'T will be another Yarrow.'

Peace to his spirit! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine? Utter thanks, my soul!
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by com-
passion
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man's common heritage—
Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
The whole world's Darling."

This poem and the one suggested by Hogg's death, burst from out the somewhat tamer reflections of his later days as the last gleams of his old fervour. Henceforth he wrote little more poetry, but he continued almost to the end to keep retouching his former poems.

Careful as he had always been in the work of composition, he went over and over them in his later years, changing them here and there, but seldom for the better. What seemed asperities were smoothed away, but for the most part the original ruggedness is poorly exchanged for the more blameless, but tamer, afterthought. It would be an interesting, and for those who make a study of these things, might be a profitable task, to bring together, by comparing one edition with another, the successive changes which many well-known lines were in this way made to endure.

During those silent years, the aged poet might be seen in green old age (and who that has seen that venerable figure will forget it?), either as he moved about the roads in the neighbourhood of Rydal Mount, or drove towards Grasmere or Ambleside in his small, rustic-looking carriage, or as he appeared on Sundays, in the family pew near the pulpit, in the small church of Rydal. There, Sunday by Sunday, he was seated, his head inclining forwards, and the long silver white hair like a crown of glory on either side of the noble breadth of brow.

The household at Rydal Mount was darkened by a great grief towards the close of 1847—the death of the poet's daughter Dora, Mrs. Quillinan. "Our sorrow, I feel, is for life," he wrote, "but God's will be done!" And it was for life. At the age of seventy-seven such a loss was not to be got over. Still with firm step, though saddened heart, he might be seen going about. As late as the autumn of 1849, as a stranger came down the road from the back of Rydal Mount, he met Wordsworth walking slowly back towards his house from the highway, to which he had just conducted some visitor. His head leant to one side, somewhat as he does in his picture, and in his hand he carried a branch with withered leaves. He who passed him happened to have on a plaid, wrapt around him in Scottish shepherd's fashion. This attracted his notice, and as the stranger looked round, thinking it might be the last sight of him, the poet had turned round and was looking back too. There was one long look, but no word, and both passed on.

"Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand."

In the March of next year, he was still able to walk to Grasmere and to Ambleside, the last two walks he took. The last day he was out of doors, he sat down on the stone seat of a cottage-porch, where he had been

calling, and watched the setting sun. It was a cold, bright evening, and he got a chill, which resulted in pleurisy. He survived the attack, but sank from after weakness. On the 7th of April, his eightieth birthday, he was prayed for in Rydal chapel, morning and evening. On Saturday, the 20th, when asked by his son whether he would receive the communion, he replied, "That is just what I want." When his wife wished to let him know that there was no hope of recovery, she said to him, "William, you are going to Dora?" He made no answer at the time, but next day, as one of his nieces drew aside his curtain, he awoke from a quiet sleep, and said, "Is that Dora?" He breathed his last, almost imperceptibly, on Tuesday, the 23d, at noon, the same day as that on which Shakspeare was born and died.

A few days after, he was laid in that corner of Grasmere churchyard where his children had been laid before him, and to which his wife and sister have since been gathered. A plain stone, with no other word on it than "William Wordsworth," marks the spot. On one side of it are the yew-trees planted there long before by his desire (are we wrong in thinking by his own hand?). On the other, the Rotha, through a calm, clear pool, creeps quietly by. Fairfield, Helm-crag, and Silver-How look down upon his grave. Westminster contains no resting-place so fit for him.

And now, looking back on those fourscore years, it may be said that if any life in modern times has been well-rounded and complete, Wordsworth's has. From first to last it was one noble purpose, faithfully kept, thoroughly fulfilled. The world has rarely seen so strong and capacious a soul devote itself to one, and that a lofty end, with such singleness and concentration of aim. No doubt there was a great original mind to begin with, one that saw more things, and deeper, than any other poet of his time. But what would this have achieved, had it not been backed by that moral strength, that ironness of resolve? It was this that enabled him to turn aside from professions that he was little suited for, and with something less than a hundred a year to face the future. In time, doubtless, other helps were added, and long before the end he was possessed of competent means. But this is only another instance of the maxim, "Providence helps them who help themselves." That life at Townend had encountered and overcome the difficulty before the help came. Again, the same moral fortitude appears in the firmness with which he kept his purpose, and the industry with which he wrought it out. Undiscouraged by neglect, undeterred by obloquy and ridicule, in the face of obstacles that would have

daunted almost any other man, he kept on his way unmoved, and wrought out the gift that was in him till the work was complete. Few poets have ever so fully uttered the thing that was given them to speak. And the result has been that he has bequeathed to the world a body of high thought and noble feeling which will continue to make all who apprehend it think more deeply and feel more wisely to the end of time.

The question has often been asked how far Wordsworth was a religious poet; that he was a religious man no one doubts. In his earlier poems, especially, as in "Tintern Abbey," and others, men have pointed to passages and said, These are Pantheistic in their tendency. The supposition that Wordsworth ever maintained a Pantheistic philosophy, ever held a deliberate theory of the Divine Being as impersonal, is contradicted both by many an express declaration of his own, and by what is known of his life. The truth seems to be that, during that period of his life when his feelings about nature were most vivid, and most imaginatively expressed in verse, he felt the presence in all nature of a vast life, a moving spirit, which he did not, at least in his verse, identify with the living personal God of whom conscience and the Bible witness. His earlier poetry generally stops short of such distinct personality. But whether he so stopped short because nature does not in itself, and from its unaided resources, suggest more, or whether he stopped short because he was merely describing his own experience, and that experience was defective, this we do not venture to determine. If defect there is, who is he that has a right to blame him? Only he who, having felt as broadly and profoundly the vast life that is in nature, has bridged over the gulf between this and the higher religious truth, and taught men so to do. To this man, and to none other, shall be conceded the right of finding fault with what Wordsworth has done. In Wordsworth's treatment of human nature, the same question meets us in another form. In the "Prelude," and other poems of the first epoch, it cannot be denied that the self-restorative power of the soul seems asserted, and the sufficingness of nature to console the wounded spirit is implied, in a way which Wordsworth, if distinctly questioned, would, perhaps at any time, certainly in his later years, have been the first to disavow. That he was himself conscious of this defect may be gathered from the change he made in the reflections with which the story of Margaret, in the "Excursion," closes. This story was written among the last years of last century, at Racedown or Alfoxden. Through all the early editions of his poems it stood thus—

"The old man, noting this, resumed, and said,
'My friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more;
Be wise and cheerful, and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye."

In the one-volume edition of his works, which appeared somewhere about the year 1845, we, for the first time, read the following addition, inserted after the third line of the above—

"Nor more would she have craved as due to
One
Who, in her worst distress, had oftentimes felt
The unbounded might of prayer; and learned,
with soul
Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,
From sources deeper far than deepest pain,
For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we
read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?"

A little farther on the "Wanderer" proceeds to say that once as he passed that way the ruined cottage conveyed to his heart—

"So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my
mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream that could not live
Where meditation was."

Instead of the last line and a half, the later editions have the following:

"Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,
Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of faith."

To say that as years increased Wordsworth's faith in the vital Christian truths grew more confirmed and deep, that in himself were fulfilled his own words—

"Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
The faith Heaven strengthens where He
moulds the creed,"

is only to say that he was growingly a good man. This growth many a line of his later poems, besides incidental notices in his letters, and other memoranda of his nephew's biography, clearly exhibit. No doubt the wish will at times arise, that the unequalled power of spiritualizing nature, and of originating tender and solemn views of human life, had, for the sake of other men, been oftener and more unreservedly turned on the great truths of Christian faith. At the same time, when such a regret does arise, it is but fair that it should be tempered by remembering, as he himself urges, that "his works, as well as

those of other poets, should not be considered as developing all the influences which his own heart recognised, but rather those which he felt able as an artist to display to advantage." At another time he assured a correspondent that he had been averse to frequent mention of the mysteries of Christian faith, not because he did not duly feel them, but because he felt them too deeply to venture on too free handling of them. Above all, if he has not, any more than the greatest of former poets, done all that our hearts desire, let us not on that account fail to appreciate the good work he has done. What that work is cannot be better described than in the words in which the greatest purely religious poet of the age, dedicated to Wordsworth his Oxford lectures on poetry: "Ut animos, ad sanctiora erigeret," to "raise men's minds to holier thoughts" both of nature and of man. This is the tendency of every line he wrote. Taking the commonest sights of earth, and the lowliest facts of life, to elevate and ennoble these, to find pathways by which the mind may naturally pass upward, to an ampler ether, a diviner air, this is his peculiar function. If he seldom ventures within the inner sanctuary, he everywhere leads to its outer court, lifts our thoughts into a region "neighbouring to heaven, and that no foreign land." If he was not universal in the sense in which Shakspeare was, and Goethe aimed to be, it was because he was smitten with too deep an enthusiasm for those truths by which he was possessed. His eye was too intense, too prophetic, to admit of his looking at life dramatically. In fact, no poet of modern times has had in him so much of the prophet. In the world of nature, to be a revealer of things hidden, an interpreter of new and unsuspected relations, the opener of a new sense in men; in the moral world, the teacher of truths hitherto neglected or unobserved, the awakener of the consciousness to the solemnities that encompass life, deepening our reverence for the essential soul, apart from accident and circumstance, making men feel more truly, more tenderly, more profoundly, lifting the thoughts upward through the shows of time to that which is permanent and eternal,—this is the office which he will not cease to fulfil, as long as the English language lasts. What earth's far-off lonely mountains do for the plains and cities, that Wordsworth has done and will do for literature, and through literature for society; sending down great rivers of higher truth, fresh purifying winds of feeling, to those who least dream from what quarter they come. The more thoughtful of each generation will draw nearer and observe him more closely, will ascend his imaginative

heights, and sit under the shadow of his profound meditations, and, in proportion as they drink in his spirit, will become purer and nobler men.

ART. II.—*Défense de Sébastopol. Ouvrage Rédigé sous la Direction du Lieutenant-Général Todleben, Aide-de-Camp Général de S. M. l'Empereur.* Tome I., Première Partie. Tome II., Seconde Partie. Quarto, pp. 720. Saint Pétersbourg: Imprimerie N. Phieblin et Cie., 1863.

It is an old maxim, that occasions make men, yet it is an indisputable fact that the Crimean War produced only one man of genius, founded only one high and durable reputation, and added only one invention or discovery of magnitude to our pre-existing knowledge of the art of war. Many soldiers and sailors of all ranks did their *devoir* bravely; many individual acts of heroism might be singled out for unqualified praise. There was no lack of zeal, courage, or devotedness in either of the armies engaged, nor in their chiefs; but (blunders apart) they proceeded regularly and systematically, without one original conception, without one flash of light; whilst Todleben, with his combinations of earthworks, changed the entire face of things at the very crisis of the enterprise. And this he did, after a calm survey and careful calculation of the respective means and resources of the assailants and the assailed. It is both fitting and fortunate, therefore, that he should be selected by the Russians to write or edit their version of the events which the cultivated world have hitherto been obliged to learn almost exclusively from French and English histories; histories differing so essentially, that a mediator of authority will be gladly welcomed by readers of all countries who are not utterly indifferent about the truth.*

* "Francis Todleben, whose name was to be made illustrious by the siege of Sebastopol, was at the commencement of his military career when the Eastern war broke out. It is to this war, and the inexhaustible genius he displayed in his obstinate defence of Sebastopol, that he owes the elevated rank he now holds.

"Son of a merchant of Mittau, Todleben was born on the 25th May, 1818. After having completed his studies in the schools of Riga, he was admitted into the College of Engineers at St. Petersburg. At the beginning of the war, he was only second captain of engineers: he distinguished himself under the orders of General Childers, and was then sent to the Crimea. In less than a year he passed successively through the grades of captain, commandant, lieutenant-colonel,

Questions of conflicting evidence exercise a kind of fascination on the mind, inspiring a lively interest quite independently of their inherent importance; and as the controversies raised by M. Bazancourt and Mr. Kinglake largely affect both national rivalries and personal character, it would be passing strange if either Frenchmen and Englishmen, so recently engaged in animated competition, had suddenly become cold to the resulting glory or shame. Was the battle of the Alma decided by the British advance against the Russian right and centre, or by the turning movement of the French? Was it the British or the French commander who shrank from carrying out the expedition as a *coup de main*? Which of them hesitated to attack the Northern Forts on the land side? Who suggested or urged the flank march? Who declined the proposal for an assault when the formidable Malakoff was an easily accessible and half-fortified tower? Who bore the brunt of those terrible morning hours at Inkermann? And who, all things considered, contributed most to the final triumph of the Allies? We are not going to reopen or reargue any of these questions, although we may inadvertently throw light upon them as we proceed. We propose to place ourselves as nearly as we can in the position of the Russians, and describe the main features of the siege from their point of view; a course of proceeding which we are led to adopt, as well by the pre-existing lack of information from Russian sources, as by the form and character of the book under review. The promised English version seems to be indefinitely postponed; and the circulation of the French edition now before us (price, when completed, from 14 to 16 guineas) will certainly be confined to a small and select class.*

It will be remembered that all public documents bearing on the subject have been placed at the disposal of the editor; that he has been allowed to select his assistants from the army list; and that the whole expenses of the work are defrayed from the im-

adjutant-colonel, marshal de camp, and adjutant-general, and received from his sovereign the highest marks of esteem and consideration."—Bazancourt, vol. ii. p. 8. He is uniformly named Lieutenant-Colonel in his book.

* The maps and plans (eighteen in number) are on the largest and most expensive scale, but they are neither so manageable nor so clear as those prepared by the Topographical Depot to accompany the English Journal of Engineers' Operations before Sebastopol. There is a corresponding French work entitled *Journal des Opérations du Génie, publié avec l'Autorisation du Ministre de la Guerre*. Par Le Général Niel. Avec un atlas in folio de 15 planches. Paris: Libraire Militaire. 1858.

perial treasury. It is therefore, to all intents and purposes, an official publication, as was M. de Bazancourt's; and this we conceive to be a most material deduction from its authority. Giving General Todleben full credit for independence of spirit, love of truth, and the best intentions, he is still the organ of an autocrat; he is writing (so to speak) in the fetters of authority; he is safe from domestic criticism; and unless his narrative had been approved by his imperial employer, it would have been suppressed. There have arisen obvious causes whilst the work was in progress for giving it a tone not disagreeable to the French; and national vanity might co-operate with policy to confirm the claims to superior prowess put forth by or on behalf of our allies. If, at Alma or Inkermann, they took an equal share with the British in the fight, so much the more glory would accrue to the vanquished, whom (it would thus be made to appear) nothing less than a series of combined efforts by the opposing armies could bear back. We never yet met with a French account of Waterloo in which the Prussians did not figure as the real victors; and if we are to put faith in M. Thiers, the Spaniards in the Peninsular War very far exceeded instead of lamentably falling short of the effective co-operation vowed and promised by their successive commanders in their name.

These few words of warning will not be found superfluous when we come to the disputed battles or events; and even the preliminary chapters setting forth the designs, resources, and preparations of Russia should be perused with caution; although there is little fear of her succeeding in passing herself off as the most inoffensive and least grasping of the Great Powers. General Todleben, however, insists that she played the part of lamb to our wolf throughout, and says distinctly that "not to agree at the present time on this fact,—that the two antagonistic Powers, France and England, ardently desired war,—would be to defy evidence." What has been mistaken for ambition in Russia, is simply a double impulse arising from her geographical situation. "With boundaries touching Europe on one side and Asia on the other, she finds herself the natural intermediary between the east and the west. Thence for her the necessity of the double end towards which her policy must be directed. She must pursue the development of her interest in the East by means of European civilisation, and seek to consolidate the foundations of the political importance that she has acquired in the great family of European states." As head of the Greek Christians, the Czar could not help

interfering to protect his co-religionists, and thus afforded a pretext for the quarrel for which Napoleon the Third was eagerly on the look-out; whilst the ever-wakeful jealousy of England was aroused by finding the constantly extending frontier of Russia, though still a few thousand miles off, and separated by a kingdom or two, approaching nearer and nearer the heart of her oriental empire.

Her lurking hostility was first exhibited by what is described as the first manifestation of the progress of English influence in Turkey—the formal refusal of the Ottoman Porte to deliver up to Austria and Russia the Hungarian and Polish insurgents who had taken refuge in the states of the Sultan. Then followed the quarrel of the Greek and Latin Churches, in which the dictatorial voice of the “Great Eltchee” was raised on the side of the French. The extraordinary mission of Prince Menschikow was a well-intentioned move in a conciliatory direction; he demanded nothing more than the strict observance of treaty rights; and his abrupt departure, as well as his peremptory demeanour, have been most unfairly represented as derogatory to the independence and dignity of the Porte. The crossing of the Pruth, and the occupation of the Principalities, were equitable and moderate steps towards a reasonable object; and if Austria and Prussia had not played false, that object would have been attained without further complication. Energetic measures on their part would have prevented the war; but, fatally carried along by the current of public opinion, they held aloof, and at the last moment Austria passed from neutrality to threats.

Such, in substance, is General Todleben's explanation of the immediate causes of the war. His sketch of the military and naval events which preceded the invasion of the Crimea, is not less opposed to the popular impression of England and France. Thus, he says that it is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Turks single-handed gained any advantages over the Russians in any quarter; and as for Silistria, that the siege was raised solely because Marshal Prince Paskievitch's lines of communication were commanded by the Austrians, whose intentions were unknown. He says:—

“A great deal has been written about Silistria in special compilations; and in these recitals there is frequent mention of the rare energy of the defence, of assaults repulsed, of audacious *sorties* of the Turkish garrison, who are said to have got possession of our trenches, of the skilful disposition of countermines, etc., etc. All this is inexact to such a point that it is impossible to recognise in these recitals the facts which really occurred under the ramparts of Silistria in 1854.”

He goes on to deny in detail the alleged mining and counter-mining; to describe the Arab Tabia as a formidable fort; to scout the notion of a regular siege; to represent the *sorties* of the garrison (which he limits to two) as unsuccessful, although he admits that one cost the Russians 700 men; and to assert that the besiegers never sustained a repulse, although they lost 2500 men before the place.

“The Marshal quitted the army on the 12th June (old style). By the order of Prince Gortschakow, measures were taken for the assault of the advanced forts. They were in such a situation as to make it impossible for them to oppose a powerful resistance. But in the night of the 20th to the 21st June, and when the troops, already at their posts, waited but the signal-gun to rush to the assault, there arrived unexpectedly a courier from the Marshal, bearing the order to raise the siege, and retire to the left bank of the Danube.”

So that, if we accept this Russian version, the memorable exploit of Mr. Kinglake's three “English lads,” Nasmyth, Butler, and Ballard (although confirmed by the printed journals of two of them in the *Times*) must henceforth be considered little better than a myth.

We know few more striking examples of the extent to which human credulity may be stretched than the theories with which Mr. Urquhart managed to inoculate his disciples touching the irresistible strength of Russia, her project of universal empire, and the complicity of British statesmen in her views. There are persons who believe still that Lord Palmerston was amongst her emissaries, and that he brought about the Crimean War in the hope of aiding her in some inscrutable way. Calm, calculating politicians were not wanting to contend that the only real danger to the balance of power was to be apprehended from the giant of the north; and these derived small comfort from the reflection that the first aggressive movement on a large scale would dispel the delusion—that the feet of the giant were of clay. It is curious, therefore, to learn, on official authority, what was the actual available strength of the Muscovite empire in 1854, and whether its condition indicated either the capacity or the wish to overrun or overawe Western Europe.

The proposition laid down and partially established in the first chapter of this work is, that at the very time when the Emperor Nicholas was accused of extending his hand to grasp, by anticipation, the inheritance of the “sick man,” he had made no preparations on his frontiers, either for attack or defence; and these frontiers, vast but vulnerable, were each, it is contended, of such a nature as to

require a separate army for its protection. The coasts of the Baltic, the Polish and Gallician borders, and the Russian possessions on the Black Sea might be simultaneously assailed; and the want of good means of communication made it impossible to rely on the rapid transfer of forces to a threatened spot in an emergency. "This," says the General, "was our weak side. But, by way of compensation, we had an incontestable superiority over our enemies. This superiority consisted in the possibility of recruiting and maintaining an army such as it was not given to any other European Power to possess. The entire independence of the Government, and the cheap maintenance of the soldier, compared with his cost in other countries, made it possible for Russia to oppose to her enemies an army numerous enough to struggle with success against their united forces." Her military forces are divided into active troops, regular and irregular; troops of reserve; troops destined to the interior service of the empire. The active regulars are computed at 678,201; the active irregulars at 242,203; the troops destined to the interior service, composing the *Garde Intérieure*, at 144,937; the active troops of reserve and depot, 212,433; grand total in January 1853, 1,365,786. The active regulars consisted of 544,927 infantry, 81,723 cavalry, 41,551 artillery, horse, and foot. Twenty-four men in each battalion were armed with rifles, making rather less than five per cent. of the infantry.

With regard to the disposition of this force in the summer of 1854, the number of fighting men which could be employed to carry on the war against the Turks, and defend the frontiers of the Empire, was 701,824. The Russian navy at the same period consisted of 512 vessels, carrying 7105 guns; including 31 ships-of-the-line, 10 sailing frigates, 10 steam frigates, and 2 corvettes. Of these, 295 vessels, with 4105 guns, composed the Baltic fleet; and 145, with 2855 guns, that of the Black Sea. The only screw men-of-war in the Russian navy, three ships-of-the-line and two frigates, were in the Baltic. The Turkish land forces are estimated at 230,000; those which England could spare for the service at 35,000; and the French contingent at 63,000; making in all 328,000 to encounter Russia in the East. The naval superiority of the maritime powers was confessedly such as to render exact computation and comparison useless.

We made known in August 1856, a fact which has since become notorious, namely, that the land defences on the north of Sebastopol were so weak that the Russians had given up all hope of defending them, when the French commander refused to co-operate

with Lord Raglan in the attempt to carry them by assault. Besides the fullest confirmation of this statement regarding the north, we find in the work before us accumulated proofs that the town was equally open to a *coup-de-main* on the south:

"It must be confessed that all the fortifications on the south side of Sebastopol were very weak, and that each of them had its particular imperfections; but since, at the time of their construction, no further use of them was contemplated than to repulse the attack of a weak invading force, the works might, then, up to a certain point, appear sufficient. These fortifications were armed with 134 guns; and the total of the guns for the defence of Sebastopol on the land side, amounted to 145. This artillery was spread over all the circuit of the line of defence, on an extent of $6\frac{1}{2}$ versts,* and could not concentrate on almost any point of the space in front of the fortifications the fire of more than three or four of its pieces; there were even spaces not covered by it on the approaches of the land batteries."

The Russian troops in the Crimea on the 13th of September, the day of the disembarkation, did not exceed 51,500 men; and these being dispersed over the peninsula, Prince Menschikow could not concentrate more than 30,000 in and about the place. To these must be added the crews of the vessels of war in the harbour, computed at 18,500. These were about the numbers at which the British Government had estimated the defensive forces. But we seem to have very greatly over-estimated (or the General has greatly under-estimated) the resources in munitions of war, magazines of provisions, hospital stores, and other necessities. It was remarked during the siege that a disabled piece was readily replaced, and that the sustained discharge at all hours of the day and night along the whole line of the fortifications, argued an inexhaustible stock of powder and ball. The number of cannon captured with the place was enormous. But we now learn that a large proportion of the guns laid up in the parks of artillery were old and unserviceable; that the very metal was useless for want of foundries; and that the whole of the powder in Sebastopol, at eight pounds a charge, amounted to 325,000 charges. Very few tools for the engineers and pioneers were to be found in the Government stores; not more than enough for 200 men; so that it became necessary to collect all the tools in the town and vicinity for the execution of the works. This is the most remarkable want of all, when it is remembered how much was effected by the spade and pick-axe for the defence. Building utensils (*matériaux de construction*) also

* Rather more than four English miles.

fell short, with the exception of the wood, iron, cordage, and sail-cloth in the naval arsenal. The bread provided for the land forces was sufficient for four months and a half's consumption; that for the fleet, seven months. There were military hospitals for 1125 patients, and infirmaries capable of receiving 1200. The naval hospital was put upon a footing to receive 18,000. The hospital chests were only provided with medicines, lint, and other necessaries for the proper treatment of 1500 sick, and the dressing of 6000 wounded. This explains the frightful condition in which they were found by the Allies at the conclusion of the siege.

The difficulties to be encountered by an invading army were so vividly impressed on the mind of Prince Menschikow that he remained incredulous touching the meditated expedition till it took place. Little had consequently been done to strengthen the defences, and the appearance of the armament off the coast of the Crimea was a most disagreeable surprise.

"On the 13th September 1854, about ten in the morning, two ships of war were discovered in the horizon from Sebastopol, and behind them a white cloud of smoke raised by a large number of steamers. Soon afterwards arrived the news that seventy vessels of the enemy had doubled the cape of Tarkhan-koute. About mid-day the telegraph of Cape Loukul announced to Sebastopol that the fleet which had been seen in the north-west, was sailing in three columns towards the west-north-west. After mid-day the same telegraph announced, at divers intervals, that the number of ships was successively augmenting, and towards six o'clock, nearly a hundred were already counted. A little later appeared some more steamers and many sailing vessels. At length a cossack brought the news that the number of enemy's vessels was so considerable that it was impossible to count them. At half-past eight the telegraph signalled that the enemy's fleet was casting anchor.

"The invasion of the Crimea by the Allies had then become imminent. Let us now see what, at such a moment, the commander of our forces by sea and land could undertake to resist the enemy, at a time when the approach of autumn was day by day confirming the conviction at Sebastopol that the Allies would attempt nothing decisive against the place during the year 1854."

The first question that arose was, whether it was possible or advisable to oppose the landing, and the Russian commander has been severely criticised for missing the opportunity. But General Todleben gives solid reasons for the tactics of his chief. To be able, he says, to oppose the disembarkation of the enemy, it was essential to be informed of the place where it was to be effected. But if it is difficult enough to fix precisely, in the case of a river, the spot where the enemy

intends to pass, it is more difficult still to declare beforehand the point the enemy may propose to choose for his landing on a coast more or less accessible to invading troops on all its extent. At the degree of perfection to which steam transport has been brought, distances can be cleared with such celerity, that neither infantry nor cavalry disposed along the coast can ever keep pace with the steamers of their foes. Railroads alone can, to a certain extent, give means of remedying this disadvantage in land forces; but it is well known that in the Crimea there was a complete absence of railroads, and that in general all the means of communication existing at the time, with the solitary exception of the *chaussée* on the south, were little to be depended on and especially difficult to use in the rainy season. In such circumstances, he continues, "it became easy for the enemy to divert our attention, by false demonstrations, towards any given point of the peninsula, to induce us to direct our forces on that point, and after having effected a disembarkation on a totally different point, to strengthen themselves in it before our troops had time to concentrate anew." Thus, if Prince Menschikow, on the first news of the appearance of the fleet off Eupatoria, had hurried there with the bulk of his forces, the Allies might have given him the slip, and possibly—considering the state of the fortifications and the weakness of the garrison—have got possession of the place without a battle. The General is further of opinion, that the covering fire of the English and French ships would have made it an extremely rash and perilous proceeding to oppose the landing, even had there existed no uncertainty as to the spot. The best course, he contends, was that actually pursued,—to take up a strong position as far as possible out of reach of the ships, and make a resolute stand there.

It is undeniable that the position of the Alma was well chosen for the purpose of enabling an inferior force to bar the passage of one nearly double its numbers; the Russian army consisting of 33,600 men of all arms, and 96 guns; whilst that of the Allied may be roughly computed at 60,000 men and about 150 guns. The Prince's superiority in cavalry prevented the English from attempting a turning movement over the open ground on his right, and he fancied himself, until undeceived by the Zouaves, equally protected by the steepness and ruggedness of the ground on his left.

General Todleben's plans of the field substantially agree with the English and the French; and he tells us little new touching the disposition of the troops. What strikes us most in his account of the battle is its

similarity to that of M. de Bazancourt; a similarity extending even to the style. Indeed, it would seem from numerous examples—Thiers and Lamartine amongst the rest—that no battle could be described in French without the use of inflated terms or phrases which cannot be construed literally without causing confusion and inconsistency. It is difficult to understand how troops can gain a victory, or carry a position, without losing more than five per cent. of their entire force in killed and wounded, after having been *culbutées, écrasées, or décimées par un feu meurtrier*. Unluckily, moreover, General Todleben's duty as commandant of the engineers, confined him strictly to the town and fortifications of Sebastopol; and he was obliged to depend on the reports of others for the details of the narrative of which we now propose to give an abstract or summary.

According to this history, then, the division of Bosquet was already on the march at six in the morning. At seven, when the French centre also began to move, Marshal St. Arnaud having been informed that the English army was not yet ready, suspended the march of Bosquet's division for a time, and the serious French attack consequently was not commenced till half-past eleven. Bosquet reached the right bank of the river about half-past twelve.* At the same time the steamers increased their fire, and threw shells on the Russian left wing, which, distant as they were, suffered considerable loss. Supported by this fire, the brigade d'Autemarre advanced to the ford of Alma-Tamak, which was immediately crossed by the Zouaves who headed the brigade, and, dispersing as skirmishers, began to scale the heights. The brigade followed, and, with a battery of Bosquet's brigade, formed on the plateau across the road leading from Alma-Tamak to Hadjiboulet. About the same time, the brigade Bouet and the Turks were crossing the ford at the mouth of the river.

The battalion which first opened fire on the Russian side was the second battalion of the infantry regiment of Minsk, which, from its position near the village of Aklese, did not become aware of the movement of the brigade d'Autemarre, till the head of the French column emerged from the ravine and took up a position on the crest of the heights. The Zouaves had hardly succeeded in clearing the heights of the left back of the Alma, than already this (the Minsk) battalion found itself very critically placed. Decimated by a

front and flank fire, and fearing to be harassed in its retreat, this battalion, after having exchanged fire with the French skirmishers, and checked their attack as much as possible, commenced its retreat towards the village of Orta-Kissek. General Kiriakow also, who commanded at the extreme left, to avoid the fire of the ships, was withdrawing in the direction of the telegraph, when a battery of light artillery and the regiment of Moscow came up, and the retreat was temporarily suspended. But these reinforcements did not arrive till the French had crossed the river in force, and had extricated Bosquet from the risk to which he had been exposed of being outnumbered and cut off. Canrobert and Prince Napoleon with their divisions advanced to the right bank of the Alma at one o'clock. Their skirmishers engaged the Russian skirmishers in the gardens, while five of their batteries opened fire against the Russian centre. One battery was sent to rejoin Bosquet, and two other brigades with a battery were ordered up by St. Arnaud to support the French attack; so that on this part of the field, 6000 Russians had to make head against 7000 French, whose flank was covered by 7000 Turks. Despite their numerical inferiority, the Russians, on the arrival of the regiment of Minsk, made an effort to drive the French from the heights with the bayonet, but were met with such a sustained fire of grape and musketry, that they fell back and resumed the defensive. They had also the worst of it in the artillery combat that ensued, their gunners being rapidly picked off by the French rifles. Despite of what is described as a desperate resistance, Bosquet, Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon won their way forwards; although it was not until the regiments of Minsk and Moscow had lost 1500 men, and the majority of their officers, including their colonels, were killed or wounded, that they began to retreat towards the telegraph, stopping at intervals and opening a brisk fire. Two batteries of light artillery did the same. "At length,"—here we translate literally—"the left wing, stopping at the telegraph, opposed a last resistance to the French; and it was not till after a furious conflict, that it was obliged to yield definitively to the enormous superiority of the enemy. The hill of the telegraph, the culminating point of the centre of our position, was occupied by the French, who planted their flag upon it."

The whole French army was now advancing, and "thus it came to pass that whilst the right wing of our army was still engaged in a furious conflict, in which the efforts of the English were broken against the firmness and courage of our troops, the combat on the left

* A glance at a map will show that crossing the river opposite the French position was a very different operation from that which fell to the share of the English; who had to climb a rugged bank and face a hot fire of grape and musketry at once.

wing was already terminated. The English have been described as reaching the right bank of the river at half-past one, and without attempting to cross, opening a warm fire of artillery and small arms, from which the Russians, particularly the artillery, suffered much. Here they remained till the whole of Prince Napoleon's division had crossed the river, on hearing which, about two o'clock, Lord Raglan ordered the advance." The order in which the English advance was made is correctly stated in the main, and its steadiness is acknowledged. We learn, also, that our artillery played with effect on the Russian skirmishers. But when the English had reached the bridge, two batteries occupying the heights of the two sides of the main road, received them with a violent fire of grape, and the riflemen of two regiments concentrated their fire on them. Codrington's brigade, assailed by cannon and musketry *on its advance to the bridge*, suffered considerable losses, its ranks were thrown into confusion, and it retired in great disorder behind Bourliouch.* But the English skirmishers opened their fire behind the enclosures, and began to penetrate into the vineyards of the left bank. The accuracy of their aim caused terrible losses, and especially contributed to check the fire of two light batteries on the left of the road. The situation of these two batteries became still more critical when, after a certain time, two English guns succeeded in crossing the Alma at a ford lower down than Bourliouch, and after having cleared a rise in the hill, got into position and enfiladed them. Whilst this was going on, one of the Russian batteries continued its crushing fire on the retreating troops of Codrington.

The troops of General Kiriakow, after their encounter with the French near the telegraph, did not stop again in their retreating movement till they reached the Katcha, and they were followed by the regiment of Borodino. The light battery, No. 2, was the last to quit the position. It was with great difficulty that it cleared the height in consequence of its loss in horses.

At this point the English are again brought upon the stage; and it is both curious and instructive to compare this description of their manœuvres with those hitherto received in England as best authenticated.

At length, it is stated, the divisions of the Duke of Cambridge and General Evans having reached the river, began to cross; whilst

Brown's division reached the left bank despite of the fire of the regiment of the Grand Duke Michel, and that of twelve guns placed behind a low earthwork* on the right of the main road. Seeing this, Prince Gortschakow ordered two batteries of the same regiment, who had suffered less than the other, to charge with the bayonet; whereupon the English, drawing back towards the river and letting them approach to within a short distance, opened a deadly fire on them. After losing their colonel, and several other officers, they retired towards the earthwork in such a manner as to prevent the batteries from covering their retreat. Close upon their heels followed an English regiment, the 23d, on whose approach the gunners in the earthwork limbered up and hurried off, leaving two guns which they were unable to move; the one from want of horses, and the other from its disabled state. In another moment the English flag was seen floating from the earthwork. But the first and second battalions of the Wladimir regiment are at hand to retrieve the disaster. Reckless of the terrible fire of the English, they execute an impetuous bayonet-charge in a compact mass; the English are driven out of the breastwork, having hardly time to fire a few shots; and it is occupied anew by the Russians, who, sheltered behind the parapet, open a very animated fire against the English, compelled to retire precipitately towards the river. "Whilst this was passing, the French had occupied the telegraph height, and their reserves were already massed on the left bank, whilst the troops of General Kiriakow were in full retreat towards the Katcha."

The cartridges of the Grand Duke's regiment being just now exhausted, the English, after getting beyond the reach of the smooth-bore muskets, had only to sustain the fire of a handful of Wladimir riflemen; so they halted at some paces from the river, and there having begun to re-form, they re-opened their fire. Lord Raglan ordered up the divisions of the Duke of Cambridge and Lacy-Evans, who by this time had managed to cross the river to support the shattered troops of Brown. They advanced again towards the earthwork, and the situation of the Russians became critical; the more especially because they had no longer any artillery at hand to disturb the English in their formation or advance, and the terrible riflemen had picked off a startling proportion of their officers. Nevertheless Prince Gortschakow and General Kvizinsky did not shrink from a fresh sacrifice to keep the position; they both commanded a bayonet charge, and led

* The Light Division, including Codrington's brigade, crossed the river higher up than the bridge, and sustained no check till they reached the earthwork popularly called the Great Redoubt, which they carried by a rush.

* *Epaulement*—the Great Redoubt.

on in person the remains of the Wladimirs, who, excited by the example of their leaders, rushed forward with hurrahs, some over the breastwork, some from its sides, and flung themselves on the foe. "At the sight of the decisive onslaught of this regiment, the first line of the English battalions became confused, broke, and began retiring towards the bridge. But in the supreme moment our (the Russian) troops were all of a sudden taken in flank by French artillery, and this unforeseen attack determined the success of the action in favour of the English."*

It is then explained that St. Arnaud, learning the obstinate resistance encountered by the English, had suspended for some instants the advance of his troops, and after occupying the telegraph hill, had directed against the Russian right flank three French batteries and half an English battery. This artillery, comprising 23 guns, opened a deadly fire, and at the same moment the French troops resumed their onward march. Thus taken at a disadvantage, the Wladimir regiment first halted, then made a fresh charge with the bayonet, then took refuge behind the breastwork, and stood at bay. The brigade Colin Campbell threatened to turn it on its right flank; the division of Prince Napoleon, advancing more to the left, hastened to cut it off from the road to Sebastopol; the French battery thundered on its flank, whilst the divisions of Brown, Lacy-Evans, and the Duke of Cambridge, rained on it a shower of shells and musket bullets. But the regiment moved not; although it had lost its commander, three chiefs of battalion, 14 captains, 30 officers, and about 1300 soldiers, it stood firm.

At length, fearing that the retreat would be cut off, and seeing that all hope was over of restoring the battle in the centre and the left flank, Menschikow, about four in the afternoon, ordered Gortschakow to draw off the troops of the right flank on the chain of heights; and the retreat was effected in good order, with the loss of only two guns, those already mentioned as abandoned in the breastwork. Indeed, the Russian artillery, far from being disabled as we supposed, now figures as a decisive check on the pursuit. How this opportune efficiency is to be reconciled with the prior story of its loss in men and horses, and how a single company of the Wladimir regiment, surrounded and out-numbered as it was, ever escaped to tell the tale, we confess

ourselves unable to unravel. There is also a good deal of minor inconsistency and tautology in the narrative, mostly suppressed in our abridgment; and the General, if he is to be held responsible for it, is at variance with Russian officers of rank present at the engagement, whose published statements we have read. None of these mention an infantry fight at the telegraph, although this is just the event which they would have commemorated for the honour of their countrymen. Kiriakow says expressly that the tide of conflict began to turn against the Russians in the centre and the right wing (where they were opposed to the British), when the first success of the French had been stopped on the left wing; and Anitschoff, after describing the retreat of the Russian centre and right, speaks of their being "followed by the left wing, which had withstood and repelled the attack of the four French divisions till the moment of the general retreat."

Todleben attributes the loss of the battle mainly to the superior discipline and arms of the Allies. The smooth-bore musket, he says, was utterly unable to contend with the rifle, to which the close formation of the Russians gave marked advantages. He also thinks that the omission to fortify the heights was a blunder; and he censures the overhasty retreat of Kiriakow from the telegraph heights.

Prince Menschikow having made good his retreat to Sebastopol, anxious consultations were held as to the best methods of defence. Todleben himself was immediately set to work to strengthen the fortifications; and orders were given to Admiral Kornilow to block up the entry of the roadstead by sinking a certain number of ships, whose crews were to be added to the garrison. Before executing this order, the Admiral assembled a council of naval officers, and submitted to them that the enemy, after having occupied the north-west side of the roadstead, might force the Russian fleet to abandon its actual position, take possession of the north side, and burn, by the fire of their batteries, the ships moored in the great bay. Starting from these assumptions, the Admiral resolved to attempt a very hazardous enterprise; he proposed to sail out, and attack the Allied fleet at anchor off Cape Loukoul. He had calculated that, if his plan succeeded, the fleet of the Black Sea could disperse the invading armada of transports, and thus deprive the Allied army of reinforcements and means of subsistence. In case of the failure of the attack, Kornilow proposed to grapple with the enemy's vessels, and blow himself up along with them. This bold stroke, according to

* This statement, that the guns fired into the flank of the Wladimirs, is evidently copied from the Russian account, quoted and accounted for by Kinglake, vol. ii. p. 462, note (Fourth Edition). The guns in question were either Turner's battery on the knoll, or the guns of Evans' Division.

the brave Admiral, would inevitably have so weakened the Allied squadrons that so much of them as escaped destruction would not have ventured to attack the powerful batteries of the fort; and the Allied army, unaided by the fleet, would not have been in a condition to render itself master of the town. On the arrival of the Russian reinforcements, the Allies, so at least thought Admiral Kornilow, could not have failed of being definitively crushed by superior forces.

This project was rejected as too hazardous, first by the Council, and secondly by Prince Menschikow; and no alternative was left but to sink the ships, seven in number, with a portion of their armament, which there was not time to disembark. The ceremony is described as solemn and melancholy in the extreme. "The sailors, their hearts swelling with anguish, looked on in silence whilst the waves engulfed these noble vessels, to which, for the fleet of the Black Sea, were attached so many glorious recollections. But the emotion was at its height when the steamer 'Gromonossitz' was ordered to fire into the 'Tri-Sviatitelia,' to hasten its submission. Tears restrained till then rolled down the cheeks of our brave sailors."

In the meantime, the Allied armies had arrived (Sept. 24) near Belbeck; their bivouacs could be discerned from the North Fort. The insufficient garrison of this fort expected thenceforth from hour to hour to see its feeble entrenchments attacked by a powerful adversary; and its position seemed the more critical, inasmuch as Prince Menschikow had quitted Sebastopol in the night to proceed with his army to Bakhtchisarai by the Mackenzie heights. After his departure, there remained in Sebastopol 16,569 fighting men, including several battalions of sailors. On the 13th, the North Fort had twelve guns in position on the land side; and these were so placed as to be unable to concentrate their fire; whilst ships brought close to the shore could batter it with impunity. Works constructed under the direction of Todleben had materially strengthened it by the 25th, but it still offered a front of a verst and a half (about a mile), armed only with twenty-nine guns, and he gives it as his opinion, "that the insufficient garrison which was to defend the northern side of the roadway would hardly have been able, despite of its bravery and its spirit, to oppose a slightly-prolonged resistance to a numerous enemy." The state of the North Fort on the 25th September is thus described:—

"In the North Fort, there was scarcely time to elevate its low parapet, of little thickness, and half crumbled away, to give it the elevation of a field-work, so as to form a protection against

the fire of the enemy. To adapt the parapet to musketry, a *banquette* was added, and the crest of the parapet was supplied with battlements formed of earth-bags. The old walls of the scarp gave way to the pressure of the earth freshly brought to augment the elevation of the parapet. They crumbled down, and filled up the narrow ditch with their ruins. Thus it fell out that in the western bastion a practicable breach, quite fit for use, was formed before ever the enemy had approached the work. And all this happened at the very moment when the enemy's columns were already in view of the North Fort, on the space extending between the Katcha and the Belbeck."

Admiral Kornilow, however, resolved to hold the fort to the last extremity, and dispositions were made, at his desire, by Todleben for the reception of the expected assailants. These are minutely described, and their insufficiency against a resolute assault is demonstrated by an elaborate train of reasoning, in which the *pros* and *cons* are carefully weighed. It was consequently with a sensation of relief, mingled with astonishment, that, on the morning of the 26th September, the garrison, constantly on the alert, and in momentary expectation of an attack, learned that the Allied army was moving towards the east in the direction of the Mackenzie Farm. The fears felt for the north were now transferred to the south, which had been comparatively neglected, under an impression that it was not likely to be the first object of the besiegers. Its garrison consisted only of 5000 men, including sailors, and Admiral Nakmikov, the local commander, despairing of an effectual resistance, made the necessary arrangements for sinking all the ships of his squadron, to prevent them from being captured, and (Sept. 26) issued the following order of the day:—

"The enemy is advancing towards the city, which has but a weak garrison for its defence. I find myself obliged to sink the vessels of the squadron intrusted to me, and to unite the crews, armed with their boarding-weapons, to the garrison. I am convinced that each of the commanders, officers, and sailors, will fight like a hero; we shall be about 3000; the rallying-place is the square of the Theatre. Let the squadron hold itself forewarned."

On the evening of the 26th, the news arrived in the town that the Allies had seized a part of the baggage-train of Menschikow's army, and cut off its communications with Sebastopol. With the exception of this intelligence, nothing was heard of or from the army; at this critical period, no one in Sebastopol knew what had become of it or where it was to be found.

"Thus the defenders of Sebastopol had no assistance to reckon upon; we have seen that it was impossible to repulse the enemy with the

unaided forces of the garrison. There remained to them no other alternative than that of laying down their lives gloriously on the post confided to their bravery.

"On the morning of the 27th, the clergy made a procession, with the cross and the holy water, along the whole line of defence. Kornilow riding round the entrenchments, harangued the troops, and sought to excite their courage.

"My children," he said, "we must fight against the enemy to the last extremity; every man of us must die on the spot rather than give way. Kill the man who shall dare to talk of falling back. Kill me myself, should I give such an order."

Had the Admiral ever heard of Henri de la Rochejaquelin's address to his followers: *Si j'avance, suivez-moi. Si je tombe, vengez-moi. Si je recule, tuez-moi.* Kornilow's address to the regiment of Moscow was in the same exalted strain:—

"Soldiers of the regiment of Moscow, you find yourselves here on the extreme limits of Russia; you defend a corner dear to the Russian empire. The Tzar and all Russia have their eyes fixed on you. If you do not faithfully discharge your duty, Moscow, at your return, will not receive you as sons worthy of the name you bear."

However, adds Todleben, neither the exaltation of the troops, nor their resolution to fight to the last, would have been able to save Sebastopol, if the enemy had attacked immediately after his passage of the Tschernaia.

The strategic reasons which at first induced Prince Menschikow to leave the garrison to their fate are examined in detail; the principal being the supposed impossibility of making head behind incomplete fortifications against an enemy flushed with recent victory, and the fear of losing his whole army with the town. His plan, it seems, was to hang upon the rear of the Allies, harass their communications, and save at least the rest of the peninsula. Why he abandoned this plan is not explained; all we are permitted to know of the change of intention is the fact, that, on the 30th September, about midday, to the great joy of the whole garrison, his troops appeared on the heights of Belbeck, and at two in the afternoon the Prince arrived in person at the North Fort.

As soon as the Allied armies appeared on the south, all the workmen that could be got together were employed to strengthen the defences on that side, and a good deal was done within four days in the execution of new batteries connected by earthworks; but it is stated over and over again, with wearisome iteration, that all must have proved unavailing against a combined and resolute assault. The only hope of the besieged lay in the (to

them) unaccountably cautious and dilatory proceedings of the besiegers, who were all along acting on an impression that the place was too strong to be attacked before the fire of its artillery had been at least partially subdued. They therefore resolved to construct siege batteries, and on the night of the 27th the first trench was opened by the French.

"This," says Todleben, "was done without our suspecting it, favoured as it was by a strong wind which blew off the town during the whole night in the direction of the enemy's works, so that we only became aware of it at dawn. Those who know anything of siege warfare may imagine what a joyful impression we must have felt at the sight. It became then evident for us that the allies had not decided on an immediate assault, and that they intended first to establish batteries in the hope of disabling our artillery; so that we might yet gain time, at least during some days. Everybody in Sebastopol was gladdened by this happy event: they addressed mutual congratulations to each other; for all saw in it a guarantee of success, and the hope that the town would be saved."

Dating from this period, the contest was turned into one of engineering skill, in which the Allies were certainly worsted; for the strength of the defences increased faster than the means of destroying or overcoming them. This reflects the more honour on Todleben and his branch of the service, because not only (as already mentioned) was there an extraordinary scarcity of tools, but the rocky nature of the ground, almost entirely denuded of turf, caused great difficulty in getting proper materials for the earthworks, which, being more than half composed of stones and gravel, were liable to sink or crumble under fire. The first decisive trial began at half-past six on the morning of the 17th October, when all the besieging batteries simultaneously opened fire. In full expectation that an assault would ensue, the Russian troops were drawn up behind their entrenchments and suffered greatly. The works, also, were damaged in parts, and some guns were dismounted. But the garrison replied with such effect, that in rather more than four hours the French batteries were completely silenced.

"The cannonade had lasted more than three hours with equal vivacity on all points, when, all of a sudden, about half-past nine, one of our shells blew up a powder-magazine in one of the French batteries on the Rodolph hill. This explosion was hailed on our side by a loud and triumphant hurrah. The French battery was completely overthrown, which permitted us to concentrate all our energies on the other French batteries on the hill. Half an hour after the first explosion there was a second. These two explosions were not without results, for the fire

of the French artillery began gradually to slacken, and was soon entirely extinguished. Towards half-past ten its fire ceased definitively along the whole line.

"Such was not the result of our contest with the English batteries, which were not long in manifesting a great relative superiority over our artillery, arising principally from the difference of calibre. The Third Bastion suffered especially from the English batteries, exposed as it was to the concentrated fire of the Montagne Vert and the Mont Woronzow."

At this point the account of the land attack is interrupted to describe the simultaneous attack of the Allied fleets on the sea-defences; and the narratives are intermingled in a manner which makes it no easy task to connect or follow the threads. We shall endeavour to extract the most important statement regarding the English cannonade, and then return to the fleets. Speaking of the effects of the English fire on the third bastion (the Great Redan), the General adds:—

"The loss in men had been so considerable that the gunners of several pieces had been already replaced twice. Despite of the evident superiority of the English, the artillerymen, exalted by the example of their valorous chiefs, would not yield to the enemy, and thus persevered in their energetic defence. The necessary measures were taken on this bastion for continuing the fire, notwithstanding all the damage that had been done. The embrasures which gave way were instantly cleared off; the officers, setting the example, mounted the parapet and took part in the work. The sailors emulated the zeal of the sappers. But all efforts were powerless to prevent the English artillery from completely overcoming ours. To complete the critical position of the third bastion, about half-past three a shell blew up the powder-magazine placed in its *saillant*. When the smoke dispersed, the survivors had before their eyes the horrible picture of the effects of the explosion. All that part of the front of the bastion had been thrown into the ditch; the guns and their platforms were upset; on the sides lay half-burnt and disfigured bodies; and across the rolling and infernal crash of the artillery were heard from far the shouts of the exulting foe. The explosion caused the deaths of more than a hundred men, and amongst them was one of whom no trace could ever be recovered, Captain-Lieutenant Leslie. From that moment all possibility of replying to the English artillery was at an end. The defence on this point was completely paralysed, and the expectation at the Karabelnaia was to see the enemy take advantage of the result, and advance immediately to the assault."

Of the twenty-two guns with which the bastion was armed, twenty were disabled; and in all the bastion there remained but five gunners who, keeping firm to the two remaining guns, fired the last shots. Ten guns of other batteries were also disabled by the English fire. But although the Allied

armies had been from early dawn on foot and ready for the assault, the heavy check sustained by the French batteries acted so powerfully on them, that they did not profit by the opportunity, and busied themselves in repairing the damage caused to their batteries, to commence soon afterwards a regular siege.

Kornilow was amongst the Russians killed. Todleben had carried him a report of the fulfilment of his orders, but he insisted on going himself to the third bastion, despite of the remonstrances and assurances addressed to him. "I am perfectly convinced," was his reply, "that every one of you will do his duty as honour and circumstances may demand, but on this solemn day to see our heroes on the theatre of their exploits is an imperative want of my soul." And in spite of the prayers of those who surrounded him, he went on horseback to the Malakhow, where he was wounded mortally by a bullet which shattered his right leg. "Well, gentlemen, I depend on you to defend Sebastopol! do not surrender it!" exclaimed Kornilow with emphasis, addressing himself to the officers who pressed about him; and he almost immediately lost consciousness. "Tell all," he exclaimed just before he died, "that it is sweet to die when the conscience is pure. May God bless Russia and the Emperor! Save Sebastopol and the fleet!" These were his last words.

In the general summary of the results of this day's artillery contest by land, it is stated that the Allies attacked with 120 guns, including eighteen mortars of large calibre, and that the Russians replied with 118 guns, including five mortars. The advantage of weight of metal and elevation of ground was with the Allies. They threw altogether 9000 projectiles, the besieged 20,000. The Russians lost in killed and wounded 1112; the French 204; and the English 144.

The attack by sea confessedly failed, although the superiority of weight of metal and number of guns was on the side of the combined fleets. The summary stands thus:— "All the squadrons united engaged our five batteries with a broadside of 1244 guns, to which we could only oppose 152, that is to say, an eighth of the number." It is further stated that the fleets had the advantage of distance, some of the Russian batteries being so placed that their guns could not be brought to bear on vessels at short range. But, on the other hand, their elevation was in their favour, and the plunging shot of the Star Fort caused material damage to the ships. The Constantine battery suffered most:—

"Placed on a jutting promontory, this battery was of the horse-shoe shape, one-half facing the open sea—the other half the roadstead. The

higher platform of this battery was without shelter against a fire from the side or rear; and even on the north-west of this work, a part of the ground remained almost undefended, being only commanded by two guns. We have seen that the English took advantage of these imperfections of our armament, by posting their ships in front of the undefended space, and sweeping at close range the open battery by a fire in flank and rear, so that of twenty-seven guns on the platform twenty-two were soon silenced, and the gunners, overwhelmed with projectiles and fragments of stone, were compelled to take refuge in the casemates. The front wall of the Constantine battery, however, although riddled with balls, which damaged the sides of ten embrasures, was not traversed by any of the enemy's projectiles. The guns in the casemates remained intact; but of six furnaces for heating red-hot balls, only one escaped destruction. The explosions of three munition-chests placed in the east of the battery contributed in part to the disarrangement of the platform. Fifty-five men were put *hors de combat* at the Constantine battery: five killed and fifty wounded."

The Russian coast batteries fired 16,000 shots on this day.

Reinforcements had kept pouring in on both sides; on the day when the batteries opened, it is computed that the allied army exceeded 85,000, whilst 31,000 had been added to the Russian. Eager to profit by this augmentation of force and lay the foundation for the offensive operations which he meditated on a great scale, Menschikow determined to attack the besiegers on their rear on the side of the Tchorgoune, in the direction of Balaclava. What Todleben calls the unskilful dispositions of the English commander-in-chief, were an encouragement to such an enterprise; Lord Raglan having in effect established a vast entrenched camp, out of all proportion to the number of his troops, destined at the same time to carry on the siege of Sebastopol, to cover the chain of heights between Inkermann and Balaclava, and lastly, to defend Balaclava itself. The first objects of attack were the redoubts defended by the Turks, who gave way after an obstinate resistance; and the advance of the Russians to carry off the guns captured in them, led to the famous light cavalry charge under Lord Cardigan, as well as to the affair with the heavy horse under Scarlett, and the repulse of the Russian cavalry by the "thin red line," which has become historical. It is not the only matter of popular belief that has become historical without being founded on fact; and it is no more than justice to Lord Clyde to add, that he himself never suppressed the circumstance that when, instead of forming square, he drew up the 93d Highlanders to receive cavalry, he was well aware that they had a rough kind of fortification in

their front.* The affair is thus described by Todleben:—

"Six squadrons of the Grand Duke of Weimar's hussars, and three Fyotricas of the Cossacks of the Don, made a charge against the 93d Highlanders, whilst eight squadrons of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's hussars and the Cossacks of the Oural advanced on the right against Scarlett's brigade. The Highlanders having allowed our hussars to approach within musket shot, received their attack by a discharge of grape and several volleys of musketry; our hussars penetrated nevertheless as far as the enemy's park, placed in the middle of the camp, and entrenched by ditches (*fosses*). In face of this unexpected obstacle, and already sensibly shaken by the cross-fire of the enemy, our hussars, as well as the Cossacks, were obliged to retire. At the same moment the hussars of the Duke of Leuchtenberg and the Cossacks of the Oural, encountered by the charge of the English dragoons and the grape of a battery of horse-artillery under Scarlett, were also obliged to fall back. But when Scarlett endeavoured to follow up his advantage, he fell under a cross-fire, and was obliged to fall back in his turn."

When Lord Cardigan was leading his devoted band to what seemed to lookers-on an assured disaster, a French general exclaimed: *C'est beau, c'est superbe; mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* Todleben, who adopts the Staff-Officer's version of the attendant and preliminary circumstances of the order, confirms the view taken by the Frenchman:—

"Hardly had our cavalry succeeded in forming, when the English cavalry came out from behind the height that had hitherto prevented

* "The Russians on their left drew back for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel* (the italics are the author's). The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards and run. As the Russians came within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rattling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they came within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifles, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep. The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to receive these Muscovite cavaliers.'"—*The War, etc.* by W. H. Russell, p. 289.

us from seeing it. Immediately, and without allowing itself to be checked by the well-directed fire of eight guns of the light battery No. 7, and General Jabokitsky's artillery, by that of the riflemen of the chasseurs of Odessa, and a company of the fourth battalion of light infantry, Oardigan dashed upon the battery of the Cossacks of the Don, who had taken up an advanced position, sabred the gunners, then charged our cavalry, overthrew it, and went further still beyond the line of redoubts in pursuit of our cavalry, which retired towards Tchorgoune.

"But this brilliant charge brings no decisive advantage to the issue of the combat, and cost the English dear. Whilst their cavalry rushed against the battery, the Cossacks assailed their rear, and were nevertheless overthrown by a squadron of the 8th Hussars (English), which had been left in reserve. But at the same time three squadrons of the combined regiment of lancers were posted up in such a manner as to take the enemy in flank.

"However, the English cavalry, carried away by the elation of its first success, was hotly pursuing our cavalry, but at the moment when it least expected to be attacked, the three squadrons of lancers threw themselves on its left flank. This manœuvre had a decisive success. The English cavalry, stopped in its pursuit, was crushed. Unexpectedly attacked in flank, and finding itself at the same time under the cross-fire of artillery and musketry, it broke its ranks, turned bridle, and, pursued by our lancers and the fire of our artillery, was thrown into a complete rout. The field of battle was encumbered with the bodies of men and horses. The defeat of the Oardigan brigade made such an impression on the enemy, that the brigade of Scarlett, which had advanced in support, suddenly suspended its movement and turned back."

"If on that day," adds Todleben, "the corps of General Liprandi had been reinforced, Balaclava might have fallen into our hands." As it was, the capture of the redoubts, and the destruction of a large part of the English cavalry, produced the most favourable impression on the tired, harassed, and decimated garrison of Sebastopol. The catastrophe of the Alma was forgotten; an unlimited confidence in the superiority of the Russian troops grew up anew, and their *morale* rose to the highest degree of energy. This newly-awakened spirit was directed to maintain a superiority of fire in the artillery contest which was continued without cessation on either side, and a dashing sally was hazarded. But still the Allies gained ground. The state of things on the 4th November, the eve of Inkermann, is thus described:—

"We have related, with the greatest exactness, the operations of the defence, such as they occurred to this day; and it has been seen from the details into which we have entered, that it was impossible for the Russians to expect a fortunate result, if the enemy attempted to carry the town by assault, despite of the heroic efforts

of its defenders. By dint of the works which the Allies had pushed with so much energy against the Bastion No. 4,* their trenches had been advanced to within sixty-five saïènes (about 150 yards) of the *saillant* of this bastion, which underwent daily terrible damage from the concentrated fire of the siege batteries; and although the damage was immediately repaired under the enemy's fire, and the disabled guns were replaced on the instant,—although the gaps made by wounds or death in the ranks of the garrison were speedily filled up by new combatants, it must be acknowledged that the forces of the defence in the Bastion No. 4 were approaching their last agony.

"Remark also that, at this very time, France, England, and Turkey were assembling new troops to be transported to the theatre of war. These, through the instrumentality of the powerful steam-fleet at the disposition of the Allies, could be conveyed to the Crimea before the Russian reinforcements, which, at the advanced season, would have to arrive by almost impassable roads. Such a state of things necessarily provoked the Russian army to attempt some decisive action, and the moment seemed by so much the better chosen for an enterprise of this kind, that in the second half of the month of October the effective of our troops in the Crimea had been considerably augmented by the recent arrival of the 4th corps of infantry."

After the arrival of these troops, the effective army under the orders of Menschikow at Sebastopol, and in the immediate neighbourhood, is computed at 100,000, exclusive of the crews of the fleet; the effective force of the Allied armies—French, English, and Turk—at rather less than 80,000. Although the English position on the heights was naturally strong, the number of troops occupying it was relatively small, and this consequently was fixed upon as the most vulnerable point. General Soimonow, with 18,929 men and thirty-eight guns, was to start at six in the morning for the ravine of Carenage, and to be joined by General Pavlow, with 15,806 men and ninety-six guns, passing over the bridge of Inkermann. On their junction they were to be under the command of General de Dannenberg. Prince Gortschakow, with 22,444 men and eighty-eight guns, was to support the attack, and endeavour to effect a diversion. The garrison was to be on the alert and ready to act according to circumstances. The declared object of the enterprise was to drive back the right wing of the besiegers, and take firm possession of the ground occupied by them between the town and the shore.

Before the troops started, Dannenberg took upon himself to give fresh orders, varying those of Menschikow; and Soimonow, after vainly endeavouring to reconcile them,

* The Flagstaff Battery, or *Bastion du Mât*.

proceeded on a plan of his own; which carried him to a different side of the ravine from that originally intended, and prevented the meditated junction with Pavlow. Partly for this reason, and partly from the confined nature of the ground, the Russians never succeeded in concentrating an overpowering force at any point. Nor was the surprise so complete as might have been anticipated, for by the time they had emerged from the ravine in force, the English were on the alert and ready for them. The broad impression left by this history is, that all the troops fought with the most desperate gallantry, but that they were hurried into action as they came up, and that there was small display of generalship on either side. Evans' division, under Pennefather,* was the first which encountered Soimonow:—

"The troops of the right column under General Soimonow, supported by their batteries, briskly attacked Evans' division, and drove in the English skirmishers. This attack had to surmount the greatest difficulties, as much from the nature of the ground, as on account of the losses which the excellent arms of the English inflicted on our troops. But neither the difficulties of the ground nor the fire of the enemy could arrest the 10th division. The battalions of the Tomsk and Kolivansk regiments supported by the 2d and 4th battalions of the regiment of Ekaterinebourg, having reached the English position, attacked Pennefather's brigade. Two battalions of the regiment of Tomsk, and two of the regiment of Kolivansk, overthrew the English, got possession of the small entrenchment No. 2, before the camp of the 2d division, spiked two guns in it, and broke the carriages. At the same time the regiments of Taroutino and Borodino, which formed part of General Pavlow's left column, also exchanged fire with the enemy.

"The two other battalions of the regiment of Taroutino were received by a sustained and well-aimed fire from Adams' skirmishers. Regardless of this fire and of the stiffness of the ascent, these battalions, clinging to the rocks and bushes, scaled in a quarter of an hour the right cliff of the ravine of Carriers, although it was very slippery and broken by the rain. Arrived at the top of the plateau, these battalions formed in columns of companies, and, supported by the fire of the artillery of Soimonow's column, attacked the right wing of Adams' brigade, while the two other battalions of the same regiment, and the regiment of Borodino, hastened to come and rejoin the two first battalions of Taroutino. The violent shock given to Adams' brigade by the chasseurs of the 17th division, made this brigade give ground. Immediately afterwards the two battalions of Taroutino attacked the Battery No. 1. The English allowed our chasseurs to approach within a short distance, and received them by a salvo of artillery. But the

terrible losses inflicted on our chasseurs by this deadly fire did not succeed in driving them back. Closing their ranks, they rushed on this battery and got possession of it; but Adams immediately advanced and drove back our chasseurs. It was then that the regiments of Borodino and Taroutino, having a little re-formed their ranks, threw themselves again on the remains of Adams' brigade, already weakened by the combat, and drove it back, principally on its right wing, which was concentrated near the battery. Our battalions were already prepared to continue the attack, but they were suddenly arrested by the fresh troops of Bentinck's brigade, which managed to arrive upon the field of battle with six guns. Whilst this was doing, the destiny of battles had also decided the fate of the battalions of the 10th division, which gave the brigades of Butler and Pennefather the possibility of uniting with the brigade of Adams, to crush the regiment of Borodino."

By eight o'clock the Russian advance had been checked; a part of the attacking force had been compelled to retire into the valley of Inkermann, and the hand-to-hand infantry conflict had given place to a sharp canonade; thirty-eight Russian guns replying to thirty English. The English artillery plied the Russians with Shrapnell shells; but the greatest loss sustained by them was from the rifle balls. "Many foreign works," says Todleben, "attribute to us a great numerical superiority; but this is far from being what it was supposed." The English engaged in what he calls the first phase of the battle are computed by him at 11,585; the Russians at 15,141; a superiority which he conceives to have been more than compensated by the naturally strong position, the fieldworks, and the rifles of the English.

The second phase began soon after eight by the advance of Pavlow's column, headed by the regiment D'Okhotsk, which, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in capturing a half-finished redoubt defended by the Coldstream. "Nine guns were the prize of this brilliant exploit; three were immediately conveyed into the ravine, and the others spiked. Of the 600 Coldstream Guards who defended the battery, 200 had been put *hors de combat*." Reinforced by the rest of the Guards, the Coldstream advanced to retake the redoubt:

"Their attack was so impetuous that the soldiers of Okhotsk, who occupied the battery, could not maintain themselves in it. But at the same moment our reinforcements also took part in the struggle. General Dannenberg moved up the regiment of Jakoutsk and Selenghinsk. The first of these supported the soldiers of Okhotsk, who had been obliged to retire, and rushed resolutely on the enemy. A part of these troops entered the battery, and definitively drove the English Guards, already disorganized, out of it; the other part of the same regiment, encoun-

* Sir de Lacy-Evans was absent from illness at the commencement of the action, but immediately hurried to the field.

tering the brigade of Goldie, overthrew it by a bayonet charge. It is thus that the regiment of Jakontsk, after having pursued and consolidated the success of the attack of the regiment of Okhotsk, was able to take firm ground also on the right flank of the English position; having in front the brigade of Butler and that of Goldie, of which it had given a good account in a single charge."

The brigade of Torrens, led by Cathcart, was placed in a very critical situation, from which it extricated itself by a desperate charge; and although two siege guns, 18-pounders, opportunely ordered up by Lord Raglan, played with marked effect, the English, who had no more reserves to bring up, must have given way from sheer exhaustion, if their commander had not consented to accept the proffered assistance of the French—the *Deus ex machina* who (according to this history) is invariably at hand at the turning-point. The first reinforcements sent by them were received by so violent a fire that they broke and fell back precipitately. They were rallied, and returned to the charge. But the ardour of the Russians was now at its height. They were carrying all before them. A few efforts more, and the victory was theirs. But their fatigue as well as their ardour was at its acme—

"It was a decisive moment for both armies. After having surmounted enormous difficulties, and triumphed over the tenacity of the enemy, the Russians, receiving no reinforcements, exhausted their energy in a last effort; and the English extenuated with fatigue, deprived of the greater part of their generals and officers, felt that it was impossible for them to hold out any longer. The French themselves, arrived the latest on the field, anxiously expected the reinforcements which had been announced to them, and without which they could not continue to hold their ground. A little after ten, these reinforcements, so impatiently expected by the French, joined them. On the steps of General Bosquet followed the Zouaves, the Algerian riflemen, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique. These regiments were followed at a short distance by three battalions and a field-battery, commanded by General D'Autemarre. These troops were to decide the issue of the fight."

The retreat of the Russians, however, was far from degenerating into a rout. Indeed, it would seem that the French were temporarily repulsed, for in the next page we find:—

"In proportion as the French advanced successfully, the English, a little rested, and supplied with ammunition, hastened to join their allies. Whilst this was going on, about twelve o'clock, the troops of D'Autemarre, who had taken up a position on a hill, as well as those of General Monet, also engaged in the battle."

The retreat, covered by the fire of the ships in the harbour, and by some skirmish-

ers opportunely brought up and posted by Todleben, was deliberately and safely effected; but out of the 34,835 Russians who had taken part in the battle on the plateau, 6 generals, 256 officers, and 10,467 rank and file were put *hors de combat*,—more than double the loss of the Allies.

The loss of the battle is attributed by Todleben to the want of simultaneity in the advance of the Russians, the superiority of the French and English small-arms, and the omission of the Russian artillery to follow and support their infantry,—a service, he says, which was excellently executed by the corresponding arm in the English army. He thinks that, although the Russians were repulsed, the Battle of Inkermann was favourable to them in its results. "It produced a deep impression on the Allies. In the first moment they had even the idea of raising the siege. But although this idea was abandoned by them, this important result followed, that the assault meditated against the Bastion No. 4, which for many reasons seemed about to be crowned with success, was adjourned, and that henceforth the operations of the Allies assumed gradually a defensive character."

The besieged were constantly adding to the strength of their works and their batteries, as well as to the numbers of their army. On the 17th October, when the bombardment began, they had only 118 guns in position to oppose to the fire of the Allies; on the 14th November they had 240, although during the same interval of time 80 of their guns were dismounted and 150 gun-carriages destroyed. The most important works for strengthening the defences, especially those round the Malakhov tower, were not commenced until the middle of November, when the Allies had been seven weeks before the place. They consisted principally of works closed at the mouth or entrance (*fermés à la gorge*), on each of the elevated points of the *enceinte* commanding the place; so that, if the enemy broke through a weak place in the connecting portion of the line, they would be prevented from entering either of these insulated strongholds or fortresses from the rear:—

"The closing of the Bastion No. 2, was begun on the 15th November,* and on the 19th of the

* Bastion No. 2, is the Little Redan. It would seem that this work was not completed. After describing the manner in which the Russians, taken by surprise, were driven out of the Malakhov and the Little Redan, Bazancourt states that, rallying and supported by their reserves, they tried in vain to retake the Malakhov, but succeeded in retaking the Little Redan. "In vain the captain of engineers, Renoux, exerted himself with his sappers to close the opening of the Little Redan,

same month we set to work to transform the fortifications of the Malakhov mound into a great closed polygon, which, by its vast dimensions, as well as by its commanding situation, should serve as a point of support to all the Karabelnaia. Its plan was defined in accordance with the existing works. The semicircular glacis before the tower, and two batteries at its extremities, formed the direct front; the two batteries (28 and 44) formed part of the right front, which had received a broken formation, having been made to conform in this respect to the configurations of the borders of the mound. The left front, disposed on the opposite slope, was augmented by two jutting posts, arranged as to enclose two large powder-magazines. A breastwork which had been raised behind on the borders of the mound, and which was intended to protect the reserves placed on the slope, or those posted between the houses of the Malakhov suburb, served as bases for the entrance or *gorge* front. In arranging the two lateral fronts, care had been taken to flank their ditches as much as possible.

"The execution of these immense works was accompanied by very great difficulty; by reason of the excessive hardness of the rocky soil, which reached almost to the very surface of the ground, especially on the side of the right front, where the work could only be done during the night, without being exposed to the fire of the English riflemen."

From Todleben's summary of the second period of the siege, including December 1854 and January 1855, we learn that although the Allies also had added to their batteries, their fire had slackened considerably, and that they had even suspended their approaches whilst they were employed in strengthening their positions on the side of the Tschernaia as well as on the side of Sebastopol. Their trenches had been advanced sufficiently close greatly to disquiet the besieged, who in most other respects had reason to entertain better hopes of the result than when the Allies first appeared before the place.

The second volume of the first part concludes with a chapter in which the respective conditions of the besiegers and besieged, as regards the supply of provisions, hospital accommodation, and the health of the troops, are stated and compared. We learn from it, that although the Russians were never actually in want of provisions, they were frequently straitened in their supplies, and that

in which he is already beginning to entrench himself. Unhappily the obstacle he has created is still insufficient, and cannot cover our troops, who, forced to abandon the ground which they had so vigorously seized, threw themselves into the ditches," etc. The closing of the Malakhov, therefore, was apparently the cause of an irreparable disaster to the besieged. General Niel states that the closing of the gorge was very useful to the French, in enabling them to withstand all the efforts of the Russians.—*Journal*, etc., p. 37, note.

at one time, with 25,000 sick and wounded in the town, they were unable to find room, attendance, and medicines for more than half. Through the blunders of their commissariat, much of their winter clothing did not arrive till it was no longer wanted; but the wonder is how they managed, with only a single line of road open, to transport men, food, ammunition, clothes, and necessities sufficient to keep pace with the constantly increasing armies and resources of the Allies. The sacrifice of men and animals was doubtless enormous, but it was endured without a murmur; and at the point of time where the history breaks off, towards the end of February 1855, the Czar had just decreed a new levy throughout the whole of his vast empire for the prosecution of the war.

It will be collected from our remarks and extracts, literal and abridged, that the work before us is of unequal merit and authority, and that we are seldom permitted to forget that it is edited, not written, by the distinguished and eminently scientific soldier whose name adorns the title-page. The plans of defence, the construction of the new works, and the siege operations, strictly so called, which were directed by him, or fell under his own personal observation, are always clearly described; but the accounts of engagements and manœuvres beyond the walls are too frequently open to the same criticism as his narrative of the battle of the Alma: they want the unity, succinctness, and perspicuity which betoken the hand of a single well-informed and impartial historian. We refrain from further comment till the completion of the work; and by that time most probably Mr. Kinglake's anxiously expected continuation will be before the world.

ART. III.—*Apologia pro Vita Sua*. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. London: Longman & Co., 1864.

BEFORE entering upon that which constitutes the permanent interest of this book, we must, however reluctantly, touch for a moment on the quarrel which led to its publication. There is little in it for either of the two combatants to be proud of. Each has said things which before long he will probably wish unsaid. If there must be such encounters, there is no reason why they should be carried on with such bitter personal rancour. In some of its features—we are far from saying in its issue—the contest calls to mind the well-known combat in *The Lady of the Lake*. There is the fiery Gael, dealing fierce sweep-

ing blows with his heavy claymore, as eager and reckless as he is honest and brave; and confronting him there is a foe worthy of his steel, the accomplished swordsman, the perfect master of fence, whose "blade is sword and shield." But we miss—we say it with regret—the courtesy of speech, the generous spirit which scorns to take advantage of an enemy, the disdain of petty manœuvres, the chivalrous respect for each other's prowess. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that theological disputants should display the knightly qualities which sit naturally on a gay prince, and a rude Highland reiver. Putting aside, however, so far as we can, as unworthy both of the subject and of the men, the bitterness and wrath, and clamour and evil-speaking, let us try to estimate, calmly and impartially, the real merits of the controversy.

In the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. Kingsley, in reviewing Froude's *History of the Reign of Elizabeth*, made use of the following words: "Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute main force of the wicked world, which marries and is given in marriage." When called to account for these words, the writer, probably conscious that what he meant was fundamentally true, and yet that he had intended no personal offence to Dr. Newman, and not caring to enter into details, to analyse, and to discriminate, contented himself with returning such an answer as he thought would have the effect of getting rid of the matter without further discussion. We cannot disguise our opinion that in this Mr. Kingsley acted wrongly. He ought to have known that men are sensitive to any attack in which truth is concerned; that it was his duty so far at least to discriminate, as to show that he never meant to attribute anything inconsistent with Dr. Newman's personal honour. We could not wonder that Dr. Newman was angry; but we did wonder that a man who could so well afford to scorn the accusation in its worst sense, and who must, we thought, have known that it could not have been meant in that sense, should condescend to vent his wrath in a pamphlet of such gall as this century has hardly produced, even in the arena of theology. It had great success. The reading world enjoyed the malicious pleasure of a good laugh at a popular author. But the ordinary public smiled to see a saintly man as bitter and spiteful as one of themselves; and those who had a high idea of Dr. Newman, felt that he had lowered himself.

Mr. Kingsley replied, and the tone of his reply was such as he will probably one day greatly regret. It is no doubt some excuse for fury when the red flag has been shaken full in one's face. But he ought not to have allowed himself to confuse two very different things. While maintaining and proving, as we think he does prove, what he had originally asserted, viz., the dangerous nature of Dr. Newman's teaching, as tending to sap and undermine a simple and manly love of truth for its own sake, he ought not to have insinuated against him personally the hateful charge of equivocation. Of course Dr. Newman rejoined; and his rejoinder betrayed the secret of his previous irritability and bitterness. It came out that for twenty years the feeling had been rankling within him that the great bulk of his countrymen, and even many of his own former friends, regarded him as a dishonest man; a man who had professed himself an Anglican for years after he had become a Romanist, and that with a deliberate purpose of seducing Anglicans to Romanism. Conscious to himself how incapable he was of such baseness, he caught at Mr. Kingsley's words as affording him an opportunity of rebutting the charge. In doing this, he was guilty of some unfairness. The kind of dishonesty of which he chooses to consider himself accused is nowhere even hinted at by Mr. Kingsley. He does, indeed, refuse to regard a sermon preached by Dr. Newman shortly before he resigned his living, as a "Protestant" sermon. And no one can doubt that he was justified in this refusal. If justification were needed, it is amply supplied by Dr. Newman's own account of himself. That at the time when the sermon was written the writer's mind was divided within itself, one part strongly urging him towards the Romish Church, the other feebly clinging to Anglicanism; and that the sermon was the expression of that set of feelings and opinions which ultimately gained the day, we should have thought Dr. Newman would at once admit. His not doing so we can only regard as a proof that he considered his position, at the bar of public opinion, as justifying him in using, for the time, the arts of a special pleader. His torturing Mr. Kingsley's language into a charge of deliberate treachery, we can only regard as a proof of the desire which burned within him to dispel the cloud under which he conceived himself to lie.

But however mistaken or distorted may have been Dr. Newman's view on this point, we can hardly regret the mistake or distortion which led him to write the book which he has written. It is in every respect one of the most remarkable books of the day. Both in matter and in manner it recalls the Con-

fessions of St. Augustine. In style it is a model of pure, racy, idiomatic English. The words have evidently flowed from his practised pen with an ease and rapidity only equalled by the grace of the forms into which they fall; and the composition, though bearing the marks of fiery haste, is a model of continuous and consecutive argument. The subject is one of the most interesting that can be conceived: the history of a singularly pure and noble and tender soul, struggling towards the light, in obedience to the laws of its own nature, through perplexity and darkness, through doubt and difficulty, through fightings without and fears within. At the same time it lays bare some of the secret springs of an important religious movement, which has given a colour to our times. To Oxford men it calls up once familiar images of faces and forms that peopled the scenes among which their youth was spent, now dimmed by the distance of more than twenty years. Most vividly of these rises the image of that slight spare form, so well known, though, at least in later days, so seldom seen; that countenance so severe, and yet so tender; the sound of that thin but sweet voice, that peculiar intonation, that simple but studied delivery, which seemed to carry the words of the preacher straight to the hearts of the eager listeners who thronged the benches of St. Mary's.

We proceed to give a brief summary of the contents of this remarkable work: observing only, by way of preface, that we accept it with perfect confidence as a truthful record. We shall have occasion to speak with reprobation of some parts of the teaching of that body to which its author has joined himself, especially on the subject of truth; but, nevertheless, we believe Dr. Newman himself to be simply incapable of wilfully misstating a single fact. Difficult as it must ever be for a man to trace honestly the history of his own mind, and, especially when writing in the heat of controversy, to avoid giving a certain colouring to facts and motives, we read his narrative with a conviction that his innate love of that virtue which in theory he seems sometimes to disparage, has triumphed even over this difficulty.

At a very early age he gave indications of a devout and pious temperament, and at the same time of the tendency to superstition, the fanciful, almost morbid sensitiveness of imagination on spiritual matters, which have given their peculiar tone to all his views. When quite a child he used to cross himself in the dark. He drew crosses and beads in his lesson-books. He had a feeling that life was a dream, and he an angel, and all this world a deception; his fellow-angels by a

playful device concealing themselves from him, and deceiving him with the semblance of a material world. The first religious influences under which he came, as was the case with most persons whose boyhood fell in the earlier years of the present century, proceeded from the quarter commonly called evangelical. When he was fifteen, in the autumn of 1816, he was "converted;" a fact of which he could speak in after life as confidently as of his having hands and feet. The books which he himself names as the instruments of this change were a work of Romaine's, Law's *Serious Call*, and the writings of T. Scott of Aston Sandford, for whom he seems to have long retained a peculiar veneration. About the same time he read two books which planted in him the seeds, as he expresses it, of an intellectual inconsistency which disabled him for years: Milner's Church History, from which he learnt to love St. Augustine and the Early Fathers, and Newton on the Prophecies, who taught him that the Pope was Antichrist. In this same eventful fifteenth year was borne in upon his mind the conviction that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life, which no doubt strengthened, as he himself tells us, the feeling of "separation from the visible world," of which we have spoken.

From 1816 to 1822 there is a tantalizing gap in his autobiography; for those years during which the boy passes into the man are generally among the most important in determining the bent of the man's mind and character. All that he himself tells us is that he remained attached to evangelical views, but with a tendency towards liberalism. We know that about the middle of that time he went to reside at Oriel, a timid and awkward youth, according to his account, living much alone, often taking his daily walk by himself, seeing little of any one except one dear friend, a Mr. John Bowden.

But in 1822 he began to be drawn out of his solitary orbit, and came successively within the sphere of attraction of various powerful spirits. Whately was the first who took him by the hand. "He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason." Doctor Hawkins, then as now Provost of Oriel, most kind and most exact of men, taught him to weigh his words, and to be cautious in his statements. With Pusey he began to be intimate in 1823, but Pusey left Oxford about that time, and did not return to it for several years. But these and other influences do not seem to have greatly disturbed the tenor of his own mind. He took from each what assimilated itself to his own thoughts, and rejected the rest of their teaching. Thus while learning from Whate-

ly to "think for himself," he derived from him also "those anti-erastian views of church policy which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement." And to Dr. Hawkins he owed the seeds of the doctrine of Tradition, which took such deep root, and bore such important fruit in the congenial soil of his own mind. It was the same with books. Archbishop Sumner's *Treatise on Apostolical Preaching* led him to give up his remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. From the reading of Butler's *Analogy* he derived two principles which he calls the underlying principles of a great portion of his teaching:

"First, the very idea of an analogy between the separate works of God, leads to the conclusion that the system which is of less importance, is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system, and of this conclusion the theory, to which I was inclined as a boy, viz., the unreality of material phenomena, is an ultimate resolution. Secondly, Butler's doctrine that Probability is the guide of Life, led me, at least under the teaching to which a few years later I was introduced, to the question of the logical cogeny of faith, on which I have written so much."

The same two intellectual principles, but recast in the creative mind of a poet, he found again in Keble's *Christian Year*. The first is fundamentally the same as that which Jeffrey, in a remarkable passage in his article on Mrs. Hemans, speaks of as the essence of poetry: "The fine perception of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and moral world; which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions; or leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to everything that interests us in the aspects of external nature." It is characteristic of Dr. Newman's mind, highly poetical, penetrated with religious sentiment, and prone to rites and ceremonies, that this principle should have assumed to him the shape of a "sacramental system, a doctrine which embraces not only what Anglicans as well as Catholics believe about sacraments, properly so called, but also the article of the communion of saints in its fulness, and likewise the mysteries of the faith." The second principle is that which may be called the groundwork of all religious belief, that divine truths must be received not purely on their own merits, so to speak, according to the greater or less degree of probability which attaches to them, but as coming to us from a Divine Person, who is the object of our faith and love. Dr. Newman has enlarged on this theme in many of his works; and whatever

harm his writings may have done in other ways, probably many persons have to thank him, as others have to thank Arnold, for having impressed this important principle deeply on their hearts.

During all this time Mr. Newman was only or mainly a recipient; but in 1826 he began to give forth:—

"At that time I became one of the tutors of my college, and this gave me position; besides, I had written one or two essays, which had been well received. I began to be known. I preached my first University sermon. Next year I was one of the public examiners for the B.A. degree. It was to me like the feeling of spring weather after winter; and if I may so speak, I came out of my shell; I remained out of it till 1841."

He now began to "gain upon his pupils," and became intimate with Robert Wilberforce, and especially with Hurrell Froude. The influence of this gifted pupil was stronger and more lasting than that of many teachers. Froude was an open admirer of the Church of Rome; he delighted in the notions of a hierarchical system; of sacerdotal power; of penance and mortification; of saints and their perfections; of the intrinsic excellence of virginity. To him, probably, more than even to Newman or Keble himself, we may look as the originator of what afterwards became the Tractarian Movement.

But the feelings and sentiments which were afterwards to eddy into distinct views, existed at present only in a nebular state, at least in the mind of Mr. Newman. His thoughts dwelt in the region of poetry, rather than of philosophy or theology. He studied the Fathers, and undertook to write a history of the principal councils; but his chief delight in these studies was to find again in the semi-oriental philosophy of Alexandria, his favourite "mystical or sacramental" principle.

"I suppose," he says, "it was to the Alexandrian school and to the early Church that I owe in particular what I definitely held about the angels. . . . I considered them as the real causes of motion, light, and life, and of the elementary principles of the physical universe."

And then he quotes, as summing up his views on this point, a passage that has often been quoted by others for its beauty:—

"Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God."

But the study of the early Church has also a deep and permanent effect on the direction of his thoughts. He learnt to consider that antiquity was the true exponent of the doc-

trines of Christianity and the basis of the Church of England. And when he was disturbed and unsettled by various events which happened soon after in the outer world; the French Revolution of 1830; the great Reform agitation; symptoms of "liberalizing" tendencies within the Church itself, it was to the early ages that his aspirations turned.

"With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that primeval mystery, to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognised the movement of my spiritual Mother. 'Incessu patuit Dea.' The self-conquest of her ascetics, the patience of her martyrs, the irresistible determination of her bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, 'Look on this picture and on that;' I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. . . . As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and organ."

Soon after this, in December 1832, he went to the south of Europe for some months with his friend Froude. Contrary to what might have been expected, this visit to the strongholds of Romanism had no direct effect on his religious convictions. But he had time to collect himself, and think over his position; while he was musing, the fire kindled. England was in his thoughts solely. The bill for the suppression of the Irish sees was in progress, and filled his mind: he "had fierce thoughts against the Liberals." And so when, in the following summer, he returned to England in exuberant health and vigour after his long rest, it was in the temper indicated by the motto which he chose for the *Lyra Apostolica*: "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again."

The day after Newman's return, July 14, 1833, Keble preached his celebrated sermon on national apostasy. "The Movement" had begun.

In the first stages of this movement there appears to have been less of combination and organization than is commonly supposed. The main principles on which it was based were afterwards summed up by one of the chief movers, in the following words:—"That the only way of salvation is the partaking of the body and blood of our sacrificed Redeemer: That the mean expressly authorized by him for that purpose is the holy sacrament of his Supper: That the security, by him no

less expressly authorized, for the continuance and due application of that sacrament, is the apostolical commission of the bishops, and under them the presbyters, of the Church." But at first there was little concert, and no recognised leader; they fought every one for his own hand. This continued until they were joined by Dr. Pusey, "the great one," as Dr. Newman used to call him. His great reputation and high position in the University enabled him to give "a name, a form, and a personality to what, without him, was a sort of mob;" while his hopeful, fearless nature, haunted by no intellectual perplexities, supremely confident in his own position, marked him as a leader of men. But the most active and stirring spirit was undoubtedly Newman himself. It was he who, out of his own head, began the *Tracts for the Times*. His distinguishing colours, the principles for which he specially contended, were:—(1.) The principle of dogma. (2.) Belief in a visible Church, in the authority of bishops, the grace of the sacraments, the religious worth of works of penance. (3.) Opposition to the Church of Rome, especially to the worship of the Virgin and the Saints.

Here we come to that which gives its peculiar interest to Dr. Newman's history, viz., his relation to that Church which was drawing him, as by a kind of fascination, to his fate. He sympathized with much in her system, and had learnt from Froude to feel a personal tenderness towards her; but the old impression, that the Pope was Antichrist, though it had been removed from his reason, hung about him "like a sort of false conscience," and remained "a stain upon his imagination." The more tenderly he felt to her, the more strongly he resented what he regarded as her corruptions of the truth. He thought it his duty to write against them, and was even conscious of "a temptation to say against Rome as much as ever he could, in order to protect himself against the charge of Popery;" but he felt all the time like a man who is obliged in a court of justice to bear witness against a friend. On the other hand, his confidence in the substantial truth of the charges which he brought against her, led him to believe that he might safely indulge in the freest exposition of principles which led in her direction. If men said, "This is sheer popery," "True," he answered, "we seem to be making straight for it; but go on awhile, and you will come to a great chasm across the path which makes the real approximation impossible." His effort was to get as near as he could to the brink of this chasm, and there to build up and fortify a position for the Anglican Church—a half-way house between Popery and Protestantism.

In successive numbers of the Tracts, in various articles in the *British Critic*, but especially in a book called *The Prophetical Office of the Church viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism*, he set himself to work out the "Anglo-Catholic" theory—the theory of a "Catholic" Church, standing on its own basis of antiquity and the teaching of the early Fathers, embracing much of the Roman doctrine, but free from the errors which had formed like a crust around the Romish system.

He had hardly entrenched himself in this position when a horrible misgiving came over him. There was a mine beneath his feet. His foundations were unsound. His whole theory was based on this, that the most important "note" of the true Church, more important even than catholicity, is antiquity. But in August 1839 (the date remained deeply impressed on his mind), the course of his reading led him to study the Monophysite controversy of the fifth century; and there he found that in those pattern times the principle on which controversies were decided was the principle of catholic unity; in other words, the voice of the majority of Christians. The words of St. Augustine, quoted in a Review, came to him like a voice from the clouds, "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*." Here, then, was antiquity pronouncing against herself, and in favour of catholicity. The Church of Rome would be found right after all.

After a while the vivid imagination faded away. He felt even a doubt whether the suggestion had not come to him from below. His old convictions remained as before. But he was like a man who has seen a ghost, and cannot be as if he had never seen it. In this frame of mind he felt that "his main argument for the Anglican claims lay in the positive and special charges which he could bring against Rome," and he indulged in bitter invectives against her inconsistencies, her sophistries, her ambition and intrigues. In one letter he said:—

"Instead of setting before the soul the Holy Trinity and heaven and hell, the Church of Rome does seem to me, as a popular system, to preach the Blessed Virgin and the Saints and Purgatory."

Again:—

"We see it attempting to gain converts among us by unreal representations of its doctrines, plausible statements, bold assertions, appeals to the weaknesses of human nature, to our fancies, our eccentricities, our fears, our frivolities, our false philosophies. We see its agents, smiling and nodding and ducking to attract attention, as gipsies make up to truant boys, holding out tales for the nursery, and pretty pictures, and gilt gingerbread, and physic concealed in jam, and

sugar-plums for good children. . . . We Englishmen like manliness, openness, consistency, truth. Rome will never gain on us till she learns these virtues, and uses them."

But all this was but the bitterness of a lover impatient of imperfections in his mistress. He railed at the dominant errors of popular Romanism; but he as warmly asserted his cordial agreement with the essential parts of the Roman doctrine.

But the question naturally occurred, if not to his own mind at least to the mind of others, "How can we hold Roman doctrine, and yet subscribe the Articles of the Church of England? Were they not drawn up for the very purpose of excluding Roman doctrine?" It was to answer this question that he wrote the celebrated 90th number of the Tracts. The answer which he gives is in substance: "No, it is not so. The English Reformation was a national, not a theological movement. It was directed not against Roman doctrine, but against Papal supremacy; and its Articles were deliberately framed in loose and indecisive language, with the view of embracing as many as possible of those who still held to the old faith." And therefore he claimed for himself and his followers the utmost possible latitude in interpreting documents so framed. It was not necessary to consider in what sense they were understood and held by their writers; nor even what was the natural sense of the words: they might be taken and might be subscribed in any sense which the words could be made to bear, consistent with "catholic" doctrine.

Thus, by a strange meeting of extremes, the champion of dogma and of definite Church teaching struck a fatal blow at the dogmatism of his Church, and enunciated a principle which has proved of the greatest importance in forwarding the development of liberal views.

A universal storm of indignation greeted the appearance of this Tract. To the old orthodox party it was simply an abomination. The Bishop of Oxford insisted that the series of Tracts should be stopped. Mr. Newman agreed, on condition that what had been published should not be suppressed, and on the "understanding," afterwards disregarded, that there should be no public condemnation of his work. The evangelical party were equally furious against the impiety, the blasphemy, the rank dishonesty of signing the Articles in any but their natural sense, forgetting that only in a non-natural sense could they themselves use many of the words of the Prayer-Book, or declare that it contains "nothing contrary to the Word of God."* The few

* "I challenge," says Dr. Newman; "in the sight of all England, evangelical clergymen generally,

liberals then at Oxford joined in the cry, contending, not against the principle of latitude of interpretation, but against the one-sided character of the latitude claimed. But here, departing for a moment from the order of events, we must enter our protest against the statement made by Dr. Newman in another part of his work, that the liberals drove him from Oxford. We can only account for so incorrect a statement by supposing either that his judgment at the time was jaundiced by the sort of resentment which men often feel against the views to which they have once had leanings, or that wrath against his present antagonist renders his memory unjust to the party with whom he classes him. It may be true that three out of the four tutors who first publicly called the attention of the Heads of Houses to Tract 90, were or have since become more or less identified with the liberal party. But this, which took place in 1841, had no real connexion with the events of 1844 and 1845. It is certain that the liberals had no share in the measures which ultimately drove from Oxford one whom they regarded with distrust indeed, but with unfeigned admiration and interest. It was not the liberals who proposed a new Test, framed to exclude from the University all who adhered to the principles of the obnoxious Tract; who moved that it should be condemned by a solemn act of Convocation; who passed first a vote of censure and then a decree of degradation against Mr. Ward. When these exasperating, but otherwise ineffective measures were being carried or attempted, the leaders of the liberal party, true to their principles, were stoutly battling for liberty of speech and thought on behalf of him who was for the time their most determined opponent. Dr. Newman ought to know well, unless he is singularly deficient in the power of estimating the true springs of action, and tracing effects to their causes, that the real force against which he had to contend,—the stream which ultimately swept him from his position,—was that turbid stream of mingled “two-bottle orthodoxy” and narrow Puritanism which is even now raging *objicibus ruptis*, if we may not rather hope that it has spent its fury, and is gradually subsiding within its banks.

to put on paper an interpretation of this form of words, consistent with their sentiments, which shall be less forced than the most objectionable of the interpretations which Tract 90 puts upon any passage in the Articles:—

“Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and by His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

For a year before this Dr. Newman had been so little satisfied with his position that he had seriously doubted whether he ought not to give up the living of St. Mary's, and he only retained it in compliance with the advice of one or two intimate friends to whom he opened his mind. This doubt had gradually strengthened. Already he had found that the English Church could not stand upon antiquity alone, for she, like her sister of Rome, maintained many doctrines, such as the doctrine of the Trinity, which had not been publicly recognised as part of the dogmatic foundation of the Church till centuries after the time of the apostles. As he went on with his theological studies, he found again, in the Arian controversy, antiquity appealing to Catholicity. His trouble returned on him. “The ghost had come a second time.” He was in the misery of this new unsettlement when a second blow came upon him. The bishops, one after another, began to charge against him, in violation of what he had understood to be a promise made to him on their part. On the top of this came the Jerusalem Bishopric. A bishop of the English Church was to be appointed, who should exercise spiritual jurisdiction over any *Protestant* congregations which would submit to him. How could he retain office in a communion which, while it repudiated the doctrines he loved, identified itself with those it “set his teeth on edge” to hear? How could he maintain a “catholic” theory of that church, which not only forbade any sympathy or concurrence with the Church of Rome, but actually was “courting an intercommunion with Protestant Prussia, and the heresy of the Orientals?” He put forth a formal protest against this measure, and then, without resigning his living, retired to Littlemore,* as to a Torres Vedras, in the hope that some day he might come forth from it, and advance again under his “Catholic” or “Anglican” banner to reconquer the Church now held in temporary subjection by the invading hosts of Protestantism. At times, indeed, his hopes seem to have run higher still. What if the Anglican and the Latin Churches should agree to throw off each its errors and corruptions, and unite to form one pure and true Catholic and Apostolic Church? This were a reformation indeed. Could it be that grace was to be given to him to become a humble instrument in effecting it?

Gradually these hopes vanished; and then came four years of perplexity within and persecution without; a time of darkness and sorrow, when the light was darkened in the

* A small village about two miles from Oxford, part of which is in the parish of St. Mary's.

heavens. It was not only that he was tortured by that acutest of pains, the consciousness of a great design, and no power to fulfil it. His whole power of action and motion and speech was paralyzed by a deadening doubt as to his own position. He could not make up his mind to remain in a Church which was not "catholic;" he could not make up his mind to join a Church which taught the worship of the Virgin. He sought quiet and seclusion to prepare himself for the crisis of his fate; but his seclusion was invaded by prying eyes, and his quiet was disturbed by every sort of distraction and annoyance. He saw himself attacked by paltry assailants who would not have dared to cross swords with him in the hour of his strength, and whose worst assaults would have had no terrors for him if he had been sure of himself. At one time he was taunted for cowardice in not following his convictions, by persons who had never known what it was to have convictions of their own. At another time he was openly accused of being a Romanist in disguise, and reviled as a traitor and a spy. Such attacks, such taunts, such base calumnies he could meet with the scorn they deserved. But it was more difficult to bear the half-uttered reproaches of a great party left as sheep without a shepherd, and the pleadings of personal friends accustomed to look to him for light and guidance. Torn by all these contending emotions, what wonder if he dropped at last into the outstretched arms of that Church which promised to heal all wounds and remove all doubts, within whose sheltering bosom the wicked would cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest?

The steps by which he arrived at this end were simple and natural. In February 1843, he formally retracted all the hard things he had ever said against Rome, having been led to believe that her teaching, even where it seemed to differ from that of the early Church, was in fact only the projection, as it were, of the primitive doctrines on a larger ground. "The whole scene of pale, faint, distant apostolic Christianity," he thought, "was seen in Rome as through a telescope." It was unfair, then, to accuse her of magnifying the idea of the Blessed Virgin, when every other idea—that of the Eucharist, for instance, which he so highly valued—was magnified in the same proportion.

In September of the same year, he took a step even more important and significant. A young friend who had come to live with him at Littlemore, under a distinct promise not to leave the Church of England for at least three years, suddenly, and without notice, joined the Church of Rome. Feeling it im-

possible to retain an official position in our Church when such a breach of trust would be laid, however wrongly, at his door, "after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation," he resigned his living, Littlemore included, and "retired into lay communion," thinking that if he could no longer command, he might still serve as a private in the ranks.

But it was only a temporary resting-place, where he might pause and recover strength before going hence to be no more seen. The old doubts came crowding upon his mind, and merged at last in the simple question, "Can I be saved in the English Church?" On the other hand, books were placed in his way which led him to believe that the errors which appeared to be sanctioned by Rome were no essential part of her doctrine, but mere excrescences, which might be accepted or not as he chose. All this time he was hard at his *Essay on Doctrinal Development*, maintaining that "the Roman additions to the primitive creed were developments, arising out of a keen and vivid realizing of the Divine depositum of faith." The rest must be told in his own words:—

"As I advanced," he says, "my view so cleared, that instead of speaking any more of the 'Roman Catholics' I boldly called them Catholics." Before I got to the end I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished.

"On October 8th, I wrote to a number of friends the following letter:—

"*Littlemore, Oct. 8, 1845.*—I am this night expecting Father Dominic the Passionist, who from his youth has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's day last year. He does not know of my intention, but I mean to ask of him admission into the one fold of Christ."

Strange, yet perhaps natural self-delusion, which seeks to see in an event so obviously the sequel of a long train of foregone circumstances, the work of a special providence, unaffected by secondary causes! As if the writer would never have joined the Church of Rome, had not a Passionate priest been led to have direct thoughts of the countries of the north! As if, because Father Dominic had had little to do with conversions, and did not know of his intention, no other Romish influences had been at work!

For a few more weeks Mr. Newman lingered among the scenes endeared to him by so many joys and so many sorrows, so much active work, the companionship of so many loved friends. On Sunday, the 22d of November, he slept at Oxford, in the house of Mr.

Johnson the Observer, one of the best and largest-hearted of men; and there he took leave of a few of those with whom he was most intimate. The next day he departed.

"On the morning of the 23d, I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway."

Hitherto we have followed the course of the narrative before us, adopting almost always the author's point of view, and very often using his words. The seventh part of the book brings us back to the region of controversy, and invites us again to ask how far, and in what sense, if in any, it can be said that "Father Newman informs us that Truth, for its own sake, need not be, and on the whole ought not to be, regarded as a virtue."

We have already intimated our conviction, which will be shared, we believe, by every one who knew Dr. Newman, and by every candid reader of this book, that any one who could use these words in such a sense as to impugn Dr. Newman's personal truthfulness and veracity, must have entirely mistaken the character of the man. But candour equally forces us to admit that the words, taken in their most literal sense, are to a certain extent true; that parts of Dr. Newman's writings have a tendency to lead to the undervaluing of truthfulness, in comparison with other virtues. One of the characteristics of his mind is the power, and we must add the love of drawing subtle distinctions; and one who indulges in this habit, though he may be really more honest than many who take what is called a common-sense view of matters, is rarely a good teacher of honesty. Most of his writings have something of a complexion which we can only characterize as morbid,—a complexion which they probably derive from that "impatient sensitiveness" which he himself acknowledges. His thoughts seem to be ever listening for their own echoes: the echo, not of self-applause, but rather of self-distrust; and this produces in an ordinary reader the sense of something not quite simple and straightforward. Moreover, those who have heard or read many of Dr. Newman's sermons, cannot fail to have felt an uneasy consciousness of a sort of irony running through them, corresponding to the tone in which they were delivered; a tone, sweet indeed and clear, and sustained at a high pitch, but not full and round and natural and manly. In the particular sermon to which Mr. Kingsley refers, there is quite enough to justify the remark, that it is a "very objectionable and dangerous sermon;" for the gist of it is, that openness and manliness of bearing are not—

to use a favourite expression of the author—a "note" of genuine Christianity, but rather the reverse; that a great amount of what seems to the world hypocrisy and double-dealing, is in reality the mark of a religious character, which is above the comprehension of worldly men. This, we repeat, is dangerous doctrine. On the other hand, we believe Dr. Newman to be as incapable of deliberately preaching, as of practising, the arts of dissimulation and falsehood; and we venture to think, paradoxical as it may seem, that where he appears to do so, this is closely connected with his innate love of truth. On the one hand, a conscientious feeling leads him to state broadly the difficulties which beset his theory of Christian life; on the other hand, confidence in his own uprightness of purpose prevents his seeing how slippery is the ground on which he treads. There is a want of knowledge of the world, a want of common sense, if you will, but no want of honesty of heart.

But we gladly turn from Dr. Newman as an individual, to Father Newman as the representative of the Romish system. Taking Mr. Kingsley's words in the sense in which they seem to have been understood by Dr. Newman's Protestant friend X. Y., when he "confessed plainly that he had read the passage, and did not even think that Dr. Newman or any of his communion would think it unjust," in the sense in which, as we gather from Dr. Newman's first pamphlet, he himself could hear them without more than a feeling that they were mistaken, viz., that "the [Roman] Catholic system, as such, leads to a lax observance of the rule of truth,"—taking the words in this their not unnatural sense, we ask again, How far is this allegation borne out by fact?

To this question it will perhaps be thought that a good Protestant's answer should be short, sharp, and decided. How, it may be said, can there be love of truth where the very fountain of all truth, the Word of God, is disparaged in comparison with the traditions of men? How can it ever flourish on the same soil with priestcraft, and purgatory, and penance, and celibacy, and the confessional? On all these points we hold the Church of Rome to be in grave error; error that must affect, indirectly, her whole mental and moral vision. But we are not concerned now with indirect tendencies, but only with those which are direct.

It will hardly be denied by any reasonable person that every dogmatic system, in proportion as it is dogmatic, tends to undermine or to supersede the love of "truth for its own sake." It leads men to ask themselves, not what they do believe, but what they are ex-

pected to believe. It leads them to ask, when an idea is presented to their minds, not, first, Is it true? secondly, What consequences follow from accepting it? but, first, Is it safe? secondly, Is it true? But truth is a jealous goddess. She claims to be loved for her own sake, not for the sake of the blessings, however great, which follow in her train; and she is apt to withdraw herself from those who give her only the second place. And thus the adherents, and still more the professional advocates of any dogmatic system, whether it be Catholic or Protestant, which substitutes authority for argument, and obedience for conviction, which says to grown men, having the full use of their reason, "Believe this, because it is a dogma of the Church: believe this, because otherwise you cannot be saved," are always in danger more or less of losing their love of truth, and their sense of its importance. Viewed *a priori* this is so obvious as to be almost a truism. If any one is inclined to doubt whether it is equally true in practice, let him only reflect how seldom the virtues of truth, of candour, of justice, of correctness in statement, and fairness in argument, are preached from our pulpits, especially from the pulpits of dogmatic theologians; may we not add, how universally by theologians, as such, these virtues are disregarded in their controversies with each other?

If this be admitted by all fair-minded men, it will probably also be admitted, that of all dogmatic systems, the most dogmatic is the system of the Church of Rome. Her one distinctive mark is the claim of infallibility. She asserts a right, as the living oracle of God, not only of interpreting Scripture, but of adding to it. The one virtue which she exalts above all others is reverential obedience. And the obedience which she demands extends not only to matters within the province of theology, but to any that remotely border upon it, to questions of philology, of history, and of science. And though Dr. Newman, in a passage which can hardly have received the *imprimatur* of the Holy See, represents the infallible oracle as not speaking of itself, but only pronouncing a decision already arrived at by a majority in the Church, as the Speaker of the House of Commons pronounces the result of a division; the effect is the same; the oracular voice has spoken, and it is impious to say, and dangerous to think, anything in contravention of its decrees.

Let any one consider the language in which Dr. Newman himself, in the seventh part of the book before us, speaks of the human reason. After an eloquent but rather rhetorical passage, in which he paints in colours of somewhat exaggerated darkness the

state of the whole race of mankind as "having no hope, and without God in the world," what is it that he fixes upon (after a passing word about the fierce energy of passion); as the one great monster evil, which calls for a superhuman power to repress it? It is the "all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect;" the "wild living intellect of man," which is the "universal solvent;" it is "freedom of thought" which must be "rescued from its own suicidal excesses." In short, he regards the human reason as a kind of wild beast, to be chained and caged, and, if ever it breaks out, to be beaten back to its den with a rod of iron. What a poor idea does this give of a faith calling itself catholic! that it is to dwell always in the outworks of a man, his outward acts and ceremonial observances, and is not to seek to leaven and absorb and assimilate to itself that which is the very man himself, his divinely-implanted reason. How can we expect that truth will be found, how can we say that truth is loved for its own sake, when the chief agent given to be our guide in seeking her is ever either cowed into silence or goaded into rebellion?

And if it be said that this defect is not peculiar to Rome, that there are Protestant communions, or at least sections of Protestant communions, which endeavour to enforce obedience in the domain of thought, as blind as that which is demanded by the Church of Rome; which, while branding as Antichrist an infallible Pope, do yet practically exercise the tyranny without acknowledging the responsibilities of infallible authority,—we can only answer that in the one case it is an organic defect of the system, in the other a local, and we would fain hope, a temporary disorder.

If, on the other hand, we are reminded that there are even now in the Church of Rome men of large and liberal views, who have shown by able writings in various departments of literature and of science, that they do not share this cowardly distrust of the human intellect, but will bravely follow as "through words and things it goes sounding on a dim and perilous way," we must rejoin that the very ability of the writers referred to is a proof how strong is that repressive power to which even they have recently found it necessary to succumb.*

Of all the forms of the passive obedience of the intellect, the commonest is that which it assumes where it comes athwart historical criticism—when it becomes simple childish credulity. In this credulity, and the kind of untruthfulness which is connected with it, no

* See Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral, and the last Number of the *Home and Foreign Review*.

body of Christians, we might almost add of heathens, comes near the disciples of Rome. And this for a very obvious reason, namely, that in no other body of Christians are saints made an object of worship to the same extent; and it is about the lives of the saints that the great mass of incredible fables has clustered. We make bold to call them incredible, although Dr. Newman protests against their being so called, and quotes Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote to prove that if we are to demand historic certainty, the greater part of what we call history will have to be swept away. But though philosophers may tell us that the difference between a solid body and a fluid is only a difference of degree; yet a plain man knows that a pool of water, or a quagmire, is not the same thing as a mass of rock. When Dr. Newman informs us, as a matter of fact for which he appears ready to vouch, that a certain "oil still flows from the relics of St. Walburga; that it is medicinal; that some think it is so by a natural quality, others by a divine gift, but that he himself inclines to regard it as on the confines of both,"—we are at once reminded of the theory which seems to have haunted his mind from earliest boyhood,—the theory that material phenomena have no real existence, except so far as they are the instruments whereby spiritual effects are produced.

Another circumstance which has laid the Church of Rome open to a special charge of untruthfulness, is that she alone of Christian Churches has found it necessary to develop a complete scheme of casuistry. So far as this necessity arose from the system of confession, she deserves no pity for the obloquy which it has brought upon her; and there can be little doubt that these "Counsels of Imperfection," though they may have been intended only for the use of Confessors, having got into the hands of ordinary readers, have produced upon the vast body of half-educated Roman Catholics in Italy, in France, and in Ireland, a demoralizing effect. On the other hand, candour must admit that if Protestants had set themselves to do the same work, they probably would not have done it very differently. For ourselves, on the slippery ground of the lawfulness of equivocation we do not intend to trust our feet; especially with the spectacle before us of St. Clement and Alfonso da Liguori, and Jeremy Taylor and Milton, and Johnson and Paley, all losing their footing on the treacherous surface, and slipping or floundering about in a variety of ungraceful attitudes. But it is only fair to remark that throughout it all no one could hold himself more steady and erect than Dr. Newman; and it is pleasing to observe how cor-

dially, on this knotty point, he and his antagonist are agreed.

If the Romish doctrines regarding equivocation remained as abstract doctrines, there would perhaps be little to be said against them. But, unfortunately, in intercourse with Protestants, they start at once into active and most mischievous life. Following his arrogant theory as to the exclusive possession of truth by his Church, the Romanist finds no difficulty in regarding Protestants as the swine before whom pearls are not to be cast; as children or madmen, who are to be habitually treated, on religious subjects at least, with "economy," "Silence," "evasion," "playing upon words," "material lying," all the many forms of simulation and dissimulation, are allowable in dealing with the outer barbarians; nay, they are positively praiseworthy, if used with the design of "saving a soul;" in other words, of making a proselyte. Not that every Romanist would condescend to these arts. We have not the least suspicion, for instance, that Dr. Newman himself would. Many men, thank God, are better than their theories. But this is what the Romish theories necessarily lead to; and many a family throughout the land can sadly testify that this is the Romish practice.

To sum up what has been said on this subject. The system of the Church of Rome appears to have a special tendency to untruthfulness, and that in several different ways. The burden of its pretended infallibility crushes out of men's minds the sense of responsibility for their own beliefs on every important subject of human thought; its Hagiolatry gives them fables for food; its casuistry furnishes them with excuses for lying; and, as regards those who are without its pale, its assumed monopoly of saving truth sets them above the ordinary laws of fair dealing. And all these are but the different results and manifestations of one and the same central falsehood, the setting up of a human power to mediate between the soul of man and his Creator.

Before concluding these observations, we must turn, once more, for a moment, to that remarkable man who has given occasion to them; who, having set the example of treating himself as a historical character, will no doubt pardon others for using the same freedom.

It has often been asked, How could a man of Newman's ability ever bring himself to leave our Church, and adopt all the follies and absurdities of the Church of Rome? Such a question savours, perhaps, of a kind of assumption which, if offensive in the mouth of a "Catholic," is simply absurd in

the adherent of a professedly national communion. Anglicans may think they see in Romanism the very errors which were re-proved in the Pharisees; but they cannot deny that many good and able men have been Romanists. If the language of the publican had been, "I thank thee that I am not as this Pharisee, who trusts in his own works," would he have gone down to his house justified rather than the other?

But in the case of a convert like Dr. Newman, the question is not without interest; and with this book before us it admits of easy solution. In the first place it appears that some of the worst follies of Romanism, such, for instance, as the idolatrous worship of the Virgin, have never been accepted by him. How he has settled the matter with the authorities of his new communion he does not explain; but as to his own tenets his language is distinct: "Such devotional manifestations in honour of our Lady had been my great *crux* as regards Catholicism. I say frankly, *I do not fully enter into them now.*" In the second place, most readers of this memoir will probably agree, that while it excites a warm personal interest in the writer, it does not leave the impression of a commanding intellect, such as used commonly to be attributed to him. The ore which he works is peculiarly pure and fine, but it is, after all, a thin vein. His theory of life fails to grasp, or rather ignores, some of the deepest problems of humanity. Instead of its being a matter of wonder that he should have joined the Church of Rome, it seems as if her system had been specially devised to suit the needs of such natures as his; that deep sentiment of religion, not only in the modern and good sense of the word, but also in its original and bad sense;* that feminine refinement of taste and sensitiveness of imagination, that proneness to superstition, that distrust of the human intellect, that craving for a definite, authoritative settlement of points not ruled by the Word of God. Where this spirit is, whether among Catholics or Protestants, whether in Italy or in England, there will always be, in the germ at least, the most dangerous errors of the Romish system.

* It has often been pointed out, and nowhere more forcibly than in one of Mr. Kingsley's sermons, that "religion" is never referred to in the New Testament except in a tone of reprobation. The changed use of the word tells a sad tale.

ART. IV.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the Studies pursued and Instructions given therein; With an Appendix and Evidence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. Four Vols. London, 1864.

ENGLISHMEN are naturally and justly proud of their public schools. There gathers around such venerable institutions as Eton, Harrow, and Westminster, the halo of an historic grandeur, the beauty and the dignity of a time-honoured name. The precincts where, for generation after generation, our ancestors have gathered such knowledge and such wisdom as is imparted to boyhood; where they have sat upon dingy and uncomfortable benches, harbouring thoughts of a character which need not be particularly described about the masters who were trying to instruct them; where they have left, often upon these very benches, the deep traces of their penknives; where they have struggled, or not struggled, with hateful tasks; where they have contended in games, violated rules, and displayed, in a thousand ways, the mischief that was in them; where, finally, we ourselves have faithfully followed in their footsteps, succeeding to the benches, the indescribable thoughts, the penknives, the tasks, the games, the mischief,—these precincts are, as they ought to be, as we hope they long may be, surrounded with feelings of special tenderness, and hallowed by associations of peculiar sanctity.

Nor can it be denied by the bitterest opponents of the system pursued at our public schools, that they have done and are doing much that is useful, much that is highly necessary for the education of boys. Abstracting entirely, for the present, the mental training, it will be conceded that a large portion at least of the physical and moral training they impart is of an invaluable character. The mere fact of boys being thrown thus early in life upon one another's company; the feeling of self-reliance, united with the *esprit de corps*, that is thus developed; the process by which foolish singularities, affectations, idiosyncrasies, are worn away, are benefits the importance of which will not be questioned. No doubt there is in this process of attrition a considerable danger; a danger the reality of which it would be well that parents should fully understand. We are not likely to suffer from too much originality, and it would be a deplorable thing if a single essentially real feature of a single mind should be driven, by the senseless ridi-

cule of others, to hide itself in shame. But if, as is more likely at that age, it is only the non-essential features that are thus got rid of, it is obvious that the result is almost entirely beneficial. If a public school can give emulation to the sluggish, readiness to the awkward, and confidence to the shy, it has at least done something to deserve our gratitude.

This tribute we pay the more willingly, because in the following pages it will be our duty to dwell rather upon the defects than upon the merits of the schools in question. No useful purpose could be served by uttering a panegyric upon institutions, the excellence of which is universally allowed. Nor can we forget that those who hold authority in those institutions are never backward in saying everything that can be said in their own favour. It is reserved, in general, for outsiders to perform the ungracious task of dwelling upon faults which are hidden from the eyes of those who might the most easily apply a remedy.

The fact is, that the advantages we have pointed out spring almost exclusively from the nature of the boys themselves, not from the masters. With regard to the character of the teaching, and the character of much besides that depends upon the masters, we have long felt that there was room for very great improvement. It was therefore with no ordinary anxiety that we looked forward to the publication of the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners, who have now presented us with the result of an inquiry which occupied them from July 1861 to March 1864. Our expectations have been more than satisfied by the four bulky volumes of which it is composed. The Commissioners have performed their delicate duties with a degree of diligence, of candour, of impartiality, and good sense, of which it is impossible to speak too highly. We congratulate Mr. Grant Duff, who proposed the appointment of this Commission, upon the interesting and valuable Blue-book which his motion has secured.*

We proceed to describe as briefly as possible the manner in which the inquiry has been conducted. First, then, the Commissioners addressed a letter to the authorities of each school, accompanied by what Mr.

Gladstone calls "a drastic set of questions" on the Revenues, the Management, and the Course of Instruction of the body to which they belonged. The answers to these questions sent by head-masters and others, are printed at length in Vol. ii. Appendix M. The next step, if we are not mistaken in the dates, was to examine *viva voce* an immense number of persons, chiefly head-masters and assistant-masters, but also some undergraduates or young graduates who had recently quitted the school about which they were examined; e.g., Lord Boringdon, an old Etonian, and Mr. Ridley, an old Harrovian. Vols. iii. and iv. contain, therefore, an immense accumulation of evidence on the condition of every individual school comprised in the inquiry. To this is added fifty-three pages of General Evidence on the nature of the education given by them, more especially on the teaching of natural science; its present neglect and its possible advantages. Among the eminent men whose opinions will be found in the General Evidence, we rejoice to perceive the names of Professor Faraday, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Max Müller, and Professor Owen. But the indefatigable Commissioners were not yet satisfied. They rightly considered that the inquiry was incomplete unless they could test the results of the instruction imparted at the schools by examining a certain number of the boys themselves. They proposed to hold an examination, not of the cleverest, but of those who had "attained a certain standing," and might justly be considered as boys of average stupidity. Unfortunately all the head-masters, except Dr. Temple and Dr. Kennedy, objected to the scheme *in toto*; and these, too, consented unwillingly. The Commissioners, naturally feeling that they could not enforce their suggestion against the wishes of these authorities, "decided on pursuing the subject no further." Considering the correspondence on this subject, as given in Vol. ii. Appendix B, we cannot help thinking that there is something very unsatisfactory in this dread of the proposed test on the part of the head-masters. They seem to have had a lurking suspicion, which one of their number innocently put forward as a definite objection: "That such an examination would practically be an examination of the schoolmasters rather than of the boys." We must be excused for not perceiving in this unquestionable fact so very grave an obstacle to the Commissioners' plan. But the schools, though delivered from the immediate danger, were not destined to escape so easily. Another ordeal was reserved for them, concerning the results of which we shall have to speak in a later part of this Article. Suffice

* It is right to mention the names of the Commissioners. They are the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Devon, Lord Lyttleton, the Hon. Edward Twiss, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Rev. W. H. Thompson, and Mr. Halford Vaughan. Professor Montague Bernard acted as Secretary. The schools upon which they have reported are the following:—Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury.

it to mention here, that a series of questions of a searching character was addressed to "Professors, Tutors, and others at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," and that their answers are given at length in Appendix C. Besides these, a variety of miscellaneous documents are printed in Vol. ii., including letters from Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Whewell, and Sir J. Herschel.

One duty yet remained for the Commissioners to perform. They had to embody the results of their labours in the form of a Report, and to give such recommendations as might seem to be required. This they have done in Vol. i., which commences with a General Report, accompanied by General Recommendations, and contains also a Special Report on the condition of each school, with Special Recommendations for its individual improvement.

We consider the publication of this Report a national benefit. Before its appearance, little was known of the English public schools by those not specially connected with them, beyond the fact of their existence. That there were beings in them professing to teach; that boys were supposed to be educated at them; that, whether or not such education was given, much money was paid on the supposition that it was: so much we all knew. But what these public schools really were, what they actually taught or how they taught it; of what nature was their internal economy, in what manner boys passed their time in them; concerning these things we were practically altogether in the dark. The daily working of the schools was shrouded in secrecy. They moved in a mysterious way. They had their technical names, which outsiders could not understand; and their traditional ideas which outsiders could not imbibe. Nor was this ignorance confined to men who had never been at a public school. The members of one school knew little or nothing of the arrangements of another. At Eton, where we find wheel within wheel in endless complexity, the affairs of the College were utterly unknown to the masters of the school.* The Commissioners have at length broken the ice, and put an end, once for all, to this obscurity. They have entered with unwearied zeal into the minutest points; they have dragged forth a host of details on the methods of teaching, the punishments, the fagging, etc. They have left no corners unexplored; no sore places unexposed. And this we call a national benefit, because we are convinced that nothing is more dangerous than to leave institutions of such a character to go on

untroubled in their old routine; nothing more likely to effect a salutary change than the admission of the public behind the scenes.

Incidentally, the evidence collected by the Commission throws a very remarkable light on the mental condition of headmasters and on that of others holding similar positions. Human nature, as it exists and flourishes at public schools, is brought before us in a brilliant succession of new and striking situations. We find it endeavouring by ingenious answers to parry inconvenient questions; accounting for absurd proceedings by reasons equally absurd; attempting, by singularly weak and transparent methods, to defend existing practices; driven into corners by polite Commissioners requesting it to explain its meaning; reduced to endless self-contradictions and hopeless imbecilities, by ruthless Commissioners plying it with certain queries; we find it, in short, blundering, stumbling, floundering on in a highly instructive and interesting manner.* Far be it from us to convey, by these or any other observations, the slightest accusation against the characters of the gentlemen who administer the system concerning which they have been examined. We doubt not that they are honest and zealous in the performance of their duties, and even patterns of excellence in all the more orthodox virtues. But we desire to consider them now not so much with reference to their moral qualifications as in the light (in which they are revealed to us in the Report) of phenomena in nature.

Very curious phenomena they often are. Doubtless there are many among them who evince nothing that can be justly called a bigoted attachment to the particular system, or the particular details of the system, under which they live. There are some who are perfectly ready to see and to acknowledge the errors that are committed in their school. There are a few, also, who have pet projects of improvement which they are anxious to recommend. But the type which appears to be developed in a more special manner at places of education, at least among the higher masters, differs from either of these by certain very marked distinctions. We do not say that the majority of masters conform to this type—perhaps it is only a minority who do so; what we mean is that so far as any peculiar type is favoured by schools and universities, it appears to us to be distinguished by the characteristics about to be described. The typical masters, then, are remarkable, first of all, for their extreme satisfaction with

* Eton Evidence, 4762, vol. iii., p. 161.

* See especially the Eton Evidence, 3521-3555, vol. iii. pp. 113-115.

the existing system. The palpable fact, shortly to be spoken of, that what is called "the best education" (perhaps because it is the least bad), teaches a vast number of men scarcely anything worth learning, and often leaves them at the end of their university career ignorant even of the subjects they have studied, and utterly careless of those they have not; this palpable fact seems to make very little impression upon the amiable minds of the school authorities. There seems to be a singular fascination exercised by a public school upon the feelings of many of the masters. A kind of mental blindness comes over them, rendering it impossible for them to perceive the unwisdom of their ways, or the defects of their systems. Their intellects are cultivated in a very peculiar direction—that of invariably discovering some excuse, or some defence, for everything that exists. They would seem to be constantly occupied in efforts to solve an insoluble problem; given the present state of things, to prove that no other would do as well. Not that this hopeless struggle produces, as might be supposed, a complete depression of the intellectual faculties. We rejoice to discover that this is by no means a necessary consequence. For if, as we greatly fear, those faculties become somewhat dull in observing the errors that ought to be removed, they are quickened to an extraordinary and marvellous acuteness in detecting the slightest difficulties or the least objections that can be urged against anything suggested with a view to improvement and reform. The educational mind takes refuge in such extremities, in a general notion that nothing which is not done already can ever be done at all.*

Nevertheless, even Mr. Balston, the Headmaster of Eton—in whom these tendencies reach a pitch of extravagance which is almost a caricature—is constrained to admit that, "from some cause or other," not, of course, from any errors in the Eton system, "the success of the work has not been in proportion to the pains bestowed upon it."† And this opinion is abundantly confirmed by the testimony of the professors, tutors, and others, who write from Oxford and Cambridge to give the fruits of their own experience. We have carefully collected the statements of

* It is but fair, however, to quote the dictum of Sir Stafford Northcote, that "the Commissioners did not find among the masters and managers of the schools any obstinate spirit of resistance to improvement. On the contrary, in every school there was an admission—and more than an admission—of the importance of progress."—(Speech in the House of Commons, May 6, 1864.) Perhaps Sir Stafford's notions of progress and our own may be a little different.

† Eton Evidence, 3633, vol. iii. p. 117.

these gentlemen, and we will now endeavour to exhibit the result.

There are fourteen answers from Oxford, one of which, however, as it deals only with a single question, and that not connected with our present purpose, does not concern us. Of the remaining *thirteen*, no less than *five* distinctly state that the "grounding" of the young men is unsatisfactory; one observes that the rudimentary knowledge is defective, and that the University course is much hampered by the crude state in which men come; another only complains of those from the lower forms, and thinks that the best-prepared students come from the upper forms; a third has not much cause to complain; a fourth considers the schools responsible for some who might have done something, had not their idleness been tolerated; a fifth thinks the boys to blame, not the system; a sixth (one of the most favourable to the system) says that the school system educates sufficiently "for the minimum of a creditable education;" and lastly, there is one who finds that public-school men are far worse prepared in mathematics than others, knowing only the "bare elements," while the knowledge of the middle-class school-boys is "far superior in extent and accuracy." We have reserved one of the thirteen, because he belongs to a class of *six* who state that mere rudimentary teaching, such as ought to a considerable extent at least to be given at school, has to be done at the University.

We come now to seven gentlemen who write from Cambridge. Of these seven *three* appear to be tolerably satisfied (one of them states that public-school boys are generally superior to others in classics, history, modern languages, and English); one considers that the education given prepares fairly for the classical tripos, though the mathematics are bad; another finds the young men badly prepared in classics and mathematics; and another believes the public schools to be behind others in mathematics and modern languages. The testimony of the last writer (which we are about to quote) is altogether unfavourable.

From this evidence we gather, on the whole, that a considerable proportion of boys leave their public schools very imperfectly grounded, to use a gentle expression, even in classics and mathematics, while of other subjects they are completely ignorant. Even their own language they can scarcely be said to know. Thus Mr. Hedley, late Fellow of University College, Oxford, writes as follows:

"The University course is much affected by the ill-prepared state in which the majority of the students come, and instead of making progress, a few years ago, the University had to make its course commence with mere elementary

teaching, and to insist on the rudiments of arithmetic, and a more precise acquaintance with the elements of grammar. Tutors felt that it was degrading, both to themselves and the University, to descend to such preliminary instruction, but the necessity of the case compelled them. *Had reading and spelling been included in the reforms of that day, it would have been not without benefit to many members of the University.* I have sometimes had to remind my brother examiners and myself in the final examination for B.A. *that we were not at liberty to pluck for bad spelling, bad English, or worse writing.**

The next quotation is from a very important witness. It should be observed, however, in simple justice, that Mr. Girdlestone, the writer, has been chiefly conversant with men who are preparing for the ordinary degree at Cambridge; and it is to them, therefore, not to the candidates for honours, that his testimony more especially applies:

"For eighteen years I have found employment in Cambridge in supplementing, as a private tutor, the deficiencies of school education, and in teaching the simplest rudiments of arithmetic, algebra, and elementary mathematics, and in preparing in Greek and Latin, candidates for the previous examination and ordinary degree. The greater part of my pupils are from public schools; and I cannot but think that I have to teach them nothing but what they ought to have been thoroughly taught at school."†

And the same writer informs us that "of English literature, English history, and English composition, they are deplorably ignorant." Now it is worthy of remark that the advocates of our school system meet these charges indirectly rather than directly; dwelling more upon what is done in other ways than upon what is left undone in these.

"I believe," writes Mr. Butler, himself a distinguished product of the training he so warmly defends, "that the system of education pursued at Harrow is admirably adapted to train a boy to do his duty efficiently, and in a generous spirit, in any position of life to which he may be called. It does not profess to train him directly for any one particular profession or employment, nor is it pretended that when a boy leaves Harrow at the age of eighteen or nineteen, he has reached more than the threshold of the education of his life. His actual acquirements are probably extremely scanty. With many of the most useful mental accomplishments he is very imperfectly equipped. To many of the highest branches of knowledge he is practically an entire stranger. He is still a boy and not a man. But it is confidently believed that if he has employed his time diligently at school, he will carry with him, when he leaves it, some capacity for thinking clearly, some sense of the value of accuracy and thoroughness in work, some respect for knowledge for its own sake, some appreciation of the most graceful and the most generous, if not yet

of the most profound thoughts enshrined in literature, a consciousness that he knows but little, and a desire to learn more; and turning to the moral and social rather than the intellectual side of the education which he has received, a grateful conviction that he has throughout his school course been treated in a kindly and liberal spirit, always largely trusted, and latterly invested with large responsibilities, as one equally interested with the masters in maintaining the moral welfare of the body to which they alike belong, and taught to believe that that welfare cannot be maintained unless its leaders are distinguished by vigilance, courage, love of justice, sympathy, and courtesy."†

Such, then, being the arguments of counsel on either side, it remains for us to hear the verdict. It is pronounced by the Commissioners in the following very serious terms:—

"That boys who have capacity and industry enough to work for distinction, are on the whole well taught in the article of classical scholarship at the public schools; but that they occasionally show a want of accuracy in elementary knowledge, either from not having been well grounded, or from having been suffered to forget what they have learnt; that the average of classical knowledge among young men leaving school for college is low; that in arithmetic and mathematics, in general information, and in English, the average is lower still, but is improving; that of the time spent at school by the generality of boys, much is absolutely thrown away as regards intellectual progress, either from ineffective teaching, from the continued teaching of subjects in which they cannot advance, or from idleness, or from a combination of these causes; that in arithmetic and mathematics the public schools are specially defective, and that this observation is not to be confined to any particular class of boys."†

In the opinion thus expressed, there is certainly nothing to surprise us. It is remarkable for moderation rather than severity. Most people, we presume, will be ready to admit that both in classical knowledge, and in the other subjects named by the Commissioners, the average attainments of young men leaving school are extremely low. The fact would by itself be of small importance, for it is not to be expected that at eighteen or nineteen there should be any considerable learning, either classical, mathematical, or scientific. Were we assured that during the period of life which is spent at school, an earnest effort was made to develop to the fullest extent which is desirable at that age the latent powers of the mind; could we believe that the nature of those powers being carefully observed they were judiciously cultivated; that whatever might be taught, be it much or little, were taught efficiently, and with an intelligent regard to the aptitude of

* Vol. ii. p. 16; † Vol. ii. p. 30.

* Vol. ii. p. 282.

† General Report, vol. i. p. 26.

the pupil for his subject; then we might allow that the public schools had at least done their best with the raw material placed in their hands. Nay, if they even made the slightest approach to this ideal, even recognised at all the true objects of teaching, we would not rashly condemn them if they failed in accomplishing as much as might possibly be expected. But what is the fact? In the first place, we find that the public schools profess to teach *one* subject, and pay little attention to any other. To that one subject they give an enormous preponderance, hammering away at it day after day, week after week; unceasingly labouring to instil the knowledge of Greek and Latin into *every* boy, utterly regardless of his capacity to learn them. In the second place, we find that even classics are not learned; the one thing which they undertake to teach they miserably fail in teaching; and when boys who have sacrificed everything else—modern languages, mathematics, science, every species of knowledge, to this one absorbing study—boys whose mental education is simply *nil* unless they have, after grinding at these languages for eight or nine or ten years, at least come to understand *them*, proceed to the Universities, it is found that even in classics they require to be taught the very rudiments again. Now we do not say, we are most anxious not to say, that undergraduates ought to know Greek and Latin even tolerably well. What we do say is, that when the public schools, practically neglecting all other methods of developing the mind, have forced a man to spend his boyhood in attending to little else than Greek and Latin, his time must have been too fearfully and wretchedly wasted if he does not know something at least of them. And, making a liberal allowance for the naturally unteachable, we still maintain that there must be some error in a system which ends in such melancholy results; some error either in the subjects taught, or in the manner of teaching them. Could we hope, by a few desultory hints, to indicate the direction which educational improvement ought to take, we should be well satisfied to leave practical proposals to be brought forward by those whose experience and judgment would fit them for the task.

When we consider the extraordinary amount of time devoted to the ancient languages, with the small proficiency that is commonly acquired in them—comparatively few men being able to read Greek or Latin books with any pleasure to themselves—we are driven to ask a question, on the ultimate answer to which the whole course of our upper-class education must depend, namely,

Whether the classics really are the very best basis that could possibly be laid in the instruction of every gentleman, or whether we do not regard that branch of learning with too exclusive a veneration? This inquiry has pressed itself on the minds of the Commissioners, as it must do on the minds of nearly all reflecting persons, and they have answered it in favour of the present system. "The classical languages and literature," they say, "should continue to hold the principal place in the course of study."*

It is with some diffidence that we desire to question, in the spirit of doubt rather than the spirit of denial, the wisdom of the opinion thus expressed. The weight of authority is undoubtedly with the Commission, but this, we believe, arises in a great measure from the matter being so seldom presented in its true aspect, and also from the natural affection which is felt by classical scholars for their own studies. If, on the whole, and with great reluctance, we venture to assert that there is no adequate ground for making classics *the* principal study, this is certainly not because we wish to detract from their importance or to deny their value. We should be glad to see the instruction in classics, if not more general, at least more thorough, than it is now. Whether or not you teach everybody classics, it is fervently to be desired that where they *are* taught for any length of time, the labour so spent should result in some degree of real insight into the spirit of classical literature; some power of seizing the leading features of the leading minds among the Greeks and Romans; some appreciation of their culture, their philosophy, their "Weltansicht," in short; and some knowledge of their history that might extend beyond a barren catalogue of names and dates. Whereas, under our present system, although the proportion of time spent upon classics is certainly immense, there is nothing gained, in the great majority of cases, beyond a purely superficial smattering. Nor can we think that better teaching would provide more than a partial remedy; for where the tendencies of the mind are not in the classical direction, we doubt the expediency of forcing it into a channel in which, after all, it is likely to make but little progress. There is great force in some of the remarks of Sydney Smith: "Up to a certain point we would educate every young man in Latin and Greek; but to a point far short of that to which this species of education is now carried.

Why are we to trust to the diversity of human tastes, and the varieties of human ambition, in everything else, and distrust it in classics alone? The passion for languages

* General Report, vol. i. p. 53.

is just as strong as any other literary passion. There are very good Persian and Arabic scholars in this country. Large heaps of trash have been dug up from Sanscrit ruins." And yet, he continues, "we think that, in order to secure an attention to Homer and Virgil, we must catch up every man—whether he is to be a clergyman or a duke—begin with him at six years of age, and never quit him till he is twenty; making him conjugate and decline for life and death; and so teaching him to estimate his progress in real wisdom as he can scan the verses of the Greek tragedians."*

Now, whatever may be said in answer to this reasoning on the extreme importance of the classics, misses the point which is really at issue. Nobody, or no rational person, denies the importance of the classics. But the question to be considered is not whether any other study shall displace the classics, but whether the classics shall displace, more or less completely, every other study. Yet it is constantly argued, it is argued sometimes by the Commissioners themselves, as though we had only to prove the excellence of these languages as a training for the mind, in order to prove also that they are more excellent than anything else which might possibly be adopted. Thus, from premises which are strictly limited, a general conclusion is attempted to be drawn. The premises would legitimately prove that the classics are entitled to be a principal subject; it is assumed at once that they ought to be the principal subject in our course of education. This conclusion, however, we cannot admit, unless it can also be shown that no other subject would be of equal value.

The Commissioners, no doubt, propose to escape the pressure of this difficulty by including a very considerable range of study in the regular course at school, thus keeping the classics pre-eminent, but not to the exclusion of other things. They also think that when a boy reaches a certain place in the school, he might drop some of his classical work, "in order to devote more time to mathematics, modern languages, or natural science." We quote Recommendations ix. and x., indicating by small capitals the extraordinary range of study which they believe it possible to combine with efficient teaching of Greek and Latin:—

"In addition to the study of the classics and to RELIGIOUS TEACHING, every boy who passes through the school should receive instruction in ARITHMETIC and MATHEMATICS, in ONE MODERN LANGUAGE at least, which should be either French or German; in some ONE BRANCH at least of NATURAL SCIENCE, and in either DRAW-

ING or MUSIC. Care should also be taken to insure that the boys have a good general knowledge of GEOGRAPHY and of ANCIENT HISTORY, some acquaintance with MODERN HISTORY, and a command of PURE GRAMMATICAL ENGLISH.

"The ordinary arithmetical and mathematical course should include ARITHMETIC so taught as to make every boy thoroughly familiar with it, and the ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, ALGEBRA, and PLANE TRIGONOMETRY. In the case of the more advanced students it is desirable that the course should comprise also AN INTRODUCTION TO APPLIED MATHEMATICS, and especially to THE ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS."*

On reading these paragraphs, we become impressed with the conviction that the Commissioners by no means appreciate the serious obstacle which would be offered to so extended a course by limitation of time. A great deal might undoubtedly be done by improved methods of instruction, as we shall have occasion to point out, but this would involve fundamental and radical changes, of which the framers of the Report apparently do not even dream. All these things are, no doubt, exceedingly useful; and we should be glad to see them introduced (except, perhaps, the higher branches of mathematics, which might well be left to a later age), if it could be effected without increasing the strain upon the working powers of the boys. This, we fear, would be very difficult, if it were still necessary for every boy to make classics his chief occupation; and any addition to the hours of work we should regard as disastrous. Our conviction is, that the pressure is already far too great upon those who honestly fulfil the required tasks.† We are perfectly aware that most boys contrive, by sufficiently simple means, to avoid being inconveniently over-loaded. But what we complain of is, that the burden falls with so dangerous a weight upon those who are either too ambitious or too conscientious to take refuge in complacent shirking. We cannot forget a conversation with the physician of one of our largest public schools, who was constantly attending on the boys, and had every opportunity of observing their physical condition. He informed us that, towards the end of the school-term when the examination was held, those who worked hard generally fell rather below par in regard to strength, from the severity of their exertions. And speaking, as we do with all confidence, from personal experience, we do not hesitate to assert that, at the school in question, a boy of average talents who was desirous of

* General Report, vol. i. p. 53.

† To the remarks in this paragraph, Eton, the great stronghold of idleness and ignorance against the busy tendencies of the age, may possibly constitute an exception.

* Sidney Smith's *Works*: Essay on "Too much Latin and Greek."

attaining a high position in his form, could scarcely fail to work far more than was likely to be at all compatible with the preservation of vigorous health. The following evidence of Dr. Acland is to a similar effect: "I must say, as a physician, that being my main business now, that I really view with alarm the way in which boys are pressed now. . . . I am afraid it remains to be seen fifty years hence what the effect of this system on the *physique* of the country will be."* We should be the last to oppose the introduction of additional *subjects* in the school curriculum; but we have thought it right to allude to the dangers of introducing additional *work*, because, at the age of schoolboys, it would be a still more serious evil to cramp the development of the body than to neglect the development of the mind.

Supposing, nevertheless, that the practical difficulties of maintaining the sovereignty of the classics can be overcome, is it sufficiently proved that there is reason for exalting a single department of human knowledge at the expense—as it always must be more or less—of all the others? Upon this point the arguments of the Commissioners are so able and so eloquent that we should be doing them a great injustice if we did not submit them at full length to the consideration of our readers:—

"We believe that for the instruction of boys, especially when collected in a large school, it is material that there should be some one principal branch of study, invested with a recognised, and, if possible, a traditional importance, to which the principal weight should be assigned, and the largest share of time and attention given.

"We believe that this is necessary in order to concentrate attention, to stimulate industry, to supply to the whole school a common ground of literary interest, and a common path of promotion.

"The study of the classical languages and literature at present occupies this position in all the great English schools. It has, as we have already observed, the advantage of long possession,—an advantage so great that we should certainly hesitate to advise dethronement of it, even if we were prepared to recommend a successor.

"It is not, however, without reason that the foremost place has, in fact, been assigned to this study. Grammar is the logic of common speech, and there are few educated men who are not sensible of the advantages they gained as boys from the steady practice of composition and translation, and from their introduction to etymology. The study of literature is the study, not indeed of the physical, but of the intellectual and moral world we live in, and of the thoughts, lives, and characters of those men whose writings or whose memories succeeding generations have thought it worth while to preserve. We are equally convinced that the best materials available to Eng-

lishmen for these studies are furnished by the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. From the regular structure of these languages, from their logical accuracy of expression, from the comparative ease with which their etymology is traced and reduced to general laws, from their severe canons of taste and style, from the very fact that they are 'dead,' and have been handed down to us directly from the periods of their highest perfection, comparatively untouched by the inevitable process of degeneration and decay, they are, beyond all doubt, the finest and most serviceable models we have for the study of language. As literature, they supply the most graceful and some of the noblest poetry, the finest eloquence, the deepest philosophy, the wisest historical writing; and these excellences are such as to be appreciated keenly, though inadequately, by young minds, and to leave, as in fact they do, a lasting impression. Besides this, it is at least a reasonable opinion that this literature has had a powerful effect in moulding and animating the statesmanship and political life of England. Nor is it to be forgotten that the whole civilisation of modern Europe is really built upon the foundations laid two thousand years ago by two highly civilized nations on the shores of the Mediterranean; that their languages supply the key to our modern tongues; their poetry, history, philosophy, and law, to the poetry and history, the philosophy and jurisprudence of modern times; that this key can seldom be acquired except in youth, and that the possession of it, as daily experience proves, and as those who have it not will most readily acknowledge, is very far from being merely a literary advantage."*

These observations are very striking, and in the main very just. They might possibly be accepted as quite conclusive, if Society consisted of a single sex. But as it does not, we cannot refrain from putting a question which in general appears to be, by some singular oversight, entirely unthought of, namely, why the subjects which are considered so indispensable in the education of men, are silently eschewed in the education of women. The advantages of studying the ancient languages which the Commissioners so power-

* Vol. i. p. 28.—In an elaborate footnote, the Commissioners cite, among other authorities, the following sentence from Goethe's works:—"Möge das Studium der griechischen und römischen Literatur immerfort die Basis der höhern Bildung bleiben." They observe that "Goethe's strongly expressed opinion is peculiarly valuable on account of the large range of his literary knowledge, and of his ardent attachment to natural science." Certainly; but we may be permitted to refer, on the other side, to the case of Shakspeare, who is said by Ben Jonson to have had "small Latin and less Greek." Moreover, it ought to be known that in Germany this study, being usually demitted on leaving school, really does constitute "*die Basis der höhern Bildung*;" whereas here it is, as Sydney Smith says, "a foundation so far above ground that there is absolutely no room to put anything upon it."

fully state, if valid as reasons for teaching them to men, are of at least equal, if not greater force as reasons for teaching them to women. Knowledge of grammar, logical accuracy, severe canons of taste and style, powers of reasoning and reflection; these are the qualities which classical studies are peculiarly fitted to impart, and which could hardly fail to be of the greatest value in correcting the tendency to hasty and inaccurate thinking commonly supposed to exist in the female mind more strongly than in the male. It may be quite true that there are some very plausible people whose notions of the education of women are of a purely mercantile character, and upon whom, therefore, the preceding argument would make no impression. Marriage they regard as the supreme end of female training; and they would therefore aim at making their daughters eligible rather than excellent; at increasing their market value rather than their intrinsic worth. To such persons we would suggest that even their contemptible ideal would perhaps be more perfectly attained by giving a good education than by giving a bad one. Rational husbands, it may fairly be presumed, will not be contented with mere managers of households and producers of children; they will be at least as anxious for literary sympathy in their wives as in their male acquaintances. If, then, it be desirable that a "common ground of literary interest" should be supplied to boys at school, and to men among each other, is it not fully as important that this common ground should be extended also to men and women?

While, however, there is every reason to desire that the progress of affairs may bring us to this happy consummation, most people would readily perceive the folly of rendering the study of the classics obligatory on every girl, and insisting that it should constitute the major portion of her work from ten to twenty. They would not only allow, but maintain, that however excellent Greek and Latin might be intrinsically, it could by no means be considered as established that nothing else could compete with them as a training for the female mind. Moreover, it would probably be admitted in the case of women, that a study which was admirably adapted to one, might nevertheless be altogether unsuited to another. And we are at a loss to discover any tolerable reason for refusing to extend the same argument (if it be a just one) to the case of men. Attention might be concentrated, and industry stimulated just as well by scientific as by literary subjects, provided only the competition in the scientific classes were sufficiently active. Nor does it seem to be at all essential that there

should be a "common ground of literary interest, and a common path of promotion." It is almost ridiculous to talk of literary interest in Homer or Demosthenes, Virgil or Cicero, as existing among boys, for wherever it does exist, it is only among the more studious, who might feel it equally well without the aid of the great majority who feel it not. And if a "common path of promotion" be taken to mean a path in which promotion can only be obtained by the same means, it is difficult to conceive anything more palpably unfair. It is notorious that a subject which to one boy may be interesting and easy, may be to another difficult and repulsive. One may accomplish in half an hour what will occupy another fully an hour. Thus, though it might be impossible in a public school to hit upon a system which should be absolutely just, it might surely be altogether possible to devise something rather less unjust than this plan of giving a preponderating weight to a single study.

It is not a little remarkable that the Commissioners avow, among the grounds of their opinion, that they are not prepared "to recommend a successor." We are sorry that they should give the slightest countenance, even unwittingly, to the popular notion that he who combats a prevailing error is bound immediately to "propose a substitute," to be worshipped in its stead. It is on this ground that the labours of earnest men are often childishly depreciated as purely negative. What do they give us, it is asked, in exchange for that which they take away? As if, forsooth, the destruction of falsehood was not in itself one of the greatest of benefits!

Let it be honestly acknowledged that there are cases where substitutes cannot be found. There are quack medicines, the pretensions of which cannot be rivalled by the resources of science. The believer in some "Morrison's Pill" for the cure of every imaginable disease may fly into a rage, if he will, with the physician who points out its impotence. He may say that all his family, for generations, have put their trust in Morrison, and pitifully complain that his most sacred feelings are outraged by the cold scepticism which maintains that Morrison is not infallible. He may urge, in eloquent terms, the wisdom and the beauty of having in a family some one principal medicine, "invested with a recognised, and if possible a traditional importance." Lastly, he may imperiously demand that unless the doctor is prepared to recommend a successor that will cure all diseases, he shall at least leave him his faith in Morrison's Pill, which at any rate professes to do so.

Such is the language, by no means exag-

gerated, of believers in various kinds of Morrison's Pills. Let us not, however, be misled by the specious sound of arguments such as these. Let us rather struggle, as our *first* duty, to shake off the errors that have gathered around us, trusting that if we have courage to do that, truth will body itself forth even as it is needed for us. Let us have faith (and it requires a very deep faith) to pull down as well to build up. "Life centres deathless underneath decay;" we need not doubt that the natural, the heavenly, the true, will arise in due course upon the shattered ruins of the conventional, the worldly, and the false; the worship of the one God following the destruction of the altars of Baal; Christian churches standing upon the site of heathen temples; and the distracted clamour of sectarian Christendom yielding, one may humbly hope, to the more melodious tones of a purer worship.

What, in this particular instance, may be the exact shape which improvement ought to take, or what precise measures ought to be adopted to effect it, we can no more than the Commissioners, undertake to say. But in doubting the propriety of the exclusively classical system now in vogue, we take our stand upon one broad principle, which appears to be pretty generally overlooked in modern education, namely, that different minds are differently constituted, and require therefore to be differently treated. To educate, *educere*, means, as we believe, to *draw out* the latent powers, not merely to cumber them by loading them with Latin grammar or Greek verbs. We see in public schools a great deal of this kind of loading, very little indeed of drawing out. The quantity and quality of the educational food is considered everything; the condition of the digestive organs nothing.

The following remarks, which we have dug up from the pages of an obscure writer, are not unworthy of attention:—"It may be beyond our power," he says, "to give the best education, in its true sense—that is, the education most suited to his mind—to every child. But surely we may lay aside some of our false notions, and discard some of our present practices. We need not assume any longer that what is best for one is best for all, nor impose the usual studies upon minds obviously intended for something else. Much progress has already been made in this direction. New branches have been opened for those who were not inclined to travel for ever by the main line. Yet far more remains to be done. *The true object of education remains to be acknowledged.*" This object he afterwards states to be "the highest possible development of the intellectual, mental, and

moral capabilities." And though this applies in the full sense rather to the whole of life than to any one period of it, we heartily concur with the writer in thinking that this supreme end should be the one towards which all teaching should earnestly and constantly lend its assistance.

Bearing these principles in view, we should endeavour, had we the power, to combine in our public schools two things, hitherto most unfortunately dissociated: the social advantages, which they offer now; and the advantage of good instruction, which they do not. Side by side with the older studies we would introduce natural science, and allow a given quantity of work in one department to be counted as equivalent to the same quantity in the other. Which of the two, or even three courses that might be open to him, he pursued, should be left as much as possible to the boy himself, subject, of course, to the advice of his parents and his tutor. The machinery of such a change already exists in embryo in the Natural Philosophy School at Rugby,* and we cannot think it would be impossible to introduce it in other places. We are far, however, from intending to assert that the scheme we have recommended is precisely the one which would be found the best in its practical working. We offer it merely as a suggestion, tending to show the nature of the steps which in our opinion ought to be taken. It is undoubtedly quite possible that the objections to introducing two separate courses of study in a public school might be so overwhelming as to render it more advisable to adhere to the existing subjects. In that case we should have to content ourselves with introducing a more effective method of teaching Greek and Latin, in order that time might be found during the remaining years for other things.

Should it be found that the adoption of these or any other measures tended to prejudice in any appreciable degree the study of the ancient writers, such a result would be regretted by none more sincerely than by ourselves. While, however, it is perfectly possible that as a purely *superficial* study they would be less general, we cannot think that as a *real* study they would be seriously affected. The majority of those who read them at schools and universities do so much more to learn the language than to understand the author; indeed, their attention is in general so completely absorbed by the mere words employed, that they think very little of the thoughts expressed. Such men—and it must always be remembered that they are the rule, not the exception—might pos-

sibly make themselves much better acquainted with classical literature if they were not obliged to spend their time in mastering the mere outward form in which it happens to be clothed. Doubtless, those who desire to obtain a *thorough* understanding of the authors they read, will study also, under the present or any other system, the language in which they wrote. But it is surely possible, for all ordinary purposes, to read books and to understand them, without knowing their original language. An obvious instance presents itself in the case of the Old Testament. It might have been supposed that if there was one language above all others which everybody should learn, that language was Hebrew. Yet it is never pretended that a very fair appreciation of the meaning of Old Testament writers may not be acquired by means of the English version. And, accordingly, the study of the original tongue, however important, is left to those who for some special purpose desire to undertake it. Nor is the general ignorance of Hebrew found in practice to be either so dangerous or so inconvenient as might have been expected, orthodox persons being able, with the utmost confidence, to accuse Colenso of mistakes in a language of which they do not pretend to know a single letter.

Undoubtedly, there is another argument in favour of classical education, which remains untouched by everything we have urged respecting the inutility of the little acquaintance with the ancient tongues that is now imparted to the great majority. We observe, pervading the minds of the defenders of our established system, a common feeling which, when driven to express itself distinctly, assumes pretty nearly the following form. Education, they contend, should be based on literature, not on science. General cultivation, rather than special knowledge, should be the result at which it aims. Its object is simply "to train the mind." This being the case, the public schools cannot condescend to the low and vulgar notion of teaching anything that might possibly be "useful." Nor can they attempt to communicate mere "information," such things being beneath their dignity. Now, if by this reasoning it is intended to assert that, among the other merits of public schools, they teach very little that is useful in after life, and communicate very little information, we should admit, with the utmost readiness, that in these important achievements they have attained a success which their most sanguine friends could hardly have expected. If, however, we are desired to infer from this gratifying fact that they are successful also in that which is justly regarded as the end of education, the training of the

mind, to such a demand upon our credulity or our indulgence, we should strongly demur. The very thing in which the education of the upper classes most lamentably and completely fails, is precisely this important item of training minds. Very ignorant men can hardly be expected to have well-trained or cultivated minds. Take, for example, the following case, and judge what is the value of a mental training which is embodied in results of this description.

"If a youth, after four or five years spent at school, quits it at nineteen, unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum or stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world and to its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, *with an uncultivated mind, and no taste for reading or observation*, his intellectual education must certainly be accounted a failure, though there may be no fault to find with his principles, character, or manners. We by no means intend to represent this as a type of the ordinary product of English public-school education, but, *speaking both from the evidence we have received, and from opportunities of observation open to all, we must say that it is a type much more common than it ought to be*, making ample allowance for the difficulties before referred to; and that the proportion of failures is therefore unduly large."

It would require, perhaps, but a slight softening of the harsher features of this very vivid picture, to render it a fair representation of "the ordinary product of English public-school education." Even if this assumption be unwarranted, it is easy to perceive that the Commissioners are not speaking, in the above paragraph, of an exceptional instance. And it is simply ridiculous to pretend that accusations of this very specific and circumstantial nature can be answered by the vague assertion that our public schools are intended only to "train the mind."

Underneath this fallacious reasoning there lies nevertheless an important truth. The instincts of those who argue thus have led them to discern, though in a confused and distorted way, a real merit in the English system. They have found it possible, as, by taxing our imaginative powers we ourselves have done, to conceive a system that would certainly be worse. Whatever mistakes have been committed, one mistake at least, perhaps the most serious of all, has been consistently avoided, that, namely, of making education minister to the ends of a vulgar and material utility. English education, bad as it is, has not yet

fallen so low as that. It aims, if in its blind and blundering course it can be said to aim at all, at cultivating the mind; not merely at supplying weapons for the mercenary conflicts of professional life. The intention is so entirely right, that we may fairly be asked to pardon many defects in the manner of its execution. None the less does it become us to point out the errors into which an unqualified and almost dogged aversion to every practical standard has conducted the national mind. For it does not follow that instruction, in order to be mentally useful, must of necessity be practically useless. It does not follow that because education ought to be impractical, therefore it should include nothing that can by hook or by crook be made available in the business of later life. On the contrary, we believe that the really best, most complete, most catholic training will also prove the most widely and permanently useful.

Considered in this light, the instruction given at the schools in question is especially defective. In its desire of being literary rather than scientific, it almost entirely ignores some of the most valuable branches of human knowledge. "Rugby School is the only one," we are told, "in which Physical Science is a regular part of the curriculum." The others, or at least some of them, give opportunities of learning it to those who will do so voluntarily, and at extra hours, but they do not teach it. Now, this is a state of things which argues an extraordinary backwardness in making use of the great discoveries which are in a peculiar degree the glory and the treasure of our age. Professor Owen, in his interesting evidence, asks only for a single hour in every week for the purpose of scientific teaching; and as the Commissioners fully recognise the importance of this species of culture, we trust that so modest a demand will not long continue to be refused, even if more than this cannot be granted.

It is, we think, a very unfavourable symptom of the effects of a mainly classical education, that so many of those who have undergone it, including some excellent scholars, completely fail to recognise the immense value of the Physical Sciences as a training for the mind. If they do not actively oppose their introduction among the boys, they at any rate assume a position of passive resistance which is nearly as bad. They seem to consider it incumbent upon them to do nothing. Where they take measures of any kind, they nevertheless put science on a footing of such marked inferiority, that it is evident how very lightly they esteem its claims in comparison with those of their own studies. Now, if there is one question rather than another upon which it might be sup-

posed that a well-trained mind would hesitate to pronounce a dogmatic judgment, it is that of the relative importance of various studies. He who has been able to look for a moment beyond the narrow walls that bound his own special reading—and no man should deem his education complete unless he has done so—can hardly fail to perceive that there lies in each department of human inquiry a value and an interest peculiarly its own. He will see, moreover, that none can boast itself independent of the rest. Feeling these truths, he will hesitate to declare that the things he does not know himself are less important than the things he does. His attitude towards other workers in the field of knowledge or of thought will be one of humility and respect, not of presumptuous self-assertion.

That any mere "system of education" should impart these qualities to commonplace men, it would be unreasonable to ask. But it might surely be expected that the more brilliant specimens produced by a method which loudly professes to "train the mind," shall exhibit a little of that humble spirit, that readiness to admit the merits of studies different from their own, to which we have referred. It is, therefore, with considerable surprise that we have found a scholar of Dr. Temple's eminence, from whom we should have looked for better things, maintaining the altogether indefensible doctrine that a classical man though ignorant of physical science can properly estimate its value; while a scientific man, if ignorant of classics, is not competent to estimate theirs.* What Dr. Temple may mean by his assertion, that natural science does not humanize, we find it hard to understand.† His tone, however, sufficiently proves that Greek and Latin, whether they humanize or not, are very inadequate, in themselves, as a training for the mind. A tendency to undervalue the intellectual pursuits of others is, generally speaking, a sign of ignorance with regard to their nature; it implies a narrowness of vision which a sound education should endeavour, as one of its leading objects, to mitigate, and if possible, to remove.

The fact is, that the study of ancient history and of ancient thought, is admirably adapted to strengthen and to cultivate one special class of intellectual faculties; those, namely, to which the Commissioners allude. Others, of fully as great importance, it leaves entirely untouched. There is a class of sympathies, and a class of powers, which predominate in scientific men, and are perhaps more especially called forth by scientific in-

* Rugby Evidence, 1037-1040, vol. iv. p. 271.

† Vol. ii. p. 311.

struction. It is scarcely necessary to mention the faculty of *observation*, or the infinitely wider range of thought which is acquired by its exercise. There is another quality of still higher value which appears to us—though we say it with hesitation—to be called out in a more marked manner by scientific than by classical pursuits. We mean *the love of truth*. This may very possibly arise from the intrinsic difference of the two studies. In the classics everything is fixed, immovable, unprogressive. There is nothing more to be done, except to discern more perfectly the meaning of what has been done already. But in science all this is exactly reversed. It is essentially progressive. If from antiquity we derive an impression of rest that can never be broken, from modern inquiries we derive an impression of motion that can never cease. The world of science is impelled in the strongest manner to be constantly active in revising its conclusions, in making fresh experiments, in establishing fresh generalizations. It can never sit down and say that its task is done.

"The language of the old world," says a recent writer, whose eloquent observations may help to illustrate our meaning, "speaking to us through its art, its poetry, its philosophy, is all the same: 'It is well to create the beautiful, to discover the true: to live out the good and noble. I have created beauty, discovered truth, lived out the good and noble.' The language of the new world, coming through the thousand tongues of our multi-form civilization, is one long cry of longing aspiration: 'Would that I could create the ineffable beauty!—would that I could discover the eternal and absolute truth!—would! oh would it were possible to live out the good, the noble and the holy!'"*

Assuming, however, as we are probably correct in doing, that education in England will retain for many years its present classical character, there is another question which remains to be considered, namely, whether the present methods of teaching classics ought also to be retained. Now, the system at present employed for imparting a knowledge of the ancient languages is founded on tradition, not on reason. It offends in various points against the simplest principles of common sense. And, while we fully admit the great difficulties to be encountered in subverting its mistakes, and thereby rousing to opposition the formidable feeling of peculiar veneration that attaches to irrational customs, we are yet sanguine enough to believe that it really

would be possible to communicate, in the course of ten years mainly occupied with learning Greek and Latin, a tolerable knowledge of those languages.

First and foremost among the obstacles that hinder the attainment of more satisfactory results, we place without hesitation the practice which prevails in English schools of compelling every single boy, no matter how complete his inaptitude, to compose verses in the dead languages; chiefly in Latin, but in the upper classes in Greek also. We will not undertake to prove to the satisfaction of our readers that this practice is supremely ridiculous. We are fairly entitled to assume that it is so unless the strongest reasons can be urged in its favour. What would be thought of any foreigner who should attempt to teach English by requiring his pupils to manufacture a certain number of lines per week, that might, when done particularly well, bear some distant resemblance in mere sound and structure to *Childe Harold*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, or ring upon the ear like a ghastly echo of *Locksley Hall*? No very elaborate argument would be considered necessary here to show that this teacher was not acting precisely in the wisest manner. What, then, can be the overwhelming advantages by which a custom, apparently so injudicious, is vindicated from the charge of being nothing more than a time-honoured absurdity?

The question is one of some importance; we regret that we are not aware of anything that can properly be called an answer. Reasons of course may be given for this practice, as excuses may be made for every conceivable species of human folly. Let a man only be determined to persist in some insane proceeding, and he will not lack a justification of his conduct. But the apologies for this particular mania certainly do strike us as utterly ludicrous. Head-masters, and persons of that description, when questioned on the subject, will probably say that they "attach great importance" to versification. Why they attach it we do not know, and we have often wished to discover whether they knew themselves. No doubt it may be said that a certain number of words are learned in this manner, that an interesting exercise is provided for the mind, that the habit of composition is acquired, etc. All this may be very true; but is there no better way of spending the many hours devoted to versification? Could not the languages be learned equally well, or better, without the expenditure of so much time on an absolutely useless accomplishment? For it deserves to be borne in mind that the only result of all this labour, except in a very few remarkable individuals, is to enable young men to turn out, by a purely mechanical pro-

* *Broken Lights*, by Frances Power Cobbe, p. 131.—See the same notion expanded by the author in *The Cities of the Past*, pp. 154-157.

cess, wretched imitations of Virgil or Horace, or any other poet who may have written in the required metre. "A pupil," says Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, "after years of profitless toil, may acquire the mechanical power of wedging together geometric blocks of deal into the form of an hexameter. But the time and trouble wasted on the acquisition of this mechanical dexterity, might have carried him over a broad field of reading in the classics, or a wide range of scientific study, or through the leading authors of some modern literature."*

What, then, we ask despairingly, *can* be the reason for keeping up the practice of versification? If it be desired to teach the ancient languages, it would have been difficult to devise a worse or a slower method of attaining that end. If it be desired to impart the power of writing verses, the object itself is palpably absurd. We have called the process purely mechanical, and such it is. A certain number of feet are given; it is required that those feet may be filled up with words. The way in which this is done is perfectly familiar to all who have tried it. Most nouns are provided with a certain suite of appropriate adjectives; more or fewer according to their dignity. From these (which revolve like satellites around their sun) is selected the one that happens to fit the line, and then the noun and its attendant epithet are ushered in, preceded and followed by a certain number of the other parts of speech which are found to scan. An effort is made to arrange the words with some reference to sense, and the general result is supposed to be a verse. And the book which provides the artificer with the proper epithets—a very essential part of the machinery—is actually called a "*GRADUS AD PARNASSUM*," a name which, if it were not too sadly serious, might certainly deserve some credit for its profound and bitter irony. Parnassus, we take it, will not be reached by any number of "*Gradus*" of this description.

Those who believe that, because the practice of verse-making exists, and has existed some time, it must be right, will doubtless tell us that although very little is learned by it, the minds of the boys are usefully exercised by the conversion of bad English prose into still worse Latin verses. And if the object of the masters be to occupy a great many hours with the smallest possible result, we grant that they have hit upon an admirable expedient for that purpose. Should it be found that after attending to all really important subjects, there remained any con-

siderable reserve of unoccupied time upon the boys' hands, which could not conveniently be spent in play, it might possibly be desirable to fill up the vacancy by making verses. No great harm, perhaps, would be effected by this contrivance. But while, as our readers have seen, the power of writing our own language is nowise cultivated at our public schools; while the literature of England remains to be recognised, as Lord Russell has suggested that it should be, in the school course; while it is complained that there is a want of time for natural science; so long we must emphatically and earnestly protest against the elaborate frivolity of verse-composition. We mean no censure upon those by whom that frivolity is maintained, and who regard it as so sacred that our language must appear to them very shockingly profane. We sincerely regret it if, in attacking their idol, we give them pain. But the idolatry is, in our eyes, a deeply pernicious waste of time. Believing this, we cannot consent to approach it under any flimsy pretext of mock reverence, or to veil in courteous phraseology the melancholy conviction that the fame even of such authors as Bland and Oxenham is not destined to endure for ever.

Scarcely less irrational than making verses are various other features in the mechanism of our school teaching. What, for instance, can be more monstrous than a Greek grammar written in Latin? Are *εἶπετο* and *ἴστημι* too simple in themselves, or do the rules of the Greek Syntax make more impression by being put in a less intelligible form? And if we turn to the Latin grammar, with its grotesque jargon, its "*Propria quæ Maribus*," and its "*As in Præsenti*," the case is scarcely better. Altogether, the object would seem to have been originally to render the study of the classics as painful, as laborious, as slow as possible; and now, when there is more to learn, and less time for unfruitful labour, the means adopted in an age even less enlightened than our own are religiously conserved. It is, we think, a reproach to this country, certainly it is a national misfortune, that we should regard with an apathy that can scarcely ever be roused to anything but a sneer, the fearful amount of unnecessary and irksome work which is imposed upon our boys. A little discussion, a little anxiety to obtain information from others, a little more community of feeling among teachers, a little earnestness in the public, might effect great things. But meanwhile, the English nation isolates itself in this respect from every other, and the English schoolmaster isolates himself even from his colleagues. In Germany, there prevails a better spirit. Much, we believe, might be learned from German schools, and

* *Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster*, by D'Arcy W. Thompson, p. 25.

especially, it might be possible to obtain from them a lesson on the manner of overcoming the dry and tedious character of our classical instruction. In that country, it appears that the more formal parts of the ancient languages are mastered first, from twelve to fourteen; after which it is found possible to read classical works with intelligence and interest.* Here, it must be confessed, that the meaning of the author is too often lost under the painful attention given to the words they employ. The notion of appreciating or enjoying their writings can hardly be said to exist at our public schools. It is one sad round of dreary and unchanging drudgery.

While, however, the remedies for these things are by no means recondite, we have little hope of their being adopted, so long as it is thought in England that any one who has received a University education may, without an atom of special preparation, assume the office of master in a public school. With reference to the children of the poor, it is at length admitted that some sort of previous training is requisite for a teacher. But with the children of rich parents, we are not so careful. Anything, it seems, is good enough for them. Is it wonderful if uninstructed instructors do not succeed? Is it wonderful if when any stray clergyman may take up teaching as a convenient prelude to clerical duties, the progress of his pupils is not brilliant? Small blame to him, if it is far otherwise.

The art of teaching does not come by instinct. True, there may be some who are by nature formed and fitted for the task of imparting knowledge, but even these can scarcely hope to dispense with the technical rules which are ratified by the experience of others. Much less can it be expected that men who have no special inclination for the work shall be able to hit at once upon the speediest or soundest method of fulfilling their duties. It is not to be supposed that an art of so complex and delicate an order

can be mastered in any way except by practice. But this practice should begin under the eye of a superior, who might correct the mistakes and point out the deficiencies of the would-be pedagogue. Obvious unfitness would thus be rendered apparent, and those who are not unfit would gain the inestimable advantage of being already familiar with the ground to be trodden before they are left to tread it unguided and alone. We cannot but believe that the masters of our public schools would themselves be glad to receive such preliminary tuition. They are drawn, as it is right they should be, from the most intelligent and cultivated class to be found in the community, and it cannot be doubted that they would readily avail themselves of the superior judgment of their seniors in the same profession. At present they are left to acquire experience at the expense of their pupils. It is an arrangement that inflicts injustice upon both. But perhaps the masters are the greatest sufferers, for they lose the gratification of success, and they are in some danger of losing also the confidence of the public. The persevering and patient efforts of many among them are worthy at least of the respectful affection of their pupils, but even this reward it is too seldom in their power to obtain.

Limitation of space compels us to touch with the utmost brevity upon a topic of considerable magnitude; we allude to what is commonly spoken of as "religious instruction." This is so characteristic a feature in English education, that we cannot conclude these very fragmentary remarks without a word upon the subject, more especially as the Commissioners treat it in a highly unsatisfactory manner. "Religious instruction!" The term strikes us as an exceedingly strange one. Religion, we should have thought, can scarcely be a subject of instruction; at least if it can, we feel sure that the way to teach it has not been discovered by our public schools. If indeed religion be a mere series of cold mathematical or logical propositions, if it be expressed in distinct formularies addressed to the intellect alone, if it be found in

"catechisms or creeds that oft
Men's lips repeat, while their hearts feel them
not,"

then perhaps it may be taught. But if it be something altogether different from these, something far better than any of these, then we fear that those who so lightly undertake to teach it, have shown themselves unable to comprehend its nature. What *they* teach is

* Our informant, himself holding a position in a German school, writes to us as follows:—"Jetzt gilt als Norm, dass wenn der Unterricht in Latein und Griechisch langweilig ist, es eben ein schlechter Unterricht oder ein schlechter Lehrer sein muss." If he afterwards admits that in the first years of classical lessons (from twelve to fourteen), there is much which is tiresome, he is able to say of the later period (from fourteen to eighteen): "Jetzt kann der Lehrer die Klassiker mit seinen Schülern eher so lesen, dass sie einen Genuss davon haben; man liest von jedem Schriftsteller viel mehr (ich glaube z. B. den ganzen Homer), man erfreut sich an seinem Inhalt, wird in dessen Geist, in den bildenden Geist des Alterthums überhaupt mehr eingeweiht, wozu man neuerdings auch viel mehr historische, antiquarische, sprachvergleichende, etc. Hilfsmittel in Bewegung setzt." Painful contrast!

not religion, but merely doctrines. We will not attempt to explain the difference to those who have never felt it.

A gleam of light is thrown upon the subject unwittingly by a letter of Mr. Johnson's, one of the Eton Masters; and a gentleman on the whole of very liberal opinions. After recommending chemistry and other branches of science, he observes that he would add geology, but that "experience has convinced him that the theory of geology cannot be received by mere boys without a violent disturbance of their religious belief."* Yes! but what sort of religious belief can that be which is violently disturbed by scientific facts? Mr. Johnson perhaps has not analysed his own meaning; we will do it for him. His statement means—we do not say he means himself—that "mere boys," unaccustomed to the sophistical ingenuity of "reconciliations" and "interprétations," will be likely to accept plain words in a plain sense. This being so, they will not be altogether prepared to perceive the propriety of the very far from plain sense in which their masters take them. They will be staggered by those "terms" which an ingenious critic—too ingenious for them to follow—"may twist four thousand years afterwards into a curious conformity with discoveries in astronomy or geology, the property of his own generation." They will not yield at once to the persuasions of those Christian teachers of whom it has been admirably said, that "By a system of forced interpretation, of violent criticism, or vague ambiguous paraphrase, they can get rid of the plainest declarations, and make the New Testament itself say this, that, or nothing."† They will be too young to feel the charms of that soft and yielding theology which has room for all men within its ample folds, but requires as a first step in the initiation to its mysteries, the sacrifice of their own sincerity. They will be too old to receive with implicit submission the make-shifts of a wavering belief, which requires geology to enable it to understand the Bible, and watches in tremulous anxiety for the latest intelligence from the scientific world.

Let those who dread a premature acquaintance with modern discoveries cast a glance upon the past. The battle which geology is fighting now against a well-meant but mistaken timidity has been fought and won already by its elder sister, astronomy. The Copernican system was once replete with the

very dangers which, in the present century, are supposed to be lurking in the crust of the earth. Objections as weighty as any that can now be urged against imparting to "mere boys" the disclosures made by organic remains, might then have been considered valid against explaining to them the relative positions of the sun and the planets. In the face of these considerations, it is unreasonable to doubt that the struggle of our own day will prove, as its prototype has done, beneficial alike to Science and Religion; since, by impressing upon them that each is supreme within its proper sphere, but powerless in that of the other, it will place both upon a wider and a surer basis.

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- ART. V.—1. *Eastern Europe and Western Asia.* By H. A. TILLEY. London: Longmans, 1864.
 2. *L'Empire des Tsars, au point actuel de la Science.* Par M. J. SCHNITZLER. Paris, 1862.
 3. *Russland unter Alexander II. Nicolaiewitsch.* Leipzig, 1860.
 4. *Geschichte Russlands und der Europäischen Politik, 1814–1831.* Vol. i. TH. VON BERNHARDI. Leipzig, 1863.
 5. *The Russians at Home.* By SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. W. H. Allen & Co.: London, 1861.

RUSSIA, said a French historian to an English friend, is a siren, with whom it is dangerous to parley. "Just look at Haxthausen's book; he starts as a very good German, but he becomes more Muscovite than Muscovy, before he gets to the end." If the remarkable man, who used these words, had ever thought of Russia, except as a subject for dithyrambic rhetoric, he would probably have reflected, that, to say of a country, that the more you examine it, the better your opinion of it is likely to be, is to pass upon it a very equivocal kind of censure. We place his remark, however, at the very commencement of this article, in order that the reader may not be unwarned, but may suspect us, if he finds anything more favourable to Russia than he anticipates, to have listened too long to the voice of the siren.

What are the elements which make up the ordinary ideas about Russia, now floating in English society? First, there is a general feeling of dislike, not unmingled with disgust, which may be traced up perhaps to the publication of Dr. Clarke's travels. That writer, who influences many who never read

* Vol. iii, pp. 159, 160.

† These excellent expressions are taken from *The Book and the Life*, by Charles John Vaughan, D.D. Pp. 16, 98. See especially the striking and candid observations at pp. 16, 17.

a line of his works, visited Russia during the reign of the Emperor Paul, and suffered like most who did so, from the caprices of that maniac. His descriptions have been criticised, but were probably in the main correct, and the state of society, which he found in Russia, was eminently detestable. The impression which his book left upon the mind of Western Europe was heightened by the bitter diatribes of M. de Custine, and even those who would have been willing to look, with a friendly eye, upon the Russian people and their advancing civilisation, have been revolted by the impudent pretensions of their Government to give law to Europe, and by that long succession of presumptuous follies which, commencing with 1814, only came to an end when the heart-strings of the Emperor Nicholas cracked in the agony of defeat and humiliation. The bloody repression of two Polish insurrections, the long grim tyranny of Nicholas, and the fact that the events of even the present reign come to us coloured, as has been well said, either by the views of Germans who fear, or of Poles who hate Russia, have combined to make the task of any one, who asks the liberal party in England to look upon the empire of the Czars as it really is, very far indeed from an easy one.

Alexander the First during the earlier years of his reign seemed inclined to give his attention to the internal affairs of his empire. Too soon, however, he was dragged into the whirlpool of the revolutionary wars, and ere long the utter failure of Napoleon's mad attempt put him in a position to dictate to the Continent. He caught, too, beyond his own frontiers, that strange malady of religious enthusiasm which broke out all over Europe, when the subject nations began first to hope for an opportunity of shaking off the domination of France. Opposition to the Revolution estranged the pupil of Laharpe from the doctrines of his master. The influence of Madame de Krüdener made the eldest son of the Holy Eastern Church a mystic according to the Western manner. After the peace, he still cherished hopes of making Warsaw a centre, whence a modified liberalism might be conducted, at the good pleasure of the Czar, from one city of Russia to another; but the difficulties he met with from a people, which then as now cared much more for national freedom than for forms of government, of however liberal a character, gradually altered the views of Alexander about Poland, while he became engaged ever more and more deeply in the Congress politics, of which Metternich was the moving spirit. Before he died he was little more than the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Russia, while the legitimate functions of the Autocrat were

discharged, and discharged detestably, by his all-powerful favourite Araktchéieff. We have said that Alexander was gradually led into this unfortunate policy; indeed, nothing would be more mistaken than to suppose that even the signature of the Holy Alliance was coincident with his reaching any very advanced point on the political "Descensus Averni." So much nonsense has been talked of late about the Holy Alliance, in connexion with the Carlsbad and Kissingen interviews of this summer, that we shall not do wrong to remind our readers what that agreement really was.

The document called the Holy Alliance was originally sketched at Paris, in the French language, by Alexander's own hand, after a long and animated conversation with Madame de Krüdener and Bergasse. It was suggested, perhaps, by some words spoken by the king of Prussia after the battle of Bautzen, but was chiefly the result of the influence, upon a mind always inclined to religious ideas, of the conversation of Madame de Krüdener and of the philosopher Bader, the admirer of Tauler, Jacob Boehm, and St. Martin, the deadly foe of Kant and his successors in Germany,—a man who may be called, in a certain sense, the father of the Tractarian movement, and who used to speak of the Reformation as a *deformation*, just as Richard Froude did at Oxford some twenty years afterwards.

The Czar dreamt of founding a Communion of states, bound together by the first principles of Christianity. He hoped to see the Turk driven out of Europe, and he had not much more affection for the Pope than for the Turk. The King of Prussia signed the paper from motives of friendship for the Czar, without attaching much importance to what he did, to the vexation of Madame de Krüdener, to whom, of course, his carelessness appeared a sort of profanation. The Emperor of Austria, the least sentimental of mankind, at first declined to sign. Because, he said, if the secret is a political one, I must tell it to Metternich; if it is a religious one, I must tell it to my confessor. Metternich accordingly was told, and observed scornfully, "*C'est du verbiage.*" Indeed no one of the princes who adhered to the Holy Alliance, with the single exception of Alexander himself, ever took it seriously. It was doomed from its birth. As M. de Bernhardt observes: "It sank without leaving a trace in the stream of events, never became a reality, and never had the slightest real importance." What had real importance was the continuance of the good understanding between the powers who had put down Napoleon, and their common fear of France.

This good understanding and that common fear led to the treaty of the 20th November, 1815, by which it was stipulated that the Powers should, from time to time, hold Congresses, with a view to regulating the welfare of nations and the peace of Europe. It was these Congresses, and not the Holy Alliance, which kept up close relations between the rulers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and enabled them, when the liberal movement on the Continent, which followed the conclusion of the war, began to be alarming, to take measures for a combined system of repression.

Alexander the First, when he lay on his deathbed at Taganrog, had wandered far away from his mystic benevolence of ten years before. The danger of revolution had come much nearer, and although he did not know all before he closed his eyes, he knew enough to understand that the whole of his system, and even the lives of the imperial family, were in imminent danger. It is well, perhaps, for his reputation as a humane and well-meaning sovereign, that he did not return to encounter the rival conspiracies of the south and of the north—the republicanism of Pestel, or the constitutionalism of Ryléïeff.

His brother Nicholas, who succeeded him after a short, but most dangerous interval, was a man of narrow views, and brave rather from the force of will than from impulse. At the critical moment when the attempted revolution had to be encountered and put down, he behaved with great spirit, but his nerves were unquestionably shaken by what occurred. Long afterwards he said to an English diplomatist, who remarked to him, that only two thrones in Europe were secure, that of England and of Russia: "Speak of England, if you please, but I, you know, sit upon a volcano." When he came to examine into the state of the empire, he found nothing to reassure him. All was in disorder. He set to work, and from that time till his death, although his principles were false, and the objects which he set before him were impossible, it cannot be denied that he tried hard to improve the country over which he ruled. He had, however, inherited from Alexander the unfortunate legacy of the foreign policy, which had been inaugurated during the years which followed the Peace, and his own imperious temper, no less than his extreme fear lest the revolutionary spirit should cross his frontiers, led him to plunge deeper into the complications of Western Europe. He strove so successfully to show his hatred to liberalism, if not to counteract its efforts, that the name of Russia became detested by every intelligent man in Europe, and only the few

who were led by accident fully to examine the character of the man, and the nature of the circumstances in which he was placed, could ever think of Nicholas except as a demon reigning over one of the circles of the *Inferno*. Those who knew the truth could make more allowances, and could perfectly understand how it was that the type of all absolutism should have quizzed Lord Heytesbury about the fears with which the English Tories regarded the Reform Bill, and have assured that minister, that if he had been sovereign of England he would have found no difficulty in assenting to it.

The mistaken foreign policy of two reigns brought its own punishment. The conduct of Russia in the commencement of the Crimean dispute is intelligible enough, and it would not be impossible to justify some of the claims of the Czar. Certainly the war would never have occurred, if it had not been for the utter abhorrence with which Russia was regarded by all the liberal and progressive elements of Western society. The English Cabinet went to war for Turkey, but enlightened public opinion supported it, because it saw an opportunity of striking a heavy blow at the stolid power which lent itself to prop up every decaying throne and every worn-out authority from the Vistula to the Ocean.

The great struggle began, and although short, was decisive. It ended too soon, perhaps, for the glory of the English arms, but not before the object which the nation, as distinguished from the Government, had at heart, was thoroughly attained, for peace was followed by the utter break-down of the whole system of Nicholas at home and abroad.

With the death of the great oppressor, and the accession of a sovereign who was justly supposed to resemble rather his uncle than his father, a change came over the tone of society in St. Petersburg and Moscow. All tongues seemed to be loosed. The government was as freely criticised in many drawing-rooms as if it were not still omnipotent, and even to the press an altogether unwonted latitude was allowed. Numerous projects of reform, social, political, and industrial, were put forward and discussed. Out of all this fermentation there has hardly come, up to this time, a proportional amount of solid advantage, although it would be most unjust to deny that Russia is much better prepared for reforms of many kinds than she was ten years ago. One extremely important measure has indeed become law; we allude, of course, to the emancipation of the serfs. There is, we trust, every reason to believe that as this was a change without

which no real improvement in any direction was possible, so it will be only the first of a series of measures, which may reflect glory upon the reign of Alexander the Second, laying broad and deep the foundations of the true greatness and prosperity of Russia; and we hope indeed to show ere we conclude that many salutary innovations are tolerably far advanced.

Before we give some account of the emancipation of the serfs, it will be necessary to take care that our readers should have a clear notion of the condition of the Russian peasant before 1861. It is quite a mistake to suppose that all Russian peasants were serfs up to that year. Several large exceptional classes must be deducted from the mass of the peasantry, before we come to those who were actually serfs.

First, there were the small proprietors, or *odnodvortzi*, a word which signifies possessors of a single house or court. M. N. Tourguénef, who wrote in 1847, calculates their numbers at 1,400,000. They were not to be distinguished from the other peasants, either by their dress or manner of life, but they retained the recollection of the days when they had been in the position of the *schliachta*, or "*petite noblesse*" of Poland, about which we have lately heard so much; and these recollections, combined with their personal freedom, before the law, to keep up their self-respect, although they were too often treated by their wealthier neighbours, and by the agents of Government, as if they were actually serfs.

Secondly, the Cossacks, a numerous body, or rather aggregation of bodies scattered through different parts of the empire, enjoying peculiar privileges, subject to peculiar hardships, and forming the nucleus round which cluster many of the most incredible stories which are told about Russia.

When Napoleon said that in fifty years Europe would be either Cossack or republican, he made a false prophecy in the most unlucky language possible. "Free as a Cossack" is a common proverb in Russia. The truth of the matter is, that the first Cossack communities were composed of bands of heterogeneous adventurers, who, at first little better than brigands, were at length allowed to establish themselves on the frontier of the empire, with a view to protect it against the Tartars and other barbarous tribes. In return for a nominal allegiance, and for their warlike service, they were permitted to rule themselves after their own fashion. The most celebrated of the Cossack associations is that of the Don. Dr. Clarke visited it before the changes which were introduced into its organization by Alexander the First, and

he gives a very curious and far from unpleasing picture of Cossack manners and mode of life, contrasting them very favourably with those of the inhabitants of Great Russia. They are now chiefly known as largely contributing to the light troops of the empire, and making themselves extremely useful in keeping up communication, cutting off stragglers, and so forth. For actual fighting they are not well adapted. Small, rough-looking men, on small, rough-looking horses, they swarmed in Poland during the recent insurrection, and no doubt had their fair share in the atrocities that were so freely committed on both sides. At the same time, we believe that M. Tourguénef is supported by the testimony of all entitled to judge, in saying that the Cossack is not naturally cruel. Probably it may be very truly said of him, as was said by one who was laughing over the alarming stories about the Croats, which were circulated in Germany during the Hungarian War, and into which reminiscences of the days of Tilly and Pappenheim very largely entered: "Ah! the modern Croat is much improved, he prefers plunder to murder."

Thirdly, the free labourers, a class which was called into existence during the reign of Alexander the First. They were calculated by M. Tourguénef at only about 70,000, because the endless formalities with which the transformation of serfs into peasants of this class was attended, had prevented the benevolent design of the Emperor being carried out as fully as he had expected.

Fourthly, the foreign colonists, numbering about 84,000, and dispersed over very distant regions. Full and interesting accounts are given of some of these by Haxthausen, more especially of the Mennonite settlers in the south of European Russia.

Fifthly, the enormous class of the Crown peasants, who, although very much harassed by the employés, were really free "*comme on l'est en Russie*," as M. Tourguénef observes, who, inhabiting the domains of the Crown, were, in addition to the capitation-tax, only bound to pay a small sum, of the nature of rent, in return for their share of the communal lands. It has been often said that these peasants were worse off than the serfs themselves, because they were oppressed by the inferior agents of Government, and were without the protection of any seigneur. This is, however, a complete mistake, as is proved by the fact that the happiest serfs were always ready to make great sacrifices to pass into the hands of the Crown, and so to become Crown peasants.

Sixthly, the peasants of the appanages, consisting of the inhabitants of a large num-

ber of properties which were separated under Paul the First from the domains of the Crown, to be a special provision for the members of the imperial family.

Seventhly, the peasants of the *arendes*, a class which was created by Alexander the First, who put an end to the bad, old custom of giving away to private persons domains belonging to the Crown, with the peasants inhabiting them; thus reducing these peasants to the position of serfs; but instead of it, introduced the nearly equally bad custom of giving, to persons whom he desired to favour, leases of portions of the Crown lands called *arendes*. The lot of the peasants who were in this way let to private persons, was extremely wretched. The custom existed only in the Baltic provinces, and in those governments which formed part of ancient Poland.

Eighthly, peasants attached to the establishments of the Crown, employed in the Government mines, factories, and works, and sometimes even in those of private persons. They formed a large and often very ill-used class, calculated by M. Tourguénef at about 200,000.

Ninthly, the peasants attached to the administration of the posts, or *yamschiki*, also very hardly used, but not falling within the class of serfs.

The Government, by recent legislation, has facilitated the acquisition of a portion of land by each family of Crown and appanage peasants, so that in less than fifty years the whole of this immense mass of men will be turned into peasant proprietors, holding in fee-simple, except in so far as the rights of the commune may continue to exist.

At length we arrive at that large and interesting class which has recently passed from serfdom to liberty amidst the applause and thanksgiving of the whole civilized world. And before we go further, we should advise all those who take an interest in the question of serfdom, to make themselves acquainted with that portion of M. Nicolas Tourguénef's book, *La Russie et les Russes*, which deals with this subject. That excellent and very distinguished man was, in early life, attached as Russian Commissary to Stein during the advance of the armies of the Czar upon Paris. After the Peace he returned to his own country, and was the first, or almost the first, to press the importance of the serf question upon the Russian reformers of that period. He and his brother, along with some other much larger proprietors, presented a project of emancipation to Alexander the First. Fortunately for M. Tourguénef, he was travelling abroad when the attempted revolution of December 1825 broke out.

Summoned to return by the Government of Nicholas, he wisely refused, and Mr. Canning treated with silent contempt a proposal for his extradition from England. There can be no doubt that in the then temper of the Czar he would have been sent to Siberia or put to death, although there was not a tittle of evidence to connect him with any of the treasonable designs which were undoubtedly cherished by some of the persons with whom he was more or less connected. For many years he has lived in Paris, and was there at the time when he composed the book to which we are calling attention, and which, although seventeen years have elapsed since its publication, is still one of the best which we possess upon Russia. No living man has laboured so long and so steadily for the emancipation of the serfs, not only because he sympathized most deeply with a body of men whose excellent qualities he well knew, but because, half a century ago, he saw what few then perceived, that this great reform was a *sine quâ non* for all real progress in Russia.

The novels of his namesake and connexion, M. Ivan Tourguénef, are also most valuable, as giving a faithful picture of the working of serfdom, and some portions of Haxthausen compared with and to some extent corrected by, the appendix to M. Herzen's *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie*, ought to be read by any one who desires to have a fair notion of the state of the Russian serf up to 1861.

Every person in Russia who does not belong to the nobility, or the *bourgeoisie*, must necessarily belong to some *commune*. The *commune* of Russia is simply a slightly modified form of the village community which was one of the earliest institutions of the Indo-Germanic race, and is still the basis of society in Hindostan.

Modern jurisprudence, following the mature Roman law, looks, in the words of Mr. Maine, "upon co-ownership as an exceptional and momentary condition of the rights of property;" but in India, and we may add in Russia, this order of ideas is reversed. It is separate proprietorship that is exceptional, while co-ownership is normal. The word *mir*, by which the Russian describes his commune, is the same word which he uses when he wishes to speak of the Kosmos. Haxthausen says, and we think he is right, that it is untranslatable by any word in the Romance or Teutonic languages, and he gives a most curious list of proverbs which illustrate the idea of sanctity attached to it.

The commune or microcosm is, or rather should be, in theory, as regards the State, a single individual. The State has no right

to go beyond it. It is responsible for all its members, and its deliberations ought to be regarded by all external to it, as we in the West should regard the workings of a man's own mind. Each commune possesses a certain amount of land, and has the absolute power of parcelling out this land in equal portions to the individuals who compose it; the individual obtaining only the usufruct, while the property remains in the commune. The commune decides without appeal what portion of the taxes imposed by Government upon itself, is to be borne by each of its members, or rather, by the land whose usufruct belongs to each member. Every male dwelling in the commune has a right, as soon as he arrives at majority, to demand a portion of land, and then becomes entitled to a voice in the communal affairs, and is subject to pay his share of taxes. The elective head of the commune or *Starost* has great authority over every individual, but no authority over the commune itself. M. Herzen points out that M. Haxthausen makes a great mistake in saying that the authority of the Czar is reflected in the *Starost*. The truth is, that the *Starost* can only act despotically when he is supported by the public opinion of the commune. This local administration was, before the emancipation, and still is, in fresh observance. The power of the seigneur stopped with the commune. In the words of M. Herzen:—"Le seigneur peut réduire la terre concédée aux paysans; il peut choisir pour lui le meilleur sol; il peut agrandir ses bien-fonds, et, par là, le travail du paysan; il peut augmenter les impôts, mais il ne peut pas refuser aux paysans une portion de terre suffisante, et la terre, une fois appartenant à la commune, demeure complètement sous l'administration communale la même en principe que celle qui régit les terres libres; le seigneur ne se mêle jamais dans ses affaires."

An Englishman finds it very difficult to understand how such a degree of self-government was consistent with serfdom, but his surprise is diminished when he reflects that these communes were very much isolated, and had often but little communication even with the communes which formed part of their own group. The serf since the days of Peter the Great bowed low his head, in the words of M. Herzen, and allowed misfortune to pass over him. It is his absolute retirement, within the circle of the commune, from everything like political life, that accounts for his having kept many good qualities, which, if the whole weight of tyranny had pressed upon him, would have crushed all good out of his character.

How was it, however, that not only an absolute government, but the thousand petty lo-

cal tyrants respected the organization of the commune? The answer to this is, that there are some things which every government must respect, and on the few occasions on which the Russian Government was imprudent enough not to respect the communes,—as, for instance, in the affair of the military colonies under Alexander I.,—it was met by a resistance which, coming from one of the gentlest of races, seemed so preternaturally savage that it has for a long time taken good care to let well alone. The occasional encroachments of the *seigneurs* were checked by similar opposition, accompanied too often by great though not unprovoked cruelty.

The justice of the village tribunal is, it would appear, of a very rough-and-ready kind, and by no means dispenses with the argument from the stick, which is so frightfully common in Russia. Those who have witnessed a meeting of villagers to discuss their common affairs, give a curious account of the gradual process by which a conventional unanimity is arrived at, and it has been well pointed out how completely this Slavonic idea of a conventional unanimity broke down, when, transferred from the narrow circle of the commune, it was adapted in the Polish Diet, to great affairs.

Most persons will see in the communal institutions of Russia merely an interesting sample of arrested social development, and will look with interest for the slow and gradual breaking-up of the communes, and their replacement by individual ownership. M. Herzen is, or was in 1853, of a different opinion. He thinks, or thought, that Russia with her commune stands before an epoch in which the anti-communal civilisation of feudalism and the Roman law has come to a dead-lock, and he dreams or dreamt that the barbarians of the north, and our home barbarians, may find out that they have a "common enemy, the old feudal monarchical edifice, and a common hope, the social revolution." His friend, M. Ogareff, wrote his *Lettres à un Anglais*, published in 1862, chiefly to bring out and defend the Socialist side of Russian institutions. They are well worth studying.

The communal institutions of Russia are far older than its serfdom. They saw that evil institution begin as they have seen it end. Serfdom, properly so called, only began in Russia with the reign of the usurper Boris Godunoff, and with St. George's day of the year 1593. It was on that day that the peasants whose rights of moving from one master to another, had been for some time confined to that festival, became through enormous districts *adscripti glebæ*. Afterwards, however, and more especially in the reign of Peter the Great, things became much worse, but

it was Catherine the Second who completed the iniquity by introducing serfdom into the wide region called Little Russia, which did not form part of the empire of Boris Godunoff.

The agricultural serfs were divided into two great classes—those who were obliged to work for a certain length of time, generally three days in the week, for their masters, and those who were bound to pay an *obrok* or rent. This rent was almost always moderate, and the peasants who paid it were generally the happiest. This was particularly the case in the great central governments of Jaroslav and Vladimir, whose inhabitants wander all over Russia, exercising their various trades, and paying to their seigneur a small acknowledgment. A few *grands seigneurs* possessed serfs who were enormously wealthy. This was the case more especially with the great family of Cheremetieff. Of course, according to law, all the property of these wealthy serfs belonged to their masters, but a custom stronger than law prevented this right being often enforced, although there were exceptions, and sometimes very melancholy exceptions to this rule, for an account of some of which we may refer to *La Russie et les Russes*.

In addition to the agricultural serfs, there was a still more unhappy class who were really very nearly slaves, and who were called personal serfs or *dvorovyé*. M. Tourguénef says of them, "On les appelle en Russie *gens de cour* (*dvorovyé*), et pour ne pas donner aux courtisans la même denomination on a inventé pour eux une variante, en les appellant *gens près de la cour* (*pridvorovyé*).

The idea of emancipating the serfs was not a new one. The serfs of the Baltic provinces became freemen in name, if in name only, under Alexander the First; and Nicholas during the latter part of his reign bestowed much attention upon a project which was to apply to the whole of the rest of the country where servitude existed. It is said that the present Emperor was, when heir to the throne, by no means favourable to the project; and that the Grand Duke Constantine was its chief partisan in the imperial family, while Count Kisseleff, Count Bludoff who died this year in honourable poverty, after having exercised enormous power for many years, and General Bibikoff who had already introduced considerable improvements in the situation of the peasantry in Kieff, Volhynia, and Podolia, were its principal supporters in their immediate *entourage*. Prince Dolgoroukoff tells in the first number of his Review called *Le Véridique*, a curious story of the deathbed of Nicholas, and traces what Alexander the Second has done since, to the words of his father upon that occasion.

When the emancipation had been fairly determined upon, the nobles were requested to send in their views as to the way in which certain general principles, which the Emperor declared were to be the basis of his great reform, should be carried out. Forty-six provincial committees laboured for eighteen months to come to an agreement as to details, but without arriving at any result very satisfactory to the Government, which afterwards took the affairs into its own hands. Upon one point, and almost upon one only, were all parties agreed, and that was that no indemnity was to be paid to the proprietors for their personal rights over the serfs.

The state of feeling which prevailed during the transition period which intervened between the announcement of the intention of the Government, and the production of its plan, was well described to English readers in the pages of *Russia by a Recent Traveller*, a small but very remarkable book which was published at the office of the *Continental Review* in the year 1859. The situation was to the last degree uneasy, and might have become dangerous; the Government only obeyed the dictates of common sense in at last taking the affair into its own hands.

The landed proprietors, by the testimony of one who had perhaps a better right to express an opinion upon the subject than any other man, showed in the whole transaction all the defects and all the merits of the Russian character. While the method of emancipation was still uncertain, they were most unpractical and unsatisfactory in their suggestions. When it was once settled, they threw themselves heartily into it, and have tried honestly to carry it out.

The whole number of serfs, male and female, in the beginning of 1861, was about twenty-three millions, but of these considerably more than half a million may be left out of count, as the arrangements which applied to them were special, and not those of the general measure of enfranchisement. The 22,500,000 serfs to whom that measure applied were scattered for the most part over forty-six governments of European Russia. The excepted governments were Archangel, where there were hardly any serfs, the three Baltic provinces which, as we have seen, were under a different *régime*, and the district inhabited by the Cossacks of the Black Sea where serfdom never existed. In Siberia there were in all only 3700 serfs. Out of these 22,500,000, about 1,300,000 were *dvorovyé*, the rest were ordinary peasants.

The proclamation of enfranchisement was issued on the 3d of March 1861. By that proclamation all the serfs instantly acquired personal liberty and civil rights, but it re-

mained to regulate the relations between them and their former masters in respect to the land. For this a period of two years was allowed.

With a view to effect this purpose, the Government created a new body of officials, answering somewhat to our Justices of the Peace, and taken from amongst the gentry of the country. On them was thrown the duty of arbitrating, upon certain fixed principles, between the serfs and their former lords, and of seeing that the deeds of agreement between these parties were correctly drawn up. The clearest and most succinct account of what has been done which we can recommend to the ordinary reader, is the pamphlet published by M. Milutine last year in Paris, and which was originally read as a paper at a meeting of the French Politico-Economical Society in May 1863. M. Milutine has taken a very active part in devising and carrying out the Government scheme, and no man is better entitled to speak about it.

In May 1863, when he read his paper before the Economists of Paris, nearly all the necessary agreements had been drawn up. Out of 112,000 which had to be concluded, 110,098 were already finished, besides a number of agreements between the very small proprietors and their serfs. Authentic details had only been received with regard to 99,420 agreements. These 99,420 agreements represented an equal number of communes, with a male population of 8,762,956; out of that number, 48,023 agreements were drawn up in consequence of friendly agreement between the parties, and they applied to a male population of 3,617,079; 51,397 agreements, applying to a male population of 5,145,877, were drawn up by the proprietors, and received the sanction of certain provincial commissions created for the purpose, and were afterwards accepted by the serfs, although not so freely as those in the other class. There were three kinds of agreements: the first, of which there were 30,368, reserved for the proprietors provisionally the right of *corvées* or forced labour, giving however to the peasants the right of compounding for that forced labour by an annual payment; the second category, which consisted of 57,750, reserved only a rent and abolished all *corvées*; the third category, consisting of 11,302, abolished all land relations whatsoever between the serfs and their former lords, so that the former became, for a consideration, subject of course to the rights of the commune, absolute owners of the soil, or of some portion of the soil which they had formerly cultivated as serfs; or, in other words, arrived—except in so far as the

commune still remains—at that position to which it is the object of the Russian Government, by means of a complicated system of arrangement of advances made through the bank, eventually to raise the whole mass of the peasantry. It may be reckoned that already 15.5 per cent. of the Russian serfs have become proprietors, 50.8 pay the *obrok* or rent until they are able to acquire the fee-simple of their lands, and 33.7 remain provisionally subject to forced labour, which may however be commuted for rent.

The *dvorovyé* received their liberty on the same day as the others, but their obligations towards their masters were provisionally retained for two years. These obligations consisted either in household or farm service or in payment of a rent. Many of these serfs appear by a legal fiction to have had their names inscribed on the rolls of the rural communes, and many in this way have become entitled to a share in the lands allotted to the communes of serfs *adscripti glebæ*; others, however, were not so provided for, and in this way some think that a dangerous element of pauperism has been introduced. This does not, however, seem to be M. Milutine's opinion, and economists in the West of Europe will generally share his views. Russia, during the next generation, will be a battle-field in which the rival principles of individual property and Socialism will contend for the mastery. We shall be well content to see the experiment fairly tried.

Amongst other wholesome changes which may result from the enfranchisement of the serfs, we should give particular prominence to the great reinforcement which will accrue to the class of the resident gentry. Many persons who have hitherto neglected their estates, now find themselves obliged to go to look after them, and it seems probable that during the next five years necessity will cause the landed proprietors of Russia to learn how to make their diminished possessions more productive under a system of free labour than they ever were in the bad old times.

Many of the effects of serf-emancipation are, of course, extremely doubtful, and the ablest of those who have studied the question have probably in store for them not a few surprises. No one can say to what an extent the break-up of the old communal system may go, nor how far the love of wandering, which is characteristic of the half-nomade Russian, may ere long be carried. Then, again, is it certain that the peasant who has hitherto only communicated with the State through the commune and his lord, will very readily come to understand the allegiance which he now owes to the

law? Will the district tribunal receive the same cheerful obedience as the patriarchal assembly of the village? Will not the tendency be ever more and more to forsake the country and to crowd into towns, to exchange the allegiance to the commune for the ever-changing, elastic combinations of the trades' associations or *artels*? Will, again, the proprietors try to use their power in the provincial assemblies for the re-introduction of serfdom in some form or other? Time only can answer these and other questions; but one thing is certain, the abolition of serfdom is the corner-stone of all real reform in Russia. If that corner-stone is displaced, it is impossible to foresee the consequences, but our anticipations, if anything of the kind occurs, cannot be too gloomy.

In the spring of 1861 a large party was gathered together at the house of a well-known Russian in London to celebrate the emancipation of the serfs. It was a meeting of a kind not usual in our staid metropolis, for the whole of the exterior of the building in which it took place was illuminated, to the astonishment and confusion of the neighbourhood. The house would have been as gay within as it appeared to be without, if it had not been for intelligence which had reached London a few hours before, and had thrown a gloom over the festival.

It was the news of the first collision between the troops and the people at Warsaw. What the news of that tragedy was to the gathering in London, that the Polish insurrection has been to the reign of Alexander the Second. It has dimmed, nay, in the minds of many it has altogether blotted out the glory which had accrued from the emancipation. And yet nothing can be more utterly false than the statement which is often made by those who arrogate to themselves the title of friends of the Poles, that they "were driven to revolt by the bad government of the last two reigns." During the whole reign of Nicholas they were thoroughly cowed. Nay, with that utter absence of political tact which has characterized them at so many periods of their history, they did not even stir a finger during the Crimean War, obeying, as they now allege, the suggestions which they received from Paris, as if those suggestions would have been really sufficient to keep them quiet, if they had had an organization for purposes of revolt, such as they afterwards set on foot. What the Poles wanted, it cannot be too often repeated, was not better government, but national independence. National independence they had a perfectly good right to wish for, and to demand, if they thought they were strong enough to

obtain it, at the sword's point; but to say that they were driven by oppression to revolt, is simply to pervert history.

Alexander the First returned to his own dominions after the great Peace, full of the most generous intentions towards Poland. In early life, while his grandmother was still alive, he had knit the closest relations with Prince Adam Czartoryski, which began in a sort of stolen interview in the Taurida Gardens at St. Petersburg, and ended in a firm friendship. At one time, he even dreamt of re-annexing to Poland those western provinces of Russia, which she won back in 1772 from her old enemy and former oppressor, but the strong feeling which was excited by this proposal, and which found a mouthpiece in the historian Karamsine, soon induced him to dismiss from his mind his half-formed purpose. The liberal inclinations of Alexander never hardened, so to speak, into liberal principles; they were *well-étés*, as the French say, nothing more. He was ready to let everybody have the most perfect liberty, provided that that liberty was never used except just as he wished it. In Poland, as elsewhere, he was always halting between two opinions, and whilst with one arm he upheld the Polish constitution, with the other he upheld the authority of his half-madman, half-monster brother, Constantine. This *régime*, at once irritating to national pride, and stimulant of national hopes, gave rise to an extensive conspiracy, which was connected with that of Pestel, and would have broken out simultaneously with it, if a premature end had not been put to the designs of that enterprising man. After the failure of both the Russian conspiracies, the Poles determined to act alone, and broke into open revolution some years afterwards. As usual, they chose a most unlucky moment, and as usual they were utterly defeated. Nicholas, when once fairly their master, used his power without a thought of mercy, and every hope of Polish independence seemed, for a moment, to be for ever crushed, except in the hearts of those who had escaped over the frontier. Gradually, however, two tendencies began to manifest themselves amongst the Poles in Poland, for we leave the exiles, who were feeding on hope as usual, out of account. When Nicholas was dead, and it became possible to breathe freely, these two tendencies showed themselves more openly, and their representative men in the early years of the reign of Alexander the Second were the Marquis Wielopolski and Count André Zamoyski. The first of these, who had been the envoy of the insurrectionary government in England in 1831, was fully convinced that Poland had nothing to hope

from the Western Powers; that the time was come for her to resign all ideas of political independence, and to ask only for administrative independence. The other hoped, by improving the material prosperity of the country, gradually to make it strong enough to try another fall with its mighty neighbour. The views of these two men unequally divided the gentry of Poland; the former having very few, the latter very many partisans. Between 1831 and 1861, however, a new power had grown up. Something like a middle-class had been called into existence. This middle-class was composed of the so-called lesser nobility (an absurd term which we use for want of a better, although the persons who composed it were chiefly in the position of the humbler portion of the middle-class in England), of the Jews, and of the Catholic clergy. The men of enterprise in the middle class, from various motives, but above all from a very natural and laudable patriotic sentiment, were excessively anxious for national independence, and they kept up the closest relations possible with the democratic section of the emigration; while what we may call the aristocratic section of the emigration was in equally close connexion with the party of Count André Zamoyski. The rule of Alexander the Second in Poland at the beginning of his reign was milder than anything that had been known since the death of his uncle, and encouraged by the comparative mildness of his government, and hopeful of great convulsions in Russia as the result of stirring the serf question, both the Zamoyski party and the democratic party prayed and worked.

The former had for their chief organ the Agricultural Society. The latter gradually wove a great secret conspiracy extending over the whole of Poland, and connected by invisible threads with the democratic party in most continental countries. Presently demonstrations of a religious character took place. The Government, at once afraid of being inhuman, and afraid of allowing the movement to get too strong for it, wavered and took half-measures. Things got more and more alarming, and at last unarmed multitudes were attacked in the streets of Warsaw, and the first blood was shed. Then began the period of which M. de Montalembert gave an account to Europe in the eloquent and sentimental pages of *La Nation en deuil*. Every day through 1861 and 1862 the excitement in Poland grew more intense, and the determination of Russia to hold her own, more savage. It was perfectly clear that the breaking out of a deadly struggle was only a question of time. The beginning of the year 1863 saw the government of

Poland in the hands of the Marquis Wielopolski. Holding the views which he held, there was nothing which he so much dreaded as the outbreak of a revolution. Standing aloof from the great mass of his countrymen, and thinking the Zamoyski party and the democratic party equally unwise, he fondly hoped to be able to save his country in spite of them both. Haughty to an excess, he was restrained by neither affection nor pity from doing what appeared to him to be abstractly best. Clear-sighted and able, but destitute of political tact, he did not feel that it is impossible to save a nation against its will, and that his only proper course would have been to retire from a position where he could do no good, and to leave the sanguine Poles and the grimly-resolved Russians to the only arbitrament which they could accept.

He decided otherwise, and fancied that, by a stroke of state-craft, he would get out of his difficulties.

Since the close of the Crimean War there had been no conscription in Russia or in Poland, but a new one had been ordered for the beginning of 1863. Between the close of the Crimean War and the commencement of 1863, a new law had passed, by which the old system of conscription in Poland, under which the government had the power of taking any one it pleased, had been done away with, and a system like the French had been introduced. In order to carry this out, it would have been necessary to collect large bodies of men in the towns for the purpose of drawing lots, and Wielopolski saw clearly that if this was done, the revolution which he so much dreaded, as likely to prove absolutely fatal to the country, would immediately break out. He determined, therefore, deliberately to break the law, and to cause the conscription to be made after the old fashion, with a view to get into his power, and to draft off into the army the persons whom he thought most dangerous. His secret was badly kept, and his *coup-d'état* utterly failed, for many of those whom he most desired to seize escaped, and getting into the woods, began the insurrection. The broad outlines of the history of what followed are sufficiently familiar to all readers of newspapers. Through the whole of last year the hopes of the revolutionists were buoyed up by expectations of assistance from abroad, and more especially from France. When, however, Austria, which had connived at the export of arms and munitions of war across her frontier, changed her policy, and began to be as severe in her repression as the Russians themselves, all reasonable Poles saw that the game was up,—a conclusion to

which less interested observers had come some months before.

Now that all is over, we do not care to criticise the conduct either of our own Government or of any other, with regard to the Polish question; but we do wish to press upon all serious political students the importance of coming really to understand the difficulties of this question, so that when next the affairs of Poland come up for discussion, they may be able to give some advice which will be worth listening to upon the subject. They will be met at the outset with one great difficulty. There is no really good book about Poland, answering, for example, to Mr. Paget's work on Hungary. The late war has brought into existence several *livres de circonstance*, of which far the best is Mr. Bullock's interesting and well-written *Polish Experiences*, written from the insurgent point of view; with which may be compared Mr. O'Brien's book written in the interest of the victors. A paper in *Vacation Tourists* by the Cambridge Public Orator, two articles which appeared last autumn in the *Spectator* and the *National Review*, and a series which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, may also be mentioned. What we want, however, before we can form any very definite opinions about the future of Poland, is a book of a quite different kind: a book which shall sum up all the resources belonging to the one party and the other, which shall point out the difficulties in the way of Russia's assimilating Poland, the difficulties in the way of Poland's becoming reconciled to Russia, and after having gone minutely into all this, shall attempt to strike the balance and say, Whether any future Polish insurrection will or will not deserve the sympathies of the liberal party in Europe? Do those who struggle for Polish independence follow a reasonable instinct which will one day lead them to attain what they desire; or has the time come when they must submit for ever to that "inexorable necessity," the idea of which enraged the Emigration so much when that phrase was used last January with reference to the war which was then drawing to a close?

It is not only from sympathy for a brave and unhappy race, but because we are anxious to see Russia far greater than she is, that we long for some satisfactory arrangement of her Polish difficulty. When, however, we ask what is to be done? a load of despondency settles down upon us. The struggle which has just ceased, has left behind the embers of a conflagration more terrible than that which has lately blazed. Five years ago many enlightened Russians wished to give up the Kingdom. Few indeed would

venture to propose that now, for there flows between Warsaw and Moscow a stream of blood too wide and deep for messages of peace to cross. Another generation will, however, soon grow up which has forgotten the past. That is the only hope; but it is a faint one. The Russians, under the able guidance of M. Milutine, have lately introduced into the Kingdom a territorial arrangement as favourable to the peasants as unfavourable to the landed proprietors. Their intention has been to conciliate the sympathies of that class which was least concerned in the insurrection. Will they succeed? It is more than doubtful.

The peasants did not take a very active part in the national movement,—not because they liked the Russian Government,—not because they had any great dislike to the gentry, but because they had not sufficient education to come within the spell of Polish nationality. Wealth, however, will bring education, and with education that spell will come. The year 1888 may find Russia face to face with an insurrection as much more formidable than that of 1863 as it was, *teste* Mouravieff, more formidable than that of 1831. We are quite ready, nay, only too anxious to be convinced that there is a happy future for Poland; but nothing that we have ever heard either from the partisans of the insurrection, or from the partisans of Russia, leads us to hope that either are strong enough to overcome the others, and so arrive at a state, so to speak, of stable equilibrium. Poland must remain, we fear, the Ireland of Russia, as much more perplexing than our Ireland as Russia is larger than Great Britain. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. Well will that Russian deserve of his country who can in any way rid her of this terrible embarrassment.

Of course, it is more than doubtful whether it is not a positive advantage to Western Europe that Russia, for some time to come, till she has transformed herself into a thoroughly civilized state, should have a joint in her armour through which she can always be attacked with deadly effect. Nay, looking only to the interests of the rest of continental Europe, it would probably be exceedingly desirable to have a small State bitterly hostile to Russia interposed between Germany and that country. The question is not, however, is this desirable, but is it possible? and if so, is it worth the sacrifices which Western Europe would have to make in order to obtain it? We are far from disposed to answer that last question by an absolute negative.

During the first debate which took place

last year in the House of Commons about Poland, there was, if we remember, only one person who alluded to the religious element in the insurrection. For once, that monomaniacal horror of the Jesuits, which makes him see the finger of Rome everywhere, led Mr. Newdegate not right, but in a right direction. It is quite true, that on that frontier land between two civilisations, Rome and Byzantium were fighting the old quarrel out. There were causes enough of a purely political kind to bring the war about, but the venerable feud of the "Filioque" was not without its influence. The pleasant lectures of Dr. Stanley, who always seizes so well the picturesque aspect of a subject, have done something to rouse our interest in those far-scattered and too much forgotten communities which, in the words of Mr. Neale, "extend from the icefields which grind against the walls of the Solovetsky Monastery to the burning jungles of Malabar;" but we suspect that, in spite of Dr. Stanley's vivid pictures, the reader must actually stand in the Kremlin and Troitza before he fully realizes what a mighty, although latent power, the Greek Church still is, and how great a part it may have to play in the drama of human history. Inert, abject, superstitious, full of abuses it undoubtedly is. It can hardly be said to have done anything for literature or for art, nothing at least that has become famous beyond its own frontier, and yet a form of religion which has supported its adherents under the successive deluges of misery which flowed over Russia during the middle ages, and in spite of the dull weight of wretchedness which has weighed on the Russian peasant almost up to the present hour, has made him so gentle, so enduring, so tolerant, must have some not inconsiderable merits. Its education of a thousand years must have something to do with that inexhaustible gentleness which, in the words of Schedo-Ferroti, is the base of his character: with "that incomparable sweetness of temper which causes his soul to reflect everything in a way different to that which we observe in the lower classes of other nations."

We have more than once asked lay and clerical members of the Russian Church, whether there was any book which could give us the same sort of glimpse into the influence of their communion upon the minds of its adherents, which Miss Sewell's novels do with regard to the Church of England at this moment, or the *Memoirs of Eugénie de Guérin* do with regard to the contemporary Church of France? We have never received a satisfactory answer, and do not believe that anything of the kind exists.

The art of the Russian Church is, as is well known, essentially conventional; but of late years it has become less purist than formerly, and some of the modern pictures are at least graceful. The exquisite music, a modification of the old Gregorian chant, has often been described, and can never be over-praised. It is amusing to observe, that controversies of which we know something nearer home, have agitated the Russian Church. Mr. Sutherland Edwards mentions that the Emperor Nicholas was anxious to introduce an organ into the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, but that the Metropolitan Philaret threatened to resign if this sacrilegious innovation was attempted. The story may or may not be true, but there is no doubt that the dislike of the Russian peasant to the "kist fu' o' whistles" would be quite as intense as anything to be found in Scotland.

The reforms necessary in the Russian Church are, alas! of a very rudimentary kind. Before any accommodation of its dogma to the existing state of human knowledge can be hoped for, the great mass of the clergy must be raised out of the state of abasement in which they now are. Some means of providing a decent subsistence for the secular clergy, who are obliged by the ecclesiastical law to marry, must be discovered. They must be better educated, and educated if possible, as Schedo-Ferroti proposes, along with those who are destined for other callings. At present the son of a priest usually enters an establishment in connexion with the theological seminary at eight years old, and until his education is finished associates only with persons who are destined to take orders. Further, they must be freed from the abject subservience in which they are held by their bishops who are taken from the regular or black clergy; and lastly, they must be taught that they have duties which are quite incompatible with their performing the functions of assistants of the police.

M. Golobensky, whom Haxthausen saw at the Troitza, is now dead. Such persons are of course quite exceptional, but it would be interesting to know how many priests there are in the whole of the Russian Church who have studied any of the more important works of theology or biblical criticism, which have been produced during the present century to the west of the Vistula. The theological seminary attached to the Troitza would be called in any country but Russia a truly wretched place, and although the educated society at Moscow speak highly of the learning and ability of its professors, we venture to doubt whether they apply to them a very high standard of excellence.

A reader would, we think, carry away too favourable an impression of the Russian Church if he were to trust only to the interesting sketch of Dr. Stanley, and perhaps if he were to take his ideas exclusively from the pages of *Russia by a Recent Traveller*, he might, on the other hand, rate its merits too low. The truth is that a very strong line must be drawn between the clergy of high rank and the ordinary priests. The former are much looked up to, and a high position is favourable to the development of their best qualities. The latter when not in the exercise of their sacred office are thoroughly despised, and the contempt with which they are regarded reacts upon their characters and lives.

It is sad to think that even if the mighty improvements to which we have alluded were carried out, the Russian priests would not be necessarily superior to some of those who are justly considered nuisances and obstructions in Western Europe; but bad as things are in some other countries there is in Russia a lower deep still, and as—

“Die Weltgeschichte geht unendlich lang,”

it may well be a hundred years before even these changes come to pass.

The question of the Dissidents is one of the gravest with which Russia has to deal. Stated in a sentence it is this: There are some nine millions of subjects of the Czar who are for most purposes beyond the pale of the law. The Government ignores their existence that it may not be forced to act up to its own detestable principles, and to prosecute them accordingly. Every act which these people can perform from birth to death is performed on sufferance or in secret. They have neither family nor right of inheritance; indeed, they can hardly be said to have any civil existence at all. Through the mazes of this difficult subject the Western reader is fortunate in possessing the guidance of the admirably informed and most sensible writer who masks himself under the *nom de plume* of Schedo-Ferroti.

It is constantly said in and out of Russia that great danger may one day arise to the empire from a rising among the Dissidents, and this is the reason why they are treated with so much harshness. Schedo-Ferroti, in a chapter, which is simply a demonstration, combats this idea. His reasoning is in a few words as follows: “There are two kinds of Dissidents, the ‘Bespopowzi,’ and the ‘Popowzi,’” that is to say the anti-hierarchical and the hierarchical: the first kind is divided into two classes, the *sectaries*, who have nothing in common with the Russian Church, and the *schismatics*, who have kept its creed

and traditions. This religious subdivision corresponds to a political subdivision, so that we have not two but three different ways of thinking with regard to the State as with regard to the Church. The wild sects who form the first subdivision, full of apocalyptic ideas, madder than those of Dr. Cumming himself, dream either of the imperishable empire of Ararat, or of the return of Peter III., or of Napoleon, or of Christ. Not one of them cares the least for the Russia of to-day, and they all with one accord look to the East. If China were inhabited by a great and warlike people, and some barbaric conqueror marched from it through Siberia, proclaiming that he had found the Christ in that country, or if not Christ, then some of the other expected ones, the result would no doubt be formidable enough, but this is out of the question, and there is not the very slightest chance of any of these people joining an enemy coming from the West. Except the Napoleon sect, they all existed in 1812, and none of them joined the French army, or dreamt of doing so. The schismatics, who admit the priesthood on principle, but as a matter of fact have no priests, have nothing in common except their hatred to the Church and Government of to-day, and their love for those of the long ago. Bring back Ivan the Terrible, and his Boyards and his priests, and these men might rally around him, but if no such miracle is worked, they are not to be feared. We come, then, to the nonconformists—the still hierarchical old believers—peaceable, laborious, well off; they disapprove of the Church as it is, and long for the times before Nikon; but they submit quietly to the State, are perfectly inoffensive, and conservative in their inclination. The position of the Dissidents in Russia is, we thus see, only so far dangerous as any frightful social injustice is dangerous. It retards her civilisation, it weakens her power; it must be speedily amended, but a rebellion amongst these oppressed people is not to be feared.

Of course, amongst the Russian laity, who travel so much, it is easy to meet with persons whose religious ideas are those which are common amongst the most educated classes in the West. The simplest and purest form of Christianity has no national colour, and belongs to a region far above the contentions of rival churches, but there is a kind of man in Russia rarely seen in the West, who, thoroughly and intensely attached to what he calls the Orthodox Church, yet holds its tenets as an educated man. The typical instance of this was the poet Chamaiakoff, now dead, whose pamphlets, published by Brockhaus, we cannot too strongly recommend to those curious in such matters.

So surely as an Englishman is introduced to a Russian priest of rank, he will hear some civil things about the possible future union of the two Churches. The name of William Palmer is familiar to many both in Scotland and England, and there now lies before us a pamphlet, called *Papers of the Russo-Greek Committee*, which show that the dreams which were once cherished by him still live both in England and America. Those persons who dream of effecting a union between the Anglican and orthodox communion little know the signs of the times. They remind one of Philip de Comines, who, as Arnold observes, wrote as if the idea had never crossed him, that the knell of the middle ages had sounded. On the eve of carrying farther the great and glorious work of the Reformation, we have something else to do than to coquette with the Eastern Church. And yet these men are doing an immense deal of good. They are multiplying the personal relations between England and Russia; they are increasing good-will and toleration by increasing knowledge, the mother of both. We wish to speak of them with the greatest respect, although we believe that their efforts will have no direct effect at all, till the day dawns for that general reconciliation of Christendom which lies away far down the centuries, in a time that we shall not know.

Politically, we are convinced that England and Russia have all to gain and nothing to lose by being better acquainted. M. Herzen, writing under the name of Iscander, asked, in 1858: "Is it not time to destroy the delusion of a rivalry, which has its foundation only in an ignorance of geography?" Where is it that our interests and those of Russia are likely to clash? Is it in Asia, is it in the Eastern Peninsula, or is it in Central Europe?

Sir Henry Rawlinson, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, remarked upon the apathy with regard to Russian aggrandizement in Asia which had succeeded to the panic of twenty-five years ago, and he pointed out that the frontiers of our empires are now much nearer to each other than they were then. To us it seems that the Governments of England and of Russia, if directed by wise counsels, ought to be not rivals but a support each to each in Asia. Neither of us can hurt the other seriously, except by exciting insurrections amongst our respective subjects, or stimulating the hostility of the tribes continuous to our borders. Such a policy must react against the power that uses it, for against both the cry of religion in danger, and the cry for independence, can be easily raised. If the statesmen of the two empires thoroughly understood each other, it could be nothing but a cause of rejoicing to us that

Khiva and Bokhara received laws from St. Petersburg, and the reaction against barbaric invasion which was begun by Demetrius of the Don, had reached at length the ancient capital of Timur.

Much has been said about its being the destiny of Russia to renovate our decrepit civilisation. Our civilisation is not decrepit, and her mission is a nobler one. It is to take revenge on the countries which sent forth the hordes that ravaged Europe, by forcing them to submit to the arms and to learn the arts of Frangistan. Writers like M. Michelet, who have listened too exclusively to the prejudices and the "history made to order," by Duchinski, and a certain school of Polish writers, think that the Muscovite, as they delight to call him, is incapable of civilizing Asia. We entirely disagree with them, and looking to what has actually been accomplished, we may say of this problem, *solvitur ambulando*.

There are many in this country who think that the importance of Constantinople has been exaggerated, and some who even go so far as to say that that great and ancient city is in our days less really important than a mushroom growth like Chicago. This last is, we think, a very questionable proposition, and we are sufficiently anxious not to see the Eastern Rome added to the gigantic Empire of Russia, to listen with satisfaction to any who tell us that Russia would not be prepared to make for its possession any very enormous sacrifices. Constantinople should, we think, become, when the Turkish Empire breaks up, a free city under the guarantee of all Europe. Haxthausen points out that the religious sentiment which draws the Russian people towards St. Sophia is one of the vaguest kind, and believes that if it were ever to lead to a successful attempt upon the Bosphorus, it would undo much of the work that has been accomplished since the accession of Peter the Great, and make Charkoff and Odessa, rather than St. Petersburg and Moscow, the centres of the Russian government. Doubtless, in case of any reconstruction of Turkey, Russia might with perfect justice insist upon obtaining considerable advantages; but we should trust that, before that event arrives, Western Europe may have come to so good an understanding, with respect to her own interests in the matter, and public opinion in Russia may have been led to take so reasonable a view of what her Government has a right to claim, that any renewal of the events of ten years ago may be quite impossible. We do not dream of a golden age, but the increasing amount of intelligence which is every year brought to bear upon public affairs can hardly permit nations to fight as fiercely for imagi-

nary interests, as they doubtless will continue to do, for real gains or to avenge wounded pride.

Are we then likely to be brought into collision with Russia, in order to prevent an invasion of central Europe by the "New Huns?" We confess that we think this to the last degree improbable. It may be presumptuous to disagree with a writer so profoundly acquainted with Russia and so able as Buddeus, whose remarks upon this subject in *Russlands Sociale Gegenwart* should most certainly be read; but we have been too much accustomed to the panic fear with regard to Russia, which prevails from time to time in Germany, to attach the same importance to his views upon this as upon other subjects. Germany is in some respects fifty, in some a hundred, years ahead of Russia, and if she has anything to fear from that country, it is entirely her own fault. If Germany becomes united, or anything like united, round a free Prussia, she may laugh at the bare idea of peril from Russia. If there were any danger of her falling, for any length of time, into the hands of such rulers as Bismark and his friends, no reasonable human being need care how soon the Cossacks are encamped in the Mark of Brandenburg.

We have not much respect for those Russians—a very numerous class, nevertheless—who still raise the Panslavist banner, and urge their Government to make reforms, chiefly that it may be more able to go to the rescue of oppressed Slavonians everywhere, on its way to the conquest of Europe. Those who have not learnt by this time that Russia is weak for aggression, must be very unapt scholars. In these days there are two conditions without which real power cannot exist. They are wealth and knowledge, and Russia is deplorably deficient in both. Before she has gained wealth and knowledge, all classes will have come to see that they can do something better than to ape Attila, and the strong barriers of a Scandinavian union, a German union, and a united Italy will have been formed across their path.

We fully believe that the result of Russia's entering into the sort of retirement into which she entered when Gortschakoff said, "*La Russie se recueille*," will be that she will come forth stronger but less inclined to aggression. The Russian is naturally peaceful; it is the German government that has made of the empire a great camp. Intensely true is the sentiment of that poem of Chamaïakoff's which is quoted by Haxthausen:

"Pas de frontières à ton empire. La fortune obéit à un signe de ta main. La monde t'appartient et plie en esclave devant ta majesté."

"La steppe s'épanouit en champs féconds, tes montagnes élèvent dans les airs leur tête boisée, et tes rivières ressemblent à l'océan. Oh mon pays, dépose ta fierté, n'écoute pas les flatteurs."

"Et quand tes rivières rouleraient des ondes comme l'océan, et quand tes montagnes ruisselleraient de rubis et d'émeraudes, et quand sept mers t'apporteraient leur tribut,—

"Et quand des peuples entiers baisseraient les yeux devant l'éclat de ta toute puissance, dépose ta fierté, n'écoute pas flatteurs."

"Rome a été plus puissante, les Mongols plus invincibles: Où est Rome, que sont devenues les Mongols?"

"Ta mission est plus haute, plus sainte, c'est le sacrifice et l'amour, c'est la foi et la fraternité."

Of course the Russian people has inclinations of conquest; what people has not? This very Chamaïakoff astonished a friend of ours by his minute knowledge about India, and the way in which his mind seemed dazzled by the possibilities of Russia's future there. Long, however, is the way from inclinations to acts. Let the Russian people once be the masters of their own destiny, and the seventh part of the land surface of the globe, with some moderate rectifications of frontier, will seem, we think, enough for them.

The chief question for us to ask is: Are reforms progressing which may destroy forever the artificial military organization? Of some we have already spoken, of a few others we must speak very briefly. Let it then be observed that the army has no longer, as it had under the reign of Nicholas, the precedence of all other services,—that one of the results of the Crimean War was to depress the German or Petersburg party, which is always thinking of Russia's position in Europe, and to exalt the national or Moscow party, which looks to improvement in Russia by means of local self-government, and which, full enough of Panslavic aspirations, adjourns the commencement of its Panslavic victories for a long time. Again, the organization of provincial assemblies of a constitutional kind, which is already far advanced, will tend to increase the interest in internal reforms; while the great judicial changes which are already carried, or about to be carried into execution, will entail others, and tend still further to occupy the national mind with its own affairs. The intense desire for increase in material prosperity, which burst out after the Crimean War in so many bubble speculations, has only been checked, not stopped, by the recent commercial crisis. Vast educational reforms have been rendered more necessary than ever by the emancipation which has created, so to speak, many

"LA LA RUSSIE."

"Le flatteur dit: Courage, sois fier, oh pays au front couronné, au glaive invincible, toi qui disposes de la moitié de l'univers."

millions of persons in Russia, where before these were only fractional parts of, or dependents on, persons. Lastly, let it be remembered that a profound self-distrust may be observed in the conversation of all Russians who know anything of Western Europe, and we think we have accumulated reasons enough to show that it will not be a trifle that will make Russia engage in an aggressive war, for many a day to come.

For the purpose of a defensive war she is of course enormously strong, and is becoming stronger. Nor will it do too much to reckon upon joints in her armour. Finland already possesses a sort of constitution of her own, and although there is a Swedish party, consisting chiefly of persons of Scandinavian blood, the mass of the people is by no means inclined to separate from Russia. It will be the fault of the Czar himself if he ever loses that province. If it is decently governed, it will become in time as dependable as Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland, which are about as likely to break their connection with Russia as the Shetlands are to break theirs with Scotland.

As to Circassia, we cannot do better than refer the reader to an article in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, on the Russian side of the question, as compared with one in the last *Quarterly*, which is vehemently hostile to Russia. Every humane person must regret the misfortunes of a gallant people, but for years it has been perfectly clear that the subjugation or expulsion of these brave barbarians was only a question of time.

The disorder of Russia's finances, as to which the reader should consult M. Wolowski's recent work, tells naturally more on her capacity for offence than for defence. It is much to be hoped that the disorder in her affairs may induce her, ere long, to revise her whole fiscal and commercial system. Fortunately the free trade party is growing rapidly, and we do not think that Russia will be the last country in Europe to abandon false economical views.

Our hopes of Russia becoming a good, instead of what it has long been, an evil force in the world, depend of course entirely on the non-resurrection of the system which prevailed up to the death of Nicholas, and the success of the wiser portion of the liberal party.

The liberals in Russia, as elsewhere, are divided into several sections. Of these we may count four:—1. The bureaucratic Liberals; 2. The Constitutionalists; 3. The moderate Republicans; 4. The Socialists. The first of these is headed by the Grand Duke Constantine. It is relatively strong in men of ability, and is the party which at this

moment has far more power than any other. Indeed it may be said just at present to govern Russia. The second has its centre at Moscow, and is strong in several of the provinces. The landed proprietors of Twer and of Toola more especially, have shown themselves strongly in favour of its views. The western reader is fortunate in possessing an excellent guide to these, in the works of Prince Dolgoroukoff. The traces of strong personal resentment break out continually in his writings, but the very fact that these occur so often, puts those who use them on their guard. In helping to complete the picture of Russia as it is, his books are most valuable, being full of matter which it is difficult to procure elsewhere, and they are characterised very often by sound sense and political knowledge.

A remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1863, brings out into strong relief the too unfamiliar fact that, although we are accustomed to associate Russia with ideas of an almost Asiatic despotism, parliamentary government has been, in former ages, by no means unknown on these wide eastern plains. Taking the courtly Karamsin and the more ultra-national Aksakof, with some other writers, chiefly Russian, for his principal guides, the author shows us how "the Slave worked out his earlier civilisation very much like the Germanic races;" how, as early as 997, we hear of a Veché or Wittenagemote at Kief; how, in 1219, the Veché of Novgorod the Great told their prince, "If you forget your oath, we will bow you out of the city." We follow the writer with interest as he points out how the great bells which summoned the citizens to deliberate on their common affairs, continued to sound, though becoming ever rarer all through the period of the Tartar domination, until, in 1510, the liberties of Pskof were overthrown by Basil IV. Within a generation after this commenced the period of those assemblies irregularly summoned, and varying from time to time in their character and powers, which may be called the Russian States-General. These reached almost to the accession of Peter the Great, with whom began the period of purely autocratic rule, broken, but hardly broken, by the short-lived Commission of 1767, called by Catherine II. to draft a new code, consisting of 565 deputies, and "a parliament all but in name." From that time to the death of Nicholas, little indeed was heard of representative government; but the reader should bear these facts in mind before he too rashly concludes that a government like that which Prince Dolgoroukoff desires is not suited for Russia. The third or moderate republican party desires to

see Russia divided into several great federative republics, and this is the programme which would be generally supported by the revolutionary party in the rest of Europe. This section is not very strong in point of numbers, but it is increasing. Its views are well represented in some documents quoted in the appendix to *Les Reformes en Russie*. The fourth or Socialist section is very strong amongst young men, much stronger than the preceding. Many of its adherents are, no doubt, persons of good intentions, but it comprises in its ranks a good many dangerous lunatics. A ridiculous and detestable document, proceeding from this section, may be read in *Le Vêridique*.

It is, we presume, with the Socialists that we ought to class a man who has been long well known in England, and has done very great services to his country, though, of course, we do not for a moment suspect him of having favoured any of the wilder views of the party, and although he is utterly disclaimed by its most advanced members. M. Herzen has long been the severest and the most dreaded censor of Russian misgovernment. Not only has he by publishing his memoirs given the Western world a most curious picture of the difficulties which beset the man who was bold enough to think for himself under the rule of Nicholas; not only has he printed the secret memoirs of Catherine II., and traced the development of revolutionary ideas in Russia; but he has by means of his newspaper, the *Kolokol* or Bell, kept up an unceasing warfare against all those proceedings, either on the part of the Government or of individual functionaries, which did not appear to him to be politic or just. It has been said that the Emperor himself was one of his readers during the earlier part of his reign; and there is no doubt that M. Herzen's newspaper was, in spite of rigorous prohibitions, very generally circulated in Russia. Since the commencement of the Polish insurrection, however, his popularity has much diminished. Before it broke out he was thought to be only a stern monitor of his country. Of late he has been too generally considered to be her enemy. The views of M. Herzen, which, as we have seen, are more or less deeply tinged with Socialism, have shared his unpopularity, and since his name has ceased to be one which it was dangerous to pronounce, and he has been freely quoted and criticised by the Russian press, he has lost that prestige which always attaches to what is forbidden and mysterious. He is in some sort the Mazzini of Russia, although differing in many and most essential particulars from that remarkable man. We do not think that the views which he advo-

cates, and which will be most readily gathered by the reader from his work, *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie*, are likely to prevail either in Russia or elsewhere, but his name should always be mentioned with respect. The *Lettres à un Anglais* of his friend M. Ogareff should also be consulted by those who desire to know the views of this most important fraction of the Russian emigration.

The anti-liberal party is by no means large, chiefly because the Czar has put himself at the head of reforms, and partly because an immense number of the landed proprietors who were no friends to the emancipation of the serfs, have since that event determined to try whether, in return for their loss of material advantages, they could not obtain greater political rights, and have in consequence joined the Constitutionalists.

No attempt to cast the horoscope of Russia will succeed, if we fail to remember that that great empire rests on a democratic basis. The middle class is altogether insignificant. We doubt whether there are half a million of people who could be with propriety included in it. The nobility is a body utterly different from our own, and just as different from that of Germany. Primogeniture is recognised neither by law, nor by custom, except in a very few families. The extraordinary wealth of certain great houses, and the recklessness which makes many Russians of moderate means appear very rich when they travel, because they are spending their capital, deceives the nations of "the old civilisation." We suspect that out of St. Petersburg and Moscow £2000 a year is a large fortune for Russia. The attainment of a very low *tehin* or rank in the government service gives personal nobility. The higher ranks give hereditary nobility, which before the emancipation carried with it the right of possessing serfs.

The so-called Russian nobility, in the widest sense of the term, consists, according to Buddeus, of more than two million persons, but of these not much more than 100,000 were owners of serfs, and even in this class an enormous number were extremely poor. Very many, again, of the members of old families have hardly any property at all. Of the 120 Prince Galitzins, for example, a large proportion are princes only in name. It is unlucky indeed that the word *Kniaz* cannot be translated by some word less hopelessly misleading to English ears.

The venality and incapacity of the *tehinovniks* or functionaries, all of whom above a certain class are, as we have seen, noble in virtue of their offices, does scant credit to their order, and is one of the greatest diffi-

culties in the way of the Empire. The organization of this powerful body, introduced by Peter the Great, but much modified since, has been often explained, and is found in all the common books about Russia. It was borrowed from countries whence it has long disappeared, and the sooner it is improved off the face of creation, the better. "Who is the devil?" said a Russian peasant's child to his father. "The chief of all the *tchinovniks*," was the ready reply. A considerable check to the unrighteous gains of this class has resulted from the abolition of the brandy farming.

Without entering the government service, nobility is not retained for more than three generations. Those who desire to inform themselves about the few families amongst the Russian nobility which have anything like historical illustration to boast off, will find a full account of them in a book by Prince Dolgoroukoff, which has been translated. They are, however, few and far between. "The only aristocrat in my dominions," said the Emperor Paul, "is he to whom I speak while I speak to him." It must be said to the credit of the Russian nobility that, while it reckons amongst its ranks the worst enemies, it contains also the warmest friends of liberty, and this is true of all its fractions. Almost a nation in point of numbers, it is divided into as many parties as divide the nation at large.

One of the first acts of Nicholas was to intrust to the eminent jurist, Speranski, the codification of the Russian law. A full and interesting account of the circumstances which led to this measure, and the manner in which it was carried out, will be found in Schnitzler's *Histoire intime de la Russie*, a book which deserves to be better known in England.* Although, however, Russia is more favourably situated than our own country in respect of the form of her law, her code must be completely re-modelled before she can be called by any enlightened man a

thoroughly civilized state. It has been well observed that it would be an immense boon, not only to England, but to mankind, if this country, which has incomparably the best system of law in the world, could only point to some series of volumes, not requiring the study of a life, from which that law could be learned. It sounds like a paradox, but we do not hesitate to say, that the codification of the English law would do more to advance good government in Russia and over the whole of the Continent, than any other measure that occurs to us.

The Russian press is still subjected to a severe censorship, but of late this has been exercised with so much tact as to make Europe imagine the expression of opinions hostile to the views of Government to be easier than it really is. In truth, a great deal of latitude is allowed, provided certain limits are not transgressed. For a history of Russian literature in recent times, in its bearing on politics, the reader should compare the work of the absolutist Cerebtzoff upon Civilization in Russia, with M. Herzen's book on the growth of Revolutionary Ideas, to which we have already alluded. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, whose *Russians at Home* is, for the Englishman who wants to read only one book on Russia, far the best we know, better even than Mr. Tilley's, gives much interesting information about Russian newspapers and reviews. M. Katkoff, editor of two very important periodicals at Moscow, is perhaps at this moment one of the most popular persons in the whole Empire. One of these is a newspaper, the *Moscow Gazette*, which has taken the lead in the anti-Polish and patriotic crusade of the last eighteen months. In its eyes the Grand Duke Constantine is what "Clemency Canning" was during the Indian Mutiny to the Calcutta Press. It has exalted Mouravieff into a national hero, and fostered the enthusiasm which reached its culminating point when his admirers presented him with a statue of the Archangel Michael! Before we too severely condemn this effervescence of patriotic savagery, let us reflect how we should feel if there was a serious insurrection in Ireland. Those of us who most fully admit that there has been, in times past, much atrocious injustice there, and that all is not even now as it should be, would, we fear, be hardly as humane as Cromwell, who at least offered his enemies the alternative of "Hell or Connaught." And the Irish, it should not be forgotten, have never invaded England, while the Poles perpetrated the most frightful cruelties in the very heart of Russia, only 252 years ago. Yet, in spite of all this, we think that ere long the conductors of the *Moscow Gazette* will feel that they went too

* This writer, whose Herodotean *naïveté* often makes his readers smile, knows probably more about the larger or Russian portion of Europe than any inhabitant of the smaller or historical portion of it, although in some departments of research M. de Bernhardi, M. Bodenstedt, and others, are doubtless superior to him. Up to this time France and Germany have done most to make us acquainted with Russia. We much want a good American work on that country, to bring out the analogies between it and the United States. Railways, that greatest material blessing of the future to the empire of the Czar, will no doubt give us this. Scotland, at least, has done her duty, as the names of Gordon of Auchlenchries, of his namesake who wrote the life of Peter the Great, of Wylie, of Bremner, and last, not least, of Murchison, sufficiently prove.

far, and will acknowledge that men like Wallowieff and Suvaroff, who did not quite wish to "eat up the Poles alive," were wiser than they. Nobler work lies before them, and we hope and think they will do it, although M. Herzen, in two remarkable articles in the *Kolokol*, prophesies evil things.

Another remarkable figure amongst Russian journalists is M. Aksakoff, who, since the death of his brother, has been the most conspicuous of the Slavophiles. The student of contemporary history may compare with great advantage the Oxford movement of 1833 with that of which he is the Coryphæus. As that was an attempt to fall back upon old English, so this was an attempt to fall back upon old Russian ideas. What William III. was to our Tractarians, that Peter the Great was to the Slavophiles. The liberalism which Dr. Newman hated so heartily was closely allied to those "Western ideas," which were the bugbears of his representatives in "Moscow the Holy." The beautiful description of that sacred city, which is quoted by Mr. Sutherland Edwards from the History of the Russian Church, by the brother of the terrible Dictator of Lithuania, is conceived in the very spirit of Faber's Sonnets about Oxford.

The oldest Russian University has only existed for about a century. In the 22d volume of the Statistical Journal will be found a paper upon the Russian Universities, which we recommend, not only because it contains a concise and intelligible account of those institutions, but because its tone represents extremely well the current views of the best class of young men in Russia. Its author, M. Kooloomzine, would certainly have been *inter primos* amongst his contemporary Oxonians. We learn from him that in 1856 the whole number of students at the Russian universities was over 4000; thus divided:—2634, sons of nobles and employés; 181, sons of priests; 316, sons of merchants; 797, sons of persons above the rank of serfs. "The freedom of speech of the professors in their lectures," says M. Kooloomzine, "and the perfect freedom of the students, causes their general spirit to be very high and liberal." It should be observed that this paper was written before the disturbances at the University of St. Petersburg, which attracted some attention in England, and which gave an opportunity to the reactionary clique to try to alarm the Emperor. Since those events, the Russian University system has been in confusion, but plans have been considered for its re-organization, and it is hoped that these, under the management of M. Golownin, the present Minister of Public Instruction, who is a man of ability and

liberal inclinations, will soon be in thorough working order.

The education of the higher classes in Russia is conducted to a great extent at home, a custom of which Nicholas naturally enough disapproved. Their proficiency in modern languages has often been remarked. This arises much more from the fact that they travel a great deal, and are accustomed from their earliest years to speak several languages, than from any peculiar aptitude. It is said, and probably with truth, that their attainments are somewhat superficial; but we are inclined to think that a Russian of good family at twenty-two will in general be more really educated, as well as more accomplished, than an Englishman who has gone through Eton and Oxford with no more than the usual knowledge of those who only aspire to take an ordinary degree. It is later in life that an Englishman, who has been an idle boy at school and an idle man at college, is forced by the pressure of competition, or by the duties that are thrown upon him, to become fit for something, while the young Russian, hampered by a vicious political system, too often sinks into a loungeur or a debauchee. It is English public and professional life which reflects light on our wretched English education.

The dark side to all this progress, and to all those inclinations towards improvement, does not reveal itself till we know how brilliant was the promise of the years from 1815 to 1826, and how terrible was the period which succeeded to that premature spring. Liberty has hardly yet struck roots in the Russian soil. Let but the Autocrat give the sign, and many of the wise words which we now hear will cease to be uttered. Luckily, humanity has a hostage in the interest of those in power, no less than in their goodwill. A return to the system of Nicholas means political ruin. It means a period of insolent triumph at home, and lowered influence abroad, followed by conspiracies, outbreaks, and revolution.

Buddens mentions that the Czar constantly repeats the words, "Better from above than from below." If so, he is, as Cavour once said to the writer of this paper, when speaking of Louis Napoleon, "*Un homme habile qui connaît son peuple et son temps.*" We hope everything for Russia; but our hopes are mingled with fears, which the reader who has accompanied us through the preceding pages, will hardly think unreasonable. What M. de Custine said is, we fear, still true: "Russia is the country in Europe where men are most unhappy." Before she reaches the point at which we in England have arrived—great as are the still uncured evils

of our society, she has many a difficult crisis to traverse. Will she ever succeed in reconciling Poland to her sway, or in cutting adrift and converting into a peaceful and friendly neighbour so much of that country as she cannot assimilate? Will she be able to substitute for her communal organization, so unfavourable to individual enterprise, a system like that of the West, without creating a mass of pauperism worse than that with which we are struggling; or, if not, will she succeed in a new experiment, and reconcile the commune with advanced agriculture and civilisation? Will the empire hold together under one central authority; or, if not, will its surface be covered by independent communities, which will keep the peace, and do no hurt each to the prosperity of each? Will the Russian Church shake off those unnumbered superstitions, and rise from that abasement which makes it, for all purposes of influencing human conduct, far inferior to Rome, although it has never committed itself to the worst Roman absurdities? Will, in short, the high and pure form of Christianity, which is held by the best minds in Germany and England, be substituted in any reasonable length of time for the delusions which now prevail? Will the universal venality of the functionaries be gradually amended? Will the army be reduced within reasonable limits, and military service cease to be a curse and a scourge to the population? Will justice and law be soon substituted for the arbitrary decisions of power? Will the Russian government, while asserting its fair claims as a European power, more especially in the Eastern peninsula, learn that its true field of fame is Northern and Central Asia? Will the experiments we are working out, teach Russian statesmen that nothing is gained by fostering branches of industry which have no real affinity for the country? Will a succession of wise and moderate rulers inaugurate and watch over the commencement of constitutional government; or will Russia have to win her liberties as others have won them, with blood and toil? Who can answer these questions; and yet, while they remain unanswered, how uncertain must be the future of this mighty empire, and of the political state-system of which it forms so important a part!

ART. VI.—*The Scotch Lawyer of the Seventeenth Century.*

THE Lord Justice-Clerk, in his valuable lecture on the Historical Study of Law, delivered in the Juridical Society last session,

directed attention to the state of the Bar in Scotland in the seventeenth century, and to the noble character and conduct of many of our Advocates, contrasting with the profligacy of the Government, and the degrading subserviency of the Judges, in that bad time between the Restoration and the Revolution.

"It is obvious," his Lordship said, "that some very great change must have taken place in the tone and spirit of the Scottish Bar since the time of Sir Robert Spotswood, and that its members were now animated by aspirations after professional independence and personal liberty, which were scarcely dreamt of in the previous generation. The intervening period had witnessed the birth and the extinction of a political freedom, the child of violence and wrong, naturally doomed to a brief existence. But the restoration of the monarchy, without any checks on the prerogative, while it had to all appearance recalled the despotism of James as it existed in the worst period of his reign, had yet been insufficient to destroy all recollection of those doctrines of constitutional liberty which had such a charm, not for the mass of the people only, but still more for the learned and the thoughtful; and it is not therefore surprising that a body of highly educated and able men, united by the ties of professional interest and personal friendship, should have been the first to show themselves in an attitude of firm and deliberate resistance to an act of tyranny and injustice. It is a most gratifying reflection that as the lawyers of Scotland, including both Advocates and Judges, have in every age been the authors of the best measures for the improvement of the law, so the Advocates of Scotland took the lead in asserting and vindicating the independence of their profession, in an age when the true relations between the Bench and the Bar, and their important bearing on the general interest and liberties of the community, were but imperfectly understood in other countries" (p. 37).

The special "act of tyranny" against which so many of the Scotch Advocates rebelled, was the "disbarring" of all lawyers who would not disavow the right of Appeal to Parliament against the decisions of the Court of Session. Fifty Advocates took up this quarrel, and, in 1674, left the emoluments of their profession, and seceded to Linlithgow as their *mons sacer*. They were the leading men of the profession; indeed, they left few behind them of name or reputation. Many of them have become illustrious, if that word may be used for a Scotch celebrity, and their names still ring in our ears to admonish us that a nation is never hopelessly sunk while its Advocates preserve their independence.

Of the training and education of those law worthies, we know chiefly the fruits. Some of them were accomplished, and even learned beyond their age and their "jealous" profes-

sion; and most of those whose legal labours are preserved, show a wider, a more philosophical scope, a more classical range of studies than we can hope to find in the barrister of our hurried, practical, somewhat commercial age. It would be of great interest for Scotch history to trace the education of those distinguished Advocates, and some of the families founded by them. The *noblesse de la robe* of Scotland must possess materials for such an inquiry. To one only we propose to devote some pages.

The Lord Justice-Clerk speaks justly of Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, as

"A remarkable example of consistency and independence, maintained in most trying times, and throughout a long life. He was the contemporary and personal friend of Lockhart, and was associated with him not only in the struggle of 1674, but in most of the great causes of their time. His voluminous mss. contain treasures of historical information, which have never yet been thoroughly explored. But the two printed volumes of collected decisions which are in every one's hands, abound in instructive and entertaining matter, containing, as the title-page of the book bears, not only the decisions of the Court of Session, but the transactions of the Privy-Council, of the Criminal Court, and Court of Exchequer, and interspersed with a variety of historical facts, and many curious anecdotes" (p. 40).

Having access to these mss. of old Fountainhall, and especially to one little square volume, now in Mr. David Laing's possession, which has hitherto escaped the notice of Lauder's biographers, we propose to lay before our readers such information as they afford, of the parentage, birth, and education of John Lauder, who became Sir John Lauder, second baronet of Fountainhall, and sat in the Courts of Session and Justiciary as Lord Fountainhall.

Lord Fountainhall's father, Sir John Lauder, the first baronet, was thrice married. By his first wife he had three children; by his second, sixteen—fourteen sons and two daughters; by the third, six, of whom four were sons. This patriarch wrote himself, "Merchant and burgess of Edinburgh," and had the honour of being one of the bailies of the city. His immediate forefathers were merchants also, but they were not indifferent to the feeling of territorial ancestry, and claimed to be the descendants and representatives of the old Lauders of Bass, and of the family who had once been hereditary bailies of Lauderdale. His wives were taken from his own class. The second, Isobel Ellis, was daughter of a merchant, burgess, and bailie of Edinburgh, and laird of Morton-Hall, who drew gentle blood, if not nobility, from ancestral Setons, Inglises, and Nisbets, as well

as from a Signor Ambrosio, secretary to Queen Mary of Lorraine, whose daughter, the Lady Beatrice, one of the Queen's maids of honour, was content to marry Adam Nisbet, "the King's merchant," ancestor of the Nisbets of Dean, Craigentenny, and Dirleton. Isobel Ellis's mother was an Edward, daughter of Nicol Edward, Dean of Guild, and grandchild to another Nicol Edward, who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1598—being, as Fountainhall himself notes, "of a most ancient descent within that burgh, and who built these great lodgings in the middle of Niddrie's Wynd, where I have seen the said Nicol Edward's name and arms on the lintell of a chimney, with the anagram on his name in French—*va d'un vol à Christ*—go with one flight to Christ." The merchant had thriven by his merchandise, and by purchase and marriage acquired three or four small landed properties, besides educating and providing for all that enormous progeny. John Lauder, the eldest son of the second family, and who was the eldest of his father's sons when the old patriarch died, was born on 2d August 1646.

On both sides he inherited strict Presbyterian principles, and was brought up after the strictest form of the sect, with a decided leaning to the Covenant. If there was a dash of spiritual pride in the young Puritan, and of contempt for the "blinded Papists," the half-and-half English Prelatists, for "our Bishops," it must be said, in his defence, that during one part of his life general toleration was a mere mask for Roman Catholic ascendancy; and let us add, to his honour, that he became more tolerant as he got older, while a fund of prudence and the education of a lawyer kept him out of vehement and useless demonstrations of feeling, and carried him in safety through the dangerous times of the last two Stuart kings, to reap his reward and due honours when the Revolution set all men's conscience free.

Nothing is known of Fountainhall's early life and home-education. We can only conjecture that he is that "Joannes Lauder" who, under the regency of a (former) James Pillans, took the degree of Master of Arts in the University of Edinburgh on 1st July 1664, he being then eighteen years old.

And here our uncertainty ceases. The remainder of his life is well known, and the period immediately following is minutely chronicled by himself with that amiable garrulity which adhered to him through life, and which makes even his collections of law decisions pleasant and amusing reading.

The most important and not the least agreeable part of the young Scotch lawyer's education of that day was the *Wanderjahr*, his season of foreign travel and study, and on

that expedition we propose to bear young Lauder company. What the young Scotch traveller observed abroad reflects light on what he had left at home. Whether he praises or blames, admires or dislikes, the objects of his remark are necessarily compared in his mind with his own country. It is on that account chiefly that the young man's anecdotes of travel are interesting to us. Lauder took horse at Edinburgh on 20th March 1665, and arrived in London, 4th April, where he stayed but five days to see the lions and to sell his horse (which fetched only £5), and then crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais. After a night of sea-sickness, "about six in the morning," he notes, "we landed in France, the land of graven images." From Calais, he and his companions joined the Messenger for Paris—who found them in horses, and defrayed their journey—one Pierre, "a sottish fellow, yet one who entertained us nobly." Among his travelling companions was "a son of, my Lord Arrey or Buoll" (Orrery or Boyle doubtless). The young Scot was not yet well up in modern English peerage, but he notes him as a very sharp boy. They rode by "several brave towns, as Boulogne, Montreuil, Abbeville, Beauvais,—chanced to lie a night at a pritty village called Birnay, where his chamber was contigue to a spacious pleasant wood that abounded with nightingales, who, with the melodiousness of their singing, did put sleep quite from him." They arrived in Paris on the 14th April, eight days after leaving London; and the whole expense of Lauder's journey from Edinburgh to Paris was £10 sterling. He had received from his father in gold, ten Caroluses (twenty-shilling pieces), and eight Jacobuses, fourteen-pound pieces (that is, pieces of fourteen pounds Scots), besides some "mōney," that is, silver, in crowns and half-crowns; and some of that coin was still in his purse when he presented his father's letter to Francis Kinloch, a Scotch merchant in Paris, the brother of Bailie Kinloch of Edinburgh. As he has copied the letter in his diary, we give it here in part:—

EDINR., March 15, 1665.

"SIR,—The bearer heereof, my sone, inclining to study the French tongue and the laws, I have therefore thought it expedient to direct him to you, being confident of your favour and caire, entreating your recommendation by a few lines to one Monsieur Alexandre, Professor of the Laws at Poitiers, to which place I intend he should go; as also to place him there for his diet in the most convenient house, but especially with one of our profession and religion. He has a bill drawn on you, with a letter of advice and credit, which I hope you will obey. I must, without vanity or flattery, say, that hitherto he has not been inclined to any vice or evil

way, and I hope will so continue. I know not positively what may defray his charges in his studies, diet, and otherwise, but I conceive about seven or eight hundred franks a year may do it. . . .—Your real friend,

JOHN LAUDER."

Even the form of the bill of exchange is not without interest now. It is drawn by an Edinburgh goldsmith in the following terms:—

EDINBURGH, 17th March 1665.

For 400 livres T. L.

SIR,—4 days after sight of this my first bill of exchange (my 2 not being payed), please pay to Mr. John Lauder, or his order, 400 livres T. L., value received heir from his father, B. John Lauder. Make punctuall payment, and place it to account as by the advice of your humble servant,

THOMAS CRAFT.

For Mr. FRANCIS KINLOCH,

Merchant in Paris.

The letter and bill produced somewhat more than a credit on a banker now-a-days. "Francis having read this, out of his kindness, would suffer me to stay no wheir but in his owne house, wher I stayed al the space I was at Paris, attended and entertained as give I had bein a prince." These are Lauder's own words, but we anticipate and save repetition by observing that wherever he had occasion to stay—in city, burgh, or village—his national instinct directed him to the house of some Scot, who always received him kindly, and in whose house he was sure to meet others of his countrymen and of "the Religion," all eager to grasp the hand and hear the tidings of the last arrived from the fatherland, all ready to show him hospitality and speed him on his way.

Poitiers was the object of Lauder's journey, but its classes were on the point of rising, and he was advised by Kinloch and his friends at Paris, to spend some time at Orleans, in Mr. Ogilvie's house, or at Mr. Doull's at Saumur, at either of which places the language is better spoken than at Poitiers, and where fewer Scotsmen resorted. Economy was also considered, for at either of these places he could have a master to give him a lesson in the Institutes once a day for a pistole a month, which could not be got at that rate at Poitiers.

To Orleans he went accordingly, and found there in pension with a Mr. John Ogilvie, his young chief, the Master of Ogilvie with his servant, young Thirlestan with his man, besides English, French, and Germans. He found the city to be as big as Edinburgh, together with the next greatest city of Scotland. His first remark is on the vast number of lame folk, both men and women, but especially women. He arrived on the eve of the feast of commemoration of Joan of Arc,

the Maid of Orleans; and here let us take once for all the zealous puritan's growl against the rites and ostentation of the Catholic Church: "The ceremony consisted of a procession partly spiritual or ecclesiastical, partly civil or temporall. To make the spiritual, there was there all that swarm of grasshoppers which we are foretold should ascend out of the bottomless pit; all these filthy frogs that we are foretold that beast, that false prophet, should cast out of his mouth; I mean that rabble of religious orders within the body of that apostatical and pseudo-apostolical Church of Rome. Only the Jesuits was wanting, the pride of whose hearts will not suffer them to go in procession with the meaner orders. In order went the Capuchins, then the Minims," etc. He describes the dresses of the different orders with some contempt, confuses monks and friars with that reckless ignorance which had already become fashionable in his country, and tells of the Friars Minims being restricted to a diet of fish and roots, that he may quote Erasmus, who calls them fishy men,—"*homines piscosos.*"

Here Lauder had a master for French, a master for the Institutes, and attended the *salle de danse* of M. Sellovant. One of the boarders at his house was a son of the Dutch Admiral Opdam, who, with his companions, carried himself marvellously proud. He was so confident of his countrymen beating the English fleet in the great sea-fight in the Channel, that he and his friends had prepared many puncheons of wine to celebrate the victory. At first, the news favoured the Dutch; the English had lost, the Duke of York was slain! Then came the truth of the three days' fight, the Dutch defeated, Admiral Opdam killed! The Dutch at Orleans slighted the defeat, and boasted they would equip a better fleet in a fortnight!

Than the country lying about Orleans and its forest, nothing, says Lauder, can be pleasanter to the eye. The people were very miserable, ignorant, and poor, "our beggars leading a better life than the peasants of France." Lauder did not make long stay at Orleans, but long enough to chatter French readily, and to join cheerily in the laugh at his own blunders—"for I stood not on stepping-stones to have assurance that it was right what I was to say, for if a man seek that, he shall never speak right"—long enough to rival the young lord of Airlie in the good graces of Mademoiselle Ogilvie, his host's lively daughter, who was pleased to interest herself in his education—long enough, too, to have an argument with the *Præfectus Jesuitarum*, the head of the Jesuits' house, who treated him politely, and dismissed him

with an admonition to search the Scriptures; and with a parish *curé*, with whom he "fell hot by the ears," touching predestination, free-will, purgatory, and other things, and found him "a stubborn fellow, one voluntary blind." Their dispute lasted above an hour, and during it, gathered about them half the parish gazing on the stranger as a fool and mad, that durst undertake to control their *curé*, every word of whose mouth did they take for an oracle, though they understood it no more nor the stone in the wall. These discussions were in Latin, in which let us hope the follower of Calvin was as strong as his opponents. At all events, he never hints at any deficiency in the language of the schools, the familiar use of which was preserved by academical prelections and disputations being still in Latin, both here and on the Continent. One scene where Lauder assisted in impugning a young graduate's thesis is amusing enough to warrant transcription, if the language of the logical combatants,—the *distinguo*, the *transmitto*, the *revoco*—*si tu transmittis ego revocabo*—was not now a forgotten tongue.

Lauder left Orleans on the 4th July (the 14th with the French), travelling by boat to Blois, which he finds on a steep eminence, "in some places as steep as our kirk hengeh." He saw the castle and heard the tragedies of its old history much as they are told now. From the upmost bartizan he had "one of the bonniest prospects that could be. About two leagues from us, in the corner of a forest, we saw the castle of Chamburg, a place worthy the seeing, as they say, for the regularity of its bastimens. Within a league we saw also two pretty houses belonging to M. Colbert, whom we would have to be a Scot." Next day he took boat for Tours, visiting Amboise by the way. With one of his companions, a Dutchman, he had again to do, vindicating his prince as the most just prince of the world in all his procedure with the Hollanders. The fellow behaved himself very proudly. When the Benedictines at Marmoutier—"a very stupendous piece, give ended"—were showing the party their relics—the heart of St. Benedict in crystal set with diamonds—St. Martin's skull in a bowl of beaten silver—and then a very massy silver cross watered over with gold, very ancient, said to be the gift of an Englishman, "I inquired," says Lauder, "how they might call him. The monk could not tell till he cast up his book of memorials of that church, and then he found that they called him Bruce, on which I assured him that was a Scots name, and indeed of a very honourable family." Next day by boat to Saumur. On the way they found nothing but brave houses and

castles standing on the river, and among others that of Montsoreau, two leagues large from Saumur, where the river of Chatellerault or Vienne, which riseth in the province of Limosin, tumbleth itself into the Loire. There he stopped to see the remains of the ravages committed by a terrible inundation of the river, and soon after arrived at Saumur. And there the young Scot, with an eye for natural beauty and the cultivation then unknown in his own country, breaks out in rapture;—

“Before I leave thee, O fair Loire! what shall I say to thy commendation? Surely if anything might afford pleasure to man’s insatiable appetite, it must be thee. Give there be any vestiges of that terrestrial paradise extant, then surely they may lively be read in thee. How many leagues together were there nothing to be seen but beautiful arbres, pleasant arrangement of trees! the contemplation of which brought me into a very great love and conceit of a solitary country life; which brought me also to pass a definitive sentence, that give I were once at home, God willing, I would allot the one half of the year to the country, and the other half for the town. Is it not deservedly, O Loire, that thou art surnamed the garden of France!”

At Saumur, Lauder stayed in the family of his countryman, Mr. Doull. On his arrival the mistress of the house was absent in the country, trying if its pleasures might dissipate the melancholy she was in for the parting of her son, whom his father had some few days before sent for England, to wit, for Oxford, merely that he might be free from his mother’s corruptions, who, answering him too frankly in money, the lad began to grow debauched:—“Behold,” moralizes the young Scot, “the French women are as great fools as others!” On the morrow the lady returned, and among other expressions, said it gave her encouragement to let her son go, that she saw that Lauder, as young a man, had left his native country to come travel.

At Saumur, Lauder visited the young Marquis of Douglas, living there with a tutor, in poverty and some discontent, wearing his winter suit for lack of another.

Mr. Doull told Lauder, the manner of graduating at the University of Saumur was wholly the same as in other places, they gave out theses which the students defended; only they had a pretty ceremony about the close, each of those to be graduated got a laurel branch, on the leaves whereof was his name engraven in golden letters. *Item*, He said that when he reflected on the attendance that the regents in Scotland gave to their classes, he thought he saw another Egyptian bondage, for with them they attended only four days of the week, and in these no

longer than they took account of their former lesson and gave them out a new one.

After two days at Saumur, Lauder hired horse for Poitiers, only the fellow who owned the horse running at his foot. He rode by Montsoreau, passing for three miles under the shade of vast walnut trees on each side the road, laden with fruit. At Montsoreau he left Loire, and struck south-east by the banks of the river of Chatellerault in Touraine. He calls Tours the most renowned town in all France for manufactures of silks of all sorts. Richelieu, unmatched for its single stately street of such magnificent houses that each might be a palace; so uniform that ye shall not see one chimney higher than another; the castle beauteously environed with its canal, on the banks of which are such pleasant palisades and umbrages of trees, making alleys to the length of half a mile, like the buildings of the town ranked all equal, and though monstrously high, yet all observing such equality that ye shall find none arrogating superiority over his neighbours. Passing through the castle, he admires the sculptures and paintings, the rich tapestry and brave plenishing, as chairs, looking-glasses, tables, beds. For the preserving of the curtains, each bed had *tours de lit* of linen; when these were drawn by, they were found some hung with rich crimson velvet hangings; others with red satin; others with blue; all laid over so richly with lace that you could hardly discern the stuff. One bed, in a chamber which they call one of the king’s chambers, was hung with dool (*deuil*), which when occasion offered they made use of. This minded Lauder of Swintone’s wife, who, when she was in possession of Brunstone, had her alleys and walks so appropriated to particular uses, that she had her alley wherein she walked when she was in mourning, another when she had on such a gown, and so forth.

In one chamber was the cardinal’s own portraiture to the full, in his red robes and his cardinal’s hat, with a letter in his hand, to tell that he was the king’s secretary. His name is beneath, Arnoldus Richelieu, anagrammatized *Hercules alter*. Surely the portrait represents a man of a very grave, wise, and reverend aspect. Beside him hung the portrait of his father and mother. His father had been a soldier. The cardinal was born in Richelieu. Up and down the garden were growing holyhocks of all colours.

The way to Poitiers was through rows of trees, loaded with apples and plums, now ripe, which our traveller “looked not on as forbidden fruit, but frankly pulled.” As soon as he came in sight of Poitiers, he welcomed it as to be his place of rest. He recognised in its situation Buchanan’s allusion, *Pictones o sco-*

pul! for it is on an eminence environed with rugged rocks and craigs. Eight days after his arrival, on the 28th July, 1665, he entered pensioner with M. Daillé, and soon met all his countrymen who had come there on the same errand with him. There were "Colinton," three Humes, Mr. Alexander, Mr. David, and "my right reverend goodsir, Mr. Patrick," for whom he had letters from Pig-hog, and John Suty, with a Scot of Ardross, and Graham of Morphie. He entertained all his countrymen and his Professor Alexandre at the hostelry of the "chapeau d'or" to supper, which cost him 17 livres 10 sous.

We do not get much of his life at Poitiers. The daily studies and some dissipation gave little to journalize. But his interest and curiosity about the religious orders are extreme. He again encounters the Jesuits at their celebration of the feast of their founder, Ignatius; is present at the ceremonial and festival of Saint Radegunde, the patron saint of the city, and witnesses with more interest the admission of two novices into the order of the Capuchins, whose poverty and devotion had a strange effect upon the zealous Protestant:—

"Their poverty is such that they have nothing to sustain them but others' charity when they come begging, and that every twenty-four hours. They have nothing laid up against to-morrow. If there be any day wherein they have gotten little or nothing, they come all to the table notwithstanding, though nothing to eat, each man says his grace to himself, and there they sit looking at one another, poor creatures! as long as give they had had something to eat. They fast all that day, but if there be any that cannot fast it out, then he may go down to the yard, and hock out two or three carrots to himself, or stew some leeks, some sibows, beets, or such-like things, and this is their delicacies. If there be any day when they have gotten more than suffices them, all the overplus they give to the poor. The convent hath no more rent than will defray their charges in keeping up their house about their ears. All this do these misers under the hopes of meriting by the same! Yet I would be a Capuchin before any other order I have seen yet."

Let us mention here the passing bell—*l'agonie*—not for the well-known custom itself, but for the Presbyterian's toleration of it. When any are at the point of death, and near departing, they cause send to any religious house, not forgetting money, to ring an *Agonie*, that all who hear may know that a brother is departing, and may help him with their prayers, which surely seems to be very laudable, and it may be not amiss that it were used with us. The Church of England hath it, and on the ringing, any people that are well disposed assemble themselves in the church to pray.

The form of the Huguenot service, he says,

differs not much from ours. On the Sabbath morning, during the gathering of the congregation, they sing a psalm. Then the minister coming up, by a short set form of exhortation, stirring them up to join with him in prayer, reads a set form of confession of sins out of their *prieres ecclesiastiques*, or liturgie, which being ended, they sing a psalm, which the minister nominates, reading the first two or three lines, after which they read no more the line as we do, but the people follow it out as we do in "Glory to the Father." The psalm being ended, the minister has a conceived prayer of himself, adapted for the most part to what he is to discourse on. This being ended he reads his text. Having preached, then reads a prayer out of their liturgy, then sings a psalm, and then the blessing.

Lauder brought away lessons of gardening, and learnt to discriminate and value the varieties of delicious pears unknown at home. Common fruit, as apples and plums, were extremely cheap, and indeed all provisions. A quarter-hundred delicate pears cost a sou; a quattrain (26) plums like our "white corne," for two deniers, or eight pennies a hundred. Madame Daillé bought fat geese for twelve to eighteen sous; a capon from twelve to twenty sous. Discoursing of the commodities of sundry nations transported to France, their ordinary expression was, that they are beholden to Scotland for nothing but its herrings, which they count a very gross fish, no ways royal, as they speak, that is, not for a king's table. As for linen cloth and other commodities the kingdom affords, we have little more of them than serves our own necessity.

"I was five months in France," writes the Scot, "before I saw a boiled or roasted egg. Their mutton is neither so great nor so good here as it is at home, the reason of which may be the little room they leave for pasturage in the most parts of France. They buy a leg here for eight sous, whiles ten sous. Among ten Frenchmen, you will have nine who prefer fish to flesh. The most esteemed here are the sardine, which seems to be our sand-eel (1), which we saw first at Saumur, and the sole, which differs not from our fluke (1). The French term it *la perdrix de la mer*, as being the most delicate of fish. Our hosts perceiving that we loved not fish, often would not have fish once in the month."

Their bread was more wholesome than Scotch, being without barm. Their *potages*—differing exceedingly from ours—made 1st, of that fine bread; 2^d, lard, mutton, beef, of each a little morsel; 3^d, herbs for seasoning, whiles kail, whiles cucumbers, whiles leeks, whiles mint or others—very nutritive and wholesome. Frugal Madame Daillé used to make the *potage* of two kinds of bread, turn-

ing the whiter sort to the boarders' side of the dish; the brown, like our rye-loaves, for herself and her husband.

Lauder learnt not only from M. Daillé, but from persons of more refined judgment, yea, even from religious persons, that the French, so courteous to strangers of other countries—to Scots, English, Germans, Hollanders, Italians—had no civility for a Spaniard. It arose, they said, from the contrariety of their humours, for the French are frank (whence they would derive the name of their nation), galliard, pleasant, and pliable; the Spaniard quite contrary, retired, austere, rigid, proud. Who knows not the pride of the Castilian! If a Castilian, then a demigod, he thinks himself *ex meliore luto natus* than the rest of the world. It was a fine drollery to see a Frenchman counterfeit the Castilian as he marches in his streets of Castile, with his Castilian beaver cocked, his hand in his side, his march and pace speaking pride itself. Who knows not also that mortal feud the Castilian bears to the Portuguese, and the Portuguese reciprocally to him, and all from pride and conceit! "Yet we have observed," says the observing youth, "the French, from the highest to the lowest (let him be ever so base or so ignorant), to carry about with them a beastly (perhaps translating *bête*) proud principle that they are born to teach all the rest of the world knowledge and manners." It is plain the English traveller had not yet made himself offensive. We remark, too, there is no reference to the "natural enmity" between French and English—to the ancient feud between the English and Scots. It is painful to acknowledge that the Englishman—perhaps we should say the Briton—has in our time taken the place of the Castilian in Lauder's sketch.

Our traveller saw several of the annual *fêtes* of the trades or crafts of the city—as the sutors, the websters, the tailors, and so forth, who each celebrate their festival with processions, when, instead of crucifixes and crosses, they carry on the shoulders of four of the principal of the trade a great farle of bread like the buns we use to bake with currants, all busked with flowers the season affords, or in winter with herbs; and this with a sort of pomp, four or five drummers going before, and as many pipers playing, the body of the trade coming behind. Only the incorporation of the "merchants" used not this ceremony, looking on it as below them. The jurisdiction of those they call consuls is to decide controversies arising betwixt merchant and merchant. Their power is such that their sentence is without appeal, and they may ordain him whom they find in the wrong to execute it within twenty-four hours, and on failure they may incarcerate. These vestiges

of ancient burgal usage, once known over Europe, are still interesting, and not least in the country where the institutions of the *communes*, the cradles of freedom, have entirely disappeared.

What follows is useful only as showing the popular and probably not very erroneous estimate of the great aristocratical fortunes of the seventeenth century:—

"There are among the French nobility," writes Lauder, "some a great deal richer than any subject of our kings; for the greatest subject of the King of England is the Duke of Ormond or the Earl of Northumberland, neither of which two hath above £3000 sterling, which makes some 800,000 livres in French money—which is ordinary for a peer in France."

Lauder relates how the Earl of Northumberland was prohibited by the English Parliament from going into his own county, by reason of his dangerous power there, and adds:—"It might be telling Scotland if such a restraint were laid on the house of Huntly, the cock of the north, for then the Jesuits and Papists would not have such reason to boast, nor so great footing in the north as they have."

On the 22d September, parted from Poitiers for Paris four of our society: Mr. Patrick, David and Alexander Humes, with Colinton. The three that were left behind hired horses, and gave them the convoy to Bonnivette, intending to have accompanied them to Richelieu, but were prevented by the badness of their horses, which gives occasion for a Scotch story:—"It minded us of that profane debauched Bishop Lesly, who, the last time the bishops were in Scotland, when Spotiswoode was archbishop, was Bishop of the Isles. He on a time, riding with the King from Striveling to Edinburgh, was very ill mounted, so that he did nothing but cursed within himself all the way. A gentleman of the company coming up to him, and seeing him with a very discontented countenance, demanded, 'How is it?—how goes it with you, my Lord?' He answered, 'Was not the devil a fool, man?—was he not a fool? If he had but set Job on the horse I am on, he had cursed God to his face!'" Let any man read his thoughts from that.

The relative wealth of France and Britain has changed much since the middle of the seventeenth century, although France with long peace is now again taking its natural place among the rich countries of the world. Lauder finds it necessary to explain the causes of the superior wealth of France:—

"The richness of France is not much to be wondered at, since, to lay aside the great cities with their traffic, as Tours in silk; Bordeaux with

Holland wares of all sorts, Marseilles with all that the Levant affords, there is not such a pretty city which hath not its proper traffic, as Parthenay in its stuffs, Chatellerault in its oil of olives, its plumdamas, and other commodities, which, by its river of Vienne, it imports to all the places that stand on the Loire."

Lauder was very happy at M. Daillé's, and his genial nature appears unaffectedly in many of his notes:—

"We cannot forget," he says, "what good company we have had some winter nights at the fireside, my host in the one nook, Madame in the other, and I in the mids, in the navel of the fire. He was of Chatellerault, she of Parthenay. They would fall to and miscall one another's country, reckoning over all that might be said against the place where the other was born, and for their own. Whiles we had great bickering with good sport. They made me judge to decide according to the relevancy of what I found them allege. I usually held for Madame, as the weaker side. Some winter nights I have caused Madame Daillé sit down and tell me tales, which I found of the same very stuff with our own, beginning with that usually, *Il y avait un Roi et une Reine*; only, instead of our wirri-cous and giants, they have *Jougarous* and *warwoophs*. She told me on a time the tale or *conte* of Daft Jock with his *sotteries*, just as we have it in Scotland. We have laughed no little at some."

His observations are put down promiscuously, and we shall not study to class them. Speaking of various languages, he says, "The most eloquent language at present is the French, which gets such acceptance everywhere, and relishes so well in every man's palate that it is almost become universal. This it owes to its *beaux esprits*, who have reformed it in such a fashion that it miskens the garb it had fifty or sixty years ago;" and he cites Montaigne and Du Bartas, who have written marvellously well in the language of their time, but at present are found noways smooth nor agreeable. He admired how copiously the poor peasants at meeting express their compliments, their very language bearing them to it,—so that ye might see more civility in their expressions (as to their gestures it is usually not very seemly) than may be found in the first compliments on a *rencontre* betwixt two Scotch gentlemen, tolerably well bred. In those that be ordinary gentlewomen only, there is more breeding to be seen than in some of our countesses in Scotland.

Lauder disapproves of the French pronunciation of Latin, though he could understand them for the most part well enough; and he laughs at their Greek, making *oi* and *i* the same sound.

Judicial torture was attracting attention in Scotland at that time, and Lauder describes

several used in France, each province having its sundry manner of extorting confession—

"In Poitou, the manner is with boards of timber, which they fasten close both to the outside and the inside of the legs. Then in betwixt the leg and the timber they drive in (*caw in* is Lauder's word) great wedges from the knee down to the very foot, and that both in the outside and inside, which so crusheth the leg that it makes it as thin and as broad as the loofe of a man's hand. The blood issues forth in great abundance."

Are we to understand that "the boot," which soon acquired such favour with our Courts, required to be described in Scotland?

The young law student is, of course, observant of varying legal customs. He finds some peculiarities of the law of tutors and curators, such as that the friends of a pupil who meet with him for choosing a curator, are responsible if the person named be unfitting or fraudulent.

Marriage customs differ also—not the law of marriage, which is uniform throughout Christendom—England excepted. A woman is admitted as a witness in France, in any case, civil or criminal, with this difference, that for one man there must be two women. As two men being eye-witnesses of a murder will condemn a man, there must be four women, or their evidence is not admitted.

For curing of the "cruels" people come out of the farthest parts of Germany and Spain itself to the King of France, who "touches" with the same words our King uses, but gives no piece of gold as our King does. The words are—"C'est le Roi qui vous touche, c'est Dieu qui vous guérisse." The French King hath a set time of the year for doing it, and the day before, he prepares himself by fasting and praying, that his touch may be the more effectual.

Lauder was amazed to see the French making ready for his diet "upright paddock stools, which they call *potirons* or *champignons*. They'll rise in a night. They grow in humid, moist places, as also with us. They fire them in a pan with butter, vinegar, salt, and spice. They eated of it greedily, wondering that I eated not so heartily. A man seems just to be eating of tender collops; but my prejudice hindered me."

Tampering with their own money was a frequent trick of all nations before the laws of banking and the currency were understood, but France seems to have gone farther. "France thinks it a good policy to heighten the gold and silver of stranger nations," thinking to draw the money of all other nations to themselves. This gives occasion to the *nouveau règlement sur le fait des monnoyes tant de France qu'étrangères*, 1636. It specifies

500 pieces current in France, their proper weights, and declared value. The English rose-noble is to pass for ten livres, ten sous; the Henry noble of England, for nine livres, ten sous; the English Angelot, for seven livres; the Scotch and English Jacobuses, which we call fourteen-pound pieces, as also the Holland Riders, for thirteen livres; that Scotch piece with two swords through other, crowned—it hath *salus populi suprema lex*—the whole, thirteen, the half, six livres, ten sous; the new Jacobus, which we call the twenty-shilling sterling piece, twelve francs; the Scotch crown of gold, which hath on the one side, *Maria D. G. Regina Scotorum*, passes for four livres, five sous.

Lauder asserts roundly, perhaps speaking the popular belief, that the half of France, with its revenues, belongs to the ecclesiastics, yea, the beautifullest and the goodliest places. Within Poitiers alone, the rents of the convents of men and women make above 600,000 livres a year, besides what the Bishop hath, to wit, 80,000 livres a year. The Benedictines have 30,000; the Fueillans, 20,000; besides what the Jacobins, Cordeliers, Minims, those de la charité, Capuchins, Augustins, the Chanoines of St. Croix, St. Radegonde, St. Peter, the Cathedral of Poitiers, Notre Dame la Grande, St. Hilaire. We have almost forgot the Jesuits, who, above fifty years ago, entered Poitiers with their staffes in their hands, not 100 livres among them all, and since have with their crafty dealings so augmented their convent, that they have 40,000 livres standing rent. How they came by this, it is not uneasy to divine. If any fat carcase be on his deathbed, they are sure to be there, undermine him with all the slights imaginable, wring donations in their favour from him, of which we know and have heard several examples. And Lauder gives two cases which he believes to be true, one of which savours of trick elsewhere than with the reverend fathers. A dying man, "whom they had debauched," left his fortune to the Jesuits, excepting that they should give his son *ce qu'ils voudront*. The son claimed the succession, and the Duke of Parma expounded the words—that what they would have themselves, that should be given to his son!

Here is information that might interest a few of Lauder's countrymen, though "Sport" was only beginning to make way in a country destined to become its favourite home. They have in France the wild-cat, the otter, which is excellent furring, the fox, the wolfe. In the mountains of Dauphiné, there are both *ours et sanglier*, bear and boar. Their dogs are generally not so good as ours, yet there is a town in Bretagne which is guarded by its dogs, chained, all day, loosed at night.

Wolves are so destructive to the sheep, that any man who kills one, and shows its head and tail through the villages, receives offerings of eggs, cheese, milk, and wool from the peasants. The student of law expresses his opinion about the game-laws. The consuetudes and rights of nations about hunting and hawking throughout the most part of the Christian world are wondrously degenerated from the right of nature and nations, and the civil law following the footsteps of both. According to these, all men have equally the liberty of chasing of wild beasts. He sums up his list of restrictions with what appears to him the climax: "Yea, in France it is not lawful to shoot with the gun in another man's ground, so that if a man take another gunning on his ground, he usually takes the gun from him and breaks it over his shoulders. (The Lord Eglinton, who was shot by Mungo Campbell, must have learnt in this school.) Much more may one hinder others to hunt over his ground," etc.

At Poitiers, the Scotch scholar has some experience of the juggles of magicians, "magic and sorcery being very frequent in France, though yet more frequent in Italy." They offered to let him see what his father or his mother was doing at that instant, and that in a glass. (Is there anything new under the sun, or any limits to the follies of philosophers!) It is usual to show what folks are doing 1000 miles distant; and there are those who will bring any man or woman to you ye like, let them be in the Pope's conclave at Rome. "But incontrovertibly it is the devil himself that appears in this case."

No man then doubted the existence of magic, and of men and women who wielded supernatural powers. The Devil in proper person took part in society where now he is content to appear by proxy. Several scholars had made paction with the Devil, under the proviso that he should render them very learned. (This was Faust's case.) One at Toulouse gave his promise to the Devil, but his friends, learning it by his confession, resolved to proceed judicially against the Tempter (who loves not justice). They send a messenger to the place where they made their pact, to cite him to compear and answer, and, he not compearing, they declared him contumacious. They proceed to condemn him as guilty, when, behold, a horrid *bruit* about the house, and the obligation the lad had given him drops from the roof among the midst of the auditors.

The subject of fees had been agitated at the bar of Scotland before this time, and Lauder was naturally curious about the French practice. He tells us that the French when told of our Advocates getting ten or twenty crowns

at a consultation, held it an abuse. Through France, an Advocate dare not take more than a quartéon for a consultation, but to make up, he multiplies the consultations. A physician's advice costs as much. Considering the richness of the countries, the wealth of the people, surely France might be the most prodigal in this way, but they are wiser. There are above 200 Advocates at Poitiers.

Of dress and its expense we do not find much. The silver hat-strings are sold by weight; tabby doublets, with silk furring for winter, are universal, and cost twenty francs. The muff is used by both sexes and all ranks, from the keel-wife and fruit-wife upwards; a good one costs a pistole. Peruques, besides being most *fashionous*, are very unwholesome, and extravagantly dear through all France, especially at Paris, where it is a very mean one a man will get for four pistoles, and a man cannot have fewer than two at a time, one to change another.

A lairdship of 5000 livres rent in France will sell for 100,000 livres; a place of 1500 livres a year at 100,000 crowns—the price being aye twenty years' rent. It seems strange in any way, but if the "place" was for life, the thing is incredible. Lauder mentions it without expressing surprise, and without comparing or contrasting the prices in his own country.

Location-conduction of lands, called there farming, is very usual, yea most gentlemen's houses rise with that practice, the proprietor having been first *fermier* of the place, or goodman as we call him. The ordinary length of the tack is five or seven years—not one in a hundred nine years—the French being wiser than we with our nineteen and doubled nineteen years' tacks. In the contract they have many fine clauses binding the *fermier* to meliorate the ground in all points, as by planting of hedges and fruit trees, substituting by grafts young ones for old, and to do all things *comme un bon père de famille feroit*.

At length the session of the great court of Poitiers opened. The 2d November is St. Martin's day, a very merry day in France. They pass it in eating and drinking and singing. Every one tastes his new wine that day, and in tasting he takes too much. There be very few but are *fou*. On the morrow opened the *Palais*, which sits near ten months together. The judges being set on the bench, the King's Advocate began a harangue, reading it off his papers, very elegantly extolling the lily or *fleur de lis* above all flowers, and then France and its kings above all other nations; the whiteness and brightness of the lily denoting the purity and integrity of justice that is done in France.

He ending, the President in his scarlet robes (for they were all so that day, with their four-nooked black bonnets lined with scarlet), began a very well conceived harangue in the commendation of justice and virtue. That being done they gave their oath with the advocates and procureurs or agents (for they swear anew every sitting down of the *Palais*), the judges that they shall pass no sentence contrary to their conscience, but shall judge *secundum allegata et probata*; the advocates that they shall never patronize a false cause, and if any cause they have taken in hand appear after to them false, that they shall immediately forsake it; that they shall plead the causes of the widow and orphan, etc. The Presidial of Poitou at Poitiers is the greatest of France, yea, it consists of more counsellors or judges (to wit, about thirty, with two king's advocates, two king's *procureurs*), and is of greater extent than several parliaments. There be not so many members in the Parliament of Grenoble which is for Dauphiné. The Parliament of Dijon for Burgundy hath not so great extent.

"On the 17th November opened the Law University at Poitiers, at present the most famous and renowned in France, usually consisting of above 200 scholars, some coming to it from Navarre, in the very skirts of Spain, several from Thoulouse, Bordeaux, Angers, Orleans, Paris, Rouen, yea, from Berry itself, though formerly Bourges was more renowned. On its opening M. Umeau, who is our Alexander's antagonist, and who that year explained of the Digest belonging *ad nuptias*, made a harangue of very neat Latin, which is the property of the University, on the text out of the C. iv. t. 5, *de conditione indebiti, l. penult.*, whence he took occasion to discourse of the discord among the juriconsults, raising two questions,—1. *utrum recentiores sunt preferendi antiquioribus*;—2. *utrum juniores natu majoribus*—where he ran out on the advantage of youth;—*Quot video juvenes candidatos, tot mihi videor videre aequissimos Servios, sublimissimos Papinianos, gravissimos Ulpianos et disertissimos Cicerones! Quid plura? stellæ indubio sunt primæ magnitudinis in Sphæra nostra!* The Rector of the University was there, the Mayor, the Eschevin, the President of the Palais, the University of the Physicians, with a great heap of all orders, especially Jesuits."

(Our Scot uses the word "university" in different meanings, perhaps from haste.) "Our Mr. Alexander" criticised the harangue of his rival groundlessly.

"M. Filleau gives a *paratitle* on the title *pro socio*. He is one of the merriest carles that can be, but assuredly the learnedest man in that part of France. "For the law *pro socio*,—*pro socio*," quoth he, "what's that to say? Tribonian speaks false Latin or nonsense!" always with such familiar expressions. Mr. Roy, whose fa-

ther was doctor before him, explained that year C. iv. 44, *de rescindenda venditione*. Mr. Gualtier, who left Angers and came to be a doctor there, explained the title of the canon law, *de simonia* and *ne quid pro spiritualibus exigatur*.

"It is some six years since M. Alexander came to France. He had nothing, and seeing he could make no fortune unless he turned his coat, he turned papist; and though he had passed the course of philosophy at Aberdeen, yet he began his grammar with the Jesuits, then studied his philosophy, then married his wife (who was a bookbinder's wife in the town, and had been a woman of very ill report), fifty years old and more, only for six years, and she took him because he was bonny. He studied hard the law—Pacius, as he told me, giving him the insight, and, some five years ago, having given his trials, was chosen *Institutaire*. He is nothing without his books, and if ye chap him on that, he hath not lately meditate, he is very confused. He is not very much thought of by the French. He affectates too rigorous a gravity like a Spaniard's, for which several (as my host) cannot endure him. Also his pensionars (boarders) are not the best treated. We have seen P. and D. Humes several times breakfast. They had nothing but a little crust of bread betwixt them both, and not a mutchkin bottle of wine. For my part, I never almost breakfasted but I had the whole loaf at my discretion, as much wine as I pleased, a little basket full of the season fruits, as cherries, pears, grapes, in winter, with apples. Also by P.'s confession, he drinks of another wine better than that his pensionars drink of. Also if there be one dish better than another, it is set down before him, and he chooses, and then his pensionars; which is just contrary with me. He began his lessons the 23d of November.

"M. Alexander in *salair* hath only 600 livres, the other four each 1000, also several obventions and casualties divided among them, of which he gets no share, as when any buys the *Doctorat*. He is a hasty, cappit body. Once one of his servants broke a lossen; he went mad, and said, 'These marauds! they break more to me in a moment than I can win in two months.' They have no discourse at table. He cannot for his wife.

"About 12th December, 1665, at Poitiers, were programmes affixed through the town, intimating that the Physicians' College would sit down shortly, and that their *Doyen*, one Renatus Cothereau, a very learned man in his lessons, *podagram, hominum terrorem artuumque flagellum, medicinali bello acriter prosequeretur*. Hence it hath this exclamation, *Accurrite itaque cives! festinate artetici!* The same Renatus had a harangue at the beginning, wherein he described very pedantically the lamentable effects it produces on the body of man. Among his salutations I observed this, *Themidis nostrae Argonauta sacratissime fidelissime*. They get no auditors to their lessons; whence it is only for fashion's sake they begin their college, of which they have nothing but the name."

There was plenty of ceremonial on all occasions at Poitiers. About the middle of

February was received a new fencing-master, whom we saw give his trials. That required a public solemnity. The Mayor made an assault upon him first; then the fencing-masters, then some scholars.

Lauder tells us that some twenty days before leaving Poitiers he was beginning to make many acquaintances, and to go in and drink with them, as with De Guiche, Ingrand de la Sigonne, both Advocates' sons and of the Religion, M. de Gay Borseau, Cotibes, etc.; and then followed a page of confessions all now deleted, concluding, however, with the acknowledgment that he found himself beginning to fall very idle, and likely to be more and more engaged in company, so that it was with a sort of satisfaction he came away. On the 24th April, French count, he took his leave of sundry ladies, Mlle. Alexander, Mlle. Strahan, etc., had a jolly dinner with a few friends—M. Alexander the Doctor, Sandy, M. de la Porte, and M. Montozon (for Govein was not in town)—at the "Chapeau d'or," and afterwards a more serious drinking bout with more friends at the "Dauphin," in the suburbs. Upon the proceedings of that night he lets the curtain fall, and only records the headache and sickness of next day, when he was on his way to Orleans. He rode with the "Messenger" of Angoulême, and in company with a merry party of Gascons, by his old road, and visiting all the friends he had made along it, to Paris. There Mr. Kinloch informed him the most of his countrymen had already gone for England, and that Thirlestan, Gorenberry, and Sandilands (to whom he gave his New Testament at his desire) were to go the day after. There he became acquainted with Mr. Forbes (Culoden), and Archibald Hay, Barra's brother, and with our Scotch captains, Captain Caddel, C. Rutherford, with a tree leg (his own was *dung* from him at the siege of Graveling), Captain Scott, also one C. White.

Here we lose the guidance of Lauder's little journal. He stayed some months at Paris, took lessons in dancing again, this time from M. Shovo (so he spells his name), bought some good books, French, Latin, and Italian; read—hard task!—some of the fashionable romances, and even wrote an epitome of the great "Almahide ou l'esclave reine," "penned" by the renowned Scuderi." On the 14th of July 1666, he packed up his books at Paris, to go from Dieppe to Scotland, and himself crossed through Flanders to Holland. We can trace him, chiefly by a little note-book of expenses, through Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, Mardick, and Rotterdam, and we know from an allusion in one of his works that he studied at Leyden. There he probably spent the studious part of

the 166-7, for he returned home to Scotland on the 9th November 1667, after an absence of more than two years and a half.

Such was the *Wander-jahr* of John Lauder. It may not come up to our idea of the highest professional education, but it was as good as that which is popular for the bar now. It was better than the two or three years of practice in an attorney's chambers, even though enlivened by the weekly debating society. The study under Monsieur Alexander, including the quaint commonplaces of the ceremonial at opening the *Palais de Justice*, was more improving than the exclusive devotion we bestow on the "Form of Process" and the latest Bankruptcy Act. With the foundation of school and college education got at home, Lauder must have returned from Leyden and Poitiers a fairly accomplished scholar and gentleman. He had studied the civil law in its best schools, had compared the institutions and customs of his own country with those of France and Holland. He was accumulating good books, was able to read Italian, was familiar with French, and perhaps with Dutch, could carry on an argument in Latin, and even criticise the pronunciation of Greek. He had seen the highest civilisation then extant, and brought home to his own poor and rude country a taste for rural beauty and for a country life, and even some appreciation of the ornamental arts.

Of free institutions, indeed, or of just and equal government, of toleration and freedom of conscience, he could find little in the country where a bigot persecution had so lately provoked the indignation of Milton and the interference of Cromwell. But the government of Richelieu and his successors, though intolerant, was too strong to descend to petty persecution, or to tamper with justice between man and man; and in that country, when morality and practical religion were at the lowest, the tone of a widely-cultivated literature and literary society, and the honour of a rich, proud, chivalrous nobility, did in some degree supply their place. A tolerable police and disciplined army, and some of that administrative skill which we still admire in France, had already given more security to life and property than in the other countries of Europe. The French Bar was, in its own sphere, the stronghold of a generous independence; and the higher courts produced a succession of judges whom their countrymen were able to admire and reverence, and to whom the lawyers of all countries still look back as the best models of judicial conduct.

The young Scot, brought up in the strait religious principles of the Solemn League

and Covenant, enlightened, not depraved, by foreign travel, returned to find his own country still under the jolly reign of Charles II.; Episcopacy restored and dominant; Archbishop Sharp busy in his court of ecclesiastical commission; the Council and law courts directing Sir James Turner and his dragoons, and lending the aid of the civil arm with boot and thumb-screw, to put down the religion of the majority of the people. The men employed by the distant and careless Government were fit for their work. One of the first public ceremonies the returned traveller must have seen in his own country was the triumphal entry of Lauderdale into Edinburgh when he came as Viceroy (October 19, 1669), and when all the nobles of the land pressed to honour the turn-coat who came pledged to suppress by violence the religion to which he himself belonged. At the Restoration, a few years before, the old authorities, lay and clerical, who had been chased from power by Cromwell, rushed back to the banquet, impatient, greedy, with passionate avarice and revenge. Scotland was more degraded than England at that lowest time of English morality. Poverty, provincialism, and the narrow views of the high Presbyterian religionists concurred to produce the mischief. Parliament, never in Scotland showing a pure public spirit, or fairly representing the country, was now incredibly subservient, submitting without a murmur to the hectoring of the Viceroy. The courts of justice were equally subservient and venal. The Commissioner or his creatures dictated to the civil and criminal courts, and neither party thought it worth while to conceal the matter. Where the Crown was not interested or neutral, the coarsest bribes to judges were not incredible, while the milder form of bribery, called "soliciting" of judges through their wives and mistresses, was so established, that no suitor could hope to prevail without it. Society was rotten to its heart; or if one portion remained at all sound, it was the Bar. Sir George Lockhart, Sir John Cuninghame, Alexander Spotswood, Sir George Mackenzie also (with many deductions), David Thoires, Walter Pringle, were worthy of that noble profession in its best age; and young Lauder soon took his place among those honoured advocates. His subsequent life is easily gathered from his own entertaining volumes, but to give it in detail is from our present purpose. We have room only for an outline. He rose steadily in public estimation, and in the worst of times had the singular fortune to escape censure from any of the contending factions.

John Lauder was admitted advocate at the

Scotch Bar on the 5th June 1668. He began to note proceedings in all the courts from the time of his admission, and continued the practice for more than half a century, to the great benefit of the student and the delectation of the lover of anecdote. He was only twice in serious trouble, and both times in good company. Along with fifty other advocates, he incurred the displeasure of the Government because he refused to renounce the right of appealing to Parliament against judgments of the Session (the judges were then removable at pleasure, and the Government of Charles II. thought a court composed of such was more manageable than Parliament). Lauder's account of the matter is simple and modest:—

"I have few or no observations by the space of three sessions and a halfe, viz., from June 1674 till January 1676, in regard I was at that time debarred from my employment with many other lawyers (they were also banished from Edinburgh), on the account we were unclear to serve under the strict and servile tyies seemed to be imposed on us by the King's letter dischainging any to quarrell the Lords of Session their sentences of injustice."

The popularity gained by the secession was almost worth the sacrifice of emoluments, even in a commercial view. After his restoration to practice, his business greatly increased. He was chosen to be one of the counsel to defend Argyll in 1681, and, with the others, was called before the Privy Council, and censured for giving their opinion when consulted before the trial, and that the Earl's explanation of the Test, for which he was tried and condemned, was not treason.

In the same year, Lauder was returned as Member of Parliament for East Lothian, and held that seat for twenty-two years. By prudence and extreme temperance of language and conduct—never, so far as we can learn, by any unworthy compliance or subserviency—he escaped, not indeed without many alarms, but without fine, imprisonment, or the necessity of flight, during the perilous times of the Duke of York's viceroyalty in Scotland, and afterwards during his reign as King James II.

When the oppression and lawless violence of James had wrought his own downfall, and the Revolution had brought the promise of a Government according to law and justice, Lauder was appointed a Judge of the Civil Court (9th November 1689), and a little later, of the Criminal Court, by the title of Lord Fountainhall. He refused the office of King's Advocate (Lord Advocate we call him now), which was offered to him in 1692. The office was not legally incompatible with

his seat on the Bench, and the two offices had been held together by Sir John Nisbet, but Fountainhall could not fail to see how incongruous they were, and how dangerous to have the public prosecutor also the Judge. But Judges were still allowed to sit in Parliament, and as member for his county, Lord Fountainhall, like many another mistaken patriot, opposed the "Incorporating Union" of the kingdoms, and did not live long enough to be convinced of his error.

After a long judicial life, he resigned both judgeships and their emoluments a short time before his death, which took place on the 20th September 1722, in his seventy-eighth year. He was buried in Greyfriars' Kirk, the Westminster-Abbey of Edinburgh.

We think of Fountainhall now chiefly as the collector of the volumes of curious anecdotes which throw such a light on the manners and social history of his time. But he was esteemed by his contemporaries, as a great lawyer, and he was fully accomplished with the learning of his profession. He was liberal in politics; above all, honest as a statesman and as a judge. The most vehement opponent, even the Jacobite Milne, who used Fountainhall's Diary to heap dirt upon the Whigs, never ventures to breathe a suspicion against the writer's own truth and honour.

The salary of a Judge of the Supreme Civil and Criminal Courts in Scotland in Fountainhall's time was only £200 a year. He seems to have had a pension of £100 also. He had succeeded to the little estate of Fountainhall on his father's death (4th April 1692). He had brought up a large family, two of whom came to the Bar, and yet he left at his death, according to his own calculation, about £12,000 or £13,000 sterling, besides the paternal land. Making all allowance for the value of a regular and sure income in a time when actual coin was very scarce, it is not easy to account for the competent, often large fortunes accumulated by the Scotch judges of that day, indeed for a long period before and subsequent to the era of Fountainhall. Many of the noble and wealthy families of Scotland, such as the Haddingtons, several families of Dalrymples and Hopes, the Primroses, the Dundases, owe their rise to ancestors whose known emoluments, judicial or official, seem now altogether inadequate to amass a great fortune.

Lord Fountainhall, though the second baronet, is looked upon as the founder of that family. His descendant and representative, the seventh baronet of Fountainhall, was Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, whose striking figure is so well remembered in our streets. He was a man of varied accomplishments, and a

most catholic taste for literature and art; and his amiable and genial nature, in which we like to trace a family likeness to Lord Fountainhall, endeared him to numerous friends, among whom were the best of Scotsmen.

We observe at present, with infinite satisfaction, a movement towards an improved professional education in Scotland. No one has done so much to promote it as the learned Judge whose address to the Judicial Society we quoted at the beginning of this article. His help has been of two kinds: to increase the demand, and to improve the home supply. While Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Mr. Inglis put the preliminary education and the entrance-trials for the Scotch Bar on a new footing, requiring a definite amount of academical study or proof of adequate proficiency in classics and philosophy. While in office as Lord Advocate, he was strenuous and influential enough to carry through the Cabinet and through Parliament a measure which has revolutionized more than one of the Universities of Scotland, and given a stimulus to learning greater than any one measure since those universities were founded.

A worthy and not unlearned minister of the Scotch Church, a few years ago, publicly protested against any change in our national education which should increase the expense or lengthen the duration of the education of young men for the Church. He considered the chief object of our Universities was to prepare a preacher for the pulpit, and that the poor of Scotland (especially poor clergymen) had a constitutional, a vested right to have their sons fitted for the ministry—for holding a church, and maintaining, instead of burdening a family—in a certain short term of years, and at a certain small expense of their parents' money. Perhaps that proposition would not be stated so broadly now. The world is apt to think somewhat of the interest of the poor congregation. But we are not now dealing with the education of the clergy—a great subject, and of paramount importance, which the Church of Scotland will look to, if it hopes to keep or make a place among learned churches. Only second in importance, in a constitutional country, is the education of the Bar, which ought to be, in good times, the ornament of society, and in evil days its defence and protection. Woe to that country whose Advocates are unworthy of her trust!

The rise and growth of a great body of common and statute law, rendering the civil law no longer so absolutely necessary in court—no longer one of the common tools of trade of our lawyers—has had an unfor-

tunate effect on their education. In the first place, the *Corpus Juris* is Latin, and its commentators wrote Latin or French, so that its use required some acquaintance with both languages. But the worthy study of the civil law requires more than this, and implies a foundation of philosophical science, of history, of the customs of nations, which Bacon tells us are the best interpreters of law—all the highest training that goes to the education of a gentleman.

We are ashamed to speak in our own every-day vulgar language on this subject. Take, instead, the words of a great master:

"A lawyer now is nothing more—I speak of ninety-nine in an hundred at least—to use some of Tully's words—*nisi leguleius quidam, cautus et acutus, præco actionum, cantor formularum, auceps syllabarum*. But there have been lawyers that were orators, philosophers, historians! There have been Bacons and Clarendons! There will be none such any more, till in some better age, true ambition or the love of fame prevails over avarice, and till men find leisure and encouragement to prepare themselves for the exercise of this profession, by climbing up to the 'vantage-ground,' so my Lord Bacon calls it, of science, instead of grovelling all their lives below, in a mean but gainful application to all the little arts of chicane. Till this happen, the profession of the law will scarce deserve to be ranked among the learned professions, and whenever it happens, one of the vantage-grounds to which men must climb is metaphysical, and the other historical knowledge. They must pry into the secret recesses of the human heart, and become well acquainted with the whole moral world, that they may discover the abstract reason of all laws; and they must trace the laws of particular states—especially of their own, from the first rough sketches to the more perfect draughts—from the first causes or occasions that produced them, through all the effects, good or bad, that they produced."

It is no easy task; we do not pretend it; nor was the writer of those soul-stirring words seeking to recommend a cheap and speedy road to professional success. Let us consider it practically. The foundation of such an education must be classical—Latin and Greek. In Scotland we stumble at the first step. If an average man at our Bar can spell out the meaning of a law of the Code, it is all. He had better not try to speak it! His odious false quantities, his mixture of Scotch and English Latin will shock the ears of the scholars on the bench. How many even of the lights of the profession now can turn for pleasure to a speech of Cicero, or an ode of Horace! Who is there of Scotch lawyers that can construe Demosthenes, or a speech in Thucydides! A page of Homer may be accomplished with the aid of a *clavis*; but are there *any* who enjoy a

play of Euripides? Alas! if there be, they are to be numbered on the fingers. It is not that our elementary teaching is very defective. Edinburgh has two excellent classical schools, and no doubt there are many through the country. But hitherto, what a boy got at school, he made haste to lose at college. It was only the few who went to an English University who kept up any familiar acquaintance with their school studies. We trust this is to be better managed now. Much will depend, but it does not all depend, on Professor Sellar and Professor Blackie. No men are more competent, if youths and parents will but have patience, nor seek to gather the harvest before the corn is ripe. So far there is no doubt. The best classical education can be got at home, better for our purpose, better for all purposes, than in a foreign academy. When the hopeful youth has acquired such a mastery of classical literature that he will not readily give it up, let his friends consider his course. He may study Philosophy, science physical and moral, with great advantage at home—perhaps with less actual progress, at a German University. But then the years of foreign study count as foreign travel, and help the general cultivation. For Law, in the same way, the student may still imitate Fountainhall, and take his Civil law at Heidelberg, his Public law at Bonn, the Law of nature and nations at a third foreign University—acquiring the language of his professors and his class-fellows. But some part of his course of Law he must needs take at home; and he may now take the whole. The common law of the land can be learned only there, and so with the special law of land-tenures and the constitutional law of his country. For much of this course there was till lately no provision in Scotland. There was no chair of Public Law, or International Law, nor any instruction to be acquired on Constitutional Law in general, or the history and law of our own national constitution. These defects have been remedied by Mr. Inglis's Act, and there is now in our University of Edinburgh, the peculiar school of Municipal Law, as the seat of the Courts of Justice—a band of six Professors of the Law Faculty, each teaching his own department—a larger staff, we believe, than is to be found in any other University of Britain.

The economical *paterfamilias*, of the school of that Scotch minister whom we alluded to, may grumble at the prospect of all these classes, such an infinity of study, all this expense of time as well as of money; and he may have his own way, and may laugh at the new accomplishments. His son may come to the Bar without many of them, and he may even be making a few fees while his

contemporaries are still studying. But it is a false economy, even as regards profit. The well-educated will *ceteris paribus* infallibly take the lead; and, moreover, when a better class of students have made some way at the Bar, they will give a tone of scholarship and accomplishment that will not only raise the general body of the profession, but will make it irksome to men to belong to the crops without its arms and dress.

Must we take the old protest against pecuniary profit being held as the object of a youth's professional study and exertion? In all professions, it is the ruling motive only with the low men. How many a merchant looks to position, influence, power, as the rewards of success! Money is only one of his tests of it. Many merchants are now highly educated, and find intellectual enjoyment in trade—in its profound and intricate calculations—in its wide combinations—in the excitement of the race; and these wash away the filth that comes from dealing in money.

With the learned profession this is easier. It is no longer tolerated to look to the Church merely as the means of living and thriving. The Physician, dispensing his God-like art—healing, curing, alleviating—is above the accusation of avarice. The education for the Bar—the inducements to enter the profession—should be as little tainted with base motives, or even less. The education is long and costly; the average emolument of average success is small. So that, speaking commercially, it is a bad investment. But the Bar does not need that attraction. The preliminary education is a continued course of enjoyment—informing the mind with all nobleness. Men are not given to be unhappy from twenty-one to twenty-five. But the life of the young Advocate, before he comes into much business—free from care or over-anxiety—passed in easy familiarity with his fellows, men educated like himself—with enough of study to keep the mind braced and make holiday welcome—is altogether *the happiest portion of a man's life*. Then the beginning of business—the first brief—the first success—the first compliment from the Bench—the struggle with friendly rivals—the gradual increase of the sum of the fee-book—a *cause célèbre* to work! It is a life of varied and exciting enjoyment. We allude to these things because ignorant people speak of the dreary life of the young Barrister thrust into an over-crowded profession. It is not necessary to speak of the pleasures of the successful lawyer, whose career is the noblest field of intellectual exertion, and therefore of the greatest enjoyment.

ART. VII.—*Sight and Touch: an attempt to Disprove the received (or Berkleian) Theory of Vision.* By THOMAS ABBOTT, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Illustrated with Woodcuts. London, 1864.

THIS book is an attempt by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to expose the fallacy of a theory proposed more than a century and a half ago, by another Fellow of the same College, whose name sheds lustre on the University of Dublin and on Ireland, and whose theory has, in profession at least, obtained almost the catholic consent of the philosophical world. We should be the last to blame Mr. Abbott, writing in the interest of truth, for attempting to deprive his College and his country of the credit of a remarkable discovery, and for thus reducing to a lower level one who has hitherto been the noblest figure in Irish philosophy. It cannot be too much felt that the interest of truth should not be confounded with the fame of an individual, the traditions of a school, or the glory of a nation; and he does bravely who sacrifices at her shrine the favourite maxims of the philosophical or other sect, with which, from his antecedents, we might presume that he is, in sympathy. But we may reasonably expect that an Irish assailant of the great Irish philosopher, a Fellow of the College in which Berkeley was a Fellow, shall examine well the position he assails, and the ground he occupies; and that he shall engage in the discussion in the thoughtful and reverent spirit without which a profound course of philosophical meditation cannot be understood. We have not been able to discover a sufficient share of these qualities in Mr. Abbott. We believe that he has read much, and that he has observed carefully, but his reading and his observations are often away from his subject. In truth, we cannot call to mind more glaring examples of begging the question in dispute, and drawing conclusions which are irrelevant, than those contained in this book. Mr. Abbott somewhat slightly adopts the words of Swift as applicable to the theory which he assails, describing it in contrast with his own, as "the art of seeing things invisible." We should exactly reverse the application. While Berkeley rests his doctrine on a rigorous separation of visible objects from tangible objects, Mr. Abbott involves in vision a knowledge of the objects of touch.

We propose to avail ourselves of this opportunity for considering the real nature and foundation of the celebrated theory which, in the hands of Berkeley, carries us, in its curious ramifications, to some of the least fre-

quented corners of human nature, and in reference to which he himself says, that "without pains and thought no man will ever understand the true nature of vision, or comprehend what I have wrote concerning it." The ground on which this theory rests, and the wide range of principles which it involves, which stretch upwards from the familiar phenomena of vision, through the conception of extension, to the mysteries of creation, providence, and the ultimate relations of the extended world to the power of God, have, as it appears to us, been inadequately apprehended, alike by its avowed adherents and its critics.

What is meant by seeing things or persons in the "ambient space?" The reasoning of Berkeley conducts to the conclusion that what, before we had reflected, we supposed to be seeing real objects as extended, is not seeing really extended objects at all, but only seeing something that is constantly connected with them in the established associations of things. What is vulgarly called seeing them is in fact reading about them. When we are every day using our eyes, we are virtually interpreting a book. When, by sight, we are determining for ourselves the distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things, we are simply translating the words of a Universal and Divine Language. "Visible ideas" are, according to Berkeley, "the language whereby the governing Spirit, on whom we depend, informs us what tangible ideas he is about to imprint upon us, in case we excite this or that motion in our own bodies."*

It is confessedly difficult fully and habitually to realize this, to dissolve the prejudice which had obscured it, and to distinguish what we see from what is signified by what we see. But then this difficulty is not peculiar to visual language. It is common to all languages. We have just tried the experiment, and (though his use of words is not always philosophically distinct) we have found ourselves unable to read a sentence in Mr. Abbott's interesting book, in the state of mental vacuity we should be in, if our eyes were directed to a sentence in Chinese. We find it difficult actually to listen to even very uninteresting words in a familiar language, without being conscious of the meaning of what is said. Yet the connexion between visible or audible signs, and their significations, in an artificial language, is not a constant and universal one. There are hundreds of artificial languages in the world. There is only one visual language. If we find it to be difficult to disentangle the signs from

* *Principles of Human Knowledge*, sect. 44.

their blended meanings, in any one of the artificial languages we are acquainted with, we may expect it to be impossible to separate the visual sign from the signification which universal experience and habit have wrapped up in it. Now the Berkeleyan course of reflection invites us to recognise the difference, even when we cannot actually make the separation. Till we have marked the distinction, we are confounding objects that differ; when we have done so, the philosopher offers to explain the origin of the confusion, and to provide a theory in which the relation of the confused elements shall be grounded on a rational basis, and effectually applied to "the glory of God and the good of man's estate." He invites all to accept the Book of Vision as one which contains more surprising and profound lessons in self-knowledge and Divine knowledge than any human book. He tells us that when we seem to be seeing, we are reading a book of God, which, in vision, is in literal truth a book of prophecy.

But what is strictly speaking seen, and what is merely signified in this book of vision? what are the visible words of the book on the one hand, and what their involved meanings on the other? This is a question of fact, experiment, and reflection. Berkeley would answer the question thus:—Varieties of *coloured extension* are the only proper or immediate objects of sight. These visible objects are the signs of various modes of *tangible or resistant extension*,—of the real distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things. And our visual experience of quantities of colour enables us to foresee, with more or less accuracy, what the successive phenomena of our tactual and locomotive experience shall or may be. These, according to Berkeley, are *facts* of visual consciousness.

Again, what connects the objects we see with that which they signify? This is a question of *theory* rather than of fact, and an answer to it forms Berkeley's "theory of vision." "How comes it to pass," he asks, "that we apprehend, by the ideas of sight, certain other ideas, which neither resemble them, nor cause them, nor are caused by them, nor have any necessary connexion with them? . . . The solution of this problem, in its full extent, doth comprehend the whole theory of vision. This stating of the matter placeth it on a new foot, and in a different light from all preceding theories."* The theory which he offers as the solution, accounts for the synthesis of what we see with its real meaning, by the hypothesis of a divinely established asso-

ciation of visible objects with tangible objects—a divinely maintained harmony of the visual and tactual phenomena of nature.

Till we reflect deeply, Berkeley might go on to say, we are apt to take for granted, for obvious reasons, that we can see and touch the *same* object. There *is* an orange on the table. We are ready to say that we can see it, and also touch it. But the "it" here is a misleading word. It seems to say that when we see the orange, and touch an orange, we can see what we are touching, and touch what we are seeing. But what we are sensible of when we see an orange, has truly nothing in common with what we are sensible of when we touch an orange. We cannot surely identify the sensation of *expanded colour*, and the sensation of *continuous resistance*—coloured extension, and resistant extension. In fact we do not see, we never saw, and we never can see the orange of touch; we do not touch, we never touched, and we never can touch the orange of sight. We give them the same name, indeed, because we find that they are constant companions; and when we see the visible orange within our reach, we can confidently predict that if we put out our hand, we shall have the experience of a tangible orange. The simultaneous modifications of coloured expanse which we see, are signs which foretell the successive modifications of tactual and locomotive sensation that will ensue, if we take the orange into our hands and play with it. We may say, if we please, that we both see and touch the "extension" of that or any other object; but in saying this we are playing with words. If we will only test our words by our experience, we shall find that the sensibly extended world of which we are conscious in seeing, has nothing but the name in common with the sensibly extended world of which we are conscious in our tactual, muscular, and locomotive sense-experience. They are no more to be identified, because called by the same name, than the nine letters which make up the word *extension* are to be identified, either with the colours contemporaneously present in vision, or with the partly continuous and partly broken sense of resistance of which we are conscious when our bodies or any of their organs are in motion. In vision, "extension" consists of a quantity of *minima visibilia*, and in touch, it consists of a quantity of *minima tangibilia*,—the magnitude of the object in each case being proportioned to the *number* of their respective units; and the term extension being applicable to either, according as we prefer the practical importance of the tangible signification, on the one hand, or the clearness and distinctness of its visible sign, on the other.

* *Theory of Vision Vindicated and Explained*, sect. 42.

It is on considerations of this sort, we believe, that the Theory of Vision which Mr. Abbott proposes to "disprove" is based.

The speculation is one peculiar to modern philosophy. It was in the year 1709 that George Berkeley, then a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, hardly twenty-five years of age, proclaimed himself the discoverer of a prejudice, which—assisted by the imperfection of language, and the long and close connexion in our minds between what we see and what we touch—had confused the real nature of vision, blinded men to the true solution of certain difficulties in Optics, concealed profound lessons in thought, with which the daily exercise of seeing is so wonderfully charged, and closed the avenue on which we have a most ready and charming access to the mysteries of the strange consciousness into which we all awake on earth. He announced the discovery as one founded on a strict analysis of the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts of which we are conscious in sense. The only difficulties he professed to have in verifying the discovery were, the already mentioned difficulty of separating what we have been always accustomed to unite in thought, and that of finding artificial language pure and precise enough to express his meaning. But he saw clearly that the very business of the metaphysician is to unravel prejudices and mistakes, to untwist the closest connexions, to distinguish things that are different, to guide to distinct conceptions, instead of confused and perplexed ones, gradually to correct our judgment, and to reduce it to philosophical exactness.

Berkeley's critical purification of corrupt popular language about sight, and subtle research into the processes and beliefs that are involved in the every-day exercise of seeing and touching, was a not unnatural result of the state of the intellectual atmosphere at the beginning of the last century, and for some time preceding. The new philosophy of Newton was then drawing scientific minds to optical experiment, and not a few optical phenomena were urgently asking for solution. The new philosophy of Locke was exciting men to study themselves, and to obtain a genuine knowledge of what we are conscious of, disentangled from all scholastic language. The meditative Malebranche, the great continental rival of Locke, had found in vision some of his most startling illustrations of the inherent fallacy of the senses. Hooke and Boyle and the Royal

Society were beginning to treat all nature as a book, and to regard science as the interpretation of the book. This young student at Dublin suddenly presented himself before them all, with the theory that seeing real things and persons located in space is an act of interpretation, and that vision is a beautifully illuminated book of God. When we ponder what he taught, under the form of "a new theory of vision," we find that he was really engaging in that still continued and now extended war against abstractions, hypotheses, and metaphysical and theological dogmas, in which his generation, in the act of becoming Baconian, was in various ways taking a part. Berkeley, in his theory of seeing, is an advanced Baconian, who deals with the physical universe on the principle that it is a language, and that artificial words which pretend to express inconceivable abstractions are the chief cause of this language of facts being misinterpreted. And the further development of the Berkeleian philosophy is in spirit a fuller development of the same truly Baconian lesson in the theory of scientific research.

Although the Irish capital was then remote from all the centres of thought and literature, the atmosphere of Trinity College when Berkeley entered it, had become charged with curious questions about that World of Sense, which had been provoking him to reflection from his very childhood. The seeds of metaphysical thought were then thickly sown there for the first time in its history. One circumstance in his intellectual environment at the University is here worthy of note. Among the most interesting incidents in the life of the philosopher Locke is his correspondence with William Molyneux of Dublin, about the contents of the *Essay on Human Understanding*. The correspondence was suggested by a laudatory reference to Locke's "Essay," in the preface to Molyneux's *Dioptrica Nova*, published in 1692. It spread over the six following years, and ended in the visit to the English sage, at Oates in Essex, on returning from which this Irish disciple of Locke met his untimely death. Molyneux had already introduced the "Essay" to Trinity College. When Berkeley matriculated in March 1700, Locke was a familiar name there, and the son of Molyneux was soon after Berkeley's pupil. Part of one of the most suggestive passages in Locke's "Essay" was introduced into the second edition, in consequence of a query contained in a letter from Molyneux. This now famous query and the context penetrate far into the metaphysical theory of vision. "Suppose a man born blind," he asks, "and now adult, and taught by his touch to dis-

* *Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*. Dublin, 1709.

tinguish between a cube and a sphere of the same metal, and nighly of the same bigness, so as to tell when he felt the one and the other, which is the cube and which is the sphere. Suppose then the cube and the sphere placed on a table, and the blind man be made to see: Query, 'Whether by his sight only, before he touched them, he could now distinguish and tell which is the globe or which the cube?' To this question, adds Locke, and in so doing he expresses his own concurrence with him, "the acute and judicious proposer answers 'Not.' For though he had obtained his experience of how a globe, how a cube affects his touch; yet he has not yet obtained the experience, that what affects his touch so or so, must affect his sight so or so; or that a protuberant angle in the cube, that pressed his hand unequally, shall appear in the eye as it does in the cube."* We have evidence that this passage and the profound context were much brooded over by Berkeley in the Cloisters of Trinity College. He cross-questioned himself about vision and extension in the most ingenious manner. And the problem soon became, in his mind, part of a still wider one. The facts of vision connected themselves with the deepest principle in philosophy. To penetrate to the centre of his visual theory, it must be studied not merely in the tentative *Essay* of 1709, but in its subsequent developments and ramifications in his later works. Its critics and its disciples have commonly forgotten this. In 1710 and 1713—in his *Principles of Human Knowledge* and in his *Dialogues*—he employed the reasonings of the *Essay* against abstract extension, and on behalf of the absolute heterogeneity of the two sensible extensions of sight and touch, against an abstract world of matter in all its phases. Nearly twenty years later, in *Alciphron*, he argued that the theory of visual language involves a new and unanswerable proof of the existence and immediate operation of God, and the constant care of his providence. A new edition of the *Essay* accompanied *Alciphron*. Attention was thus and then recalled to that juvenile speculation. The discussion then raised, and in particular a critical letter published in the *Daily Post Boy*, in September 1732, drew from Berkeley, early in the following year, *A Vindication and Explanation of the Theory of Vision or Visual Language*. A due appreciation of what he says about vision thus requires a collation of passages contained in works extending over a period of more than twenty years. In the long-forgotten tract last mentioned, which is

not contained in the hitherto collected editions of its author's works, the theory is presented in a new light. In the original *Essay* of 1709, the vulgar assumption of objects common to sight and touch is cautiously dissolved by analysis; and the counter theory of a relation between what we see and what we touch, analogous to that between words and what they signify, is substituted in its place. In the *Vindication* of 1733, the author starts with what is his conclusion in the *Essay*—that what we see is the alphabet of a language which the Governor of Nature is constantly addressing to us, for the prudent regulation of our actions in this world of sense; and, as a scientific verification of this conclusion, he deduces solutions of various phenomena, explaining with great ingenuity difficulties connected with visible things.

Berkeley died at Oxford in 1753. His Theory of Vision attracted little farther attention during his life, excepting some criticisms which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a favourable reference by Hartley in his *Observations on Man*, and an adverse judgment by Condillac, afterwards withdrawn when Condillac may have recognised better his own affinity to Berkeley. More than ten years after Berkeley's death, his doctrine of vision received the qualified approbation of the Scotch philosopher Reid, divorced, however, from his metaphysics as a whole, although the Theory of Vision was the seminal principle of that metaphysical system. Thus eviscerated, the "philosophy" of Berkeley has been the object of professed hostility to Reid and his followers, while Berkeley's "Theory of Vision" has, mainly through them, obtained the almost unanimous consent of metaphysicians.

To take a few examples of the way in which the "theory" is spoken of among the friends or followers of Reid, Adam Smith alludes to it in his *Essays* as "one of the finest examples of philosophical analysis that is to be found either in our own or in any other language." Stewart characterizes it in his *Elements* as "one of the most beautiful, and at the same time one of the most important theories of modern philosophy." "The solid additions," he says in his *Dissertation*, "made by Berkeley to the stock of human knowledge, were important and brilliant. Among these the first place is unquestionably due to his *New Theory of Vision*, a work abounding with ideas so different from those commonly received, and at the same time so profound and refined, that it was regarded by all but a few accustomed to deep metaphysical reflection, rather in the light of a philosophical romance than of a sober inquiry after

* *Essay on Human Understanding*, B. ii. ch. 9, § 8

truth. Such, however, has since been the progress and diffusion of this sort of knowledge, that the leading and most abstracted doctrines contained in it form now an essential part of every elementary treatise of optics, and are adopted by the most superficial smatterers in science as fundamental articles of their faith." "Nothing in the compass of inductive reasoning," says Sir William Hamilton, "appears more satisfactory than Berkeley's demonstration of the necessity and manner of our learning, by a slow process of observation and comparison alone, the connexion between the perceptions of vision and touch, and, in general, all that relates to the distance and real magnitude of external things."—(*Reid*, p. 182, *note*.) "With regard to the method by which we judge of distance, it was formerly supposed to depend upon an original law of the constitution, and to be independent of any knowledge gained through the medium of the external senses. This opinion was attacked by Berkeley in his *New Theory of Vision*, in which it appears most clearly demonstrated that our whole information on this subject is acquired by experience and association."—(*Lectures on Metaphysics*.)

But we need not multiply quotations from authorities, either in the rationalist or the sensationalist school of metaphysicians. This one doctrine, as Mr. Mill remarks, has been recognised and upheld with a singular unanimity by the leading thinkers of both schools alike.

Mr. Abbott boldly encounters this apparently wide-spread concurrence of opinion with regard to a doctrine of extreme subtilty. He treats what he calls the "common" or "Berkeleyian" theory of vision as a sceptical paradox, unproved by its author, and which may now be easily disproved, on physical or physiological grounds, by its critic.

The work before us is the second English book of considerable size, written expressly to disprove the Berkeleyian theory of vision. More than twenty years ago, Mr. Samuel Bailey of Sheffield, a candid and able thinker, engaged in a similar enterprise. Mr. Bailey's volume* recalled attention, at the time of its appearance, to the foundation on which the theory rests; and it was the subject of two interesting rejoinders—a well-weighed judicial criticism in the *Westminster Review*, by Mr. J. S. Mill, and a brilliant essay, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, attributed to a metaphysician whose recent premature death is now mourned in the world of letters and philoso-

phy, the late Professor Ferrier. That controversy ended with a letter by Mr. Bailey,* and a reply to it by each of his critics.

Mr. Abbott prefaces his attack by first begging the question, and then drawing an inference from what he has begged. The inference thus drawn forms the frankly-announced motive which induced him to take the trouble of "exposing the fallacy" of the "Berkeleyian theory." Here are the words in which he explains himself in his Preface:—

"The question discussed in the following pages is one of small compass, but no one versed in philosophy will estimate its importance by its extent. The theory assailed is, in fact, the stronghold of scepticism; for if consciousness is once proved to be delusive, there is an end to all appeals to its authority; doubt must reign supreme. It is to no purpose to say that it is not consciousness that is proved to be delusive, but an inveterate belief which is mistaken for a deliverance of consciousness; for it is practically the same thing whether consciousness itself deceives, or something which is undistinguishable from it. It is of little use to prove that a certain witness is trustworthy, if in so doing we also prove that his evidence is falsified before it reaches us."—(P. iii.)

When Mr. Abbott speaks of the "small compass" of the question which he discusses, we must either demur to what he says, or else regard the terms as applicable to what he has himself written about, and not to the real theory of Berkeley. That theory, conversant with the whole problem of extension and the extended world, is almost as comprehensive as metaphysics, and its determination is the turning-point of a great system. It is of small compass only in the eye of one who regards all metaphysical philosophy as such. But this by the way.

It is a favourite resource of some people to confound their own fallible interpretation of what is revealed, with the infallible revelation itself. Indeed, if the case be as Mr. Abbott here says it is, he might have saved himself the trouble of writing his book. If any theory subverts all belief, it is not worth arguing about, unless for speculative amusement. The statement contained in the words now quoted is, however, ambiguous.

What Berkeley has written about vision consists, as we have hinted, of two parts,—an analysis of what we are conscious of, in seeing and touching; and a theory to explain the connexion between sight and touch. Mr. Abbott, in common with Berkeley's critics

* *A Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision, designed to show the unsoundness of that celebrated Speculation.* By Samuel Bailey. London, 1842.

* *A Letter to a Philosopher in reply to some recent attempts to Vindicate Berkeley's Theory of Vision, and in further Elucidation of its Unsoundness.* London, 1843.

generally, has failed accurately to distinguish between these two things.

Is it the theory, or is it the analysis on which it rests, that Mr. Abbott regards as the "stronghold of scepticism?" Do we contradict consciousness, by attributing the observed connexion of what we are conscious of in seeing and in touching, to a divinely instituted association of dissimilar phenomena, instead of attributing it to an incognizable substance and cause; or does consciousness not really manifest, as Berkeley says it does, the phenomenal distinction of the visible to the real or tangible, which the theory was suggested to account for? Is Berkeley at variance with consciousness in his explanation; or is he at variance with consciousness in his analysis of facts which seemed to demand an explanation? We cannot find from his book that Mr. Abbott has put this alternative question to himself. To answer either alternative as he has done in the opening sentences of his Preface, is to assume the opposite either of Berkeley's facts or of Berkeley's explanation, while the reality of these facts and the sufficiency of the explanation are still in debate.

After we have read through his book, we gather indeed that the "inveterate belief," which (according to Mr. Abbott) Berkeley resolves into a delusion, is a conviction that in our original visual consciousness we see the externality, distance from ourselves, magnitude, and relative position of real things,—that, in short, we see real objects, occupying larger or smaller portions of what we imagine to ourselves as an ocean of space, in which we and they have our being, at greater or less distances from one another. This manner of conceiving vision is, no doubt, convenient enough for most practical purposes. But the Ptolemaic conception of the universe, for a like reason, holds its place to this day in the phraseology of ordinary discourse. It may as well be said that when we describe the rotation of the earth round the stationary sun, we are belying the evidence of the senses, as that, when we speak of the invisibility of the kind of experience which infuses the proper meaning into the word distance, we are distrusting the evidence of consciousness. It is not easy to realize the actual immobility of the sun, when we seem to see its relative motion. Nor is it easy to separate the distances, magnitudes, and positions of the different bodies in the solar system, from the ever-changing visible panorama in which they are signified. Yet in both cases, as in the one, the difficulty may be due to the obstinacy of a prejudice, which has discredited the senses with fallacies that cannot justly be alleged against them. The pos-

sibility of this is suggested to us, when we try to realize the only kind of meaning which a being endowed merely with the sense of seeing can communicate to the whole class of words which express distance and extended body. In fact, the "sceptical" tendency of the facts on which Berkeley builds his theory, simply means that, in the opinion of his critic, they are not facts at all. Yet he never fairly compares our visual experience of the varieties of expanded colour, with our tactual and locomotive experience of resistance, or tries to show how the resistant but uncoloured extension which we touch, and the coloured but non-resistant extension which we see, can be identified.

We shall now transcribe the passage in which Mr. Abbott announces the conditions which must be fulfilled before he will accept Berkeley's theory as proved. That theory, as we have said, affirms, that to see the externality, distance, figure, and size of a real thing, is truly to interpret the visual signs with which these are arbitrarily associated by the perpetual providence of the Supreme Governor. But throughout his book, this critic treats of the vision of *distance* only, hardly referring to the other dimensions of extension, and to the outness or externality of what we see.

"Let us consider," say Mr. Abbott, "what is required in order to prove that the visual perception of distance is the result of association with perceptions of touch.

"First, it must be proved that sight actually does not perceive distance. This may be shown *a priori* or *a posteriori*. The only *a priori* proof possible is a physical one; one, namely, which should show that the immediate object in perception must be identical, whatever the variation in the circumstances supposed to be perceived. An objection founded on the fact that the variations are such as contain no necessary connexion with the idea of distance, is perfectly worthless, since the process of every sense is equally beyond our ken: nowhere is there any necessary connexion between the idea and its antecedent. *A posteriori*, it might be shown that persons deprived of sight are capable of the perceptions in question; while those who possess sight, and not the locomotive faculty, are not. Secondly, it must be proved this distance is perceived by touch or the locomotive faculty. This may be done by the observation just mentioned; or we may have recourse to the *instantiæ variantes in proximo*, and show that the accuracy or power of perception of distance is proportional to the energy or exertion of the locomotive sense. Thirdly, the fact of the association between the perceptions of touch and the sensations of sight must be established; and fourthly, it must be shown that the variations in the suggesting sensations correspond with those in the distance perceived.

"How have these conditions been satisfied? Berkeley has endeavoured to prove the first in the *a priori* method; the second he takes for granted; the remaining two he does not seem to have thought of stating, much less of proving. Yet his work has been called demonstrative. His deficiency, however, on the second head, others have endeavoured to supply, with what success we shall have to consider presently. Berkeley's argument is in substance the following:—It is physically impossible that the eye should be the organ of perceiving distance; but it is a fact that by sight we do judge of distance. Consequently, this must be by the suggestion of some other idea. Now it is admitted that distance is perceived by touch, and, if not by sight, by touch only. This Berkeley (with Mill) apparently considers too obvious to require to be stated. Hence follows his conclusion, that the supposed perception of distance is a suggestion through visual signs of a tactual idea" (pp. 9, 10).

Mr. Abbott's refutation is an expansion of the contents of this passage, in which he appears to us to have added fresh misrepresentations of his own to others with which Mr. Bailey and preceding critics are chargeable.

We shall first consider his criticism of the Berkeleian analysis of what we are conscious in seeing and touching. We shall then examine his objections to the theory by which Berkeley attempts to explain the connexion of visible and tangible objects.

1. *How Berkeley discovers the only immediate objects of consciousness in sight and in touch.*

First of all, Berkeley hardly says that "sight does not perceive distance," at least in every meaning of these words, nor is it necessary that he should do so. He allows that we see *signs* of real distances, *e.g.*, greater or less confusion in the visible appearance, when the tangible object is close to the eye; aerial and linear perspective, and our previous knowledge of the sizes, etc., of intermediate objects in the visible panorama, when the object is more distant. These *visible* signs of actual distance are recognised in his theory, as well as certain invisible ocular movements. The vague expression, "seeing objects to be at various distances," accordingly means ability to interpret the perspective in the panorama which is before us. Berkeley only denied that the mere panorama can inform us (without enough of the appropriate actual and locomotive experience) what our tactual and locomotive sensations and ideas would be, if we were to move our bodies or any of their members. But if we choose, with this important qualification, to call seeing these and similar *signs* "seeing distances," the metaphysical analysis of our visual belief

and knowledge does not forbid us to continue to do so, and conventional phraseology rather invites us.

Again, in various passages, Berkeley includes in the meaning of the word "perception" the inferences which we learn to form by comparing what we see with our experience in the other senses. In this laxer signification of the term, we have, of course, a visual perception of distances, *i.e.*, an *acquired* visual perception. But in the same way we have a visual perception of the meaning of an ordinary sentence in a familiar book.

In the next place, Berkeley does not and need not mean that distance is perceived by "touch or the locomotive faculty." As we have just said, he sometimes uses "perception" in a lax manner; but an immediate and distinct perception of the distance of any object, by mere touch, and without visual or other experience, is, as it ought to be, contrary to the spirit of his analysis of our sense-consciousness. Yet Mr. Abbott persists in attributing this to him.

Distance and *tactual* externality* is thus in its nature, on Berkeley's principles, something evolving itself in orderly succession, and not something contemporaneous and immediately perceptible. As successive, it is not, strictly speaking, perceived by *any* of the senses. Moreover, like the meanings which are ratified and expressed by artificial language, distances cannot be distinctly conceived by us without the help of their visible signs. Just as we cannot carry on trains of thought without the help of artificial language, so we cannot apprehend distances, or indeed quantities of *minima tangibilia* in any of their dimensions, without the help of their appropriate symbols in "visual language." This particular analogy of visual language with artificial languages seems to us to be very important. If Berkeley had developed it, it might have obviated many plausible objections to his theory.

That Berkeley means by distance a succession of tactual or locomotive experience, we have evidence in much that he has written. Take the following passages as examples:—

"In strict truth, the ideas of sight, when we apprehend by them distance, and things placed at a distance, do not suggest or mark out to us things actually existing at a distance, but only admonish us what ideas of touch will be imprint-

* *i.e.*, "externality" in its secondary meaning; in its deeper meaning externality implies independence of *my* percipient mind, and in its deepest meaning of all, independence of *all* mind or consciousness. The possibility of this last Berkeley denies. See *Principles of Human Knowledge*, sect. 43, 44.

ed in our minds at such and such distances of time, and in consequence of such or such actions."—(*Principles of Human Knowledge*, sect. 44.)

Again:—

"Do you not think," asks *Hylas*, "that sight suggests something of outness or distance? *Phil.* Upon approaching a distant object, do the visible size and figure change perpetually, or do they appear the same at all distances? *Hyl.* They are in a continual change. *Phil.* Sight, therefore, doth not suggest or any way inform you, that the visible object you immediately perceive exists at a distance, or will be perceived when you advance onward, there being a continued series of visible objects succeeding each other during the whole time of your approach. *Hyl.* It doth not; but still I know, upon seeing an object, what object I shall perceive after having passed over a certain distance; no matter whether it be the same or no; there is still something of distance suggested in the case. *Phil.* Good *Hylas*, do but reflect a little on the point, and then tell me whether there be any more in it than this. From the ideas you actually perceive by sight, you have by experience learned to collect what other ideas you will (according to the standing order of nature) be affected with, after a certain succession of time and motion. *Hyl.* Upon the whole, I take it to be nothing else."—(*Dialogues of Hylas and Philomons*, First Dialogue.)

A word of explanation may be useful here. Berkeley seems to say that while *tactual* experience reveals length, breadth, and thickness, we can see extension only in two of these dimensions; that we have, in short, the elements of geometrical solidity in touch, while we cannot see solids. Mr. Abbott, in the course of his criticism of Professor Bain's ingenious analysis,* remarks, "that space cannot be conceived to consist in two dimensions of a visible idea, and in the third of something so heterogenous as muscular effort" (p. 73). There is a confusion here which Berkeley's own language is apt to encourage. On his analysis we have no abstract idea of extension at all. We have two kinds of *sensible* extension, however; the one composed of visible units, and the other of tangible units. We touch the former in no one of its dimensions. We see the latter in no one of its dimensions. But our *tactual* experience constitutes three dimensions of tangible extension; and we see three distinct sets of visible signs, corresponding to the three sorts of tangible signification. We

thus have experience of tangible length, breadth, and thickness; and we may be said to be sensible, in a secondary or symbolical way, of a visible length, breadth, and thickness. Extension in a vision, accordingly, does not consist of "two dimensions of a visible idea, and the third (thickness or distance) of something heterogeneous." Visible extension consists of the visible signs of tangible length, the visible signs of tangible breadth, and the visible signs of tangible distance.

Yet Berkeley himself, it may be argued, denies that we see distance, in the same way as we see length and breadth, figure and situation. How is this? If in seeing the signs of length, we may be said to see length, and in seeing the signs of breadth to see breadth, why may not seeing the signs of distance be called seeing distance?

Berkeley leaves the answer to this question obscure. The fact is, that the signs of real distance are mere modifications of coloured length and breadth, while the signs of real length and breadth are in themselves mutually distinguishable, as coloured length and breadth. But, in so far as all the three groups of visible signs are alike "heterogeneous" to the length, breadth, and thickness of touch, we may speak of three dimensions of visible extension, as well as of three dimensions of tangible extension; referring in the former case to three kinds of visible signs, and in the latter to three kinds of correlative *tactual* signification.

What Berkeley tries to prove, then, is not that we cannot see distance, while we can see the other two dimensions of extension, and can touch distance, length, and breadth. Liberally interpreted, he maintains that, while tangible extension in all its three dimensions, is invisible, and is constituted by and revealed in our *tactual* or locomotive experience only, there is a class of visible signs appropriate to each of these dimensions, and none of these classes have anything in common with what they signify. He shows that we see only the arbitrary signs of modifications of sensible extension which in their nature are *tactual*, and dependent for their very existence on *tactual* locomotion. This wider problem of extension in general comprehends the subordinate one of distance, on which Mr. Abbott makes the whole debate to turn. And the "theory of vision" which he professedly attempts to disprove, rests on the analysis which distinguishes visibly extended objects from tangibly extended objects.* From this

* *The Senses and the Intellect*. By A. Bain, Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Second Edition. (London, 1864.) See pp. 369-397 of this able work, by a contemporary Scotch philosopher, to which we regret we cannot do justice here. Mr. Bain argues forcibly that "the very meaning of distance is such as cannot be taken in by mere sight."

* Mr. Ingleby, in his *Introduction to Metaphysic* (London, 1864), says, that "no sane man ever doubted that visible distance could not serve as the sign of tangible distance, until Sight and Touch had been associated by constant use," and infers

analysis, a solution of the narrower question of the visibility or invisibility of tangible *distance* follows as a corollary. The proof of Berkeley's theory is a proof that the units of visible extension have nothing in common (except the name extension) with the units of tangible extension. An inadequate conception of this, in the first place; and the assumption, in the second place, that the theory, thus inadequately conceived, is rested by Berkeley on an alleged fact in physiological optics, have put the Irish metaphysician at cross purposes with his critics, and we may add, with the mass of his professed followers, to an extent hardly equalled in the annals of philosophical controversy or comment.

Whether we really can see more than signs of the real distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things; in a word, whether we can see more than signs of their real extension or externality, is a question of fact. We must therefore study the facts of vision, in ourselves and in other people, in order to determine it.

Now there is a field of experimental research in which we might hope to learn certainly what can be known about the extension of bodies by mere seeing. We refer to cases of persons in whom either visual or tactual experience is presented in its purity. The visual experience of persons who have been relieved from born-blindness, for example; and the knowledge of the extended and external possessed by those originally destitute of the visual sense, who have never been so relieved at all, are both cases which have excited much philosophical curiosity since Berkeley published his theory. (The counter experience of persons originally destitute of all tactual and locomotive experience, while endowed with the visual sense, would not be less relevant, if any human being could be found and communicated with in that condition.) The signs of visual perception in infants, and in the young of the lower animals, have also a cognate interest.

Berkeley himself made no investigations in this field. His testing facts were sought elsewhere. And those physiologists or mental philosophers who have tried to determine what vision in its purity is, by experiments in cases either of communicated sight or of continued born-blindness, have illustrated the truth of Diderot's remark—"préparer et in-

that it would be an error to suppose that Berkeley meant only that. But are all sane men agreed that visible and tangible extension are absolutely heterogeneous—that the former is merely a non-resistant colour, and the latter merely uncoloured resistance?

terroger un aveugle-né n'eût point été une occupation indigne des talents réunis de Newton, Des Cartes, Locke, et Leibnitz." Mr. Abbott has alluded to a large assortment of recorded cases in his book, commencing with the famous one of the born-blind boy couched by Cheselden in 1728, quoted in his *Vindication* by Berkeley himself, and perhaps still the most remarkable on record.

This boy's visual perception of real externality and trinal extension could so little be discerned, that, when he first saw, he thought all visible objects *touched his eyes* (as he expressed it), as what he felt did his skin. He did not know the shape of anything, nor any one thing from another, however different in shape or magnitude. Upon being told what the visible things were, whose reality he before knew from touch, he would carefully look at them, that he might recognise them again. Several weeks after he was couched, being deceived by pictures, he asked which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing. He was never able to imagine any lines beyond the bounds he saw. The room he was in, he said, he knew to be part of the house, yet he could not conceive how the whole house should look larger.

One of the most remarkable recent cases is that recorded by Mr. Nunnely. After couching, the boy could, in this instance, we are told, at once perceive a difference in the shapes of objects. Though he could not say which was the cube and which the sphere, he saw they were not of the same visible figure. It was not till they had been many times placed in his hands, that he learnt to distinguish by sight the one which he had just in his hands from the other placed beside it. He gradually became more correct in his judgments, but it was only after several days that he could tell by the eye alone which was the sphere and which the cube; when asked, he always, before answering, wished to take both in his hands. Even when this was allowed, when immediately afterwards the objects were placed before the eyes, he was not certain of the figure. Of distance he had not the least conception. He said everything touched his eyes, and walked carefully about, with his hands held up before him, to prevent things hurting his eyes by touching them.

Though apparently a short-hand mode of settling the facts on which Berkeley's theory depends, experiments of this sort have, however, not proved a sure one. In the first place, the operators have not been good questioners; and, in the second place, we cannot reasonably expect boys, in or immediately after the crisis of a painful operation, to be able to express what they are visually

conscious of, with the precision and acuteness of a metaphysician experienced in reflection. The most remarkable patients were very young, and all seem to have had previously some degree of consciousness of colour and visible figure. The pretended recollections, or recorded experience of infancy, are still more open to objection. The alleged visual knowledge of actual distances (as distinct from the visible signs of distance) by the lower animals, can decide nothing about the sensitive power of human beings, so long as the geometrical instincts of bees do not prove that men are able, with like facility, to construct mathematically shaped cells, without having learned geometry.

More suggestive, as it appears to us, than any of the recorded instances of communicated sight, are the following observations of Platner, upon the blind from birth, quoted by Sir William Hamilton:—

“In regard to the visionless representation of space or extension,—the attentive observation of a person born blind, which I formerly instituted in the year 1785, and again, in relation to the point in question, have continued for three whole weeks—this observation has convinced me that the sense of touch, by itself, is altogether incompetent to afford us the representation of extension and space, and is not even cognizant of local exteriority; in a word, that a man deprived of sight has absolutely no perception of an outer world, beyond the existence of *something effective, different from his own feeling of passivity*, and in general only of the numerical diversity, shall I say of impressions, or of things? In fact, to those born blind, time serves instead of space; vicinity and distance means in their mouths nothing more than the shorter or longer time; the smaller or greater number of feelings, which they find necessary to attain from some one feeling to some other.”

Though adduced for an opposite purpose, these facts seem to us a remarkable confirmation of Berkeley's doctrine, when it is rightly understood. Platner suggests that time serves instead of space to the blind man; in other words, that his experience of successive resistance or resistant extension, serves instead of a visual experience of a perspective of various colours. Now Berkeley resolves tangible or external extension into “ideas of touch, imprinted on our minds at such and such distances of time, and in consequence of such and such actions;” and he resolves visible extension into co-existent colours, by modifications of which tangible extension is signified. How, we may well ask, by any amount of mere handling, can we ever gain the faintest conception of visible figures or magnitudes, or of the visible appearances which are significant of greater

or less distances? And we are probably as unable either to perceive or to conceive distinctly even the tangible shapes, sizes, and distances of things, without the help of their visible signs, as we are to carry a train of thought and reasoning, in a complex question, without the help of artificial language.

We must now return to Berkeley's manner of sifting the facts on which his theory rests. Here we are met by a portentous statement, transmitted by his professed disciples to his antagonists, and from them back to his disciples. From Adam Smith to Mr. Abbott, they agree in making his *proof* that the distance of real objects is invisible, his only basis for his theory; and they further represent this proof as consisting in what Mr. Bailey describes as “one solitary reason of an *a priori* character—a sort of metaphysico-mathematical argument.” Mr. Bailey is at a loss how to characterize those who are contented with so illogical a proof of the invisibility of distance, as he says Mr. Berkeley is satisfied with. He refers to them with a mixed wonder and pity in various parts of his books; and in his *Theory of Reasoning*, he consigns the supposed “proof” to the pillory as one of the most glaring examples that can be offered of a particular sort of fallacy. Mr. Abbott, following in his wake, roundly denounces the

* Some metaphysicians have wasted their ingenuity in trying to show how, by means of touch, we may gradually attain to a conception of visible (?) extension. And Sir W. Hamilton contends, in opposition to a host of authorities, to the evidence of Cheselden's patient, and to his own professed acceptance of Berkeley's doctrine on vision, “that if a blind man had been able to form a conception of a (tangible?) square or globe by mere touch, he would, on first perceiving them (by sight), be able to discriminate them from each other; for this supposes only that he had acquired the primary notions of a straight and a curved (tangible?) line? Again, if touch afforded us the notion of space or extension in general (?), the patient, on obtaining sight, would certainly be able to conceive the possibility of space or extension beyond the actual boundary of his vision.”—(*Lectures on Metaphysics*, ii. 177. See also Reid's *Works*, p. 137, note.) All this assumes that the extension we see has something in common with the extension we touch; that there is some resemblance between a visible square or globe, and a tangible square or globe—between a visible straight or curved line, and a tangible straight or curved line. But according to Berkeley's analysis of our sense-consciousness, they have nothing in common, and the name “extension” is applied to both merely because the visible sign is constantly connected with the tangible object. A meaning and its ordinary verbal symbol are in like manner, and for a like reason, nominally one. We may remark in passing, that Sir W. Hamilton, here and elsewhere, speaks of extension as identical with Space, as well as of visible extension as identical with tangible. But is not space truly the *negation* of sensible extension, in any of its kinds?

doctrine of the celebrated compatriot as "in truth the shame, and not the glory of psychology," as a professed discovery "in its domain, made not only without its help, but in spite of it, by *physical* reasoning," and as having hitherto "baffled psychology either to verify it, or to shake the *physical* basis on which it rests;" and he declares, that "if psychology has been forced to make this ignominious confession at its first encounter with *physics*, it is time that it should abandon all pretence to be a science of observation, or indeed a science at all." Berkeley, he adds, "has endeavoured to prove his doctrine in the *a priori* method. . . . The only *a priori* proof possible is a *physical* one. . . . This proof has been generally regarded as unanswerable. It is, in fact, the sole positive argument advanced either by Berkeley or Mill."

Here are the words, on the first page of Berkeley's *Essay*, in which, according to friends and foes, he gives the whole reasoning on which the very salient point in the theory depends—the invisibility of distance:—

"It is, I think, agreed by all, that distance of itself and immediately cannot be seen. For distance being a line directed endwise to the eye, it projects only one point in the fund of the eye; which point remains invariably the same, whether the distance be longer or shorter."—(Sec. ii.)

Now, is this scrap, which argues the physical impossibility of the eye being the organ for perceiving distance, really Berkeley's proof of his new theory of vision?*. If so, he professed to be working out his problem in one field, while he was actually determin-

* Mr. Mill puts the "physical" reasoning thus:—
"We cannot see anything which is not painted on our retina; and we see things like or unlike, according as they are painted on the retina like or unlike. The distance between an object to our right and an object to our left is a line presented sideways, and is therefore painted on our retina as a line; the distance of an object from us is a line presented endways, and is represented on the retina by a point. It seems obvious, therefore, that we must be able, by the eye alone, to discriminate between unequal distances of the former kind, but not of the latter" (and the latter is what Berkeley means by "distance"). This argument, he adds, which "involves no premises but what all admit," does "prove conclusively that distance *from the eye* is not seen, but inferred." Professor Ferrier grants to Mr. Bailey, that "Berkeley is perhaps to be condemned for having left his assertion so destitute of the support of reasoning," and proceeds to supplement the deficiency by a very ingenious piece of reasoning of his own—that distance from the eye is invisible, because the eye of the percipient is itself invisible to him; while the distance of one visible object from another visible object may be seen, both being within the range of vision. But we maintain that Berkeley's proof ultimately resolves itself, as we have said, into the absolute "heterogeneity" of tangible distance and visible (signs of) distance—of tangible extension and visible extension.

ing it in another. Neither the fabric of the eye, nor its relation to light, are within his professed scope at all. Not the organic conditions of vision, but the conscious state in which we find ourselves when we are seeing, is the professed object of his analysis. The eye and its relations to light and colour, he leaves to physiologists and natural philosophers. Take the following, among other passages, in which he thus limits the field of his research:—

"The knowledge of these connexions, relations, and differences of things visible and tangible in their nature, force, and significancy, hath not been duly considered by former writers on optics, and seems to have been the great desideratum in that science, which for want thereof was confused and imperfect. A treatise, therefore, of this *philosophical* kind, for the understanding of vision, is at least as necessary as the *physical* consideration of the eye, nerve, coats, humours, refractions, bodily nature, and motion of light; or as the *geometrical* application of lines and angles for praxis or theory in dioptric glasses or mirrors for computing and reducing to some rule and measure or judgment, so far as they are proportional to the objects of geometry. In these three lights vision should be considered, in order to a complete theory of optics."—(*Vindication*, sect. 37. Compare this with sect. 43.)

But besides these passages, take the following special reasons:—

(1.) In the various parts of Berkeley's writings in which he gives the reason of his belief in the invisibility of distance, as well as in the invisibility of the extension of a real object in any of its dimensions, this scrap of physical reasoning holds a very subordinate place. It does not appear at all in the *Vindication*, in which the foundation and superstructure of the doctrine are stated anew. (2.) In the above and parallel passages the physical argument is offered, not as Berkeley's own, but "as agreed by all"—as part of the current doctrine of his time in physical science, and therefore apt to conciliate those who might be offended by the novelty of the theory—the conciliation of popular opinion and phraseology being one of his favourite aims. (3.) Not to refer to other scientific writers of that age, this scrap, as well as the following sections of the *Essay*, are almost identical in verbal expression with a passage in a work which Berkeley must have often had under his eye—the *Dioptrica Nova* of William Molyneux, published seventeen years before. The coincidence is so remarkable that we shall quote the words of Molyneux:—

"In plain vision the estimate we make of the distance of objects is rather the act of our judgment than of sense, and acquired by exercise and a faculty of comparing rather than natural.

For distance itself is not to be perceived; for 'tis a line (or a length) presented to our eye with its end toward us, which must therefore be only a point, and that is invisible; wherefore distance is chiefly perceived by means of interjacent bodies, or by the estimate we make of the comparative magnitude of bodies or of their faint colours, &c. These, I say, are the chief means of apprehending the distance of objects that are considerably remote. But as to nigh objects, to whose distance the interval of the eyes bears a sensible proportion, then distance is perceived by the turn of the eyes, or by the angle of the optic axis.—(*Dioptrica Nova*, Part I. Prop. xxxi.)*

The fact is, that Berkeley's theory may be argued independently altogether of the physical assumption, that distance is not represented on the retina or "fund of the eye," as length and breadth are.

We cannot allow that Berkeley has made no attempt to form a foundation for his theory, except the piece of physical reasoning about which so much has been said. Its basis may be detected by care almost everywhere in what he has written about vision, and it often distinctly crops up above the surface. He approaches it by asking what "space," "extension," "distance," "size," and "situation" mean—not as abstractions, but as they are actually experienced in sense. According to the usage of language, these words have two meanings. In one meaning they express immediate objects of vision; in their other meaning, they represent our tactual and locomotive experience. What we see is only a variety of light and colour; what we feel is hard or soft, hot or cold, rough or smooth. Extensions composed of sensible *minima* or units of the former, are not connected by resemblance, necessary relation, or geometrical inference with extensions composed of sensible *minima* or units of the latter. The evidence of this distinction, he says, is simply our own consciousness in seeing and touching.

These facts in consciousness are, as we take it, the proof of the invisibility of distance, and not any fact or *a priori* supposition in physiological optics. The theory rests, not on physical, but on metaphysical observation. We cannot see colourless, resistant extension; and we can have no tactual or locomotive experience of coloured, unresistant extension. In other words, we cannot see any of the objects of touch, or touch any of the objects of sight. We cannot see distances, sizes, shapes, or situations, as portions of our tangible experience; we cannot touch

them, as portions of our visual experience. All material things are, as it were, double. There is everywhere tangible matter and visible matter. There are tangible squares and circles, *i.e.*, squares and circles made up of the units of our locomotive experience in touch; and there are visible squares and circles, *i.e.*, squares and circles made up of the units of our visual experience of coloured expanse. All men have tangible hands and visible hands, tangible feet and visible feet. It might be said by Berkeley, that man is a four-footed and a four-handed animal, for he has two visible and two tangible feet, two visible and two tangible hands. That this is not true in the conventional meaning of the words "foot" and "hand" is consequent upon that conventionality. Men, and for very good reasons, have agreed to include in their conceptions both the tangible and the visible object, when they speak of the hand or the foot; and a synthesis of sensible objects or qualities under the same name is entirely an affair of conventional arrangement.

It follows from this heterogeneous duality of objects under a unity of name, that a thing, nominally one, which has long been present and familiar to touch, must be absolutely unrecognisable when it is for the first time presented to the newly communicated sight. A man born blind has long been familiar with his five tangible fingers, on their well-known tangible places, on the tangible hand. The power of seeing is suddenly communicated to him. He sees his visible hand and his five visible fingers. Their numerical identity with the tangible ones in no degree helps him to discover their relation to and nominal identity with his tangible hands and fingers. It is not until he has had some experience of that relation that he can apply the same name to both, and recognise, that the object which he now sees is the *constant sign* of the object which he had before touched and called his hand.

Almost all that Berkeley has written about vision may be described as a mass of illustrations, meant to make this duality in the things of sense, which are nominally one, perfectly familiar to his readers. He tries to induce his metaphysical readers to perform mental experiments, which should be sufficient to dissolve in their minds the prejudice in favour of the *sensible* unity of what we see and what we touch. And these lines of experiment in a manner converge in Section cxxvii., and those which immediately follow, of the *Essay*; which, rather than Section ii., ought to be regarded as his proof that we cannot see distance, figure, size, or situation—in a word, extension proper, in *any* of its dimensions.

But what is the connexion, perhaps some

* Compare with the latter part of this passage the *Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*, Sects. i, iii, iv.

of our readers here ask, between the invisibility of what is tangible, and the intangibility of what is visible, on the one hand, and the absolute invisibility of distance and extension generally, on the other? Why should not the term "distant" be applied to the object of visual experience as well as to the correlative object of tactual experience? Here, again, Berkeley is obscure.

The succession of our tactual and locomotive experience is the basis and staple of our animal life, and indirectly of our whole human life on earth. Vision gives an indirect enlargement to this. Our tactual and visual experience are, with Berkeley, both alike "in the mind;" neither of them is "distant" in the sense of being external to mind. But the one is external or heterogeneous to the other. And thus what we see yields signs of a tactual experience, *external to the visible, and distant from us in past or future time*. The only practical, and indeed the only intelligible, meaning of the word "distant," is this tactual one; while, as already remarked, the tactual one itself cannot be imagined without the help of its visible signs and measures, in which it is itself at last obscured to consciousness, in the same way as the meanings of common words are obscured to consciousness in "symbolical conceptions," when we are employed in speaking or in writing them.

The key to Berkeley's theory of vision is thus his analysis of every material thing into a visible object, and an object of tactual or locomotive experience. One who is able to apply this key, and who is familiar with its use, can easily find his way to the remoter or theoretical part of the doctrine, whether he receives it into his belief or not;—to those ulterior regions where, with Berkeley, we have to search for an *explanation* of the connexion, which we find established in daily life, between visible objects, and the tangible objects that have been severed from them by the more attentive analysis of what we are conscious of in sense.

Mr. Abbott thinks that he has himself established clearly the immediate visibility of distance; and also that he has overthrown the theory by which Berkeley accounts for the relations between what we touch and what we see. A passing word about Mr. Abbott's own proof that distance is visible, before we consider Berkeley's explanation of our visual judgment of invisible distance.

Berkeley, although his whole philosophy of vision is founded, according to our reading of it, on the sense-experienced heterogeneity of visible and tangible phenomena, is charged, as we have said, by Mr. Abbott and a long list of contemporaries and predecessors, with

resting his doctrine on an alleged physical insensibility of the organ of the eye to distance. He really rests his theory on the fact, that length, breadth, and distance are invisible, from their very nature as objects of consciousness. He is said to ground it on the hypothesis that distance is unconnected with any organic modification in the organ of vision. His researches are all within the purely psychological province, which he is accused by Mr. Abbott of having deserted for the physiological. But Mr. Abbott's accusation of the Bishop is all the while curiously applicable to himself. His own "proof" that sight is the sense properly perceptive of degrees of distance is physiological and not psychological. He never thinks of accompanying Berkeley in a metaphysical analysis of what we are conscious of in sense. He prefers to join recent British, French, and German optical physiologists of the eye, in a research which, extremely interesting though it be in other relations, is quite irrelevant in "an attempt to disprove the *Berkeleyian* theory of vision." The sixth and following chapters of his book, are, accordingly, for the most part, a huge *ignoratio elenchi*. There is not a word in them to prove that distance—or size, shape, and situation either—are either perceivable or conceivable, *by seers who have never had any tactual or locomotive experience*. To such beings the words now in question could have no proper meaning, although the sensible panorama of their daily vision might be the very same as Mr. Abbott's own. In the supposed circumstances, and with Berkeley still unrefuted on his own ground, we may assume that they could not understand the real or tactual meaning of what they saw, and therefore could have no knowledge of any of the dimensions of extension proper.

Accordingly we shall not accompany Mr. Abbott in the digression which forms the principal part of his book, and to which the illustrative "woodcuts" belong. We shall simply state the thesis he tries to prove by physiological facts. As a matter of fact, the eye spontaneously adjusts itself, he tells us, to different distances, by specific muscular efforts appropriate to each. The *organ* which is alleged to be insensible to distance, thus exhibits "a spontaneous change exactly proportionate to the variation of this unknown condition, and independent even on our ideas of it" (p. 59). This single fact is, he thinks, "sufficient to overthrow the whole theory." As evidence that we are not immediately percipient of distance in touch, while we are immediately percipient of it in sight, he tries to show, on the one hand, that "in the organ of touch or locomotion a determinate distance

is not accompanied with a determinate sensation, either in the case of distance reached by the hand, in which the effort depends more on the direction than on the distance, or in the case of greater distances reached by walking; since the amount of effort not only depends on many circumstances besides the distance, but is distributed over a greater or less interval of time, and the sensations consequently are both indeterminate and not present as a coexisting whole;" and, on the other hand, that "in the case of the eye, and the eye alone, there is a determinate sensation, or state of the organ corresponding to a determinate distance of the object; and this is the sufficient and necessary condition of the perception" (p. 75). The only possible disproof, on physical grounds, of the perception of distance by the eye would, he thinks, be a proof that this affection of the visual organ is the same when the distance supposed to be perceived varies, and *vice versa*. This want of correspondence is what he believes he has proved in the case of touch, and which he proceeds to show is not the case with sight.

Let us grant the fact, that there is a state of the visual organ which "corresponds to a determinate distance of the (real) object,"—how does this enable us to comprehend the rationale of the connexion between coloured expanse, and past or future continuity of resistance? The unconscious existence of determinate states of the eye cannot surely bridge over the chasm between the visible and the tangible worlds in our sense-consciousness; nor destroy the bridge which Berkeley believes he has found in the relation of signs to things signified. If, on the one hand, we are conscious of the organic changes, and if this knowledge helps us to determine distances, then the organic changes are merely an additional set of signs. If, again, as Mr. Abbott holds, we are unconscious of them, then they are irrelative to the Berkeleian problem, unless he supposes that they mechanically inspire the mind with a kind of sensible knowledge of which it has had no previous sense-experience at all. Either way, they leave unexplained the purely psychological difficulty of the connexion of the two "heterogeneous" extensions—visible and tangible phenomena—which it was the one aim of Berkeley's theory to solve,—a connexion which had formerly been treated as one of material substance and material attribute, but which his theory resolves into that of *visible sign* and *tangible thing signified*.

Mr. Abbott, we may add, nowhere attempts to maintain a counter interpretation of purely sense-given extension; he does not

criticise the plausible doctrine that extension, distance, figure, and motion, are not ideas of sense at all, but suggested accompaniments of sense-experience; nor does he pronounce any judgment upon the identity of space and extension, either as mental phenomena or in the nature of things. He just asserts dogmatically that we can see trinal extension; and tries to prove that certain muscular adjustments in the eye correspond to degrees of distance.*

II. *Berkeley's theory or explanation of the connexion of what we see with what we touch, by means of a Divinely established mental association of essentially dissimilar phenomena or extensions.*

The third, and to some extent the two following chapters of his book, are the only ones in which Mr. Abbott really addresses himself to the "theory" which he proposes to disprove, as distinguished from the facts of metaphysical observation on which it rests. In these chapters he is bound to show that the laws of mental association cannot account for that relation between the visible and tangible worlds of which we are conscious, when we judge about the distances, sizes, and situations of things; and generally when, in seeing, we believe in the existence of objects external to our purely visual experience. But he tries to show merely that our knowledge of distances through the eye is inexplicable on the hypothesis of a visual language; inasmuch as the conditions necessary for the establishment of a constant association between the visible signs of distance and the things signified do not exist. He tells us that Berkeley's Theory violates all the laws of mental association. As association is its one cohesive principle, if this is proved, it cannot stand. There can be no visual language.

In these chapters we do think that Mr. Abbott displays a marvellous ignorance of the theory he is fighting against. He seems to suppose that the necessary association between visibles and tangibles cannot be established, unless each separate visible object actually co-exists mentally with each separate tangible one of which it is affirmed to be the sign; and he is of course able to show that we touch comparatively very few of the

* Mr. Abbott, along with Mr. Bailey, and some distinguished authorities in optics, including Sir D. Brewster, makes much of the phenomena of binocular vision, especially as exhibited in the stereoscope, in proof of the visibility of distance. But these phenomena merely illustrate, with marvellous distinctness, the *visible signs* of solidity; they do not prove that we can discover solidity merely by means of its signs, and without any tactual or locomotive experience; and they do not prove that visible and tangible objects are identified in a common substance.

objects we see, and are said visually to interpret. He might indeed have said, that we *never* see any object we touch, or touch any object we see. But waiving this, it is surely not necessary, in order to the establishment of a mental association between two classes of objects, that each of the individual objects which make up the one class should have co-existed mentally with each of the individual objects in the other which suggests it. Were this so, we could never apply a common term in the English language to a new object; artificial languages as well as visual language would be impossible. We could connect signs only with those individual objects with which they had already co-existed in consciousness. The visible sign actually co-exists in sense-consciousness only with a few tangible objects, and yet this may surely be enough to teach us, as it were, the grammar of the connexion—the rules of which we can afterwards apply for ourselves, with an ever-increasing facility. When we have once learned the tactual and locomotive *value* of small definite portions of visible extension, we are in possession of elements, which are capable of an indefinite extent of application as signs. Thus our experience of the established connexion of visible and tangible human feet, supplies us with a ready visible measure of real extension, by means of which all its three dimensions can, in the most various circumstances, be measured by the eye. This is only in analogy with what we know of the growth of the connexion between general signs and their significations in artificial language.

To those who are endowed with both senses, the visible experience of an object suggests the corresponding tactual, and (notwithstanding what Mr. Abbott says to the contrary) the tactual also suggests its correlative visual. When we manipulate an object in the dark, our sense-experience suggests, more or less distinctly, the visible figure which we should see if light were shed upon it; and a short walk in the dark is apt to suggest to us the visible appearance of the distance we have traversed. Only as visual is more easily and distinctly representable in the imagination than tactual experience, the visible sign is more vividly and readily imagined than its tangible or locomotive signification. This, too, is just as in artificial language, in which the written symbol is more easily representable than its meaning, and almost entirely usurps its place.

Mr. Abbott is not satisfied, it is true, with urging the insufficiency of a co-existence in the mind of visible signs with a few *specimens* of their tangible meaning, to establish the redintegrative association and consequent

suggestion required for the alleged visual language; he offers to “proceed a step further,” and to prove that the supposed association and suggestion are “impossible” (p. 23). The reason given is even more frivolous than before. To establish an association between visible and tangible objects—between what we see and distance—we must, in every case, he thinks, see the object and walk the distance; and in every case we certainly do not do this. But besides, the object changes visibly as we walk *towards* it; and when our walk is done, and we have reached it, we are conscious of quite a different visible object to that which was presented to us when we set out. On what known principle of association, he triumphantly asks, can the locomotive experience be connected with the visible object of which we were conscious when we set out, but which immediately after disappeared?

If Mr. Abbott would only suppose the journey to be performed in the reverse order—away from the tangible object, instead of towards it—his difficulty might be relieved. But we are not to think of human beings constantly employed in comparing locomotive experience with visual after this odd fashion. As already explained, we are early provided with the visible signs which measure short, real distances, and we gradually apply these to other and longer ones, so that, without any special experience in each case, we are able to judge, approximately at least, from the sign alone, in a very large number of new cases. Mr. Abbott informs us that, as he understands the Berkeleyan theory, the most certain and philosophical method of learning to estimate distance, would be “by simply marching, and observing the sensations, visual and muscular” (!). He is right when he adds that “this is decidedly contradicted by experience.” He might as well say that the best way of carrying on a long train of reasoning is to abolish the use of symbols, and to realize mentally the full meaning and implied relations of each word in the train, in the very act of using it.

Mr. Abbott appears not to have considered the nature of the mental phenomena called symbolical conceptions, if we may judge from the sort of *experimentum crucis* which he proposes, when he treats of the “imagination” of distance (p. 29). “Is distance,” he asks, “suggested in the imagination as an object of sight, or of touch, or of the locomotive faculty? All will doubtless agree that what we imagine is the *sight* of the distance, not any (tactual) feeling or effort.” And he concludes from this that we originally see distance, rejecting as “an utter absurdity” the supposition that an original

tactual perception thus gives way, in an unheard-of manner, to a mere mental representation, and that only a secondary suggestion of an original perception. As we have already said, the Berkeleian theory does not assume any such immediate perception, tactual or visible; but at any rate, this "unheard-of absurdity" is daily illustrated in all languages, in which the artificial symbol is habitually substituted for a meaning which is often inconceivable. We are daily substituting symbols for their significations in our imagination; and if we did not do so language would be comparatively useless, and reasoning could not be carried on. That we naturally imagine distances in and through their visible signs, and not in their own original tactual and locomotive nature—a fact in analogy with what we are familiar with in all languages—is rather a confirmation of the theory that when we are said to be seeing distances we are actually reading them.

None of the phenomena mentioned by Mr. Abbott are inconsistent with the hypothesis that the two worlds of sight and touch are gradually connected in all minds by mental association, through laws which immediately express the will of the Supreme Cause that sights should be the signs of feelings. The difficulty in thus accounting for our readiness and ability to infer particular successions of feelings, by means of particular visible signs, seems to us to lie not in their original incapacity for being associated, or in any lack of the usual conditions of mental association, but rather in the wonderful speed and perfection of the result. All men learn the language of vision so early and so well that it may seem almost necessary to refer the lesson to an original instinct, which, in the case of this particular language, connects the sign with what it signifies. That is to say, it may be plausibly enough argued, and from Berkeley's own point of view, that God not only speaks this language to us, but teaches each man to understand it, after he has experienced tactual extension. The essence of the Berkeleian theory is that vision *is* a language; not that we gain possession of its meaning in a particular manner; though the experimental, as distinguished from the instinctive, mode of beginning to know what it means, is no doubt maintained by him.

How we at first reach that knowledge of the meaning of what we see, which is so indispensable in every waking hour, is a profound question, which carries the inquirer into the heart of the theory of induction. Is all inference about matters of fact originally mental association; or, on the contrary, are we originally endowed with instincts which

incline us to connect together dissimilar phenomena, and enable us to form propositions about them? Do we learn nature's language from the very beginning for ourselves, through processes of association which can be distinctly traced; or, are the initial steps the result, not of merely associative experience, but of inborn instincts? This question is not directly and immediately involved in the theory of Berkeley, and we shall not pursue it here.

The real turning-point in the controversy about that theory has not been reached by Mr. Abbott, nor as far as we know by any of his critical predecessors. We shall try to indicate it in the briefest possible manner.

Berkeley's theory of vision explains so far the connexion of the two worlds of sight and touch, as being not common qualities of the same substance, but heterogeneous phenomena which are symbolically associated. Now what is the ultimate reason of this association or synthesis?

Because they are "the same extended thing" is the confused popular answer. Because they are the common attributes of an unknown material substance, is the common philosophical answer. Because the Supreme Governor is constantly associating them, as sign and thing signified, for the regulation of our lives, is the answer which forms Berkeley's theory of vision. Are what we see and touch necessarily united in an *unknown and inconceivable substance*, or are they freely united by the *Divine Will* and according to the *Divine Ideas*? Is Mind, or is it not, immediately speaking to our eyes whenever we use them? This is really the profound question on which the truth or falsehood of Berkeley's theory of vision turns at last; and this question involves his philosophy as a whole, and the determination of the ultimate problem in all speculation.

It is *more reasonable*, Berkeley would say, to suppose that the union is the immediate expression of Supreme Mind, in analogy with our own, than to refer it to "material substance"—a mere name, into which we can throw no conception at all. We can conceive other minds, and we know what it is to be spoken to by another person; but we have no experience, and can have no conception of insensible material objects, which exist when they are not known, and which identify what in consciousness is heterogeneous. In the constant relation between sights and feelings, we have phenomena exactly analogous to what we have when another person is speaking to us. These phenomena accordingly afford us the same proof that the whole world of visible sense is grounded in mind, and as it were personated, which we have that the audible

or visible words or actions of our fellow-men are so.

"Nothing," says Alciphron (who personates the Atheist), "nothing so much convinces me of the existence of *another person* as his talking to me. It is my hearing you talk that, in strict and philosophical truth, is to me the best argument for your being. And this is a peculiar argument inapplicable to your purpose; for you will not, I suppose, pretend that *God* speaks to man in the same clear and sensible manner that one man doth to another. . . . *Euph.* This is really and in truth my opinion; and it should be yours, too, if you are consistent with yourself, and abide by your own definition of language.

(An account of the arbitrary but constant relation of visual signs to their real or factual meaning is given in the preceding part of the Dialogue.) In consequence of your own sentiments and concessions, you have as much reason to think the Universal Agent or God speaks to your eyes, as you can have for thinking any particular person speaks to your ears. . . . You stare, it seems, to find that 'God is not far from any one of us,' and that 'in Him we live and move and have our being.' You who in the beginning of this morning's conference thought it strange that God should leave himself without a witness, do now think it strange that the witness should be so full and clear. *Alc.* I must own I do. . . . I never imagined it could be pretended, that we saw God with our fleshly eyes as plain as we see any human person whatsoever, and that he daily speaks to our senses in a manifest and clear dialect. *Crito.* This language (of vision) hath a necessary connexion with knowledge and wisdom and goodness. It is equivalent to a constant creation, betokening an immediate act of power and providence. . . . The instantaneous production and reproduction of so many signs combined, dissolved, transposed, diversified, and adapted to such an endless variety of purposes, ever shifting with the occasions suited to them, doth set forth and testify the immediate operation of a Spirit or thinking being. . . . This visual language proves not a Creator merely, but a provident Governor, actually and intimately present and attentive to all our interests and notions, who watches over our conduct, and takes care of our minutest actions and designs, throughout the whole course of our lives, informing, admonishing, and directing incessantly, in a most evident and sensible manner. . . . *Euph.* But it seems to require intense thought to be able to unravel a prejudice that has been so long forming, to get over the vulgar errors of ideas common to both senses, and to distinguish between the objects of sight and touch. . . . And yet this I believe is possible, and might seem worth the pains of a little thinking, especially to those men whose proper employment and profession it is to think, and unravel prejudices, and confute mistakes."—(*Dialogue IV.*)

In the closing years of his life Berkeley constructed a "Siris" or chain, which connects the deepest mysteries of life with the vulgar phenomena of tar-water. In reality if

not in name, he was engaged in his argumentative youth, as well as in his contemplative old age, in the construction of a "Siris," by which the familiar sights of daily life are connected with the deepest problems of meditation, and which constantly reminds us that we are living and moving in a world of wonders. We have ascended on this chain up to that last link which unites it to the throne of the Supreme Eternal Governor. Shall we now descend, and find in all our future experience the old familiar visual sense charged with a new power of exciting us to the contemplation of the highest things invisible, as the result of the reasoning to which Berkeley's subtle metaphysical observation has given rise? Berkeley, through Baxter, Hume, and Reid, first awakened Scotch thought. Perhaps he is destined also to revive it when it is ready to slumber, or to recall it to what is real when it is wasting among verbal abstractions.

ART. VIII.—*Enoch Arden*, etc. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London: Moxon, 1864.

"WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of human beings." To render us this service is the peculiar and noble privilege of poetry. For though that art has been truly said to have the creation of intellectual pleasure for its chief object; yet all poetry worthy of the name achieves something beyond and better than this—it purifies and exalts not less than it pleases. It is, therefore, with more than the expectation of mere enjoyment that we welcome a new volume from the foremost of our living poets.

Mr. Tennyson is now beyond criticism in one sense of the word. Whether or no he has attained "the wise indifference of the wise," he has assuredly won for himself a place in literature against which no critical assaults could much prevail, and the honour and dignity of which no critical praise could much enhance. But to criticise in the true sense of the term, is not to dispense loftily praise or blame—often on no sounder principle than that on which was based the dislike entertained towards Dr. Fell. Real criticism loves not fault-finding, neither does it yield to the self-indulgence of indiscriminate praise; it rests upon a regard for truth, and a desire to appreciate justly. It is in such a spirit

that we would approach the volume before us; seeking to discover what stage it marks in the development of the poet; endeavouring to estimate what it adds to the debt the world already owes him.

It has been remarked, not unfrequently, that Mr. Tennyson's early poems were, as a rule, wanting in human interest. Some—like the *Mermaid* and the *Dying Swan*—were uninteresting owing to unreality of subject; others again—the *Margarets* and *Lilians* and *Adelines*, were uninteresting owing to unreality or insufficiency of treatment. There was in these first efforts no attempt to portray life; no study of the motives and interests of life, or of the sources of action; no story, little real emotion. There is not even distinct representation of nature. There is sweetness of music, and painting rich in colour; but the tones are like the murmur of a brook, speaking of many things, yet of nothing clearly; and the lines are confused with the mirage of unreality which hangs over the whole. These, however, were but prolusions; the poet was “mewing his mighty youth.” It was not long before he beat his deeper music out. In the words of his ablest critic: “With the publication of the Third Series, in 1842, Mr. Tennyson appears distinctly as the poet of his own age. His apprenticeship is over, his mastery over the instruments of his art is complete, and he employs it in either presenting the life of his contemporaries, the thoughts, incidents, and emotions of the nineteenth century in England, or in treating legend and history with reference to the moral and intellectual sympathies now active amongst us.”* The poems here referred to established at once and finally his place in English literature, and the place so won he has ever since retained, and by the same means. He never after lost his hold on his own time. A poet may use unaccustomed forms, he may choose new themes, may illustrate strange aspects of life; but if he is to be a poet at all, he must reach the hearts of his readers, and to do this he must be the poet of his own age. Herein Mr. Tennyson's strength has lain. The *Princess*, “*Medley*” as it was, and, in its machinery, at least, utterly dis severed from all reality, yet spoke the thoughts, and reflected the interests, and set forth the duties and the true relations of our every-day life. *Maud*, whether “morbid” or “spasmodic”—or whatever other exploding name it must be content to bear—was in all points a tragedy which might have darkened yesterday. The *Idylls*, like the older fragment called *Morte d'Ar-*

thur, are made alive by “modern touches here and there;” the old legends derive new youth and a deeper truthfulness from the modern point of view. And now in this volume we have, with a few exceptions, modern touches only. It is generally believed that the title originally proposed for this book was *Idylls of the Hearth*. The change which has taken place is, we think, to be regretted. *Idylls of the Hearth* would have been a descriptive, and a very accurately descriptive title. The volume is made up of five leading poems, with some pieces called “miscellaneous” added. These five, however, differing in other respects, have all this characteristic in common, that they are poems of domestic life; of the life of the present day in various ranks, as modified and coloured by certain of the chances and changes, some startling, others of common occurrence, to which it is ever exposed. Never has it been more clearly shown that the elements of pathos and tragedy are always existing; that in the life we lead, and which is led by others around us, poetry is not dead, though it may sleep only to be awakened by the touch of its master.

In a review of “*The Angel in the House*,” included among his essays, the accomplished critic, already quoted, warmly vindicates the claims of married love as a fit subject for poetry. In answer to the common and vulgar remark, that marriage is the death of romance, he exclaims, with no less beauty than truth:—

“The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle; no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. . . . To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favourable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, the tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has

* *Essays by the late George Brimley, M.A.* Macmillan & Co., 1860.

solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honour, and keep in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life and happiness, into his hands."

Mr. Browning has more than once chosen married life as his theme, and Mr. Tennyson at least once before in *The Miller's Daughter*. But Mr. Brimley's eloquent words have their fullest justification in the representation of the fortunes of Enoch Arden and Annie Lee. For here we have something more than a lyric, something nobler than a calm retrospect of tame, if virtuous felicity; the whole drama of domestic life is spread before us—in sunshine and in storm, in happiness, in struggles, and in grievous calamity.

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years;
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward."

The great drawback to life after marriage, as a subject for poetry, is the lack of incident; or, as Mr. Brimley puts it: "We concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are narrated." This want is too frequently supplied by vice or crime, adultery or murder, or both; Mr. Tennyson, eschewing in this volume such sources of interest, does not go beyond the changes which, without fault of ours, come to all mortal things. He seeks incident indeed, in order to escape the sameness which will always detract from any mere narration of feelings, however lofty these may be, and however subtle their development; but, obeying the dictates of true art, he selects such incidents as insure that the emotions of his readers shall not be marred or blunted by any thought that they have been called forth by unworthy causes. Misfortune falls on this unhappy household. Enoch, in the course of his daily work, meets with an accident:—

"And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore,
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
'Same them from this, whatever comes to me.'"

His prayer is answered by the offer of a berth as boatswain in a ship bound for China, which he accepts; planning thus for the welfare of those whom he must leave behind:—

"To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in
her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she
brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was
gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or
thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own."

Here begins the tragedy of the drama. Years pass away, and Enoch returns not. The scheme devised for the support of his family during his absence does not succeed. His wife makes little of trade; at least "gains for her own a scanty sustenance." The sickly child too, grows sicklier, and

"After a lingering—ere she was aware—
Like the eaged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away."

To this sorrow and poverty, Philip Ray, "the miller's only son," who, like Enoch, had been the friend of her childhood, and the lover of her youth, but who had never told his love, would fain bring comfort. In the name of his old friendship for Enoch and for herself, he asks to send her boy and girl to school—which had been Enoch's dearest wish. Her he cares for tenderly, yet "fearing the lazy gossip of the port," seldom sees her; but with the children it was different:

"From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with
him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
*Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far-end of an avenue,
Going we know not where:* and so ten years
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came."

After these ten years, and yet another, when all hope was dead, after many prayers and a dream which seemed as it were a sign from heaven in answer to her prayers, the woman so long widowed, yields more to Philip's devotion, and her children's wishes,

than to the dictates of her own heart. It is impossible by quotation, it is yet more impossible by any critical analysis, to convey an adequate conception of the tenderness and refinement with which this delicate theme is touched. The faithfulness and purity of Annie are kept without stain; and, by an exquisite touch, she lives sad, almost unhappy as Philip's wife, until "the new mother came about her heart," reconciling her to her lot, and causing the past not indeed to be forgotten, but to be remembered without a pang. The nobility of Philip's character, too, is thoroughly sustained—following never any selfish end, but, in true singleness of purpose, leaving nothing undone to soothe the grief and lighten the burdens of the playmate of his childhood—in the poet's words, "hungering for her peace;" and at last finding his reward, brought to him as it were by force of circumstances rather than sought by any effort of his own.

Meanwhile, where was Enoch? Voyaging afar; trading on distant shores, not for pleasure or idleness, not from selfish greed and lust of gain; but stirred by his honourable ambition to have "all his pretty young ones educated." He prospers well in his endeavours; but, when returning with purposes fulfilled, hope painting his future in highest colours, sudden calamity comes upon him. For the ship "Good Fortune" goes down in ruin:

"Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce rocking, her full-busted, figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her
bows:

Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and
last

Storm, such as droye her under moopless
heavens,

Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea."

As time runs on, his companions die, and he is left through long years alone. The oriental landscape is painted as only the author of *Locksley Hall* could paint it; but all the glories of eternal summer become hideous in the eyes of the castaway. Deliverance at last comes to him, broken, prematurely aged, strange to human speech and human society; but with the memories of wife, of children, and of home, alive within him still. He returns to find all things changed, and is told of his own death, of his wife's long sorrow, of Philip's friendship, and of how that friendship was at last repaid, by a kindly gossip of the village, who can see no trace of Enoch

Arden in the bent, gray-haired, worn-out old man, who seeks the shelter of her half-ruined roof. Bowed down by unspeakable sadness, one wish only is present to him—to see *her* face once again, and "know that she is happy." He yields to the irresistible longing, and from Philip's garden he gains a sight of the comfort and the genial happiness of Philip's hearth—

"Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things
heard,

Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and
fear'd

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly, like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be
found,

Crept to the gate, and open'd it and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that
his knees

Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me
thence?

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

It would be hard to parallel the homely and tragic pathos of this. Circumstance so overwhelming, grief so over-mastering, so utterly without hope or remedy, surely never found more fitting voice. Seldom, too, has even the music of Mr. Tennyson's verse moved in such perfect harmony with the feeling—hurried and passionate when in the first spasm of misery, almost unendurable, he fears that he may unawares "send forth a shrill and terrible cry,"—irregular, and, as it were, broken by bursting sobs, in his great agony of supplication. Strength was given him to keep his vow. Unknown to any, he goes about his daily work, broken as he was, yet able to earn his frugal living:—

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore

Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

But that life, so nurtured, was not for earth. He was not to wait long bearing his burden of sorrow. He does not so much die of a broken heart, as give way before the unbearable weariness of existence without hope:—

"A languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all."

One thing yet remains—to assure his wife, whom he learns to be even yet at times disquieted with thoughts of him—that he is really dead. Accordingly, he discovers himself to the woman Miriam, in whose house he lived, enjoining her, after his death, to bear his love and last blessing to his children, and to his wife, his no longer; and, this charge given, the third night after,—

"While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
I'm saved!' and so fell back and spoke no more."

We have dwelt thus long on *Enoch Arden*, because it is not only the most important poem in the book, but also, in our judgment, incomparably the finest. It need not fear comparison with anything Mr. Tennyson has written. We have the same music in the verse as of old—if a rugged line occurs perhaps more frequently than in the *Idylls of the King*, this is of set purpose, and accords with the sentiment; we have the same constant activity of imagination shown in a diction so exquisitely expressive, that every line is a study; the same art in construction of the whole, the same care and appropriateness in the details; the same power of appealing to our highest moral and intellectual capacities. The poem (though dated a hundred years ago) is in all essentials of our own day and of lowly life; yet it strikes a note as lofty as if it were sung of the chosen heroes of romance, of times consecrated by legend and made dignified by antiquity. The sorrows and death of Enoch Arden, the fisherman, stir our tenderest sympathy, and evoke our deepest emotions not less than the betrayal and the mysterious doom of Arthur the king.

The characters of the three children who together played at keeping house on the sea-shore, and whose after lives make up this tragedy, are beautifully and finely drawn. Annie is a true woman, loving and faithful; gentle, and so first attracted by the energy and strong will of Enoch, but not without a force and self-reliance which made her worthy of the love she won. Philip is placed in trying circumstances, and demeans himself nobly through them all. Losing his love, he has his "dark hour unseen;" and without complaint bears "a life-long hunger in his heart." The sensitive delicacy with which he seeks to comfort Annie and care for her children when Enoch has gone, is like the delicacy of a woman, his genial nature expands with his happier fortunes, but whether in happiness or in sorrow, he is ever manly, true-hearted, and self-denied. Enoch's is a stronger and more complex nature. His strength shows itself in a vigorous independence, which continued prosperity might have hardened into a rugged disregard for others; in his early prime "he held his head high, and cared for no man, he." He is perhaps a little urgent and self-willed; but he is urgent for good, and self-willed not in promoting his own wellbeing, but in promoting the wellbeing of others,—loving dearly the wife his energy had won him, and eager that his children should rise higher than himself. Affliction is laid upon him which all the strength of the strong man could hardly bear; changed from his proud youth, "his head is low, and no man cares for him." But he finds a consolation better than man could give him; chastened and purified, he bears his hard lot meekly, without repining, like a true Christian hero, until his release comes, and the poem closes as with the music of the harmonies of heaven.

Next in length and dignity of place, comes *Aylmer's Field*. *Enoch Arden* was a tale of married life; this is a tale of youthful love, which never finds its earthly close. Sir Aylmer Aylmer, an "almighty man," who traced his line through an infinitude of partridge-breeding ancestors up to an antiquity beyond all mortal ken, save that of the Herald Office, was lord of the soil as far as he could see, and of an only child, a daughter, whom he loved "as heiress not as heir regretfully." The Rectors of the same sleepy land—"a land of hops, and poppy-mingled corn," less fortunate in the possession of acres, came from a stock as ancient, and with them, too, father has followed son in regular succession for many generations. Hence the Hall and the Rectory have been always bound together in close intimacy, and hence Edith Aylmer, and Leolin Averill, the

rector's younger brother, "had been together from the first." Surely a more graceful picture of childhood was never drawn than this sketch of the companionship of their early days:—

"For want of playmates, he
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd
His hoop to pleasure Edith; with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy tales,
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting: make-believes
For Edith and himself: or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and faint,
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

This, of course, ends in the old, old story. But when the said story becomes legible to the stupid eyes of Sir Aylmer, great is the wrath of that potentate. It had seemed to some, and to the Averills among the rest, that the possibility of this result had been foreseen, and regarded without disfavour; for Leolin was always welcome to the Hall, and the secluded charms of Edith had never been set forth

"Here in the woman-markets of the west
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold."

But Sir Aylmer, in his blind pride, had looked on Leolin's companionship with his daughter as he would on the attendance of a dog; he had never dreamed of such an issue, and surprise made his anger hotter. Leolin is banished with bitter reproaches, and goes to London, resolute to win the fame which will silence scorn. Meanwhile, society is courted at the Hall to distract the thoughts of Edith, and a fitful kindness seeks to wean her from her misplaced love. When this fails, sterner repression follows. A correspondence is detected and closed, a watch is set on every movement, her liberty is restrained, all intercourse with others, even with the village poor, her peculiar care, is denied her, contempt and reproach become her constant portion. Under such treatment Lucy Ashton lost her reason; Edith Aylmer loses her hold on life.

"He seldom crossed his child without a sneer;
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies:
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word:
So that the gentle creature shut from all
Her charitable use, and face to face

With twenty months of silence, slowly lost,
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.
Last, some low fever ranging round to spy
The weakness of a people or a house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—
Save Christ as we believe him—found the girl
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
Where careless of the household faces near,
And crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past."

Leolin hereupon stabs himself, and from the Hall and the Rectory alike comes the bitter wail, "My house is left unto me desolate." From this text the rector discourses a thrilling burst of rhetoric, recalling in tenderest cadence the virtues of the gentle Edith, sending out a cry of passionate hope over the grave of the suicide, scathing with fiery rebuke the hard, mean cruelty which had wrought such woe; hearing which the authors of all are found out by their sin—the mother is borne heart-stricken from the church to a bed of death, Sir Aylmer droops into imbecility, and after two miserable years follows her to the tomb; leaving all things to waste and ruin, pictured in a few lines which breathe the very spirit of desolation—

"Then the great hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms;
And where the two contrived their daughter's
good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his
run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain-bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel
there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

We venture to think that the development of this story is marred by three serious blemishes; we do not object to the sorrow of the theme, though so entirely unrelieved. Poetry is not intended to afford enjoyment only: to move the passions, to "purge the soul" by pity and terror is, according to the old canon, rightly within its scope. *Aylmer's Field* does not close in deeper tragedy than *Lear*; and we cannot see that tragedy is unfit for poetic treatment because it is the tragedy of domestic life, and of our own day. But then, in order to justify tragedy, in order to move the true tragic emotions within us, as distinguished from mere vexation or a dull sense of pain, the passion of the poem must be so strong as not only to account for, but to necessitate, and, in a certain deep sense, assuage the tragic end. Who can fancy *Lear* stretched out longer "upon the rack of this tough world"—that rack being a green old age in the comfortable society of Cordelia? Who can fancy Othello—the theft of the handkerchief explained a few minutes

sooner—living happily with Desdemona ever after on the “mutual confidence” principle? Or, in another walk of fiction, do we ever anticipate happiness for Amy Robsart? Does not the shadow of destiny rest from the first on the Bride of Lammermoor? While, on the other hand, in an ordinary novel like *Cyrilla*, still more in a jocular novel like the *King's Own*, a melancholy conclusion is represented as an unnecessary annoyance, almost as an impertinence. When the natures of the actors in the drama are utterly unfit to cope with the circumstances with which they are environed; or when the passions are too violent for the strength of the heart or the force of the will, then tragic issues are involved; but to excite mere grief or vexation is not tragedy. One or other of these conditions, or both, may be found in *Romeo and Juliet*, may be found in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, nay, may be found in *Maud*, but are not, we think, to be found in *Aylmer's Field*. We do not mean to say that disappointed love, and the loss of the loved, may not form a true motive of tragedy: the instances we have just cited show the contrary. But it is requisite that the passion should be prominently brought before us in all its fatal and inevitable vehemence. Now this is not done here. Some may doubt whether the fancy of childhood can ever strengthen into the dominant passion of mature years, but Mr. Tennyson assures us that it can.

“How should Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met
eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow
Such dear familiarities of dawn?
Seldom, but when he does, master of all.”

This may be so, but what we complain of is that it is not shown to be so in *Aylmer's Field*. We are told, indeed, that the lovers were dear to each other, but this is not brought home to us with any dramatic force; there is nothing of the passion which burns in every line of *Maud*. We cannot but regard this want of the due presentation of an adequate motive as a serious defect in the construction of the poem as a whole.

Aylmer's Field seems also open to objection in point of form. The crisis in the piece is brought about by the ascendancy of low natures—it is the perfected triumph of ill-doing. Such things doubtless are; but they are not themes which can be expressed in any form of poetic art. To solve or justify the mystery of evil may be attempted, and in part achieved, in the drama with its wide scope, and the complex relations both of events and of characters which it is able to grasp and present. But this cannot be in the least degree achieved in a short narrative

poem; of necessity direct in its view, and limited in its range. Accordingly it is not attempted here, and the result is that we have a picture of pure wretchedness and mishap—the unredeemed mastery of evil; and that, we venture to think, is an unfit subject for art. In short, *Aylmer's Field* is a deep tragedy without the requisite tragic form, or the necessary tragic passion and atmosphere. We may be wrong in all this; but we feel confident that we are not wrong in the next objection.

We object still more strongly to the manner of Leolin's death. *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet* have been written, and therefore we cannot say that suicide must be rejected from poetry. But we may say that it must be employed very sparingly, and only under very peculiar conditions. When distance of time softens down the harsh reality, in a different state of society, and under different standards of manliness and of morality, it may be all very well. But it does not do now-a-days. Were any young gentleman in the Temple to cut his throat some morning, because an heiress to whom he was betrothed had died, we fear the world would experience very little of the tragic feeling, or at least that pity would be dashed with no small amount of disgust and contempt. It is a thing with which it is simply impossible for us to sympathize. If it be urged that the date of this tragedy is 1793, we answer, first, that suicide was in 1793 regarded very much in the same light as it would be regarded in 1864; and, second, that the poem is really one of our own time, that the date is merely nominal, marked only by one or two passages, as if introduced for this special purpose,—especially by an allusion to the French Revolution in Averill's discourse, which strikes us as much out of place, marring not a little the natural sequence of the preacher's impassioned rhetoric. Moreover, there is nothing whatever in Leolin's character to make us anticipate for him such an ending. The sensitive, hysterical, half-mad lover of *Maud* resists a temptation which at once overpowers the sound, manly, “sanguine” lawyer.

But were there many more and greater drawbacks than these, *Aylmer's Field* would yet remain a very noble poem. Samples cannot fairly represent the work of a great artist, but our quotations will give the reader at least an idea of the beauties which abound in these pages. The diction has all Mr. Tennyson's wonted felicity and grandeur, the imaginative power in the lesser parts is quick and strong, often curiously rich and playful, as with the rabbit and the weasel, the Newfoundland dog, and “the tender pink five-beaded baby-soles;” the sentiment is lofty

and true; and the stern satire which now and again flashes out, the fervid exhortation and the teaching of the whole story, well become a great poet addressing a somewhat material and worldly age.

Of the three remaining "Idylls of the Hearth," we can speak but briefly. They are in a homelier style than the two on which we have dwelt so long; have less elaboration of ornament, less fervour of feeling. *The Grandmother* is a charming picture of serene old age. She has just heard of the death of the last child left to her, her first-born; and now, surviving all, save one little granddaughter, old memories throng fast upon her. Her mind, busy with the past, goes slipping back upon the golden days of youth and love again; her children's feet patter round her; she hears their voices singing to their team in the field;—

"They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead."

It is a retrospect less poetical than *The Miller's Daughter*, less artistic in form, but with more of the varied reality, the shadow and the sunshine of life; very beautiful and tender and true. *Northern Farmer* is peculiar. It is the deathbed of an agriculturist of the old school, who insists on drinking his ale as usual, in defiance of the doctor, and rests satisfied with having done his duty by the land, and particularly with having "stub'd Thornaby waäste," regardless of the admonitions of the parson. It is in a quite different style from the tender melancholy of *The Grandmother*, and will hardly be so generally attractive; but it is a sketch of great power, with a rough but thoroughly genuine pathos, sustained with perfect dramatic propriety, and not devoid of some sound practical theology. Perhaps, however, its somewhat stern irony would have been better suited, we think, to the genius of Mr. Browning. *Sea Dreams*, if we remember rightly, appeared not long ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*: it seems to us the least successful of all. In *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field* we have a story worked out at length, embracing within its development the whole lives of the actors. In *The Grandmother* and *Northern Farmer*, again, we have a crisis in life selected which affords natural occasion for an adequate representation of the whole character. In *Sea Dreams* we have neither of these things. A city clerk and his wife, anxious about the health of their child, and he at least also sorely disturbed as to the result of a speculation into which he had been inveigled, go to the seaside. When there, each dreams a dream, on awakening from which the husband is persuaded by his wife to forgive the man who had defrauded

him, and then they go to sleep again. The dreams are, of course, magnificently described; and the way in which the novel phenomena of the sea affect the minds of the dreamers, and are connected with their waking thoughts, is managed with great skill. But, on the whole, we feel that the poem fails to command our interest.

Several smaller pieces follow under the head "Miscellaneous," some of which have appeared in the Cornhill. *Tithonus* is not unworthy to be placed beside the gorgeous mythological pictures of *Enone* and *The Lotos-Eaters*. There are a few exquisite gems, as *In the Valley of Caunteretz* and *Requiescat*; while others, as *The Voyage* and *The Islet*, are rather to be classed with the poet's early efforts of uncertain meaning, or of purely pictorial beauty without human interest. Of the two or three "Experiments" in unusual metres, with which the volume closes, the most noticeable is a wonderfully perfect rendering of the night scene at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, which has ever been the despair of translators.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of those Occasional Papers* which, when brought together, will furnish us with some of the most subtle and most cultivated criticism in the language, thus expresses himself:—"Poetry is the interpretest of the natural world, and she is the interpretest of the moral world. Poetry interprets in two ways; it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*." Mr. Tennyson's poetry is, to a certain extent, interpretative in both these ways. Beyond question it has the "moral profundity." In interpreting the inward world of the human heart lies his especial power—a power which has gone on increasing with his widening experience and the greater maturity of his genius. The outward world he approaches in a manner peculiarly his own. He is not indeed the high priest of nature as was Wordsworth. With all his vivid appreciation of the beauty of the universe, it does not alone suffice for his genius. Never in his later poems does he present to us the external world without immediate relation to humanity. His landscape is never inanimate. His principle is, as it were, to interpret nature to us through man: his scenery is always closely connected with the human interests of his story, and takes

* *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1863.

its colouring from those who see it or describe it. Nor do we think that it is the less true, or comes to us with a less fulness of teaching on that account. This volume is unusually rich in those pictures, and, much as we have already quoted, we must make room for two of them.

Here is an English village cared for by an Englishwoman:—

"For out beyond her lodges, where the brook
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran
By sallowy rims, arose the labourers' homes,
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls
That dimpling died into each other, huts
At random scattered, each a nest in bloom.
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them: here was one that, summer-
blanch'd,

Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's-joy
In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:
One look'd all rosetree, and another wore
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars:
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
About it; this, a milky-way on earth,
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's hea-
vens,

A lily-avenue climbing to the doors;
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;
Each, its own charm; and Edith's every-
where."

And, as a contrast to this happy picture, take the following description of tropical beauty, grown hateful to the lonely cast-away, almost bewildering the imagination with its rich magnificence:—

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
Heaven,
The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

A sadly erroneous notion appears to prevail at present among some readers and many writers of verse, that obscurity of thought, or of expression, or of both, is a merit in poetic composition. The history, so to speak, of Mr. Tennyson's writings affords a signal refutation of this fallacy. Many of his earlier efforts were certainly open to the charge of being hard to understand. From the first, however, this blemish never rested on his best poems, and gradually, obeying the doctrine of the soundest critics, and following the example of the greatest masters of his art, he has come to recognise the value and the beauty of simplicity. In *Memoriam*, perhaps, contains some traces of the original fault; but the whole of that poem cannot be ascribed to the date of its publication, and in all his writings since, his diction has been, like crystal, at once clear and splendid. In the fulness of his experience and the maturity of his powers, he has risen altogether above this pernicious weakness or affectation. Poetry, according to Milton, must be "simple, sensuous, and passionate;" and Coleridge's commentary on these words is a rebuke, and should be a lesson to the numerous versifiers who, having nothing particular to say, seem to think that the power of darkness will transform it into something:—

"The first condition, simplicity—while, on the one hand, it distinguishes poetry from the arduous processes of science, labouring towards an end not yet arrived at, and supposes a smooth and finished road, on which the reader is to walk onward easily, with streams murmuring by his side, and trees and flowers and human dwellings to make his journey as delightful as the object of it is desirable, instead of having to toil with the pioneers, and painfully make the road on which others are to travel,—precludes, on the other hand, every affectation and morbid peculiarity; the second condition, sensuousness, insures that framework of objectivity, that definiteness and articulation of imagery, and that modification of the images themselves, without which poetry becomes flattened into mere didactics of practice, or evaporated into a hazy, unthoughtful day-dreaming; and the third condition, passion, provides that neither thought nor imagery shall be simply objective, but that the *passio vera* of humanity shall warm and animate both."

It does not greatly signify whether many of the poetasters now writing express themselves obscurely or no. Before we regret our inability to understand anything, we must first be persuaded that to understand it would be a gain. But it does signify very greatly that the popularity of a man of real genius should be marred, and his influence hampered and limited by a defect the more

provoking because it appears to be wilful. And this, we fear, is the case with Mr. Browning. In intellectual power he is second to none; in the wide range of his sympathies he is superior to all; he possesses many of the highest qualities of the poet—dramatic force, lyrical feeling, and richness of colouring; his poetry is both sensuous and passionate; but simple it is not. In an appreciative and very interesting estimate of Mr. Browning in *Fraser's Magazine* for February 1863, it is observed, with perfect truth, that "he does not care to study the stock passions." And it is precisely in this that we think he errs. The "stock passions," that is, the plain elements of human nature, are the proper material for the poet. To neglect these for subtle analysis and over-refinement may make delightful and instructive reading, but will not make good poetry. Profound speculation is not indeed incompatible with the highest poetry—for has not *Hamlet* been written? But then that speculation must be based on the passions and emotions which are common to all, and therefore sympathized in by all, on the human nature which makes the whole world kin; and must be confused by no allegories or half-utterances, but set forth with a clearness and distinctness which will bring them at once home to the heart. The peculiar glory of poetry lies in the suddenness and force with which it appeals to the imagination, and to this over-refinement of thought and obscurity of expression are alike fatal. Mr. Browning too often forgets that poetry is the strict antithesis of science, and instead of poems, gives us hard metaphysical studies, the difficulty of which is enhanced by the elliptical and involved language in which they are conveyed. It is to this cause, far more than to his frequent harshness, that the comparative indifference of the public—an indifference which will, we suspect, prove lasting—must be ascribed. It is not, indeed, to be expected that every poet should gain an early or noisy popularity. A Jeffrey may interpose, and for a time successfully, between a Wordsworth and the public. But it is to be required that every poet should write at the hearts of the people, and so doing, sooner or later, if he is a poet at all, he will reach them. Mr. Browning has not done so, as we rather think he has not greatly cared so to do; and to have failed in this, is to have won but an imperfect position, and to have lost claim to a place among the foremost poets.

Not that when Milton demanded simplicity in poetry he meant that poetry should be kept down to such a level that it can be appreciated and enjoyed by a hasty glance in any mood of the reader, like a sensation

novel. He could never have countenanced the idea that the highest reach of the intellect cannot find appropriate exercise in poetry. His simplicity could never have been childishness. His authority, therefore, teaches us that to be simple is not inconsistent with depth or power, that to be profound it is not necessary to be obscure, that to speak darkly is no proof that we have thought clearly. This teaching is confirmed by his own example, and by the example of all our greatest poets, and so far as any of them have at any time forgotten it, so far have they fallen short of the full perfection of poetry. Mr. Tennyson, as we have already said, confirms it strongly. All his later poems, all his best poems of any date, are at once simple in their themes and clear in expression. And yet there has seldom been a poet more certain to remain all unknown to the careless reader, more certain to reward fully those who diligently study him. From a hasty perusal, a commonplace pleasure may doubtless be derived; but not in this fashion can the loftiness of his sentiment be reached, and the beauty of his details realized. Those only who have some heart to feel, some imagination to be roused, and who do not shrink from exercising their faculties when they read, will come to understand the artistic perfection, to know and value the pure and exalted spirit of his poetry.

We are often told that the present is not a poetical age. If by this is meant that the present age is not suited to the *production* of good poetry, it may be true. That, as matter of fact, very little good poetry is produced, no one will dispute. There is no want of writers who try, but a sad want of writers who succeed. In fact, verse-writing, according to the modern English school,—that school the leaders of which completed the revolution begun by Cowper, and which, with some slight modifications, has prevailed ever since,—is now exceedingly easy. In any kind of literature, when a certain style has gained a strong hold on public taste, multitudes of writers surely spring up who can imitate that style with facility, but who, beyond this trick, have in them no excellence at all. Most of English poetry now is just what English poetry was after the supremacy of Pope,

"A mere mechanical art,

And every warbler has his song by heart;"

or as Mr. Tennyson puts the same idea in his little fable of *The Flower* :—

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

Such productions, for example, as *Tannhäuser*, and the verses of Owen Meredith, not to go

lower in the scale, are very clever echoes, and no more. Poetical language has become so common, and all varieties of metrical form have been so often exemplified, that to produce such echoes is a matter of small difficulty; requiring ingenuity, but nothing beyond. Real poetry, however,—perhaps for these very reasons—always rare in a highly cultivated time, save when some mighty shock works a change in its ideas, and even on its language, is unusually rare at the present day.

On the other hand, if the remark that this is not a poetical age is to be taken as meaning that the age does not desire, or cannot appreciate poetry, then it seems to be an erroneous remark. Certainly cultivation can in no way hinder the appreciation of poetry; and as little, we think, does it repress the desire for it. But it may be urged that our practical pursuits and material tendencies have this effect. To some extent this may be true, yet, on the other hand, these very tendencies will induce a certain liking for poetry, arising from the force of contrast—as the worst times of the French Court aped the fashions of pastoral life; and this liking, though coming from no very pure origin, may nevertheless lead to good issues in the end. In some shape or other, it is very certain that love of poetry yet exists among us. Like religion, it can never be altogether driven from the heart of man; and though the divine light may be obscured by pleasure, or excitement, or the contentment of material prosperity, it will kindle into brighter life at the bidding of genius. And great the meed of gratitude and honour to be paid to him who renders such service. Mr. Carlyle says somewhere, that “this age is incapable of being sung to in any way but a trivial manner.” Mr. Tennyson has shown that it can be sung to in a manner quite other than trivial; and if this be possible, it is surely most desirable. It seems to us that the worst thing connected with this so much-abused age is the literature on which it is forced to live. We have lost the only novelist who could raise us to true conceptions, or a pure ideal of life, and we are given over to the excitement of mere story-telling, or to the commonplace of Trollope, with its ordinary types and vulgar aims, stealing away our time pleasantly, without stirring one deep emotion, or inspiring one noble aspiration; not seeking to better the lives we lead, but rather doing honour to the mean reality; at its highest, holding up to us a photograph of ourselves, with our

vices softened into weaknesses, and our prudences exalted into virtues. And yet we who are thus left desolate are not a generation apt to stone our prophets, as Mr. Carlyle himself can testify. Perhaps in this great scarcity we might do more than merely refrain from stoning them; we might render them honour more frankly than is our wont. Certainly no man living more deserves all honour, or has stronger claims on our grateful reverence, than the author of *Enoch Arden*.

It may be doubted whether this volume will speedily, if ever, gain the wide popularity of the *Idylls of the King*. It is not glorified by

“what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;”

surely the grandest theme that ever fired the imagination of a poet; nor can it boast the rich blossoms of poesy which were showered upon the *Idylls*. It seems almost tame when we recall the brilliant, if somewhat fevered flush of passion which glows through every line of *Vivien*. There is nothing to be compared with those exquisite flowers of song, “Too Late,” or “Sweet is true love;” a want which we regret the more, because such ornament would have been quite in harmony with the general tone of these pages, and Mr. Tennyson's best songs are unsurpassed in our language. The death of Edith moves less keen emotion than the fading away of “the lily-maid of Astolat;” the denunciations of Averill fall far short, both in power and pathos, of the majestic sorrow and heavenly forgiveness of Arthur.

Yet *Enoch Arden* commands sources of interest, humbler, perhaps, but not less enduring. The poet's genius has set itself to the noble task of shedding its light over common things; we are kept always in familiar paths, and see our ordinary life dignified and made beautiful by the charms of song. We learn how to live melodious days; we are shown what trials may await us, what sacrifices may be demanded of us, and in what spirit those sacrifices should be made, those trials borne; we are taught how, by purity of feeling and singleness of heart, what is lowly may become exalted, what is mean may be made noble, what is sorrowful may be turned into joy. Higher duty than this no man can perform, more glorious service no man can render to his fellows: Mr. Tennyson has never more clearly established his claim to our reverence as the true Poet and Teacher of his Age.

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THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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FOR NOVEMBER, 1864.

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3. *Classified Catalogue of the Orwell Works' Library (Messrs. Ransome and Sims, Ipswich). Pp. 60. September, 1863.*
4. *Report on the North Shore Mill Company's Factories, Liverpool. By LEONARD HORNER, Esq., Inspector of Factories. November, 1845.*
5. *Palace of Industry: a Description of the Works at Saltaire, near Bradford, Yorkshire, belonging to Titus Salt, Esq., with Report of Proceedings at the Opening. September, 1853.*
6. *Lectures delivered in the Establishment of Messrs. Copestake, Moore, Crampton, and Co., 5, Bow Church Yard, London. 1860-61.*
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13. *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bank of England Library and Literary Association. 1864.*
14. *Catalogue of the Caxton Library, Bank of England. Pp. 20. 1863.*
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16. *Description of Messrs. Clowes and Sons' Printing Office, London.*

(All printed for Private Circulation.)

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago, in a letter to his friend Julius Hare, Dr. Arnold of Rugby wrote as follows:—"Too late," however, are the words which I should be inclined to affix to every plan for reforming society in England; we are engulfed, I believe, inevitably, and must go down the cataract, although ourselves—that is, you and I—may be in Hezekiah's case, and not live to see the catastrophe."

Dr. Arnold had just been reading Mr. Gladstone's book on Church Principles, much of which he counted erroneous, and greatly lamented, while at the same time he discovered something in the spirit of its gifted author that tended to encourage hope for England. It cheered him to find such a man advocating the application of Christianity to national affairs, and so protesting against "that wretched doctrine of Warburton's, that the State has only to look after body and goods." But in Arnold's view, the social disease had gone too far for any remedy or any physician. His correspondence is sprinkled throughout with similar forebodings. It greatly deepened their gloom, that so few persons seemed alive to those social evils

which he regarded as the certain forerunners of the deluge. "My fear," he said, "with regard to every remedy that involves any sacrifices to the upper classes is, that the public mind is not yet enough aware of the magnitude of the evil to submit to them. 'Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?' was the question put to Pharaoh by his counsellors; for unless he did know it, they were aware that he would not let Israel go from serving him." We know no other instance except that of Carlyle, from whom doubtless Arnold drew much of his inspiration, of a man feeling with such intense keenness, a state of things that lay outside his own personal and public sphere. It was so grievous as to "pierce through all his private happiness, and haunt him daily like a personal calamity." Worst of all was the being doomed to look on, and unable to do anything effectual in the way of relief; and again and again his eager heart was planning measures for rousing the rich, and guiding, elevating, and enlightening the poor.

If Arnold were living now, it cannot be thought that he would write so strongly. Indeed, it is only when we look back on such pictures as his of the state of society in his time, that the change that five-and-twenty years have brought about can be rightly appreciated. The dangers that appalled him are indeed far from past, but the thinking part of the public are more alive to them, and much more is done to avert them, however little that may be of what might and ought to be done. It is not our present business to enumerate all the causes to which this change for the better is due. But we cannot omit noticing Arnold's own influence as one of them; an influence so greatly intensified by that sudden and early death which threw round him and his views a tenfold greater interest, while it served to make them much more widely known. Other prophets of evil have helped to fulfil their predictions, but Arnold did everything to falsify his. The earnestness with which he urged the application of Christianity to all the affairs of life in his Sermons, did much to dissipate the old feeling of the essential separation of things secular and things sacred. And the intense distress which his correspondence revealed at the want of sympathy between rich and poor, and at the neglected condition of the labouring classes, as well as the vivid pictures he sometimes drew of the good that might be done by thoughtful Christian men, who had large numbers of their fellows under them, touched the heart and conscience of at least some in that situation, and led to very beautiful plans being set on foot by them for the benefit of their people.

The manager of a large and interesting factory, for example, situated nearly opposite the Palace of Westminster, and therefore within sight of some of the most aristocratic mansions of London, becomes acquainted with the *Life of Arnold*. He is greatly struck with the earnestness and heartiness with which he devoted himself to his school. He admires intensely his personal interest in his boys, and finds the essence of practical wisdom in his counsel to schoolmasters "to take life in earnest," and "to enter upon the schooling heartily: you are not then in danger of grudging every hour you give to it, and of thinking of how much privacy, and of how much society it is robbing you; but you devote your time to it, and then you find that it is in itself full of interest, and keeps life's current fresh and wholesome by bringing you into such perpetual contact with all the springs of youthful liveliness. I should say, have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as you possibly can." While he wonders whether this counsel may not have some application to the head of a factory where many boys are employed, he finds in Arnold's correspondence a letter of congratulation and encouragement to a manufacturer who has shown a desire to benefit his work-people. "Your letter," Dr. Arnold writes to this gentleman, "holds out a prospect which interests me very deeply. I have long felt a very deep concern about the state of our manufacturing population, and have seen how enormous was the work to be done there, and how much good men, especially those who were not clergymen, were wanted to do it. And therefore I think of you as engaged in business with no little satisfaction, *being convinced that a good man, highly educated, cannot possibly be in a more important position in this kingdom than as one of the heads of a great manufacturing establishment.*" Pondering these weighty words, the manager of the Vauxhall Candle Company begins one of the most beautiful moral experiments that history records, and seems, by a happy instinct, or rather a divine guidance, to light on the very measures by which an employer may best promote the welfare of his work-people. It would not be easy to overestimate the effect produced ten or twelve years ago by the wide circulation, through many reviews, magazines, and newspapers, of the plans proposed and carried out by Mr. James Wilson at the Factory of Price's Patent Candle Company. In the cause of social improvement these operations served a purpose corresponding to that of George Stephenson's "Rocket" in the railway enterprise. They showed that *the thing could be done*; that it *should* be done was the inevitable inference;

the public verdict was all but unanimous in its favour; and all over the kingdom, conscientious and Christian employers were set to think what they could do in the same direction. It is a cause of unspeakable grief that commercial difficulties and religious dissensions have led of late years to the suspension of most of the operations at Vauxhall and Battersea that were once in so healthful and promising activity; but it is only justice to the Company and its manager to say, that before their sky began to be overcast, they had done yeoman's service, not merely to their own workers, but to the country at large.

Our purpose in the present article is, first of all, to give information—to make our readers acquainted with some of the plans that have actually been devised and carried out by Christian employers for the benefit of their people; this historical statement will lay the foundation for some general views on the whole subject, and give to these a weight which no mere theories, however beautiful and plausible, could ever have. The subject is pre-eminently one on which theorizing will not do. "What we masters want," says one of the best and wisest of them, "is not any beautiful theory of our relation to our people, but some practical means of overcoming the enormous difficulties which there are in the way of really getting into a proper relation to them." It should be well known at the outset, that in practice the subject is beset by very great difficulties. It will always hold good, that "where there's a will there's a way," but it does not follow that the true way will always be found out at the first. It is our belief that as yet we have made but little progress towards the discovery of the best practical measures by which employers may benefit their assistants, and that no small measure of experimenting, involving of course much disappointment and grief to some earnest spirits, must be passed through ere we reach the goal. That some who have worked hard in the cause should be feeling considerable discouragement, and should even be ready to abandon all their attempts in despair, need not surprise us, although at the same time their feeling is far from reasonable. What great moral harvest was ever ripened and reaped by a *coup de main*? If the cause in question should have its pioneers, its sufferers, and even its martyrs, is it not worthy of them? Our restless and impatient generation would leave Providence all behind. We will not dig the trenches unless you can guarantee that in a week or two at furthest our flag shall float in triumph from the citadel. As much as any other, this cause demands that combination of ardent enterprise,

dogged perseverance, and elastic tact, through which, in due time, other enterprises attain their triumphs. What though *we* should not be allowed to set foot in the land of Promise? Is it nothing to see signs of activity and progress that point, though it be from afar, to the final issue,—to have the consolation that cheered the dying Cavour, "the cause lives!"

It is but a selection we can make, in the limits of an article, from the great variety of occupations that are included in our subject. We shall try, however, to embrace some that differ greatly from each other, beginning with what we may call the rougher and coarser material, and ending with the more refined. The sources of our information cannot always be specified, but in most cases personal observation and inquiry have furnished our facts, supplemented by a great many printed, though not published documents, some of which we have indicated at the head of our article.

We cannot find it in our heart to omit all specific mention of the plans of Mr. James Wilson, in Price's Candle Company, even although they were noticed in this journal at the time, and are pretty familiar to those who take an interest in our subject. Half-a-dozen boys hiding behind a bench two or three times a week, after they had done their day's work, to practise writing on scraps of paper with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house, laid the foundation of what by and by developed into a great educational system, embracing four schools and five or six hundred scholars. The grim visage of cholera in 1849 frowning frightfully over the neighbourhood of Battersea and Vauxhall, set the manager to think by what means, physical and moral, the putrid breath of the pestilence might be prevented from striking on his charge. Of physical safeguards, the most likely appeared to be abundant exercise in the open air; a cricket-field was promptly rented, great pains were taken to instruct and interest the lads and men in the game; as the field was of large size, little gardens were allotted to them at the sides; and the measure was so successful in its immediate object, that only one death from cholera occurred among them, although many lost relations living in the same houses with themselves. As opportunity served, tea-parties and summer excursions were grafted on the school and cricket-club, both with the view of making them popular, and of promoting a happy, harmonious, brotherly spirit among all. A commodious swimming-bath and a set of common baths were subsequently added. The manager, however, was too wise and too good a man either to limit his efforts to the physical welfare of his people, or to fancy

that the physical would necessarily secure the moral. The cultivation of a devotional spirit was his incessant aim. Always when the game of cricket was ended, the boys collected in a corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety from cholera of themselves and their friends. They also met every morning in the school-room at six o'clock, before beginning work, just for a few minutes, to give thanks for having been safely brought to the beginning of the day, and to pray to be defended in it. A morning-service for the boys had its origin in this way, and also a similar service for those employed in the counting-house. One of the men in the place having been drowned, and other three nearly so, a daily service for the men was begun. By and by it was found desirable to commence Sunday services, and in 1850 a chapel was licensed and opened. At first all the expenses were defrayed by Mr. James Wilson, who, besides his purse, threw his whole heart and personal exertions into the cause. But when the state of things came to the knowledge of the directors and shareholders, so charmed were they both with his plans and their very encouraging results, that it was most cordially resolved, with but a single dissentient voice, not only to reimburse what Mr. Wilson had expended, but to allow a sum of £900 a year for the educational establishment, and £300 a year to provide the means of public worship. The liberality of the shareholders was certainly very admirable; but the result proves that it would have been better had the operations been much more nearly self-supporting.

The personal influence and almost incredible devotion of the manager was clearly one main cause of the great success of his operations. It could not be doubted by the work-people that a master who would come into the school and hear the very youngest of the scholars their spelling lessons; who would organize for them schoolrooms, and cricket-fields, and swimming-baths, and gardens, and excursions; who would join in their sports, go with them on their excursions, speak to them at their tea-meetings, write them letters of excellent and earnest counsel, kneel with them at prayer, and encourage them in the formation of societies for self-improvement, had a true and earnest desire for their welfare. Unlocked by the key of sympathy, their hearts were readily gained. We cannot but be struck, too, by the judicious combination of measures which Mr. Wilson adopted. Never forgetting that till human beings are brought to God, all other improvement is superficial and ephemeral, he laboured very earnestly for this great end, but at the same time bore in mind that man's is a com-

plex nature, and that it is simply mischievous to neglect all provision for even the lighter and more trifling of his tastes and cravings. Successful to a very large degree his operations were. The company was a commercial one, with the usual love of large profits, dividends, and sinking funds; but the sums appropriated for the improvement of the work-people were voted with unwonted cordiality, and a sentiment of delight prevailed at the proof afforded that joint-stock companies had consciences, and could act towards their "hands" without forgetting that those hands had human hearts and immortal souls. The letters of congratulation that poured in on the manager were legion. Candlemakers and clergymen, soldiers and sailors, lawyers and bishops, factory inspectors and personal friends vied with each other in expressing their delight; it seemed as if a great social problem had been solved triumphantly, and as if those who had dreaded above all things the effects of the spirit of alienation between masters and men might now breathe freely and rest in peace.

The crop of wheat was too good and too promising for the enemy not to sow it over with tares. We have little heart to go into the next chapter of the history, to tell how it came to pass that the moral machinery which had been working so beautifully got out of order, and had at last to be brought pretty nearly to a stand-still. The operations had been carried on at great expense; in some years, we understand, greatly exceeding the sums that we have named. Consequently, when commercial difficulties began to demand diminished expenditure, the large outlay on the educational and chapel operations assumed a less pleasing aspect. About the same time, very serious differences of opinion arose as to the propriety of some of the measures adopted by the chaplain, with the sanction of the manager, for promoting a revival of religion. We pronounce no opinion on the merits of this controversy, indeed we are far too little acquainted with it to be able to do so, but we lament very deeply that it should have arisen. Mr. Wilson may be right in his conviction that the kind of Christian activity to which he has more recently devoted himself is much more fruitful in the highest spiritual results than that which occupied his earlier years; but amid the excitement of his new enterprise, the problem with which he grappled so earnestly at first—how to rectify and sweeten the relation of employer and employed—seems almost to have slipped from his hands.

Some years ago, the Candle Company began a branch factory at Bromborough Pool, in the neighbourhood of Birkenhead.

Taking possession of a new district, where no sufficient accommodation could be found for a large working population, they very properly built a village of excellent dwelling-houses, about eighty in number, all of which are occupied by their work-people, at a rental of three-and-sixpence a week and upwards. The appearance of this village is exceedingly pleasing. In the middle of a large open space in the centre stand the schoolrooms, forming a substantial building, reared at an expense of two thousand pounds, three-fourths of which was contributed by the Company. The dwelling-houses are neat and substantial, each having a garden attached to it, rendering each home more loveable, and affording healthful occupation of an evening for time that might otherwise be devoted to the public-house. A horticultural show stimulates the gardening energies of the people, and has had something to do, very likely, with a small glass-house, where apricots and peaches are reared, and with such experiments as we found one of the men trying, who was rearing potatoes from seed, in the hope of obtaining fresh varieties. A co-operative store obtains general support and enjoys prosperity, causing a very considerable saving in the expenditure of the members. A small flour-mill belonging to the co-operators is worked at the factory, also producing a considerable saving. Of the sick-fund or the accident-fund of this or of similar companies we say nothing at present, because such institutions exist in almost every large establishment, and are fostered by all employers who have the common feelings of humanity.

The benevolent efforts of the Company at Bromborough owe very much to one of the proprietors, who, while nominally holding the office, and performing the duties of chaplain, has thrown himself into the work with extraordinary heartiness, mainly as a labour of love. The school of "muscular Christianity" can have few better representatives than Mr. Hampson, though even under him, the operations carried on seem to have fully more of the adjective than the substantive,—the "muscular" element undoubtedly predominates. The cricket-club has reached the position of the second in Cheshire, not without much effort on his part, rendered necessary by the great difficulty of getting working men to realize the idea of excelling,—the possibility of men who work for their daily bread being as good cricketers as gentlemen. The Volunteers number no less than seventy, and there is a volunteer-band, consisting largely of lads who when boys were taken from the workhouse, and brought up at Mr. Hampson's expense, all his energy being required for the task of endeavouring to root

out of some of them the inveterate evil qualities and habits of a workhouse training, and to inspire them with the spirit which their countenances indicate, of manly, honest, industrious young men. The summer excursions of the factory have sometimes been on an unusual scale; on two occasions some twenty of the younger men have spent some days among the Lakes of Westmoreland, along with the chaplain or the manager. Many of the people speak of Mr. Hampson in terms of the highest love and esteem; and the interest which he has manifested in the cause of the people has not been limited to Bromborough; a neighbouring and somewhat neglected village, through his exertions, has been recently provided with an excellent school, allotment gardens, a vegetable and flower-show, and a spacious yard and furniture for gymnastic exercises.

Among the hearts that were stirred by the earnest counsels and vigorous example of Mr. James Wilson, the two junior partners of the firm of John Bagnall and Sons, of Gold's Hill Ironworks and Collieries, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, deserve honourable notice. In the year 1853, deeply impressed with the neglected condition, both moral and religious, of the persons connected with their works, they determined, by means of a church and school, to initiate a course of operations that might, by God's blessing, effect a great change on the character of their men.

With noble devotedness the two young men began the work in person, opening night-schools in the spring of 1853, and taking on themselves the work of teaching, with the assistance of a large body of volunteer teachers. The undertaking was highly popular, the schools were filled by scholars of every age, and in a month or two, another portion of their scheme was carried out, a clergyman was appointed chaplain to the Works, and a temporary chapel was fitted up and licensed. In a few months more, a suitable schoolmaster was appointed, and the whole of this machinery was in operation by the close of the year.

The success that accompanied their efforts led to a great expansion of their ideas, and in 1854 a building was reared, at a cost of upwards of £6000 (extravagantly large, we cannot but think), designed to accommodate the Sunday congregation, and to be available during the week for boys', girls', and infants' day-schools, and also for the night-school. The appointment of two female teachers in 1855 completed the staff of agents; but there were also added to the institutions of the place meetings for morning worship at the various ironworks, a provident

club, and a home for apprentices. In addition to these operations at their principal work, a similar establishment, on a smaller scale, was set up at Capponfield.

Under the energetic superintendence of the chaplain, the various operations conducted in this work have been attended with an encouraging measure of success. The morning religious services have not been attended by all, partly from the nature of their occupation, and partly from other causes. "In the forges, but few puddlers, rollers, or shinglers can ever attend; and in the furnaces many of the keepers and fillers are likewise debarred from coming to prayers; but as far as the fitters, moulders, blacksmiths, and labourers in general are concerned, they do attend (except at Gold's Hill) with great regularity, and evince great decorum." The general effect of the morning service on the whole body of workers is represented as being "of a sobering tendency, and calculated to suppress the exhibitions of anger and swearing or filthy conversation, which formerly were (and still are) far too common in the works. It lies in my power," continues the chaplain, "to adduce many instances illustrative of the moral effect produced by these daily prayers in the works. Of course we meet with hypocrites, but hypocrisy is not by any means a characteristic of the Black Country people generally."

The schools in this establishment have met with very ample support. In the day-schools six or seven hundred children receive education, while from fifty to a hundred more derive the benefit of the night-schools, and four or five hundred are connected with the Sunday-schools. And we are glad to observe that the education is paid for. Had it been so in the schools of Price's Candle Company, they would have continued, we believe, to diffuse their blessings to this day. The experience in the Bagnall schools in this respect has been remarkable, but by no means surprising. At first the instruction in the boys' night-school was gratuitous; but in 1861 it was thought desirable to make a small charge. In place of thinning the attendance, the change actually increased it, and the regularity and earnestness of the scholars were all the greater. To stimulate regular attendance at such schools, an iron-master's prize scheme was initiated some years ago by the Rev. E. P. Norris, formerly inspector of schools for the district, which has had a very beneficial influence. The iron and coal masters of the district offer certain rewards to children above a certain age who have been at least two years in regular attendance at school, and whose attainments in reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing

prove satisfactory to the examiner appointed to decide. In the course of eight years 3 boys in the Bagnall schools have gained a £4 prize; 13 boys and 3 girls a £3 prize; 1 boy and 4 girls a £1 prize; 24 boys and 29 girls a bible; and 6 boys and 2 girls honourable mention.

The best proof of life and vigour in a plant is to be found in the suckers and offshoots that spring from its root and stem. The Bagnall institution has in this respect been exceedingly fertile. Our limits will permit us but to give the names of some of its offspring. The "Ragged School" was a volunteer undertaking, which has been so successful that the original name is now a misnomer. The "Gold's Hill Church Union" is an association for promoting Christian fellowship and Christian activity, having connected with it schemes for distributing tracts, aiding members in sickness, and enjoying an annual holiday. The "Missionary Association" is an auxiliary to the Propagation and Church Missionary Societies. The "Provident Society" is a benefit club purged of objectionable features that produce any thing but benefits. The "Library" is a self-supporting, half-a-crown yearly establishment, with 66 subscribers, and 680 volumes. The "Home for Apprentices" is a well-meant endeavour to provide a home for orphans and neglected boys who are desirous of being apprenticed to the firm. The "Institute" is a more lively concern than its name would indicate, dealing with cricket and football in summer, and with newspapers, essays, and discussions in winter. Then there is the drum and flute band, and the brass band, and the Band of Hope and Temperance Society, all looking well on paper, and—subject, no doubt, to a slight discount for rose-colour—working beneficially in fact.

Before leaving the iron-trade, let us cross to the east of England, and make the acquaintance of an eminent firm, by whom the raw material is fashioned into many useful implements,—the Ransomes of Ipswich. To them the more honour is due, that they were at work in endeavouring to promote the welfare of their workmen before the subject became popular, and while they had nothing but their own benevolent feeling and sense of duty to spur them on. There are no finer specimens of humanity than some that are turned out by the Society of Friends, to which the Ransomes belong, and seldom, indeed, will gentlemen be found whose very looks and words are so instinct with kindness and cheerfulness as those of some of the members of this firm. Mr. Allan Ransome, who has devoted much attention to the interests of his twelve or fifteen hundred work-

men, might be one of the Cheeryble brothers of Mr. Dickens, if he had not far more manliness, culture, and sense. It is chiefly on the social welfare of the workmen that his plans in his work have borne; their intellectual advancement he seeks to promote through public institutions in the town; in religious matters he does not appear to interfere. Mr. Ransome frankly admits that some of his early schemes have not been so successful as he had hoped, at least in the way of securing the objects at which he aimed, although he believes that otherwise they have led to good. The workmen's hall which he built fifteen years ago, at an expense of upwards of a thousand pounds, was intended to supply the men with dinner, prepared on the premises, and at first was successful; but owing to unexpected difficulties of a local kind, this arrangement had to be abandoned, and at present the hall serves as a room where the men who live at a distance may eat the dinners that are brought to them by their families, hold meetings, and hear addresses. Such a dining-room ought to exist in connexion with every large work, and is indeed one of the first arrangements which a careful employer will see to, alike from a regard to the interests of the men and to his own. The cooking depots, on the Glasgow plan, now springing up in so many places, may lessen the necessity for such apartments in workshops, but will not altogether supersede it. The dormitories which, in the little book published by Mr. Pickering in 1849, *On the Responsibilities of Employers*, occupied a prominent place in Mr. Ransome's projected arrangement, and were to accommodate forty young men, have not been successful, chiefly, it is believed, because the rule of shutting-up at ten o'clock was not very popular. Neither have the cottages which Mr. Ransome built, with a view to their being purchased by his men, been taken up by them, though indirectly they have answered the end, many of the men having built houses for themselves, and being now proprietors of freeholds in "California,"—the name of the suburb to which the freehold enterprise has given rise. On the other hand, the library, the accident fund, and the benefit club, work well, and the annual *fêtes* of the workmen are pleasing and well conducted, instances of intemperance being very rare. There is a wholesome *esprit de corps* in the work, and a sound moral tone. Swearing is prohibited by rule and fine, and for ten years neither swearing nor fighting has occurred within the works. Father, son, and grandson may be found working together, and so little are the men given to change, that some have worked between forty and

fifty years, and others have walked half-a-dozen miles a day for many years in succession. To the geniality and kindly tone of the masters, and the deep personal interest taken by them in the welfare of their men, this wholesome spirit is greatly due. A more pleasing proof will seldom be met with, that there is a natural feeling in the relation of employer and employed, which, when wisely evoked, brings with it great enjoyment.

We pass now to one of the very largest and most important fields of our national industry—pre-eminently the manufacturing district—Lancashire and Yorkshire. As a whole, we fear it cannot be questioned that the millocracy are sadly careless of the interests of their "hands." Even the modicum of duty entailed on them by the Factory Act is often eluded, and in many other cases most carelessly performed. It is the more needful to state this very explicitly, because otherwise an impression would very naturally arise from what follows, that everything was going on favourably. Alas! the moral aspect of the district is very much a wilderness, with here and there a little green oasis. Our business is to pick out these green spots. If the whole field could only share the beauty of the oasis; if the few could only become the many, and the many the few, the manufacturing district, instead of being the dread, might become the glory of our country.

Our first instance—connected with the cotton-spinning trade—is unhappily an affair not of the present but the past. In the neighbourhood of Liverpool there stood, some years ago, the only cotton-mill that the great seaport of the west could boast of. Since the time to which we are about to refer, it has been burnt down and rebuilt, and the building, we believe, is now used for another purpose. Nineteen years ago it attracted the attention of the eminent Inspector of Factories, Mr. Leonard Horner, who, in his Report to Government, dated 26th November, 1845, called special notice to the admirable arrangements devised and carried out by the managing partner, Mr. R. Ford North, for the comfort and moral improvement of the work-people. Mr. North was very unwilling that his name should be given to the public in connexion with his plans, and even wondered that it should be needful to make such proceedings public at all: "If those interested in such establishments were but aware how much exquisite gratification to themselves is derivable from the performance of their duty to their work-people, they would not need any urging from without." Mr. North and his partners yielded to Mr. Horner's urgency only on the ground "that many masters would

gladly improve the condition of their people if they knew of any practical mode of doing so; and that while they might laugh at plans suggested by mere good intentions, without being supported by examples, they would take a very different view when an instance could be produced of the successful working of arrangements in an establishment similarly circumstanced as their own."

The staff of workers in the North Shore Mill, when Mr. North assumed the management, was, we have understood, an exceedingly rough one, of about 800 "hands," that had been engaged a short time before, when the mill was begun; one large share were raw Irish, and another were the scum of the Preston spinners, engaged that they might teach the Irish how to spin. A number of cottages occupied by them were in so filthy a condition, that a cup might have been filled with vermin from the walls; at the end of two years there was hardly a bed in any of them where any one might not have slept with comfort.

After mentioning the arrangements adopted for promoting the people's health, especially in the case of accidents, Mr. North, in his statement furnished to Mr. Horner, proceeds to notice the school-room, a large well-ventilated apartment, attended during the day by about 200 children, partly employed in the mill and partly not, and open also at night, when 40 or 50 names on the books produced a somewhat irregular attendance. The arrangements for religious instruction are then detailed. At the Sunday school, open on Sunday morning from nine to eleven, "the number of scholars varies from 300 to 330. Two separate rooms are appropriated to male and female adults, who generally feel a repugnance to being classed with younger persons. The instruction is given by 70 teachers, *all volunteers from among the overlookers and others employed in the mill*; some attending on alternate Sundays, others attending every Sunday; one of the proprietors, the manager, and book-keeper acting as superintendents and secretary.

"After the school is closed, and a quarter of an hour's interval, the church service, curtailed so as not to exceed an hour and a quarter (including a short practical sermon, selected from such published works as seem best adapted for the purpose), is read in the school-room by one of the proprietors to an assemblage of from 300 to 400 persons, chiefly inhabitants of the adjoining cottages, and comprising the greater part of the scholars themselves and their teachers; among whom are some very creditable singers and instrumental performers.

The reason why this service was held in

the school-room and why the children were not taken to the nearest church, is explained to have been partly that the parents of many of the children being dissenters, objection would have been taken to their going to church, but no objection was made to this service; and partly that the ordinary church service was so long, that after two hours in the Sunday school, the attention of the children would have been more than exhausted.

"It is always found," Mr. North continues in his paper, "that those who are the most regular in their attendance at the school and subsequent service, are always the best conducted hands in the mill, earn the most wages, and make the best use of them."

A lending library, a brass band, and a savings'-bank were connected with this mill. Five per cent. interest was allowed by the proprietors on undisturbed deposits of six months—an arrangement which was accompanied with excellent results. All fines levied for irregularity of attendance at the mill, spoiled work, or any other misconduct, were appropriated to a sick relief fund; and, aided by other contributions, were distributed to the sick and necessitous in clothes, provisions, or money, as the case might seem to require.

A summer and a winter festivity cheered the monotony of labour in this mill. In the month of July, the anniversary of the opening of the Sunday school was celebrated by a pic-nic excursion in steamboats to the Cheshire shore, generally to the number of 600 or 700, tickets being given exclusively to those who were in the habit of attending some Sunday school or place of worship. Looking forward to this was a stimulus to good conduct, and to a better observance of the Sabbath-day. On the evening of New Year's day, the teachers, singers, and members of the band were invited by the proprietors to a supper in the school-room; after which, recitation of pieces, music, and singing, with the expression of friendly sentiments on both sides, made an agreeable evening alike to employers and employed.

In carrying on these operations, it was the constant aim of Mr. North to get the people to do as much as possible themselves. Had it not been for this, even with all his gentleness and kindness of disposition, he never could have succeeded as he did. It was his practice, before launching any new plan, to call the people together, explain it to them, ask their opinion, and call for a show of hands for or against. When he began the Sunday service, it was a ticklish matter, especially where so many Irish were employed, to determine what sort of service it should be. But when, on a show of hands being asked, only one hand was held up for a Roman Ca-

tholic service, a score or so for a Wesleyan service, and all the rest for the Established Church, the matter was settled by the people themselves, and the service adopted was not merely that preferred by Mr. North, but that voted by the people. It is not surprising that such a man should hold the conviction, that masters would have very little difficulty in getting on with their work-people, if only they took the right mode of managing them. Even the vexed question of wages may be settled quite pleasantly where mutual confidence reigns. Instead of the idea prevailing that the interests of masters and men are essentially opposed to each other and mutually destructive, a right feeling would give birth to precisely the opposite conviction. On one occasion, when the proprietors were working at a serious loss, Mr. North called his people together, and explained the state of things. He showed that, in the circumstances, it would not do the masters any good to have the men working short time, but that a reduction of ten per cent. on the wages would enable them to get on. He put the question, Will you agree to a temporary reduction of ten per cent.? The answer was given in three hearty cheers; the first time, we suppose, and perhaps the last, when a proposal of a ten per cent. reduction of wages was received with three cheers. It need hardly be added that an assurance was given that at the earliest possible moment this ten per cent. would be restored. The pledge was promptly and honourably redeemed by Mr. North; had it been so by others, also, an immense amount of misery and bad feeling in the whole manufacturing district might have been saved.

In the management of work-people, Mr. North was well aware of the wonderful power derived from taking a personal interest in each. But with so large a number in his employment, he found, like others, how difficult it was for him to know them all. It was, therefore, his habit to urge his overlookers to cultivate kindly personal relations with all the people under them. If he should hear of any one being absent, he would say to the overlooker: "Now, John, I find that Mary So-and-so is unwell; go to the house, and see how she is, and how the family are off, and let me know." The foreman would come back and say: "I am sorry to find that she is very poorly, and the family are very badly off." Then the master would make arrangements for their comfort, making use of the foreman for this pleasant duty. Not the smallest, by any means, of the benefits of this arrangement, was the good which it did to the overlookers themselves; it enabled them to get on so much more smoothly and pleasantly with their people. Some might not like

it, and would leave the employment; but others of a more kindred spirit were found in their room. Having spoken of overlookers, we must here state our strong conviction, that in great works where the numbers employed are so large as to baffle all endeavours of the masters to know them personally, the importance of good overlookers, in sweetening the relation of masters and men, and making the machinery work smoothly and comfortably, can hardly be exaggerated. Much might be said on this subject, for it has never received anything like the attention which it demands. The overlookers, in some respects, almost rival the masters in power and influence, while, screened from public observation and the influence of public opinion, they have less to deter them from evil, and less to encourage them in what is good.

Subsequently to his management of the North Shore Mill, Mr. North was connected with Price's Candle Company, and the influence of his views and spirit in the operations that were carried on there will readily be traced. In one respect, however, Mr. North had greatly the advantage of Mr. Wilson. Mr. North was strenuous for making philanthropy, like Napoleon's wars, as far as possible support itself. Not from any spirit of grudging, but from a conviction that on this footing its life would be more healthy, and its efforts more steady, than when nursed and coddled under a system of lavish expenditure. There are some operations where it is essential to have liberal money support; there are others where large money supplies are positively hurtful.

One of the most complete and remarkable establishments in Yorkshire is that at Saltaire, the creation of Mr. Titus Salt, formerly M.P. for Bradford. We live at such a distance from patriarchal times, that the notion of a man going forth and building a city, and calling it by his name, seems altogether out of date. Such, however, is the town, as we may almost call it, of Saltaire, of which nothing is known in the old geography books, but which *Bradshaw* got hold of some time ago, and which watchful map-makers will now be inserting, three miles from Bradford on the banks of the river Aire. The history of the alpaca manufacture, of which Mr. Salt is virtually the inventor, has a singular dash of romance in it, that contrasts oddly with the prosaic aspect of manufactures and merchandise in general. Little could Pizarro have fancied, when he found the natives of Peru clothed from the wool of an animal, half-sheep, half-camel, and brought home specimens of it for the museums of the old world, that three or four centuries later, the

vigorous brain of a Yorkshire spinner would fasten upon that material, gaze at it, tease it, think of it, dream of it, till he compelled it to yield its secret, and then by means of it, supplied clothing for millions, and employment for thousands of his race. Mr. Salt was not long of accumulating a princely fortune, and would have retired early from business had not his sons and partners desired that he should continue with them a little longer. In agreeing to do so, he stipulated that he would provide for their leaving Bradford with its hundred and fifty mills, and smoke and din corresponding, and erect a spacious mill in some healthy and convenient locality, along with whatever other buildings should be required for carrying on the manufacture as Christian employers ought to conduct it. An agreeable site having been chosen on the beautiful banks of the Aire, the mill was built in 1853,—a fine Italian structure, with a façade of 550 feet in length, and with the remarkable peculiarity, that no more than in an Italian palace can a chimney-stalk be seen upon it. In place of chimneys, a lofty column rises from a handsome pedestal, at a little distance from the mill, through which you are bound to believe that all the unconsumed smoke of the factory passes, for the visible smoke is so trifling, that this must be matter of belief. We should not like to say how many hundred windows are in the building, but some idea of the magnitude of the operations may be gathered from the fact, that the alpaca cloth made in a year would be long enough to stretch in an unbroken band 6000 miles, or from England to Peru. The area of the several floors in the mills, warehouses, and sheds, forms a surface of 55,000 yards, or eleven acres and a half. From three to four thousand persons are employed in this mill; and when the dinner-bell empties the building, the stream of human beings seems as if it would never flow past.

The town of Saltaire, reared wholly by Mr. Salt, consists of nearly 500 dwellings (to be increased, we believe, to 700), built of the beautiful stone for which the district is remarkable, and having a most substantial and comfortable appearance. The rents vary from 2s. 4d. to 7s. 6d. a week, and are paid with remarkable punctuality, the rent-book presenting a marvellous appearance, with hardly more than a few shillings in arrear for years. The rental is barely four per cent. upon the capital laid out. Besides dwelling-houses, there are commodious shops and stores, but not a single public-house, nor place for the consumption of intoxicating liquor. A very commodious school affords education to 600 healthy-looking children,

on the half-time system of the manufacturing districts, half being engaged by turns in school one part of the day, and in the mill the other. By and by a new set of school-rooms is to be built, and the present school-room will be converted into a dining-hall and reading-room, the dining hall being for the accommodation of such of the work-people as reside at a distance. The wash-houses and baths are most complete. Washing-machines, wringing-machines, and centrifugal drying-machines shorten and simplify the tedious process, but such is the force of habit, that many of the women stick to the old practice with the firmness of martyrs, and do all their washing and drying at home. The baths are as comfortable as could be desired, but are used only to the extent of about 1200 baths a year. The reading-room and library, for which the charge is a shilling a quarter, has 150 subscribers. A very handsome Congregationalist chapel crowns the institutions of Saltaire, a Grecian structure, with vestibule of elegant Corinthian columns, surmounted by a circular tower and dome. The parish Church is that of Shipley, a small town half a mile off. A surgeon looks after the health of the people, so that between schoolmaster, minister, and surgeon, mind, soul, and body are all remembered.

Saltaire, we need hardly say, is free from all traces of the filth and darkness and squalid misery so common in manufacturing towns and districts. From the surgeon we learn that the infant mortality, which in Bradford is frightfully high, is not nearly so great. Crime of all kinds is extremely rare, and there are hardly any illegitimate births. The absence of all temptation to drunkenness has much to do with this. If the gin-palace were to be seen at every corner, the houses would not present that appearance of comfort, and even elegance, which so strikes a stranger. The population of Saltaire is about 3000. Many of the workmen in the mill reside in other places.

Saltaire is evidently the creation of a great mind. It is the plan of one accustomed to large designs, possessing that boldness of conception and energy of purpose which do not shrink from the responsibility of undertakings involving innumerable interests.* It

* As we write we notice a paragraph in a Scarborough newspaper, showing the grand scale on which Mr. Salt goes to work. On the 17th September last, Saltaire went bodily for the day to the seaside. In celebration of the 11th anniversary of the opening of Saltaire, four thousand excursionists were whirled in four monster trains over Yorkshire, and set down on the beautiful cliffs and ravines of Scarborough. The day was divided between land and sea, and especially to those who had never before looked on the latter, was one of

is not easy for such a mind to come down to the little concerns of individuals or families, and show that personal interest in each which is so grateful to the human heart. And in virtue of its own great power of organization, and command of resources, it is apt to plan everything in accordance with its own vivid perception of what is best, and leave the people, who are to be benefited, simply to fall in with what it has done. In the prosecution of the great work so nobly begun, scope will have to be found for the enterprise and activities of the people themselves. If they can be led to take an interest in Saltaire as their own town, and to bear a hand in extending and improving it in accordance with the design and aim of its founder, it will be like a city set on an hill, and the whole empire will look to it for instruction and encouragement.

It is with reluctance that we pass over Halifax and its interesting institutions. We should have liked to linger over two names that stand in the highest rank in the manufacturing world, Ackroyd and Crossley. Apart from the romance of their family history, and the noble scale on which they carry on their philanthropic schemes, the particular plans with which they are severally connected, have sufficient individuality to merit separate consideration. But our diminishing space in this Article warns us that we must now part company with the millocrats, and pass on to another class of employers.

The relation of the chiefs of our great warehouses or selling marts to their assistants is of a more domestic character than that of millowners, or of iron or coal masters to their people. It is easier to cultivate friendly relations in the former case than in the latter. The temptations to jealousy are smaller; in most cases the amount of wages bears a less proportion to the profits of the business, and the master has little inducement to keep them down. There is more disposition on the part of the assistants in a warehouse to identify themselves with the house, and to feel that a share of its glory—if glory it has—is reflected upon them. There is less readiness to change their employment; and perhaps more room to hope for a measure of promotion that will amply satisfy their wishes for this world. In the ordinary class of warehouses and offices, friendly and Christian relations may be cultivated between the heads of the establishment and their assistants without any very formal measures. But

great enjoyment. The excursion-tickets were presented by the firm to their work-people and tenants.

when it becomes a monster establishment,—such, for example, as that of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard, or Messrs. Copestake, Moore, and Crampton, of Bow Churchyard,—special plans have to be organized by earnest employers for reaching the hundreds whom they employ.

In these two establishments, and in a few others of similar character, advantage is taken of the practice of the trade, according to which a large number of apprentices and others are boarded in the establishment, and on them, so to speak, as a basis, the operations designed for the benefit of the whole establishment rest. A commodious hall, library, and reading-room, useful for a variety of purposes, affords comfortable quarters every evening for social and intellectual recreation, and lessens to the young men the temptation of the billiard-room, the tavern, or the theatre, that might otherwise be to many of them the only resort of their evening hours. Morning worship is held in each of these establishments daily, under a chaplain who is a clergyman of the Church of England, the attendance being voluntary, except to the apprentices. There are Bible classes, and also mutual improvement societies, missionary societies, and meetings for devotional purposes held by the young men themselves. That these must be carried on with no small vigour is apparent from various facts. In the case of Hitchcock's establishment, several young men have been brought forward for the ministry of different churches, and at one time as many as seven were carrying on their studies with that view, encouraged, no doubt, by "the young man's friend," as the late Mr. Hitchcock used to be called. In the other establishment which we have named, there have been courses of lectures of no small mark, whether as regards the lecturers or the subjects. The little volume whose title we have given at the head of this paper contains an address by the Bishop of London, a lecture on "Sober-mindedness," by the Rev. D. Moore, and one on "Haunted Houses," by the Rev. J. B. Owen. Last spring, the Bishop of Oxford, after his conflict with the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords on the decision of the Privy Council, went up to Bow Churchyard and gave a lecture, on the subject of "London," to the members of the establishment. Apart from the higher good resulting from such things to individuals, one cannot but feel that they must tend powerfully to gender a wholesome corporate spirit among the members of the establishment, and to stimulate all to maintain, by personal excellence, the character and reputation of the whole.

The "Friendly Addresses to the People in the Employment of Messrs. Thomas Adams and Co., Nottingham," relate to a very admirable series of operations. The chief business of the establishment is the dressing, sorting, and selling of lace, and the numbers usually employed are about five hundred females and one hundred males. The chaplain system works here with greater efficiency than in any other case known to us. The attendance at morning worship is quite remarkable, amounting to about four hundred daily. The heads of the establishment have shown, during several years, a remarkable interest in this service, most of them attending in person with the greatest regularity, and thus removing all ground for the notion that it is designed only for the lower portion of the establishment. The work of the chaplain has not been limited to conducting the formal service; in all sorts of ways he has mingled with the people, showing a personal interest in them, very earnest for their spiritual good, but actively alive at the same time to their temporal welfare. The highly honourable bearing of the firm in all business matters has sensibly added to the success of their Christian operations. We believe they have fully reaped their reward; and in the fruit which their plans have borne, in the kindly and quiet spirit which characterizes their establishment, and in the stream of Christian esteem and affection which flows towards them from hundreds of hearts, have found an equivalent an hundred-fold for all that they have expended in this cause.

We must endeavour to find room for a few words on the plans that have been adopted in some of the printing-offices of the metropolis. In the *Times* printing-office, the late Mr. Walter, having an earnest desire to promote provident habits among the workmen, established several schemes with that view. Two years ago these embraced—(1.) A savings'-bank, into which the compositors and machine-men were required to pay certain rates according to the amount of their wages: (2.) A life insurance scheme, connexion with which was voluntary, but the annual premiums might be withdrawn from the savings'-bank; the number of policies at February 3, 1862, was seventy: (3.) A sick fund, formed from the contributions of the men, from fines, and from donations from the proprietors, managers, and overseers: and (4.) A medical fund, also supported by the contributions of the men, and entitling them to medical attendance in ordinary sickness. A refreshment-room is also provided for the benefit of the workmen, the charges for which are just above cost prices, and the profits are

carried weekly to the credit of the sick fund.

In the extensive printing-offices of the Messrs. Spottiswoode, much attention has been given to the welfare of the men. One of the present partners very nobly devoted himself to the cause, by living for several years in the same house with the apprentices, thus making them, as it were, members of his family. The acquaintance and the influence which he thus gained have been of very great service, and have told very beneficially on the interests of the establishment. The arrangements of the offices of the Messrs. Spottiswoode, besides their excellent free libraries, present morning classes for the improvement of the readers, and evening classes for all; a Tuesday class, taught by the partner already referred to, and the members of his family; a music class, which has been very successful, and has been four years in operation; and annual excursions, in which one of the partners and his family usually accompany the men and their families. We have not made particular inquiries as to their arrangements for sickness; but they are similar, we presume, to those of other offices.

In the Messrs. Clowes' offices, Duke Street and Charing Cross, much attention is paid to the sick. The sick-fund, supported by the contributions of the members and of the firm, besides making the usual allowances in sickness, provides for members the benefit of various hospitals, dispensaries, and infirmaries, when they are in circumstances to require their aid. By purchasing "Bath Tickets" in large quantities, and retailing them at reduced rates, or giving them away, this firm promotes not merely the cleanliness but the health and vigour which the use of cold water secures. For the annual holiday to the seaside, the boys get tickets gratis, while any of the men who choose to avail themselves of them, are supplied at a reduced rate. Connected with this office, likewise, is a library, of several hundred volumes, for the benefit of the men.

Most visitors to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in London this year, would have their eye drawn to a prominent portrait, bearing to be that of "Matthew Marshall, Esq., late Cashier of the Bank of England, and First President of the Bank of England Library and Literary Association." The union of titles sounds rather odd, and would naturally suggest an almost ludicrous combination of things great and small. We are sure our readers will not so view it. It is interesting to think that in the greatest and busiest Temple of Mammon in the world there should be an institution showing, on the

part at least of some of its heads, a desire that their servants should not be mere machines for aiding in the accumulation or distribution of wealth, but should have their intellectual and moral faculties cultivated and developed, and have facilities afforded them for enjoyments more profitable than those of the tavern or billiard-room. The Library was established in 1850. For the purchase of books the Court of Directors contributed £500, and £500 additional for fitting up the Library. Various persons gave donations, amounting, in some instances, to £100 each. The Library, which is a large and handsome room in the Bank, contains about 10,000 volumes, besides reviews, magazines, and newspapers, lying on the tables. At first it was predicted by croakers that it would not last six months. It has gone on with much prosperity. Out of the eight hundred clerks in the Bank, about five hundred are members, and the number of books taken out annually is thirty-five thousand. The subscription ranges from ten shillings a year to twenty shillings, according to salary. The Library is managed by a committee of the subscribers, to whom the directors delegate the whole charge, being anxious that the clerks should take an interest in it as their own institution. To those who know the temptations which London presents to young men whose duties are over for the day at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the moral value of an attractive library, open for them as soon as the Bank closes, will not appear to be slight. It has been a great advantage to the Library to have had from its commencement, as librarian and assistant-secretary, a devoted Christian man, who, for a salary little more than nominal, has given himself heart and soul, to its interests; at one time, for a period of four consecutive years, never having been a day absent, and even in shattered health, finding his consolation in the thought that no slight good has been done. It is an interesting evidence of the vitality of this library, that already one, if not two other libraries, have sprung from its loins. "The Caxton Library" is the name of a similar, though necessarily humbler institution, formed for the benefit of the printers and other mechanics employed in the Bank; and something, we have understood, is in the course of being done for the guard of soldiers who attend by night, and by their watchful vigils protect at once the slumbers of the directors and the treasures of the nation. How desirable it is that other banks and similar institutions, employing many young men, should do something of the same kind, we do not need to say.

It may strike our readers as strange, that,

in a North British journal, all the instances we have dwelt on of plans for benefiting the employed, have their local habitation south of the Tweed. It is not in any spirit of disparagement to Scotland that this has been done. Scotch employers, as a rule, are not less regardful of the welfare of their people than English. Many who are personally known to us, take a lively interest in the matter, and should it ever be the lot of the present writer to discuss the subject with wider limits, ample justice shall be done to them. But for the most part, operations in Scotland are not carried on either on that scale of magnitude, or with those distinctive features of interest which mark the instances we have brought forward from the sister kingdom. The number of "hands" employed under one head in Scotland does not reach the vast multitude often congregated in England. As a general rule, specific plans cannot be so readily put in operation. In large towns it is less easy to deal with the workmen as a peculiar body; they are more mixed up with the general population around. The school system in the country leaves less field for schools in exclusive connexion with particular works; and the strong attachment of the more earnest class of workmen to their own religious denominations would make it extremely difficult to collect them together for religious services. The efforts of kind and Christian employers in Scotland are therefore necessarily carried on in a somewhat less systematic way than in the cases which we have dwelt on. In some cases, lay-missionaries and Bible-women are employed to visit the families of the workers in their own homes, and promote both their temporal and spiritual welfare. Lectures are delivered in winter evenings on interesting and useful topics; the circulation of books and periodicals of a healthy kind is encouraged; Bible-classes are sometimes taught; excursions in summer, and *soirées* in winter are provided; attention is paid to the sick, and personal influence is brought to bear for the reformation of those who have gone aside. We know employers who personally visit all their people at their houses, and get their wives and daughters to do the same. Such cases are unhappily exceptional, and even in these cases more might be done, if the way to do more were clear. Scotland needs an impulse in this cause as much as England; but in the different circumstances of the country, the work will be done in a somewhat different way.

We have purposely confined ourselves, in this sketch, for obvious reasons, to plans for benefiting their assistants which are carried on exclusively under the auspices of employ-

ers, and said nothing of others conducted under more general management, but contemplating the good of the same classes. Our sketch has been necessarily miscellaneous and fragmentary, but we believe that we have presented our readers with a fair sample of what the more earnest class of employers are doing, in fulfilment of their duty to those who aid them in their several branches of business. We say the more earnest class of employers, for after all, such examples as we have given are few and far between. In hundreds and thousands, even tens of thousands of cases, if it be asked what such a one does for his people, the answer is, He pays them their wages—nothing more. Certainly it is not on the principle *ex uno disce omnes*, that we have presented these cases to our readers. It is avowedly as exceptions to the prevailing carelessness and selfishness; streaks, we would fain hope, of a coming dawn, but as yet only streaks, and doomed, unless the example spread, to be absorbed in a coming gloom.

Here some would have us to grapple with a great problem. Supposing that such plans as those now noticed were to become general, or even universal—would they really place the relation of employer and employed on a satisfactory basis? would they exhaust the duty of the one, and fulfil the legitimate longings of the other? Would they make capital and labour bury their ancient feuds, join hands, and vow eternal friendship?

We are quite alive to the burst of scorn with which these questions would be answered in some quarters. The whole system, we should be told, at present in vogue, is accursed throughout. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness in it. It is a system for enriching the few at the expense of the many. Through the sweat of the poor man's brow, through the vital force of the poor man's thews and sinews, through toils that rob him of his youth, and make life a funeral procession to the tomb, through a ceaseless pressure that crushes the spring of his spirit, and driving him for a substitute to sensual excitements, degrades him to a beast,—it pampers the selfish capitalist, and surrounds him with every conceivable luxury. In many cases it even grudges the labourer the comfort of a home. Tempting his wife and children to the factory, it draws the one away from the care of the house, and the other from the cultivation of their minds, and thus deepens and perpetuates the degradation on which it thrives. Talk of remedying this system by schools and morning worship, and cricket-fields and annual excursions! As well talk of purifying the sewage of London by a few ounces of rosewater! The system must be torn up by

its roots; labour must share more equitably with capital in the profits; it is sheer waste of head and heart to try any other plan of reconciling them to each other.

While we give this as a correct representation of what would be said of the philanthropic endeavours of employers by the more extreme advocates of the rights of labour against capital, we have no notion that the mass of labourers, whether in factories, warehouses, or offices, would adopt this scornful tone. No doubt there is a widespread feeling among the rank and file in the army of labour that in the division of spoil, fall where it may, the lion's share never, by any chance, comes to them. By the toil and moil of their lives many a victory is won, but where is their part in the fruits of the victory? We believe, too, that in the minds of many of them—in the minds of many of the better and more thoughtful of them, there is a feeling that the present system is radically unsound, and that a better must be sought. Let all this be conceded; how is this better system to be found? By violent revolution? What practical English intellect could for a moment think so? Is it in the latter half of the nineteenth century that we are to ignore the great lesson of our history, taught as we have been so clearly that it is by slow growth, by much experimenting, by many successive touches and additions that operations are matured among us into solid, vital, enduring institutions? We are not on the French side of the channel. For our own part, we are unable to concur in the view that the present system is radically unsound. In the relation of employers to employed there is a divine element, that, rightly developed, is fitted, we believe, to yield "the greatest happiness to the greatest number." The main desideratum is the Christian spirit; cast this tree into the bitter waters, and they become sweet. We look with great interest on the experiment of co-operation, and we are firmly convinced that it is fitted to yield many benefits to the working class; but we do not expect that it will solve the problem of capital and labour.

But even conceding, for the sake of argument, that a radically better system must be sought, the question still recurs, how is the better system to be found? or till it is found, what is to be done with the present? What wise man will not say, Improve it as much as possible? Mitigate its evils, check, as far as legislation can check, the selfishness of employers, but by all practical means, try to induce them to act unselfishly, to take a generous and Christian view of their relation to their workpeople, to sympathize with them, to bear with them, to encourage them in the

battle of life, to cheer and hearten them in their trials and temptations. It is in this way that the present system will work on to a better, if better shall be found. By this means, too, beyond all doubt, the bitterest of the springs that are now drenching the world of labour in gall and wormwood will be dried up. Let working men be assured that they are really loved, cared for, sympathized with by their employers, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the bitter feeling now so common will give way to confidence and esteem. The dying word of the accomplished Talfourd to the Stafford jury was as true as it was seasonable,—“the great want in English society is,—more sympathy between high and low.” Mrs. Gaskell asks truly:—

“What thoughtful heart can look into this gulf
That darkly yawns 'twixt rich and poor,
And not find food for saddest meditation?
Can see, without a pang of deepest grief,
Them fiercely battling (like some natural foes),
Whom God has made, with help and sympathy,
To stand as brothers, side by side, united!
Where is the wisdom that shall bridge this gulf,
And bind them once again in trust and love?”

In a moral point of view, nothing can be more dreary or melancholy than a connexion between employer and employed conditioned by selfishness alone. We do not relish prophecies of ruin; even the example of the French Revolution may be over-done; and the deluge has of late been so often announced, that it has become like the cry of the wolf. We have no intention therefore of hazarding a prediction that the prevailing state of the relations between the capitalist and the labourer will ruin the country in another generation. But in all earnestness and soberness we ask, Is the bond of mere selfishness—the “cashnexus” of Carlyle,—one which can satisfy any right-minded man? Can any lover of his country, any lover of his race, be satisfied with an arrangement which makes it the main business of the employer to purchase the labour of his “hands” at the lowest possible rate, and of the labourer to sell it at the highest? Is it well that master and men should ever be scowling at each other, like polecats ready to spring at each other’s throats? Is it seemly that the men should be meeting, and planning, and entrenching themselves against their own masters, and the masters against their own men? Is Christian brotherhood to be known only by this fierce distortion? In an atmosphere so miserably soured, can the body-politic thrive; can human nature expand freely; can Christianity itself have fair play? Till this great incubus be removed, till the breath of society be purged of this poisoned element, can we reasonably look for a genial growth in good-

ness, in gentleness, in generosity among the labouring classes of society? Can capitalists themselves be anything but miserable? If only we could get rid of this presiding spirit, under whose black auspices so many employers are content to act, and for selfishness substitute a generous Christian sympathy, into what a new world should we not come! Writing these lines close to a plantation on the sea-coast, on which the fierce nor’-wester dashes the salt spray most unmercifully, we seem to see in the dry, dwarfed, twisted bushes that mock the name of trees, emblems of what the hearts of the working masses must become under the blast of a remorseless selfishness. While in the glorious and manifold verdure of an English park, where each tree is a model of symmetry, and like a benignant monarch throws his shelter over holly and laurel and arbutus, as green and bright, though far less magnificent than himself, we find the symbol of a community where high and low are linked to each other by generous sympathy, and each man loves his neighbour as himself.

We know well, and it deeply concerns us to know, that not a few employers who have been trying to show kindness to their work-people are discouraged by want of apparent success. Their well-meant efforts have not met with the response they expected, and, for any good that they seem likely to accomplish, might as well have never been made. In most of these cases we believe that unreasonable expectations have been cherished, and that what is chiefly needed is patience and perseverance on the part of the experimenters. If Rome was not built in a day, still less have moral or social habits been revolutionized in the time allowed by the impatience of human reformers. The benefits of education, the advantages of economy, the value of Christian worship, the blessings of temperance, are not so obvious to the general understanding, or rather do not press with such overmastering force on the general will, as to be run upon by the masses the moment they are presented for their acceptance. It is for the most part by a slow process of infiltration that they get into the general mind. To grumble because the endeavour to introduce them is not crowned with immediate and universal success is like the folly of children digging up the seeds they sowed but yesterday, because they are such an age in sprouting.

“Let us be content in work
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it’s little. ’Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin;
Seven men to a pin,—and not a man too much!
Seven generations, haply, to this world,
To right it visibly a finger’s-breadth,
And mend its rents a little.”

Far too little allowance, also, is usually made for the difficult conditions under which this moral experiment is carried on at the present time. The position of the working classes in this country is very peculiar. They have but lately awaked to a sense of their freedom. Once slaves, and then serfs, they have now attained the condition of free workmen, bound to no man, free to labour where they please, and under whatsoever conditions (not contrary to the law) they can succeed in imposing. And this freedom they value very highly. In bringing their labour into the market, they stoutly reserve their liberty, except in so far as its surrender is necessary for the work they have to do. This minimum of sacrifice they watch with jealous eye. They are suspicious of any encroachment, real or apparent. They will not even concede to their employer the right to hold a fatherly relation towards them, because fatherhood implies a general right of control, and they will not concede such a right to any man. Hence the suspiciousness with which even the best-meant proposals of masters for the good of their workpeople are sometimes received. The fear of a snake in the grass makes them cautious and almost cold, lest somehow they should be compromising their freedom. We are acquainted with an employer, the owner of extensive flour-mills in England, who, when his men were working fourteen hours a day, many years ago, proposed to cut off two hours, and give them the same amount of pay for the twelve as they had for the fourteen; the proposal was rejected, owing to some insane imagination that it was an interference with the men! Nor is this all. The selfishness that has in time past presided so generally over the arrangements of large works makes workmen suspect, whenever a new proposal is made, that it, must, in some clandestine way, be designed for the advantage of the employers. The whole bearing of the operative class towards the upper is one of suspicion. Officers in artisan volunteer companies remark with surprise that when they make any proposal, it seems to be the instinctive feeling of the men that in some way it is to operate against them. Does this fact tell no ugly tale as to our former habitual treatment of the class? Does it indicate no feeling, on the part of the poor, that whenever a new burden behoved to be borne, it was their shoulders it was laid on—the weakest class went to the wall? Very likely, they are letting the spirit of suspicion survive the occasion that justified it. Very likely, too, they are allowing themselves to be perhaps unconsciously influenced by the demagogues who assure them that the upper classes are leagued against them, and

that the policy of the country is to keep them down. But should not those whose hearts are earnestly bent on doing them good make great allowance for these things, and stretch their forbearance and their patience accordingly? Granting that they are suspicious,—unduly, discredibly suspicious,—are they for that reason to be abandoned? Those who in real earnestness desire their welfare, and show their desire perseveringly and unmistakably, may rest assured that ere long the last trace of suspiciousness towards them will vanish, and they will command the utmost confidence of their working friends. There is a kind of instinct that discovers, in the course of time, who are really in earnest, who are the real friends of the working man. It soon becomes known whether a master is the sort of man that will try to palm off on them sham or tinsel benefits, while he deprives them of substantial rights, or that will profess great zeal in their cause for the sake of a newspaper paragraph, or an electioneering cry. Let a master once convince his men that he has their welfare at heart, and let him take ordinarily prudent measures to promote it, all experience shows that he will become the object of their highest esteem and confidence, and be able to wield an almost unparalleled influence over them.

And this leads us to make special mention of what, oftener than once in the course of this paper, we have hinted at as essential for inspiring men with confidence and esteem towards one occupying a higher sphere; we mean the manifestation of a personal interest in them, and of personal feelings of kindness towards them. It will not do for employers to stand on their dignity, to stand on their lofty pedestal, and from thence throw down their bounties on their people with however lavish a hand. It will not do for them to content themselves with building libraries, or institutes, or baths, or churches, at whatever expense, and never mingle with their people in kindly intercourse, nor let out one solitary manifestation of fellow-feeling towards them. It would be no difficult matter to fill a volume with proofs of the marvellous charm there is in the spirit of personal interest, the spirit that takes personal trouble. Just as we are thinking of this, we glance at a daily paper, and in a letter from a foreign correspondent, we find a description of the captain of a war-vessel, in discipline the sternest despot that ever ruled a crew, and yet the idol of his men, because it is he that, when they are in hospital, makes kindly visits to them with grapes and lemons and soothing draughts, and writes their letters to parents and friends, and has withal a heart as brave as it is kind and true. We remember meeting in a large

town a number of wealthy employers who had laid out large sums of money for the benefit of their people, but had stood aloof from their homes and hearts, grumbling not a little because their beneficence had not been appreciated. Soon after, we were in the house of a zealous Christian worker in the middle rank of life, who could only say to the poor of the neighbourhood, Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, in the form of personal Christian interest in you all, and personal sacrifices cheerfully made for your sakes, I freely give; and literally the house was crowded with memorials of the gratitude and devotion of the people.

Even a genial, popular manner, though not represented by corresponding qualities within, does wonders. Since the days of Absalom, the charm of manner has often compensated for many great defects. But better far than a captivating manner is a genial, sympathizing heart. And greatest of all is its power in the case of those who, by their personal sacrifices, show how intensely love burns within.

"Relinquishing their several 'vantage-posts
Of wealthy ease and honourable toil
To work with God at love."

Last of all, let it be borne in mind that the deeper one goes in one's efforts to advance the welfare of others, the greater is the power one acquires. If the interest be limited to things earthly and temporal, the hold one attains on the heart will be proportionally shallow. If it embrace the deeper and more momentous concerns of the immortal nature, it will be proportionally strong and enduring. We have certainly no desire to throw cold water on those whose efforts to do good among their people are limited to temporal interests. Very probably, if they did not work at this, they would work at nothing, pure selfishness would be the presiding genius of their establishment, and one is glad of anything that divides her dominion. But we must warn such persons not to expect great results, and not to anticipate that they will acquire any very strong hold on their people. Don't let them dream as if

"The bread of man indeed made all his life,
And washing seven times in the 'People's
Baths'
Were sovereign for a people's leprosy,
Still leaving out the essential prophet's word
That comes in power."

There is no security for success even in temporal beneficence, unless we

"Raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did first."

On the platform of Christianity, every enterprise of philanthropy has a tenfold greater power. For there the workers toil under the inspiration of a charity that never faileth, and a hope that never dies,

"The world's old,
But the old world awaits the time to be renewed,
Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken, and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men;
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new economies, new laws,
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new."

ART. II.—*A Dictionary of the English Language*, by ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., etc. *Founded on that of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, as edited by the Rev. H. J. TODD, M.A.* With numerous Emendations and Additions. To be completed in 36 parts. Parts I. to VI. London, 1864.

"AN English Dictionary." How much is expressed in those three words. But wide as they are, there are three which are still wider — "The English Language." No dictionary can contain the English language; the most that the best can do is to attempt to exhibit a fair sample of the golden grain garnered in the storehouse of English speech. The English language—what a stately tree upheld by many roots! In that one tongue how many others have merged their utterance. All the known races that have held this soil of Britain have left their mark behind them. First came the Britons. Some few words of daily use, many names of places, many a hill and river, many a surname of high and low, form the tiny upland rill, the glistening silver thread of Celtic speech, which serves as a clue to lead us to the very end of this philological labyrinth. Next came the Romans, and on our native soil threw up those earthworks and roads and walled camps, which still in ruins tell the tale of their strong hands, and to which many a Latin name or ending still clings. They came, they ruled, they left the land, and Britain was still Celtic in speech, though even then no doubt her dialect was laced with many a Teutonic word learned from the German colonists, which the Romans had brought in as mercenary soldiers but who remained as settlers. After the Roman legions left the Britons to themselves, there is darkness over the face of the land from the fifth to the eighth century. Those are really our dark ages. From 420, when it is

supposed that Honorius withdrew his troops, to 730, when Bede wrote his History, we see nothing of British history. Afar off we hear the shock of arms, but all is dim, as it were, when two mighty hosts do battle in the dead of night. When the dawn comes and the black veil is lifted, we find that Britain has passed away. The land is now England; the Britons themselves, though still strong in many parts of the country, have been generally worsted by their foes; they have lost that great battle which has lasted through three centuries. Their Arthur has come and gone; he lies at Glastonbury, never again to turn the heady fight. Henceforth Britain has no hero, and merely consoles herself with the hope that he will one day rise and restore the fortunes of his race. But though there were many battles in that dreary time, and many Arthurs, it was rather in the everyday battle of life, in that long unceasing struggle which race wages with race, not sword in hand alone, but by brain and will and feeling, that the Saxons won the mastery of the land. Little by little, more by stubbornness and energy than by bloodshed, they spread themselves over the country, working towards a common unity, from every shore. If the Britons stood in their way they threw them out; but the Britons had learned from their Roman lords to build towns and to dwell in them. The Saxons loathed cities; "they loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep," and thus there was room for a long time for two races who had little in common, and rarely crossed each other's path. In all likelihood the din of the battles between Celt and Saxon, with which those gloomy centuries are full, rose rather towards their close, when the Saxons had multiplied and grown to be a great power in Britain, and the settlers' seven kingdoms of the Heptarchy had so eaten their way into the waste, as to know that they formed a Saxon Confederation. However that may be, certain it is that for a long time after the time of Bede, and therefore undoubtedly also before his day, the Celtic and Saxon kings in various parts of the island lived together on terms of perfect equality, and gave and took their respective sons and daughters to one another in marriage. Hence it is that we find Saxon princes with Celtic names, and *vice versa*; and hence it was that many a word was borrowed by either speech, and soon passed as good Saxon or Celtic, as the case might be, after it had undergone the process of mastication, if we may be allowed the word, that alteration and attrition, whether it be in accent or in form, which every foreign word must undergo before the tongue which is about to make it its own, will consent to swallow and digest it.

But though this lasted some time, it was not to be always so. In language as in race the rule holds that the weakest must go to the wall. The Saxons were the strongest. They began by winning their way to being equal with the Celts, they ended by overpowering them altogether. This struggle for supremacy was prolonged for some time during that twilight in our history called the Saxon Heptarchy, but towards the close of that period the Saxons had mastered their foes, who henceforth are found only in the mountainous ridges and holes and corners of the land. In Egbert's time the Saxons are really lords in England. Had there been purists and precisians in those days, we may fancy some Priscian or Varro undertaking to weed the native field of Saxon speech of the Celtic growths which had been sown broadcast over it when the two races walked and strove upon it face to face. But even without the help of such learned labourers, no doubt many Celtic grafts on Saxon stems then dwindled and died out, simply because the fellowship which had first begotten and then nursed and fostered them was cut off.

But as the Celts withdraw from the front of the stage, and henceforth merely fill up the scene as a background, another race steps forward, the most forward and daring that the world has ever known, and while it avenges the wrongs of the Celts leaves the Saxons neither power nor leisure to become purists in their native speech. These are the Northern Nations, the Scandinavian stock, Northmen, Norsemen, Danes, call them what you will; invaders from every bay and firth between the Eyder* and the Gulf of Bothnia in the Baltic on the one side, or the Lofoden Isles in the Icy Sea, on the other side of the Scandinavian Peninsula. The proper name of these invaders was "Viking," because *vík* which in their common speech meant "bay," and which lingers in our Sandwich, Berwick, and Greenwich, gave them at once an ambush, a shelter, and a name. They are said to have landed in England first of all about the time of Egbert who had bloody fights with them, just as they are said to have landed in France first of all in the latter days of Charlemagne, but this merely means that then it was they became so troublesome as to merit the attention of the king and to deserve a public chastisement. For all through those times it was common for the younger sons of kings or chiefs, denied advancement at home by those peculiar institutions which regarded kings and chiefs only as the first of freemen at home, and so cur-

* Egidora, or Ægir's Door, the gate through which the god Ægir, the Neptune of the North, made his inroads into the goddess Earth's domain.

tailed their power, except in time of war abroad, to leave their own land followed by bands of adventurous youth, whose first act on putting to sea was to hail their young leader as a sea-king. So the Vikings visited every shore in Europe, and as piracy has ever been an honourable calling in early states of society, there were many Vikings besides those of Scandinavia, though these, as the most daring, have eclipsed the deeds of all the rest. So it has ever been and so it will ever be. "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona" at all times and in all ages, but as he has outshone them all in glory, he is remembered and they are all forgotten.

From the days of Egbert to the Conquest the annals of England are fast bound to those of the Northern kingdoms: bound often with chains, "fast bound in misery and iron." We think of Alfred, and our hearts burn within us as we call to mind the hero who first freed his country from a foreign yoke, and then sat down at once as her teacher, lawgiver, and king; but even Alfred's genius and fortune were only able to save a portion of England from the clutch of the invader whose chiefs, like the hydra's heads, seem to grow sevenfold for every one that fell to the ground. Before Alfred's time the Northmen had seated themselves firmly in Northumberland, and with Alfred in the case of Guthrum-Athelstane began the fatal system of buying off the hostility of the invaders by ceding them a portion of Saxon soil as an everlasting settlement. From the days of Alfred, East Anglia remained more or less a northern settlement, and even before his days Northumbria was as good as lost. He did his best against the foe, and his best was better than any other man's, but all he could do was to check though in nowise to break the fury of the Vikings. Nor was Athelstane's glory much greater. He was never really master of what was nominally called his kingdom, and even his victory on the bloody field of Brunanburgh, splendid as it was, is only another proof of the power of the Northmen, whose forces combined with those of the British could meet the great king with so terrible a host, which Athelstane could only conquer by the aid of northern auxiliaries. But if we are forced to say this of Alfred and Athelstane, what shall we say of such characters as Edmund the First, who agreed to share England with that Anlaf or Olaf whom his brother Athelstane had so signally defeated at Brunanburgh; of the priest-ridden Edred; of Edwy who was not priest-ridden inasmuch as he drove Dunstan out, but who did little else during his short reign; of Edgar the Peaceable who recalled Dunstan and built

about fifty monasteries, whose dutifulness to the Church seems to have excused the lust with which he dragged a nun from her convent, as well as his marriage with Elfrida, whose husband he murdered? But he was a great king, and eight tributary princes rowed him in a barge on the river Dee. Then came Edward whom Elfrida murdered at Corfe Castle, and last of all came Ethelred the Unready, the man void of counsel or of plan, whose first weapon against the Danes was gold, 10,000 pounds weight of gold, 30,000 pounds weight of gold, and his next the midnight massacre of St. Brice's Day, November 13, 1002. A foul deed, which brought the whole force of Denmark on unhappy England, and began a struggle in which the treacherous King himself, betrayed by Edric Streon, and other traitors, had to fly to Normandy, leaving England to Canute the Great. True he returned again, while Canute was called away for a while to look after his dominions in the north; but it was only to fly before Canute on his return, and to die after having reigned to the great misery of England for thirty-five years. Edmund Ironside was a man of better spirit breathed into him by his Norman mother Emma, but his reign was too short to do any good. Then England fell wholly into Danish hands, and Canute ruled it, every inch a king for nineteen years. The two sons, his two sons by different mothers, Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute, both ruled, and both drank themselves to death. Then came Edward the Confessor, the saint, the ascetic, the everything but king and lawgiver, the man of dreams and visions, of church-building and endowments, who would rob his mother and who did rob his mother to found a church, who spent part of his wretched life in looking for the millennium, and the rest in weeping that it would not come; who never could forgive the world for having lasted sixty years beyond the thousand, at the expiration of which it was forethought if not foretold that it must come to an end, and who must have felt like the astronomers who predicted the return of the great comet of 1556 in 1856, and have still neither forgiven it for not coming back, nor abandoned all hope that after all it may perhaps repent and return.

After Edward came Harold, in whom, half Northman as he was—his mother was a sister of Ulf Jarl of Denmark, and King Sweyn, the son of Ulf, was his first cousin—the long line of *fainéans* Saxon kings expired with a flash of light. Then came the Conquest, but at the Conquest England was more than half-Scandinavian. Besides the great district of Northumbria, which reached, it must be

remembered, far across the Border into Scotland, and the province of East Anglia, where the Scandinavian stock was first settled, their nationality reached as far south as Derby and Rugby in the very heart of Mercia; and all over the land the speech of the people was laced and patched with Northern words and idioms. Even setting aside these ethnological facts, the dialect of the contemporary chronicles shows that quite apart from external influences the vernacular Anglo-Saxon before the Conquest was undergoing that change which all languages suffer in obedience to an internal law. After the Conquest the mother-tongue of the people was banished from Court and public life, and fled in exile to the woods and fields. There it stubbornly maintained its ground, but debased and degraded, though vulgar, strong, and healthy, while the lordly Norman prolonged a sickly existence in the close air of walled town and gloomy castle. Thus each continued to exist apart so long as the Norman barons looked to Rouen as their capital, and the duchy won by Hrolf Ganger from the Carolingians as their true home. We jump in retrospect at results, and fancy because Duke William overthrew Harold he made England a Norman land; but in that sense he never won England; nay, it may rather be said of the Normans that they were at last subdued by their serfs. From William till John the Norman barons strove to subdue the land and held it as foreigners. In John's time they ceased to be aliens, England then lost her possessions in France, the Norman barons began to look on England as their home, the languages began to mix, and the fusion of speech which had scarcely begun at the beginning of the thirteenth century was almost complete in the fourteenth. Hitherto there had been a debased Anglo-Saxon literature fast falling into semi-Saxon, and a cultivated courtly Norman-French literature, of each of which Layamon and Wace may be taken as the two representatives. In all Layamon's lengthy alliterative poem there are scarcely more Norman words to be found than can be proved to have been current in Anglo-Saxon in the days of Edward the Confessor, and Wace's Norman has few Saxon words. The Conquest then had little direct influence at first on the vernacular dialects in England. We say *dialects*, for besides the West Saxon form of speech which had been the language of literature and the Court, there was the Northumbrian or Scandinavian dialect in the North and East. The first suffered most by the degradation of the vernacular which followed the Conquest; it was expelled from Court, and lost its precedence, and was thus placed on a level with

the Northumbrian, East Anglian, and other provincial dialects. The result of the Conquest was a general scramble of all these forms of speech for precedence, a struggle for mastery more or less desultory, but which, after centuries, has resulted in our modern English, which presents to those who read it aright a wonderful blending of those various dialects, in which no one quite won the day over the other, but in which the Northumbrian on the whole had the mastery over the West Saxon, and that not only in conjugation and construction but even in accent and pronunciation. A dialect which was so powerful as to supplant many of the West Saxon forms of the verb *to be*, to throw them out of the philological nest, and bring in its own offspring, must have been strong indeed; and yet this is just the way in which the Northumbrian cuckoo—or “gowk,” as the bird would be called beyond the Humber—has treated the West Saxon hedge-sparrow in regard to the verb-substantive. The present plural of *am*—we *are*, ye *are*, they *are*—are Northumbrian forms which have supplanted the *syndon* of the West Saxons, which clung closer to the *seyn* of the Germans. So also *am* is nearer to *em*, the Northumbrian first person present, than to the West Saxon *eom*; and the same remark holds good of many other examples both of declension and conjugation. As for single words, the preference given to the Northumbrian is even more striking. Not content with existing merely as a kindred or sister form, the Northern dialect has often entirely extirpated the West Saxon equivalent, and will not suffer it to live by its side. As for our pronunciation, it certainly appears to be much more Northern than Saxon. There are some young ladies indeed who talk of *skjy*, and *kjind*, and *chjild*, for “sky,” and “kind,” and “child;” some, too, talk of *cjare* for “care;” and some clodpoles in the West talk of being *sceared* for being “scared” or frightened, or of a *meare* for a “mare;” but as a nation we speak with a less mincing mouth. We speak our vowels out broad and boldly; and in speech at least, we have sent the West Saxon broken vowels to the right about, and even where we have kept them to the eye, as in *swear*, and such-like words, we have lost them to the ear, for though we write *swear*, we pronounce *sware*.

During the eleventh, and all through the twelfth centuries, the vernacular dialects of England were left by the Normans to adjust their differences as they could. The king and his barons spoke Norman-French, their subjects and serfs, whether Scandinavians or Saxons, might speak whatever jargon they chose. It never occurred to the Conqueror

or his sons, or to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, that a Norman could be anything else than a Norman, or his speech anything else than Norman. But after John's time, in the thirteenth century, and especially towards its end, the case is very different. Now there are not three languages but one language, not three dialects but one dialect, not three peoples but one people. Now we have an Anglo-Norman literature, in which the body and bones and muscle are Scandinavian or Saxon, and all its articulations English, but the skin, and dress, and garb, are Norman. That is the period of knightly romances, of William the Were-wulf, and Havelock the Dane, but as year after year goes on the language becomes more and more Saxon, using Saxon as a common term, the Norman dress is cut more after the Saxon pattern, the Saxon articulations become more and more fined down, here a joint of speech, or a case-ending or conjugation is worn away and rubbed off, as the two elements of the now common tongue are rolled together down the stream of time, like water-worn pebbles in a river's bed, whose very original angularities only serve to render them at last more smooth and round. So we pass through the reigns of Henry III. and of the first Edward and his weak son. In all of these England had much work to do at home. She was exposed to little foreign influence. During this time then her language revenged itself upon the Anglo-Norman, which ever lost ground. But with the glorious reign of Edward the Third, and his victories and conquests in France, the French element in our language gained fresh force, and a new stream of life-blood was poured into its veins. Then it was that those *integra verborum plaustra*, those "whole wains full of words," were imported from France, and hence it is that the language of the courtly Chaucer shows such a great French infusion if compared with the homely dialect of Piers Plowman. But the new infusion was too late to affect either the root or the bole or the boughs of the old English stock; it showed itself as it burst and budded out in fresh leaves and flowers, in the new verbs and adjectives and substantives made English by the great Father of English Poetry, but the trunk and branches of the tongue remain the same, they support bravely the new foliage which covers them, and without them the new graftings and offshoots would not last a day. As it is, many of them dwindled away; the untimely fruit of Chaucer's or Gower's brain they do not now see the sun, but others take fast hold of the parent stem and still survive.

During the fifteenth century the literature

of England was well-nigh mute. It was a time of strife both political and religious; there were rebels, traitors, and heretics in abundance, and as a necessary consequence murders and executions, whether by the axe or at the stake, were rife. Men had much to do and think about, but little time to write except on religion, and that too often in no Christian spirit. "The fathers had eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth were set on edge." The treasons of Henry of Bolingbroke were cruelly avenged on his saintly grandson, and the treachery shown towards Henry the Sixth was justly punished by the long struggle of the Roses, in which and the desolation which followed on it, the philosophic De Comines saw more plainly than in any other land the finger of God. But though a literature may slumber and sleep for a century and more, then to wake up like a giant refreshed by sleep, a language so long as it is alive in the mouth of a nation never slumbers; it never altogether rests, it always advances, sometimes with hasty giant strides, sometimes at a creeping tortoise-pace, and so it was with England in the fifteenth century. During that period the language made great progress, but inasmuch as a living literature—that Pole-star by which a language steers its course—was wanting in great measure, it progressed in different directions; that is, still greater play was given to the dialects which it fostered in its bosom, and it was in danger of resolving itself into its several component parts. It was the great evil of the time that there was no sure pattern of the mother-tongue to which men could look up and appeal, and say, "That word is true English coin current all over the land, but that is merely a base token of a country town which will not pass beyond its native walls." In such a time it was that Caxton could tell the story of asking for "eggs" on the south-east coast and not being understood. But those times like all times had a remedy for every wrong, and towards the end of the fifteenth century the discovery of printing came to the rescue of our mother English, and the mechanical art of Caxton and the labours of his disciples in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey restored a standard to our tongue.

In the sixteenth century the seeds of religious strife which had already borne bitter fruit to the heretics who first sowed them, shot up into the goodly harvest of the Reformation. Men not only acted and thought, but they wrote well and much about religion. The disciples of Wycliffe had already, in the previous century, tried their hands on rendering the Bible into English. In the sixteenth when it was first revised and printed, a new

element of stability was at once added to the thought, the literature, and the language of the nation. Then came many other prose translations into English from the Latin, from the French, and from the Italian. On every side the language is trying its breath, exercising its muscle, and pluming its wings for that great flight into the boundless realm of thought which it was soon to make. Now there were poets, Skelton in England, and Lindsay and Dunbar, those great Scottish lights, which kept the lamp of literature alive when it seemed about to expire,—all three most original in their way; then there was a play or two,—“Ralph Roister Doister,” and “Gammer Gurton’s Needle.” A little later and we have Surrey and Wyatt and Sackville, and in the dark Marian days we have Greene and Ascham; all, bitter controversialist, dull translator, grotesque rhymers, silver-tongued poet, and fettered playwright, all preparing a path and making the language smooth for Shakspeare, the sun of our literary system and his satellites, all—

“Preluding those melodious strains that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.”

But besides our sun we have other lesser lights. Orthodox divines and stern natural logicians as Jewel and Hooker, sweet Arcadian shepherds like Sidney and Spenser, natural philosophers like Bacon, topographers in verse like Drayton, translators from the great Italian masters like Fairfax, all working steadily on, and adding day by day to the treasures in the national storehouse. With James the First came Jonson and the minor dramatists, allegorical writers like the Fletchers, conceited theology like Donne, sweet affectation in rhyme like Herbert and Cowley, love-songs bordering on lust in soft Carew and Randolph; Milton is laying up that store of learning which, wedded to solemn verse, raises him a generation after next to Shakspeare’s throne. We are beginning to think too. Henry More and Cudworth and Hobbes are each students of philosophy in their own way; Clarendon is laying up facts or what he calls facts, and taking breath before he writes his endless history. The Puritanical struggle in Charles the First’s reign makes us go to the theatre less but think and preach more. We cut off our lovelocks and put our players into the stocks. We rather neglect the vernacular and affect Latin as we see it chosen by Selden and Milton; but that is only for a moment; it is but the genius of English winking for a while; on the whole our style under the Commonwealth is cumbrous and involved, if we may judge from Whitelock’s works

and Cromwell’s mysterious speeches, out of which the genius of Carlyle can scarce make common sense. Were it not for Waller and Mrs. Hutchinson and a few letter-writers, we should say the art of writing English was lost. But the Commonwealth is overthrown, Charles the Second returns with all his rights and vices, the sour Parliament leaven with which the literary bread of that generation was made so unwholesome is thrown to the dogs, and the children of the Ante-chamber at Whitehall are fed upon fancy rolls, white and light with yeast brought over from France. But it does not nourish us, we sigh for more solid food, we try our hands in Dryden at political pamphleteering in Alexandrines. It is a new fangle and takes wonderfully. So do the new kind of plays, those of intrigue and gallantry, the Spanish drama with something of Calderon’s rapt force, and with plots as involved but not nearly so artistic as his. But we still think, for Hobbes is still with us as selfish as ever, Locke is working away in his rooms at Christ Church. Then we have many books of travels, and Pepys like a black spider is every day creeping from his web in the Admiralty, and every night crawling back to it again, noting down in the most truthful way everything that passes good and bad before his eyes, and worst of all his own vice and corruption. Lawyers are a hateful race in all ages and in all lands, but our Filmers and Jeffreys, and a few others in this reign and the next, would match with the worst examples of any time. But even lawyers add to the language with their fantastic theories of divine right and high prerogative, and the brutality of Jeffreys has rendered the new-fangled word “Trimmer” more famous by his brow-beating than the candour and double-facedness of Halifax and his followers. We swear now as we used to swear in the good old times, and the ruffian Tyrconnel, Lying Dick Talbot, can swear so hard that he curses all the way from Dublin to London. So we go thinking, acting, libelling, gossiping, fawning, dicing, drinking, and swearing in the most charming French way, going fast politically speaking down the steep place into the sea of French dependence; yet all the while the language thrives and prospers. Wherever we see a want we remedy it, not logically or grammatically perhaps, but still we stop the weak link in our mail; it may be with an ugly patch, but ugly as it is, the patch will last for ever. Thus, between the days of *Paradise Lost* and Dryden, we invent “its,” a little word which every one now uses every other minute, but which for all that is never found in the authorized version of the Bible, and is only once or twice used by Shakspeare

and Milton. *His* was the true common genitive of *he, she, and it*. Thus in Scripture we have, the gate that opened "of *his* own accord;" but as time went on we find this common genitive confusing and awkward, and so we coined and forged the barbarous "*its*." Still, barbarous as it is, does any purist think that the day will ever dawn when English shall exist and "*its*" be done away?

Now we begin to borrow largely from foreign languages, but in a new way. Of yore we imported our words as in Chaucer's time by cargoes and batches. They came over as it were by the ship-load, were put up to public approbation by this or that great writer; if approved they took the place of, or stood side by side with, the old vernacular equivalent. In this way to "*err*" and to "*stray*" find themselves after the lapse of years cheek by jowl in the English Liturgy, and in this way in many an English sentence, what seems to be a confirmation or corroboration of an argument or an assertion, is merely an idle repetition in one great element of the language of something which has been already uttered in the vocabulary of the other. "'Tis hard to choose," we remember once hearing a great master of English say to an upholsterer, who had laid some patterns at his feet. "Yes," was the tradesman's answer, "certainly it is difficult to select." The one was as Saxon as he could be, and the other as French or Latin as he could be, for over the "*it*" and "*is*" and "*to*,"—those Saxon forms of construction, that framework so needful in building up the simplest sentence,—he had no power. That was the way of old time, but in the seventeenth century it was not so. As no dictionary can contain all or nearly all the words in a language, so no language can contain every word needful to express ideas or even things. Some languages have fifty words for a sword and twenty for a horse, but it would puzzle them sorely to express even our lumbering "steam-engine." The case is worse in words which express abstract ideas, new products either of the earth or mind, new coin in fact to pass current in men's mouths. The closer that nations live bound together by trade or war the more they feel on either side the need of adopting new words to express things or ideas which they have not of their own, but which they must use. Thus the French have taken from us "comfortable" and "club" and "jockey" and "sport," and so we have taken from them "bayonet" and "prestige" and "solidarity," and many more. As too we have more trade and dealings with other nations than any country in the world, as we go everywhere and bring all things to our stores, so we have imported "tea" and "cof-

fee" and "cocoa" and "china" and "porcelain" and "tobacco," and a thousand others not at all in batches as of yore, but choosing this one or that one just as we wanted it, or as it took our fancy, bringing it into the land, calling it by its name, and finally naturalizing and adopting the alien as our own. Besides trade, war worked in this way, and early in the seventeenth century the comrades of the great Gustavus and his Swedes brought home with them from the great war in Germany such words as "plunder" and "lifeguard," which are pure Swedish forms, and of which the last has nothing to do with "life" but is formed from the Swedish "*lif*" or "body," answering to the German "*leib*." So that our "life-guard" means simply "body-guard," and does not, at least not in the first instance, refer to the preservation of the sovereign's existence. "Furlough" too we got at the same time from the Swedish "*forlof*," which old *Monro* spells "furloofe." At that time too we got the phrase "running the gatloup," or as we now call it "running the *gauntlet*," which has nothing to do with a steel glove, but means running a certain distance between two files of soldiers, who beat the offender with rods as he passes, *gat* meaning a path, and *loup* the act of running, akin to *leap*. The curious reader will find this punishment fully described in *Monro's* "Expedition" with Mackeye's regiment which served in the Thirty Years' War.

Now comes Dutch William, always beaten, yet ever winning as much by a defeat as by a victory. With him came many an outlandish word, and in his time too flourished Defoe, whose prose is still unsurpassed. During the eighteenth century we have many poets and many divines. We are good logicians of that old formal sort now brought to its true level, a system which stands in the same relation to the laws of thought as the Alphabet does to Macbeth or the bellows to the Haarlem Organ. We could not think without these elementary forms, just as Macbeth could not have been written had Shakespeare not learnt his A, B, C, or the best player in the world struck a symphony on that great instrument without wind, but each and all of which are merely mechanical aids to a far higher aim. The Alphabet we believe has never asserted its superiority over the poet, though we have heard of a bellows-blower who brought an organist to a standstill; but logic long lorded it over thought, saying, "thus and thus only shalt thou think," till thought arose, shook off the mediæval yoke, which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had made narrower and tighter still, and reduced mere formal logic to its true position as an underling rather than a

lord. In that century, Swift scorches and withers; and Pope, the champion of the classical school, blazes as a satirist and translator, but our most remarkable literary productions are our essayists and novelists. Addison and Fielding and Sterne and Steele will live as long as English lasts. Hume tries his hand at history, and his work is still our best. At the end of the century we find out political economy and agriculture, just as in the present we have discovered cleanliness and philanthropy, and if we have not made all mankind wash, or brought every one to love his neighbour as himself, we have taken more steps that way than the nation ever took before, and in this respect may boast ourselves better than our fathers. If the last century was the schoolroom of the classical, the present has been the play-ground of the romantic school. In the first quarter of it authors thought before they wrote, and the result was often satisfactory; now our authors write before they think, and having once written leave out thinking altogether. Of late we have been handed over, with few exceptions, to the tender mercies of the sensationists both on and off the stage. "Come early, seven murders in the first act," is pretty much the shape of the alluring bill posted to draw us to the theatre, and our novelists combine the wearisome twaddle of a *Scuderi* with the choicest atrocities gathered from the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*. We are glad to see that the English Archbishops are turning their attention to this sad state of things; for really if we except the works of the laureate, English literature at the present day is like a plot of ground which once was a lovely garden, but which is now all overrun with weeds, and in this rank jungle lies in wait the penny-a-liner, whose calling it is to fall upon every fresh fact, and to tell it in the most diffuse and rambling way. Like a Thug, he chokes the life out of a sentence by a long coil of words. In general this assassin of the mother tongue has very vague notions of spelling. He could not write "irrelevant," or "veterinary," or even "separate" correctly from dictation. With him women in what the Germans call a state of *guter Hoffnung*, or *gesegneten Leibesumständen*, are always "enceinte." When a frost comes, though he revels at the prospect of accidents on the ice, his notions of zero are most perplexing. Sometimes he will tell you that "zero rose to freezing-point during the past night, but that as the sun rose zero fell suddenly, and a thaw set in." Sometimes he seems to think the Centigrade thermometer is a malignant monster, a water-god that lurks among the weeds of the Serpentine in defiance of Mr. Cowper and the park-keepers,

for he has been known to warn his readers on no account to venture on the ice so long as the Centigrade is below zero, but to wait till they see their old friend Fahrenheit below the freezing point, so that to him these two scales are the Ormuzd and Ahriman of skaters and sliders, the good and evil principles of frost, instead of two different scales expressing exactly the very same thing. With him all accidents are "awful," but he much prefers "catastrophe" to "accident." So too a fire is invariably a "conflagration," and not only a conflagration but an "alarming" one, as if it were likely to be anything else. If he describes a shop it is an "extensive establishment," though the owner may be merely a cobbler. At a launch he is in great glory, nor is he satisfied till he has described how "the noble triumph of marine architectural construction"—a periphrasis for *ship* which would delight the heart of an Anglo-Saxon "maker"—has "glided like lightning into its native element." A most puzzling assertion, seeing that the native element of no part of a ship is water, either salt or fresh. He makes his way everywhere, and we find him even in the very last Queen's Speech, in which he makes Her Most Gracious Majesty talk of a "friendly reconciliation" between contending powers; as if a reconciliation could ever be anything else than friendly. Sometimes he goes up in a balloon, at least he says he does, though we hardly believe him. Were we there on the spot, endowed like Nero with absolute power, and sure that he were the only one of this wretched class alive, we would, without a moment's remorse, take such steps that the balloon, and he in it, should never come down. To the Moon he might rise, and write a long description of Earth to the "man" in that planet, but earth should be rid of him and his twaddle. But, alas! he goes up and comes down, and talks of the "veteran Aeronaut" and of zero rising and falling up there in his distracting way. But we leave him where we found him, "the last man in possession" of the English language abiding in that stately palace which our forefathers have reared, and rendering it hideous by his utter ignorance of regimen or syntax, of mood or of tense, of person or of gender. Standing there, in the very forefront of our language and literature, read by millions every morning in the newspapers, his power for harm is incalculable. "To this complexion," after an existence of eighteen centuries, "have we come at last."

We have thus rapidly run over our language and literature from the earliest to the latest times. Celt, Roman, Saxon, Northman, and Norman spun the woof and warp. Since then we have brodered it with many a fo-

reign word, tokens of national triumphs or defeats, and with many a household phrase taken from factions or parties—terms often of reproach which have been adopted by those to whom they were first applied in derision, as watchwords of all their class. Besides the great main elements of our tongue, we have borrowed at all times and on all hands during these eighteen centuries. It has been a long race, and we have thrown off most of our wraps and ornaments by the way. We are almost bare of conjugation and inflexion; we have little superfluous flesh left, but our wind and muscle and bone and thews are strong. No tongue can match ours for strength and suppleness of expression. But just in proportion to our scantiness of form is our richness of vocabulary. A word is self-existent; it can stand alone in this sense, whether it be substantive or adjective; it has a settlement, by the natural law of language, in the land which has either begotten or adopted it, that is its birthright of which none can rob it. "I am an English word," "*Civis Romanus sum*," who dare cast me out? But an inflexion or form or mood is quite another thing. It cannot stand alone; like ivy it clings to the trunk; but you may tear it off from its hold and trail it through the mire, often very much to the good of the stem which upheld it. Inflexions therefore may be rubbed off, conjugations may wear out, a word may change its form and spelling, especially if it be an alien word; but it is still not only *a* word, but *the* word it has been from the first, under every change of form and under every kind of alteration or mutilation it has had but one original meaning, from which all its later senses may be traced. It may become obsolete and out of date, but then it is not the less an English word, though we may have forgotten its existence. A man may have cousins and may forget them, as who does not even in Scotland, but they are still his cousins. So it is with words. Where then shall we look for all these English citizens, who claim to vote as English representatives by a sort of universal suffrage? Can any dictionary contain them? As we write the word "dictionary" we have unconsciously abandoned the point, for a dictionary, like a lexicon, originally meant only a selection or collection of choice phrases and words in a tongue, not an aggregate of every word in the language. That was the Greek and Roman idea, and our modern classical dictionaries help themselves out by *Totius Latinitatis*, or *Totius Græcitatís*, *Lexicon*, to show by their title the completeness of their work. It is probable that our Greek and Latin dictionaries, which are supposed to contain every known word in those tongues,

really contain but a portion of those vocabularies; because, as many classical authors have perished, numbers of words may have perished with them, and instances such as *nero*, the modern Greek for water, which evidently stands in the closest connexion with the water divinities *Nereus* and the *Nereides*, prove that many Greek and Latin words, which now exist only in the modern dialects, have only escaped notice as ancient words from the fact that the authors who may have used them no longer exist. But of modern languages, such as French, German, and English, the vocabulary is so immense, and the numbers of authors published and unpublished so boundless, that no dictionary can hope to be exhaustive. An approach to completeness is all that can be expected. Like a man who sits down to invite his friends to a feast, and finds he has thirty to ask while he has only room for ten, we at once begin to pick and choose, to see in short what kind of words ought not to be in a dictionary before we settle those that ought to be there. First and foremost, proper names and names of places fall away; interesting and instructive though they may be, we treat them as Don Quixote's medical and religious advisers did his romances, "Out of the window with them! They shall find no place here." Each of these classes in fact requires a special dictionary of its own.

Next come jaw-breaking names of scientific implements and technical nomenclature in general, unless such as are so common as to be of constant occurrence in English authors. On this principle let such words as "*Acotyledon*" and "*Dicotyledon*," and all that barbarous botanic clan be banished from our dictionary. Let "*sextant*" and "*quadrant*" and perhaps "*theodolite*" be admitted. But let almost every word of this kind which has only a special and technical meaning—which is merely a scientific label, having existence in this or that branch of knowledge, but which cannot show its citizenship by quotation from some work other than one which treats of that particular science—also follow its botanical brethren to the dreary columns of a technological dictionary.

Again, a question arises: Shall the words which excite a feeling of shame be excluded from our dictionary? Here the rule *Naturalia non sunt turpia* holds. A dictionary which is worth its salt does not exist to suppress but to utter words, and words of all kinds so that they be not filthy and obscene. "Muck" is a nasty thing, though it has been well defined as only "matter out of place;" but the man who excluded it from our English dictionary would make a mistake, because though it is dirty it is not obscene—not to

speak of the fact that it is just such a word as this which shows that primeval affinity which binds so many tongues together by a golden chain. Sanscrit, *mih* ; Latin, *mejere* or *mingere* ; Anglo-Saxon, *migan* ; Gothic, *maihstus* ; modern German, *mist* ; Anglo-Saxon, *meox* ; English, *muck* and *mixen*. Our forefathers spoke with a manly mouth, and uttered many a word which now shakes our weak nerves, but as they spoke so they wrote, and what they wrote remains. To exclude all free words from our dictionary would cut us off from a rich store. Besides, as Grimm well says, a dictionary is not "a moral treatise." It is not the Whole Duty of Man; its duty is towards the language, and it knows no law except that of showing fairness alike to all. What shall we do with our Shakspeare, what with our Bibles, if we are to strike out from them all the outspoken words that shock the taste of our mincing age, which will gloat for hours over the double meaning of Gerfaut, and be charmed for a whole day with its unblushing profligacy, and yet cannot suffer its delicate ears to be polluted by any one of our fine old English words, which still exist, and will always exist so long as the needs which they express are the lot of poor weak human nature. These words must be there then, for our dictionary affords an asylum to all its children; it should be a sanctuary large enough to hold them all. There there are no outcasts or exiles; all have an equal birthright; old and young alike they should be all there, except the aliens and the obscene. Let those alone be profane, and let those whose taste is too refined to bear what they may find in Shakspeare or the Bible, forgive the presence of the offenders, and console themselves with the overwhelming majority of words fit to be presented in their society.

We have now settled the words which a dictionary should contain. All English words, except the classes we have set aside, have a born right to be looked on as free of the tongue. As a child has one first look, one original form of face and feature by which its mother knows it all through life, however much that face and those features may be marred by time and age; so every word has one original meaning, one form by which it may always be known, however long it may have lived, and however much it may have been modified by use. But as the child changes as it grows older, so words change in centuries. As every human being has a history often written on his face, so words have their history as they appear in the literature of the race that speaks them. A dictionary, then, has first to prove the birthright of a word; it has to find out its original meaning, to produce, in fact, its certificate of

birth by quoting if possible the first, or at least a very early passage in which it occurs. After that comes the history of the word, in which, by a string of quotations down to the latest times, the various changes of meaning which the word has undergone may be faithfully presented as in a mirror. Nor is it enough merely to quote a passage. Chapter and verse should be given, the name of the book and the page, so that a careful reader may verify them if he pleases, and all may know the kind of writer from whom they have been taken. We need not add that the reading of the compiler of a dictionary must be wide and deep. It must begin early and end late. He must have neither religious nor philosophic bias, for in a dictionary there are no religions except that of justice and impartiality, no philosophies except the philosophy of language.

But besides all this, we expect more in our dictionary. There should be occasional definitions, not such as *Table*, "a raised flat surface, at which one stands or sits to take various things from off it," or "a plane resting or raised upon legs, at which a number of occupations are performed;" or *Nose*, "the protruding and elevated portion of the human or animal face, situated immediately over the mouth, the seat and organ of smell." How much better would it be, as Grimm says, in quoting these long-winded definitions, to content one's-self with simply giving the Latin equivalents, *mensa* and *nasus*, which afford at once a sure explanation of what is meant to be understood in a language at once the widest spread, and best known, and most precise that the world has ever seen. What pedantry and affectation to forsake such a help, and betake one's-self to such particular and preposterous definitions as these we have mentioned! Every word should have an explanation, should be followed in a dictionary by something, whether a Latin word or an English word or two, which helps the reader to understand its meaning; but to do this by a cumbrous, logical definition, is merely to explain something of which a little is known by something of which nothing is known, and to throw a cloud of dust into the reader's eyes, which robs him of the small insight which he already had, and leaves him blind instead of short-sighted.

Anything more? Yes, something more. Every word has an *etymology*. We well know the tricks which have been played under this name, and the reader of this new Dictionary will find not a few of them; so long as etymology was merely the field on which word-jugglers and mountebank professors of philology met to play their pranks,

it was often "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." As a science its rules are even now scarcely settled, but it is a science; the false professors and tumblers have been chased from the field, and etymology, from having been the bane and byword of philology, has now become its medicine. It has been well likened to the salt or spice in a dictionary, without which many a word would be tasteless; but yet all food may be over-salted and over-spiced, and there are some things which have a greater zest if they are eaten raw, without either pepper or salt. Let there be moderation in all things, therefore, and among the rest in Etymology.

There was a time, indeed, when the classical languages, those twin tyrants Greek and Latin, lorded it over all the tongues of the earth. They had crushed the vernacular in every land by the weight and beauty of their literature, and by the fulness and symmetry of their grammatical rules. With their yoke on our necks, we scarce thought our own baser tongues worth studying as languages, however much our literature might demand our admiration. We reformed all grammar to their standard, and scarce dared to have a rule of our own. But when Sanscrit was discovered, the two despots were hurled from their thrones, and a new and juster reign began. It was as different from the tyranny of Greek and Latin as the gentle influence of a mother differs from the domination of a step-dame, or the mild sway of a legitimate king from the upstart arrogance of an usurper. "Obey my rule or perish," was the old decree. "Respect me and respect yourselves," was the new philological dispensation. Before the venerable age and boundless fulness of Sanscrit all other tongues must bow the head, and in the clearness of its forms many dark roots are transfigured, and glow with purest light. We complain of the moon, and ascribe all sorts of evil influences to her. Why? because she is too near us, she interferes with our tides, makes men mad, and rots our meat. It is unlucky to look at her through glass, and woe betide the wight who does not turn his money in his pocket, if he has any to turn, when he catches sight of her as she begins to wax. We abuse our stars, too, and impute malevolence to them; but do we ever dare to take such liberties with the sun? No! and why? because he is too great, because he is too far off, because he is too bright. Not even in these islands, where no one can say that his beams are often oppressive, does any one venture to speak ill of the sun; we all revere him as the great centre of our system. So it is with Sanscrit: it warms and vivifies our vernacular philology, it has made it a living thing, it has made our

dry roots shoot up into flower and fruit, out of the ugly bulb has burst forth the lily more bravely arrayed than Solomon in his glory; it has done all this like a god from afar, without passion or pedantry and without insult or oppression. It lives and it lets live. Each of our European languages, and best of all the two old tyrants who have now learned better behaviour, looks into its own bosom and there finds the features of the great mother reflected, and the whisper of her voice speaking to its conscience, and bidding it be a freeman and no longer a slave. But no man can be free without self-respect, he cannot respect himself until he knows himself, and he cannot know himself till he looks more at home and less abroad, and so sees at last what manner of man he is. Let our philology, therefore, be rather home-born than foreign; let it rather be near-sighted than far-fetched; let it know itself before it claims to know others.

And now comes the question, to which all that has been already written is but a preface, How has Dr. Latham fulfilled these duties in this Dictionary? Six parts of it lie before us, though if the work had progressed as it began there ought to have been nine; but still there are six, from *A.* to *Combust.* *Ex pede Herculem, ex auribus Asinum.* The letters *A* and *B*, and part of *C*, are enough to judge from. Let us say at once that we are much disappointed. In this dictionary we miss many words, old and coarse perhaps, but not obscene, and which are deep-rooted in the language. But this is a small point compared with the poverty of the quotations, which neither give the earliest, and in many cases not even the latest uses of the words. The quotations in fact seem taken almost at haphazard, some on insignificant words are enormously long, and others ridiculously short. No attempt is made to let the word tell its own story by a series of quotations; there it stands as it stood, it may be in the days of Elizabeth, or of the Georges, or as it stands nowadays, when it had perhaps already existed hundreds of years, and undergone all sorts of modifications. The definitions, when any are attempted, are rather logical than grammatical, and are generally so stated as either to embody a crotchet, with which few can agree even if they understand it, or they are so transcendental as to be quite beyond the comprehension of even an enlightened reader. The etymology is generally of the scantiest, and sometimes of the wildest kind, and scarcely an attempt is made to show the place in which English stands in the great Indo-European family. We believe Dr. Latham is an unbeliever in the truths of philology. He thinks the wise

men came from the West. He is welcome to his unbelief; but a dictionary is not written for unbelievers but for believers, and the new philological faith is too firmly rooted to be simply ignored. Whoever compiling a dictionary does thus ignore it, must do so at the peril of his head, and must look to hear hard things. We expect him, as may be gathered from what we have said above, to be moderate in the use of his etymological spice-box, but when we find him either not using it at all or using it at random, what can we say but that we love English rather than Latham, and must criticise his shortcomings?

So much for the general, now for some particulars, though our bill of indictment is so long that even in *A* and *B* we shall not nearly have room for all.

A. prep. For its power in such expressions as They go *a-begging* to a bankrupt's door (*Dryden*),

See *On*.

It is very doubtful whether this gerundial *a*, as in *a-begging*, *a-dying* (*moriturus*) is a preposition at all, and if it be, it has not come from *on*. This will be plain if we consider the very next word in Dr. Latham's Dictionary:—

Aback, *adv.* [*on back*].

1. Back.

They drew *aback*, as half with shame confound.
Spenser, Pastorals; June.

2. Behind; from behind.

Venerius, perceiving the danger of the general, was about to have assailed the poupe of Italy his gallie, so to have endangered her being set upon both before and *aback*. —*Knoyles, History of the Turks, 879 A.* (Ord. ms.)

Here we cannot help thinking that Dr. Latham is quite wrong in supposing that the *a* in *a-back*, and very many words of the same kind, comes from the Saxon *on*. The meaning of that preposition is quite as much that of rest as of motion, and no sense but that of motion will suit the passage quoted from Spenser. Besides, what authority is there for the change of *on* into *a* in all these compounds? How then is it to be explained, and what is the true etymology of such words as *a-back*, *a-gog*, *a-loft*, *a-lone*, *a-loof*, *a-mong*, *a-new*, *a-sunder*, *a-thwart*, and many more? Why, simply that in the scramble for precedence and adoption which took place between the various dialects in England between the Conquest and the invention of printing, the Scandinavian element won the mastery in these forms as in many others. Thus though we cannot point to any Anglo-Saxon equivalents of *a-back* and its followers

on the list, we can in almost every case point to the Old Norse counterparts of these English words, all formed of the preposition *á*, the long and broad *a* still heard north of the Humber, which governs the accusative with the idea of motion, and the dative with that of rest. Thus *á baki*, with the dat., "on the back, borne on the back," where the "i" of the case is preserved in the now silent but once sounded "e" of *abacke*; *á bak*, with the acc., "on the back, put on the back," whence also we have an adverb *ábak*, the exact equivalent of our *a-back*. That was the word as it stood in the Northumbrian dialect before it had spread itself over all England, and thence has our modern word been taken.

So also *ABOARD*, which we have now limited merely to a sea-faring term, but which originally meant quite as often sitting at a table as standing on a ship's deck, *á bordi* or *á bord* are the old Norse forms whence our modern adverb has come. Nor can we help turning here to "board," to which Dr. Latham refers us after telling us that "aboard" comes from "on board." This is what he says:—

Board. *s.* [*A. S. bord.*—*Bord* is a German word; but it was taken up in the French, whence it reached England as an Anglo-Norman one. Hence, it is difficult to give the exact details of all its derivatives. As a general rule, it may be laid down that it is a word of Anglo-Saxon origin when it means *piece of wood, table*, and the like; of Anglo-Norman when the notion of *side* prevails. It is certainly Anglo-Norman when, as a verb, it can be rendered by *ac-cost*.]

This is a most mysterious passage, from which we infer that there are two boards in English, one derived from the Anglo-Saxon and one from the Anglo-Norman. In point of fact there never was but one word *board* in the English tongue derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and meaning originally a flat plank, a board in fact. The word was common both to the Norsemen and Anglo-Saxons, and was used by both in precisely the same sense. The Norsemen carried it with them to Normandy, and it was ingrafted in some of its senses into Norman-French; but to say that "it is of Anglo-Saxon origin when it means a piece of wood, table, and the like, and of Anglo-Norman when the notion of side prevails" is sheer nonsense. Nor is it "certainly Anglo-Norman when as a verb it can be rendered by *accost*." All this confusion arises from disregard of the rule laid down before that a word has one meaning, and only one, out of which all its after forms are made. What then is the

Anglo-Saxon and Norse *bord* from which our "board," as well as the Anglo-Norman *aborder*, and our obsolete substantive *abord*, sprang? First of all it meant a flat piece of wood or plank, then because planks or boards were used as tables it meant a table, as we use it every day in many expressions, "to be bonny and buxom at bed and at board," "the festive board." Then because planks were used for the decks of ships, the deck of a ship was called board, whence we have the expression "all fair and above board," meaning open, unhidden, upon deck where all may see it, not down below in the darkness of the hold; unless this expression too relates to a table, and contrasts the light above the table with the darkness under it. It may be so, but we lean to the metaphor from the deck of a ship. For the same reason because planks were used for the sides of ships, a ship's side was called board, whence starboard and larboard; next it was used for the whole ship, whence "on board," and "aboard," the first of which is the Saxon, and the last the Norse form. But the list is not nearly out: sailors who in sea-fights try to scale the sides of an enemy's ship are called "boarders"—a word Dr. Latham has omitted, though he uses the verb to "board" in that sense. From this sense we used to call any ardent attempt to force one's company on another to board. "He would have boarded me in his fury," says one of the merry wives of Windsor, speaking of Falstaff's impetuous wooing. But those who are fed in any one's house and sit at his table are also called "boarders," and such persons are said to "board" with the master. Hence too we have *boarding-school*, and *board-wages*, that is, money allowed to servants for their food. Furthermore, because board means the side of a ship, by a very natural metaphorical process it is transferred to the side of anything. And now we drop the "oa," which only marks the length of the vowel, and go back to the original "o" of the word, and form a number of words, as "border," the outer side or edge of anything; thus we speak of the "border" of a cloth or the "border" of a garden, and of "the *Border*" between Scotland and England, meaning the tract where the two sides of each country touch, and by a reduplication we speak of the *Borderside*, and we say to *border*, meaning to be on the march or edge of a country, and those who live there are called *Borderers*. So also a book is said to be in *boards* when its outside case is formed of paper pasted together and called *paste-board*; and finally, people who sit round a table and do business are called a *board*. All these meanings come from the first rude flat

plank of wood, *tabula*, *asser*, which our forefathers hewed out in some forest in the morning of time, and called *board*, perhaps because it would *bear* something when set upon it. It is a very simple word, and tells its own history without confusion if Dr. Latham would only let it. Nor had the Normans, except collaterally in *abord* and *aborder*, both derived metaphorically from ships, anything to do with the development of the word, which was complete in its notion of plank, table, ship, side, and sustenance, before the Conquest both in England and the North.

But to return to our adverbs in "a-:" we have no time to examine them all, but here are some:—

Agog. *adv.* [?]. In a state of desire or activity; heated with a notion; longing; strongly excited.

Then follow quotations from South, Cowper, Dryden, Roger l'Estrange, Butler's *Hudibras*, and the *Spectator*, in the order named. Then comes something from the late Mr. Garnett, which shows how sure his philosophical insight was:—

[We believe that the Roxburgh phrase, *on gogs*, adduced by Mr. Brockett, points to the true origin, viz. Icelandic *à gægium*, on the watch or look out; from the neuter passive verb *gægiaz*, to peep or pry.—Garnett, p. 30.]

This little bit from Mr. Garnett, one of the best philologists England ever had, might have shaken Dr. Latham's belief in his "on backs," "on boards," and other adverbs of the same kind. No doubt Mr. Garnett was right, and to be "agog" is to be beset with that eagerness which makes men and women run and stare and peep and pry instead of minding their business; but why, when Dr. Latham was on the right vein, did he not tell us that "goggle eyes" are wide staring eyes, or eyes that stare with something of a sidelong, furtive look; and that when we call spectacles "goggles," we mean that they are glasses through which shortsighted people stare and peep? All this information is no doubt reserved for "goggle," but a little of it would have come in very well under "agog." Before we pass on we may remark that in Richardson's Dictionary, which is one that *does* try to make each word tell its own story by quotations, there is a very curious passage from Wycliffe, in which the *luscus* of the Vulgate is rendered "goggle-eyed" in the verse, "It is better for thee to enter heaven having only one eye," etc. So that "goggle-eyed" is equivalent to "one-eyed," though here again the original meaning is not wholly lost, for the peculiar staring one-sided expression of a face with

only a single eye seems to have caught the translator's fancy; and so he rendered *luscus*, whence the French *louche*, by "goggle-eyed." One little correction of Mr. Garnett, and we leave "agog:" *á gægjum* does not come from the verb *gægiaz*, or as it would be more properly spelt *gægjask*, but from the plural substantive *gægjur*, staring, peeping, prying, the Roxburgh "gogs," a form which presupposes a lost singular "gog" or "gágr," the full broad vowel of the singular being broken in the plural by the final "u," in obedience to a well-known law. The expression *standa á gægjum*, to stand agog, to stand and stare or pry, is still common in Icelandic. They have also the adjective *gagr, gögr, gagri*, "twisted," "turned awry." In *Snorro Sturlusons Edda*, ii. 496, "Gogr" is given as an appellative of "man" in a bad sense, and in early times Peeping Tom of Coventry, who stood and stared and peeped at the Lady Godiva, would have been called "gogr" by an Icelandic Skáld, and his deed of shame, "*at standa á gægjum*." He was all "agog" to see the charms of the fair lady, and so he stood and peeped while all others turned away their eyes.

Let us go on.

"Agate," according to Dr. Latham, is "*adv.* [on gait] on the way, a-going. *Obsolete.*"

Is it his 'motus trepidationis' that makes him stammer? I pray you, Memory, set him *agate* again.—*Brewer, Lingua*, iii. 6."

If by "on gait" Dr. Latham means that the second part of this adverb is derived from "gait," mien and manner in walking or going, and that the office of Memory, in the quotation, is to set the stammerer on his legs again and set him agoing, we think he is wrong. Our "gait" comes from the Icelandic "*gæta*," to take care, to give heed, whence come a host of compounds and derivatives, as "*gæti*" *custos*, "*gæti*" *circumspectus*, "*gætimadr*" *vir diligens*,—such an one as he of whom the Psalmist says, "I will take heed to my paths;" a man who walks straightly and carefully in the eyes of God and man, whose "gait" is good. It is remarkable that from this very word an adjective is formed with "*á*," "*ágætr*," where the "*á*" is not the preposition, but an adverb, meaning "ever," so that "*ágætr madr*" is a man ever careful in his ways, a discreet, and therefore famous man, who walks well, because he knows that all eyes are fixed on him. But the substantive "gait" and this "*ágætr*" have nothing to do with our obsolete "*agate*." The first part of that adverb is the preposition "*á*," which Dr. Latham will call "on," and the last has nothing to do with the "gait" or going of the stammerer, but relates to the

road or path, or to use a Northumbrian word, the "gate" on which he walks. "Agate," in fact, is the old Norse "*á götu*," from "*gata*," which means a path or road. Here again the broad vowel of the nominative singular has been broken by the final "u" of the declension. If any one objects that "*á götu*" is unlike "*agate*," the answer is easy. The first thing to perish in a dialect so shattered as the Saxon and Scandinavian tongues were in England after the Conquest, is the inflexions. The prepositions are tougher and remain. Thus, while the "*á*" remained, the Northumbrians soon forgot that the "u" final broke up the "*a*" of "*gata*;" gate, the nominative form, was used for all the cases, and "*á götu*" became first *á gata*, and then the adverb *agate* or *agates* was formed. When our version of the Psalms speaks of "letting the *runagates* continue in scarceness," the Hebrew poet is but inculcating the truth of the proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." The "*runagates*" are the vagabonds, the "gangrel loons" who roam over the country, trying path after path; wanderers without a settlement, who have neither time nor means to acquire a fixed abode. No word can better prove the truth of our assertions, first that the "*a*" is the Norse preposition "*á*," governing the accusative with the sense of motion and the dative without it; and secondly, that "gate" has nothing to do with "gait," which we have shown to be derived from another word, but is nothing more nor less than the old Northumbrian or Norse "*gata*," a path.

So also *AGROUND*, after which Dr. Latham omits the stereotyped [on ground], merely calling it an "adverb, stranded, hindered by the ground from passing farther." Hindered by what ground? not "ground" in the sense we now commonly use it, of firm and solid earth, as "the ground" we tread on; or metaphorically, "Tell us the 'grounds' of your belief?" that is, "Tell us the firm basis on which your faith rests?" In fact, there are two "grounds" in the English language which Dr. Latham has rolled into one in his explanation of "*aground*." The "ground" which, according to him, hinders the ships from passing farther, is not the same word as the "ground" we tread, and which is often distinguished from it by the epithet "dry."

"Now, if these boys had been at home,
A-sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one pennie,
They had not all been drown'd."

And so it would have been better if Dr. Latham had told us that there are two "grounds" in the English language, the ground of the land and the ground of the

sea. One derived from the Icelandic *grund*, *planities*, *terra*, which we will call "dry ground;" the other, which shall be "wet ground," derived from *grunn*, *vada*, *brevia*, in which sense the word can scarcely be said to be obsolete, as it is of frequent occurrence in English literature, and still lingers in "aground," that is to say, fast on the shallows or grounds at the bottom of the sea, and also in "ground-swell," that is, the sea swell which rolls in over the shallows. We also speak of coffee-"grounds," that is, the sediment at the bottom of the liquid. Both "dry ground" and "wet ground" have their equivalents in Icelandic, "*á grundi*" would be on dry land; "*á grunni*" would be on a shoal at the bottom of the sea. When the Northumbrian dialect was shattered, both were rolled into one word in sound, with two meanings as distant as black and white. The Icelandic equivalents of "ground-sea" or "ground-swell," are "*grunnföll*" and "*grunn-sæfi*," both of which the readers will find in Egilsson's Dictionary.

We hasten on with our adverbs in "a-": **ALONE.** Here too Dr. Latham drops his [on lone], and merely calls it an adverb meaning "only;" but not content with letting "alone" alone, he goes on to make it an adjective. This is what he says:—

Alone. *adj.* [The exact details of the form of this word are obscure; and they belong to minute philology, rather than to lexicography. The *al-*, in the first instance, looks like *all*. In *lone*, however, we have it without the *a*: a syllable which, viewed merely with respect to its form, may represent the initial of *all*, the French *a*, or Anglo-Saxon *on*.

The second element, however, is *one*; the construction of which is peculiar.]

He then treats the reader with some logical transcendentalism; which, even if Dr. Latham be right in asserting Dr. Guest to be of his opinion, certainly only shows how much two philologists of very different ability may agree in a mistake. The "one" and "ane" on which these learned men rely in certain passages, seem to us to be much more like forms of "own" than of "one;" and even if they are forms of "one," they would not prove either that "alone" is to be dissected into "all one," or that it is an adjective. So far from this latter proposition having been proved, every one of Dr. Latham's quotations seems to show that "alone" is neither more nor less than an adverb. We believe it to be an adverb, and we believe it to be made up of "a" and "lone," not of "all" and "one." What then is "lone," which we may remark exists in "lone," "lonesome," and "lonely" and "loneliness," a fact in itself enough to show what the formation of the word really

is. It is nothing but the Northumbrian "*á laun*" or "*á lön*," both of which would be pronounced very nearly as our "alone." Now, to do a thing "*á laun*" or "*á lön*," is to do a thing by one's self, apart, privately, secretly; "*mœla á laun*" is to talk aside; "*hylja hræ á laun*" is *clam occultare cadaver*, "to bury a corpse by one's-self." A base-born child is said to be "*laun-getinn*," that is, "lone-begotten;" "*launkrá*" is a hiding-place in a corner; "*launþing*" is *conventus clandestinus*, what we should now call "a hole-and-corner meeting;" from "*laun*," the feminine substantive, comes the verb "*leyna*," to conceal, pronounced "*laina*" as in "*alane*," and "*leynigata*," a lonely path. Hence come too our English "*lane*," a bypath, and many others. To be "*alone*" then, is to be by one's-self, whether for a good or bad purpose, but as the life of the freeman in early times was open and above-board, as the difference between murder and homicide lay in the one case in the concealment, in the other in the open avowal of the deed, any one who shunned the company of his equals was looked upon with an evil eye. But as the word waxed older, the spirit of that free and open life died away with the freeman himself and his rights. It became no longer a disgrace, though it might be misery to live alone and work and think alone, and so the old "*á laun*" with its uncanny feeling passed into our "*lone*" and "*lonely*" and "*alone*." Our "*alone*," therefore, now merely expresses "*solitude*," with no notion of evil. It is a misfortune not a fault.

ALONG reminds us of **ABROAD**, and we take them both together. The first Dr. Latham tells us is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "*andlang*," which, if it be genuine Saxon, can only contain the ideas of length and opposition; the Saxon and Scandinavian inseparable particle "*and-*," German "*ant-*," being the remnant of a primeval separable particle or preposition. Its equivalents are the prepositions "*and*" in Gothic, the Greek "*ἀντί*," and the Latin "*ante*." We use this inseparable particle every day in "*answer*," and even in "*end*," which is the point of an object opposed to anything else; the Germans use it in "*antwort*," and "*antlitz*," and many other words beginning with "*ant-*" and "*ent-*." It is more than likely that it is the original of our conjunct "*an*," if, and that the true form of the word is "*and*;" nay, that our everyday "*and*" itself is this very word. But this "*and*" of opposition, doubt, and suggestion, has in our opinion nothing to do with "*álong*," which is merely our old friend the preposition "*á*" or "*a*" governing the adjective "*long*" from "*láng*r, *lóng*," and some substantive which has disappeared;

the notion throughout all the passages quoted is one of lengthened progression in the same direction, of going along with the object in short, instead of opposition or motion towards or against it. If this first meaning of the word be kept steadily in view there will be no need for word-splitting in the case of "along," and for making it, as Dr. Latham does, a preposition as well as an adverb. To prove his point he quotes the vulgar expression, "it's all along on you," and "who is this 'long of?" the last from Stubbes' *Anatomy of Abuses*, ii.; and to strengthen his opinion, as he brought up Dr. Guest as his backer in "alone," he brings up Mr. Wedgwood as his armour-bearer in "along," this being only one out of numberless occasions in which he falls back on that writer. We give the extract at length :—

[We must distinguish *along*, through the length of, from *along*, in the sense of causation, when some consequence is said to be *along of* or *long of* a certain agent or efficient principle. In the former sense *long* is originally an adjective agreeing with the object now governed by the preposition *along*. In the latter it is the O. S. and A. S. *gelang*, owing to, in consequence of; from *gelingen*, to happen, to succeed. 'Hii sohton on hwom that *gelang* ware:' 'they inquired *along* of whom that was,' whose fault it was, from whom it happened that it was.—*Wedgwood, Dictionary of English Etymology.*]

We here observe with pleasure that Mr. Wedgwood confirms our assertion that "long" was originally an adjective agreeing with some object, but we differ with him when he calls "along" a preposition, it being invariably an adverb. With the last part of his statement we altogether disagree. The true rendering of the Anglo-Saxon, or rather of the Northumbrian, passage is, "they asked of whom or to whom that belonged." That we believe to be the meaning of the sentence, and we think that the Northumbrian "a lōng," and not the participial form "gelang," from "gelingen," is the original of "along."

After splitting "along" into two parts of speech, the fact being that where it can be twisted into a prepositional force, it must always have a real preposition, such as "with" or "of" to help it out and govern the substantive which it is supposed to govern, Dr. Latham passes on to *ALONGST*, which he calls an adverb meaning "along." But in this obsolete word we hail one of the strongest confirmations of our theory as to the origin of all these adverbs. "Alongst" is an adverb, but it means much more than "along," just as a superlative is a much better and stronger thing than either a compara-

tive or a positive. Precisely as "along" is formed from "a" and "long," so "alongst" is formed from the superlative of "lāngr, lōng, lāngt." This is "lōngst" or "lengst," and out of this an adverb "álengst" or "álōngst" has been formed, which means not "along," but "alongest," it being as is common enough in old Norse a superlative adverb, meaning not *longe* but *longissime* in Latin. The meaning of "alongst" is therefore not merely "along," but along and much more; as is plain by Dr. Latham's quotation, which he seems not to understand :—

Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind savour wisheth men to be faithful and women courteous. *Alongst*, in a border, grew maidenhair.—*Greene, Quip for an upstart Courtier*, p. 6.

The Turks did keep straight watch and ward in all their ports *alongst* the sea-coast.—*Knolles, History of the Turks*.

In the first of these the word means "farthest on," "at the very end," "after one had gone along as far as one could." In the second the Turks kept watch and ward all along their coast, from the very end on one side to the very end on the other, as far as ever they could.

Returning to "answer" for a moment, we may add that though Dr. Latham derives it from the "weak" Anglo-Saxon "andsvarian," it is more probably derived from the "strong" Norse form "andsvara," and that the word is a reduplication like "lukewarm," "loup-garou," and others, as it contains the idea of opposition twice over. "Svara," akin to but not the same as "sverja" to swear, is in itself to "answer," as we see not only from the old Norse "svara," but from the modern Swedish and Danish "svara" and "svare;" so that "answer" contains the notion of a reply repeated, first in the particle "an," and then in the verb "svara" itself.

AGEN, AGAIN, and AGAINST. These are separate though kindred forms, and "again" and "against" stand in the same relation the one to the other, as "along" and "alongst." First, of "agen." This adverb, Dr. Latham says, "is used chiefly by the poets in cases where the spelling with 'ai' might lead to false pronunciation, and spoil the rhyme." He thus treats it as identical with "again," except in poetry. But in truth it is a distinct form, and comes from a separate word, as we shall soon see. "Again" Dr. Latham derives from the Anglo-Saxon "ongeanes" without knowing how much nearer the word lies to the Scandinavian than to the Saxon element in English. The truth is that there are two parallel forms in Icelandic, "gegn," from which "agen" comes; and "gagn," from which "again" comes. The primary mean-

ing of both is that of opposition and motion towards, and that is the primary notion of "again," which is formed like all these adverbs in "a-" out of "á" and "gagn;" what happens "again" is something which meets you twice, which throws itself in your way. This primary meaning shows itself in "gainsay" and "gainstand," which are earlier forms than "againstand" and "again-say," and have their Icelandic representatives in "gagnstanda" and "gagnsegja." In Wycliffe we have—"We hopeden that he should have 'agenbought' Israel" (Luke xxiv. 21), that is, bought over again, redeemed, and also Romans i. 4, "agenrising" for "resurrection." From "gagn" the Icelanders made a substantive "gagn" meaning victory, "gain," because what opposes or thwarts one is fought and conquered, and so out of strife comes "gain." What opposes is often broken through, and so "gagn" in Icelandic means "through," as well as "opposed to." As for "gegn" it is almost in every respect a parallel form to "gagn." As for "against," which out of a superlative adverb has almost entirely passed into a preposition, we think that it originally came from "á gegn," because there is in Icelandic a superlative of "gegn" which is an adjective, as well as an adverb, "gegnst;" thus, "hit gegnsta" the shortest way, the way which leads to some place most directly opposite to you, or, as they still say in the north, as well as in other parts of England, the "gainest" way. But "agen" and "again," though cognate, are distinct formations, and Dr. Latham has no right to confound and roll them into one. If he had sought for some prose quotations of an earlier date he would have seen that as "gegn" and "gagn" are kindred collaterals in Icelandic, so are "again" and "agen" in English.

And now for **ABROAD**, which Dr. Latham merely calls an adverb, giving no etymological hint about it. This word is in no sense a correlative of "along," as "broad" is the opposite of "long." It has nothing to do with breadth, while "along" has everything to do with length, and exists only in that idea. The first meaning of "abroad," whence all the rest naturally follow, is like "agate" of which we have already spoken, and "away" of which we shall have to speak, one of travel or progression on a path or road. It is derived not at all from "broad," but from the old Norse feminine substantive "braut," or "bröd," a way, a path, or road. This word itself is derived from "brjota," to break or open a path. Thence we have "á brautu" on a path or road,—in *via*; and thence an adverb "ábraut" or "ábröt:" so "Reginn var ábraut horfinn," "Regin had

taken himself off, had gone away;" but as ways lead out of the land, a man who had gone away often left the country, or went, as we now say, "abroad," that is, quitted his native land. All the other meanings of the word spring from this; as "out of doors" in the well-known line of Dr. Watts,

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad;"

that is, Whenever I go out of my house, and walk on any road, in any direction; or,

"Again the lonely fox roams far abroad,"

where Reynard tries many paths in the pursuit of prey.

The old Norse "braut" has many children, as "brautingi," a vagabond or beggar; and hence the proverb, "Brád eru brautingja erindi," "Beggar's business brooks no delay," which answers perhaps to our "Beggars must not be choosers." Here to-day, and gone to-morrow, ever tramping on the road, they must take what they can get, and take it at once, or not at all.

After "Abroad" we may as well take **AWAY**, the last of our adverbs in "a" in alphabetical order, though not the last of which we shall have to speak. In the case of this word, Dr. Latham returns to his [on way]. Its first meaning, he says, is "in a state of absence," but he omits either to explain how "away" means in a state of absence, or to let it explain itself. It is the Northumbrian preposition "á," with "veg," from "vegr" in the accusative; whence an adverb "áveg," pronounced "away," has been formed precisely in the same manner as all the rest; *á götu* or *á gata*, and *á braut* or *á bröt* are its exact counterparts, and as in their case, all the meanings of "away" spring from the one primary sense of motion on a path or road.

We have not nearly exhausted all these adverbs in "a," but we have only space for two or three more.

Aloft. *adv.* [A.-S., *on loyfte*=in the lift or air.] 1. On high, above, in the air.

This explanation as to the meaning of the word is no doubt right, but in all our reading we have not met the Anglo-Saxon form *on loyfte*, though we have heard of *on lyfte*; but here again it is not to the Anglo-Saxon but to the Scandinavian element of our language that we owe the word. *Loft* or *loft* is the old Norse form, from which we get both our word "loft" as an upper chamber, which has now sunk into a room over a stable, though of old it had a nobler use (see Acts xx. 8, 9), where the slumbrous Eutychus, wearied with St. Paul's long sermon, sitting in a window, "fell down from the third loft"—or as we should now sa-

from the third storey—"and was taken up dead." That we take to have been the first meaning of the word, something raised or "lifted" from the ground; thence it came to mean the air, which is the sense of the old Norse "lopt," the old English "lift," and the modern German "luft," being applied not only to what was raised by man above the ground, but to what was spread by God above and around the earth; finally it was used for what was supposed to be above the air, the sky or "heaven itself," which last is only another word for expressing the same thing, the arch "upheaved" above the earth. We need hardly add, after our other examples, that "aloft" is a genuine old Norse form, "á lopt" or "á loft;" "vera á lopt," with the accusative of motion, *sursum tollere*, "to bear aloft;" "vera á lofti," with the dative of rest, *esse in sublimi*, "to be aloft." From "loft" comes "lypta," to lift, and "lypting," the poop, half-deck, or raised and lifted stern of the old Norse ship.

Aloof. *adv.* [A.-S., *on lyfte*=windward: see Aloft.]

So says Dr. Latham; but in the first place the Anglo-Saxon "on lyfte" does not mean to windward, and in the next "aloof" has no connexion with "aloft" in any of its senses. It has nothing to do with the "lift" or air. It comes from "á hlaupi" or "á löpi," for the "h" is not essential, and ö is only another form of writing "au," the pronunciation being very nearly "aloof." But "hlaup" or "löp" is the act of running, and "hlaupa" or "löpa" is to run, near akin to our Saxon "leap," but not the same in sense, the idea of motion being less prolonged in our "leap" than in the Norse "hlaup" and "hlaupa." There is another form, "hleypa," with the same sense, and from it comes "hleypingi," as from "hlaupa" comes "hlaupingi," both meaning runagates and vagabonds. A man who holds himself "aloof," then, is not one who, according to Dr. Latham, gets to windward of you, or gets "aloft," upstairs, or up into the air or heaven, to get out of your way, but merely one who, in plain English, runs away, and keeps at a respectful distance from you. In this way Spenser can describe his knight as saying, in his fantastic English of no age, and which always sets our teeth on edge to read it—

"Then bade the knight this lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herself withdraw aside."

That is, "then the knight bade the lady run away, and withdraw aside to a hill." In this sense, too, a sinner may be said to be "aloof" from God or from grace. In the quotation

given by Dr. Latham from Bacon the word looks very much as though it were used in its strict primary sense:—

Going northwards *aloof*, as long as they had any doubt of being pursued, at last when they were out of reach, they turned and crossed the ocean to Spain.—*Bacon*.

However that may be, though in its secondary state its meaning is standing aside at a respectful distance, its first sense was running away from pursuit, and out of this the secondary and metaphorical meanings have been derived.

One more of these "a's" and we leave them.

Askance. *adv.* Asquint; sideways; obliquely.

Of this word Dr. Latham gives no derivation of his own, but after the quotations comes a long extract from Mr. Wedgwood, who, after throwing a good deal of etymological rubbish in our eyes, which makes such a dust that we can scarce see where we are, seems to consider its connexion with "scant and scanty" as undoubted, and suggests that the Icelandic "skamr" "short," may have something to do with the "scance" of "ascance," after it has undergone such a change of consonant as is exhibited in the Italian "cambiare" and "cangiare." But though he is right in referring the verb to "scamp," to "skamr," as used of work done in a hurry, and therefore badly done, and as we may add, though it is true that a "scamp" is a good-for-nothing fellow, who slurs over all he has to do, and does nothing well, yet we cannot help thinking that Mr. Wedgwood is quite wrong in connecting "scance" with "skant" and "skanty," and that to use another derivative from "skamr," made after what has been called that "Bow-wow" theory of language, which would make everything "onomatopœic," he talks a deal of "skimble skamble" stuff about "askance." This is the more odd, because in the passage about "askew," which Dr. Latham has also embodied in the dictionary, Mr. Wedgwood quotes the very Icelandic word from which "askance" comes, but which he is as wrong in referring to "askew" as he is in referring "skamr" to "ascance." This word is "skakkr," he spells it "skackr," and probably had he known that the double "k" in Icelandic is an assimilation for *nk*, he would have seen at once that "skakkr" is as near akin to "ascance" or "askance," as, to use an Icelandic proverb, "nose is to eyne." This formation of "skankr" is corroborated by the old pret. of the Norse "hanga" to hang, which is "hekk," for "henk," and in other words where the same combination of *k* occurs. Such are "bekkr" and "bakkr,"

which are the counterparts of the Danish "banke" and "bænk," and of our "bench" and "bank." But the meaning of "skakkr" or "skankr" is not that of shortness and haste as shown in "scant," "scanty," and "scamp" from "skammr," but of motion "sidelong" or "aside;" it is the Latin *obliquus*, and the Icelandic "at lita á skakkt," or "á skakkt" would exactly answer to our "look ascanse" both in form and sense.

We should be induced to refer "askew" with Mr. Wedgwood to the Icelandic "skeifr," which is the German "schief," not "scheef," and the Dane "skiev," were it not for "skewbald," of which we wish to say something under "Bald."

What then is BALD? All Dr. Latham tells us about it is, that it is an adjective, and the first sense he gives of it is "wanting hair," despoiled of hair by time or sickness. His second is, "without natural or usual covering," and then he gives this quotation from *As You Like It*, iv. 3.—

"Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity."

This quotation might have suggested to him the first meaning of the word, which is "glistening," "white," or "bright;" it is the white scalp stripped of its hair, like the withered hoary top of an old oak, which raises its head to heaven stripped of leaves and bark. But besides this suggestive passage, we have "the bald-faced" stag, a common sign; that is, the stag with a white blaze down his face; and we have "skew-bald" of a horse, where "skew" denotes the variety of colour; and "bald" the white, which is always one of the colours of a skewbald. Then we have "piebald," where "pie," from magpie, denotes the variety of coat, and "bald" is again white. But why is "bald" white? We think there can be no doubt that the notion of whiteness and brightness in "bald" comes from the glorious whiteness of the God Baldr's face, who was so white that the great oxlip, the *Anthemis cotula* was called "Baldrsbrá," Balder's brow, because the whiteness of its beaming petals was likened to the shining, glistening face of the Sun-God. The word does not seem to mean stripped of hair, in Icelandic. The higher attributes of the god have clung to the word, and it means, "divine," "glorious," "mighty;" but perhaps its sense of whiteness still lingers in the "Bald-jökul" in Iceland, which raises its hoary pate not far from Kálmanstunga. For our "bald" the Icelanders used "sköllótt," of which -ótt is only the adjectival ending. Their word for baldness was "skalli," and the same word was used personally for "bald pate." "Go

up 'skalli,' the children afterwards eaten by the bears would have said to Elisha, had they spoken Icelandic. From this Norse root we have many words, as "skull" or "scull," the bones of the human head stripped of hair, skin, and flesh; and again we have "scalp," the skin of the head without the hair; and again we have "scald head," for the baldness caused by ringworm; and "scalding water" is water so hot that it will take the hair off, unless it comes from "skella," and means water that boils so fiercely that it makes a shrill, ringing sound.

As we have said something about "skewbald," let us go back to "askew," and say why we think that the Icelandic word from which "skew" is formed is not "skeifr." The reason is this, the modern Icelandic word for a skewbald is "skjóttr," and a horse skjóttr is called "skjóni," and a mare of the same piebald colour, "skjóna." Perhaps the difficulty may be solved by supposing skjóttr to be itself a compound of skeif and the termination -ótt, so that the meaning would be the skew-coloured pied sort of horse! But in favour of skjóttr as an independent word, is the fact of the accent over the ótt, as well as the fact that it may be derived from "skjóta," to shoot—pass rapidly with the eye from one colour of a skewbald horse to the other—in which sense we also use the word in English when we talk of a "shot silk," meaning by the term, a silk in which various colours are so blended that the eye cannot tell what the true hue of the dress really is, so rapidly does it pass from one tint to another.

From "bald" we go on to BALDERDASH, which Dr. Latham says is Welsh, "Balldordus = imperfect utterance." As its first meaning he gives "lax and mixed language." Its derivation is not Welsh, but the Norse "bald-rask," which makes in the past tenses "bald-radisk" and "baldradask," from "baldur," noise, clamour, and the meaning of the verb is "to pour out noisy nonsense." Hence it came not only to talk nonsense, but it was used metaphorically for any vile mixture with which better liquor was adulterated, and so the scandalous Geneva ballad of 1674, quoted by Dr. Latham, can talk of the time

"When Thames was 'balderdashed' with Tweed."

And Mandeville on Hypochondria can speak of wine or brandy being "balderdashed" by simple water. First of all, the word meant to pour out nonsense noisily, and then it came to be used of pouring vile liquors, or even simple water, into generous wine, and so spoiling it.

On very many occasions Dr. Latham, by

taking his quotations too low down in time, quite confuses the meanings of words, or merely gives them their bad senses.

Take **BULLY**, which Dr. Latham defines to be "a noisy, blustering, quarrelling fellow (generally applied to a man with only the appearance of courage)." Here we have only the modern meaning of the word, and no attempt is made to explain its history. And yet one of Dr. Latham's quotations under "apitpat," and another under "bully-rook," might have put him on the right scent. When mine host of the Garter in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* says, "What says my bully-rook? speak soberly and wisely," he certainly does not use the word in our modern sense. Nor again when the lady says, in Congreve, "Oh! there he comes. Welcome, my bully, my back—(a misprint in the New Dictionary for *buck*)—agad my heart is gone 'apitpat' for you;" it is rather used as a pet term for endearment than as one of reproach. These quotations, which are Dr. Latham's own, should have held him straight. Here are two others, not in the New Dictionary, which will set the meaning in its true light. In that very rare work recently sold at Mr. Daniell's sale, entitled, *Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Poules* (London, 1604), the "fatte" host tells tales at the upper "ende" of the table, and thus answers one of his guests who is supposed to allude to Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, "O! my bullies, there was many such a part plaide upon the stage." Here surely the host uses "bully" in no bad sense. Again, when Col. Robert Monro, in his *Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment called "Mackeyes Regiment"* (London, 1637), thus speaks of himself, Part ii. p. 33, we may be sure a "bully" is used as a term of friendly endearment. He is describing what he calls the "intaking," that is, the storming of Frankfort on the Oder, one of the sturdiest assaults in the Thirty Years' War. "The valorous Hepburne leading on the battaile of pikes of his owne briggad, being advanced within halfe a pike's length to the doore, at the entry he was shot above the knee that he was lame of before; which, dazling his senses with great paine, forced him to retire, who said to me, '*bully Monro*, I am shot,' whereat I was wondrous sorry."

Having thus rescued the word from its later and bad sense, we go on to ask what it originally meant? Nothing worse than a rattling, roaring fellow, it may be, with better heart than brains, but still a good and true man. Monro, one of the bravest of the brave, would have challenged the "valorous" Hepburne, even while his wound was yet green, if he had shared Dr. Latham's

belief that the word was "generally applied to a man with only the appearance of courage." The word is near akin to "bull," concerning which Dr. Latham tells us next to nothing etymologically. All he says is this, "Bull [German and Dutch *bulle*, *bul*], male of black cattle;" but *bull* etymologically, as well as physically, is a good deal more; it is the noisy, roaring, bellowing beast, but not a cowardly beast for all that, any more than a "bully," or a "bullyrook" in the days of Elizabeth or James, was synonymous with "coward." The "rook" of the latter word we take to be the Icelandic "rakkr," "rökk," daring, dashing, so that "bullyrook" would be a dare-devil rattling blade, which is just the sense in which the word is used by mine host of the "Garter," and because we men, and still more women, admire daring by a law of our nature, the dashing rattling word became a term of affectionate endearment. But that was in the coarse old days of beef and beer, and pike and headpiece. Since then we have become delicate and mincing; we hate rudeness, roughness, and noise, and our forefathers before the second half of the seventeenth century had well begun, hated them too. Then "bully" got a third sense, of a noisy boasting braggart, who will oppress the weak but fears to meet his equals in strength. This third sense is Dr. Latham's first. His first quotation is from Dryden's "Juvenal,"—

"'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl,"

where the Latin satirist describes the Roman bully who cannot sleep a night unless he has thrashed some quiet citizen who cannot raise a hand in self-defence, in terms which exactly suit our Mohawks. After being thus dragged through the mud, the word as was likely never rose again, but sank and sank. So Pope, a century nearly after could write:—

"Where London's column rising to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

Where lying is added to a bully's other base qualities. Now we know the word chiefly from the tyranny and bullying of big boys over little ones at great schools, but when in the police reports we see some vile fellow described as a "bully" at a house of ill-fame, we may yet discern some lingering traces of the woman's affection which makes Congreve's lady call her lover her "bully."

Other words afford instances of ridiculous word-catching etymologies, which appeal neither to the ear nor to the sense. In most of these, Mr. Wedgwood, who seems to forget the French proverb, "*qui trop embrasse mal étreint*," has led Dr. Latham astray. In fact,

like the Troll, who when he was eating rag-broth could not tell which was thick and which was thin, when we regard the etymological part of the new Johnson, we cannot tell which is Dr. Latham and which is Mr. Wedgwood, so often does the former hurl the latter at our heads by pages-full. Take BALCONY:—

[From the Persian *bāla khaneh*, upper chamber. An open chamber over the gate in the Persian caravanserais is still called by that name, according to Rich. The term was then applied to the projecting platform from which such a chamber looked down upon the outside. As this *balcony* over the gateway is precisely the position of the *barbican* in a castle wall, it is probable that the latter name, in Mid. Lat. *barbacana*, is only another corruption of the same word which gives us *balcony*. If we compare the various modes of writing the word from which our belfry is derived, and especially the two *belfredum*, *bortefredum*, we shall find nothing startling in the conversion of *bala khaneh* into *barbacana* by persons by whom the elements of the word were not understood. A barbican was a defence before a gate, originally, doubtless, a mere projecting window from whence the entrance could be defended, or the persons approaching submitted to inspection, the word being probably brought from the East by the Crusaders. *Balcony* is a much later introduction, and has accordingly better preserved the true form of the original.—Wedgwood, *Dictionary of English Etymology*.]

Now we have no hesitation in saying that all this etymology from the Persian is laborious trifling, and may be crushed by one little sentence from a greater philologist than either Dr. Latham or Mr. Wedgwood. This is what Jacob Grimm says about “‘Balcony,’ ‘Balkon,’ a projection of balks or beams on which one can stand in the open air to enjoy a prospect; from the Italian *Balcone*, which itself was borrowed from our Balk.” So that, instead of the Italians borrowing it from the Persians, they, in fact, took it from the Teutonic tribes, in all of which the word seems primeval. Old High German “balco” or “palco,” Old Saxon “balco,” old Norse “bálkr” and “bjalki,” whence the Swedish and Danish “bjelke.” Dr. Latham gives the Anglo-Saxon equivalent as “bælc.” We should be glad to know on what authority. Early English “balk,” modern English “balk,” all meaning a beam, *tignum*. A balcony was simply such a projection of the main beams of the house as would afford room to stand on out in the air; and it is strange that Dr. Latham should not have seen this, because in the very next page to that on which all the stuff is quoted from Mr. Wedg-

wood, he quotes under BALK a deal more from the same authority, in which this passage occurs: “Hence,” from *balk*, a beam, “also probably the Italian *balco* or *palco*, a scaffold, a loft-like erection supported upon beams.” With regard to which we can only say that this sort of scaffold strikes one as being very like a balcony, which on the opposite page Mr. Wedgwood tells us comes from the Persian. But in this, as in many other cases, like Saturn he eats his children after begetting them, or like Tom Thumb, he makes giants first before he slays them. Life is too short for such etymological trifling.

To go on with “balk:” from this first sense of “beam” spring all the rest. Beams not only support houses, but they serve to divide them into rooms; so a balk means a division, and not only one indoors, but out of doors also. The strip of sward left between ploughed land where two holdings would otherwise touch is called a balk.” In the Scandinavian races the sections of the law are called “balks,” but what divides you and cuts you off from something which you wish to reach, also checks and disappoints you, and cheats you of your desire. Hence a whole string of meanings of “balk,” akin to which is “bilk,” which sometimes expresses very nearly the same thing as “bulk.” So also “balkers,” are men set up on a scaffold made of balks, to watch the shoals of herrings in Cornwall.

Of BASTARD, Dr. Latham gives no derivation. The word appears nowhere before the time of our William the Bastard: “*Iste Willelmus quem Franci bastardum vocant . . . cui pro obliquo sanguine cognomen est bastardus*” (Adam of Bremen, ii. 52, and iii. 51). And in his own deeds: “*Ego Willelmus cognomine bastardus*.” It was not early French, and its origin must be looked for in the North. Grimm, *sub voce*, calls attention to the fact, that a Scandinavian jarl had a sword called “basthard,” that is, as hard as “bast;” but “bast” is the inner bark of the linden-tree, and a sword as hard as “bast” could only be a mocking name, though the blade might be a good blade. So “bastard,” as applied to a man, might mean a base son, and yet he might be a good man and true. Perhaps the termination “hard,” or “ard,” has nothing to do with the meaning, and the idea of degradation lies in “bast,” which was used at any rate in German, like “straw,” for anything vile and of no value. Here the old French expressions, “*filz de bast*,” “*venir de bast*,” as applied to “bastards,” would come in. Perhaps too “basthardr” was given to William in his boyhood for some fancied weakness, which those about him, some of whom were also against him, had

spied out. The expectation was belied by the daring and deeds of his after life; but the mocking nickname stuck to him. And so from the first "*basthardr*," all base-born sons were called "*bastards*." From this sense it soon passed to other spurious and adulterated things. In *Parzival*, 552, 12, quoted in Grimm under *bastart*, that is, already in the thirteenth century, *samit pastart*, "bastard sammite" is spoken of as distinguished from the genuine stuff, and in English we spoke of *bastard* silks, meaning an inferior kind. It was also applied to wine. Besides the "brown bastard" quoted by Dr. Latham from *Henry IV.* without explaining its relation to "*bastard*," in its first sense, there was a white bastard known in Germany as "*weisser bastart*," and no doubt it was known in England as well as the brown kind. The Italian *bastardo* is a wild grape. The French *charette bastarde* is explained to be *quæ inter majorem et minorem media est*, and to this day *écriture bâtarde* is a kind of handwriting between the round and pointed Italian style. In the quotation given by Dr. Latham from Beaumont and Fletcher, *bastard* wine is described as being "heady and monstrous;" every one of which instances shows that a degeneration or deterioration from a better sort is implied in "*bastard*." If Dr. Latham had turned to Grimm's first volume, and extended and arranged his English quotations, he would have given a more satisfactory account of this curious word.

But if he is scanty under "*Bastard*," under BOTH Dr. Latham launches out into more than five columns of transcendental philology or philological logic, after reading which the reader feels as though he had swallowed five bowls of syllabub; puffed out, and yet empty. Dr. Latham labours to give the word a Saxon derivation,—from the somewhat doubtful combination *ba twá*, which are Anglo-Saxon parallel forms, the one from "*begen*," and the other from "*tvegen*," "*twain*,"—to do which he shuts his eyes to the difficulty raised by Mr. Garnett, that the cognate form "*beide*" exists in German. Then, according to Dr. Latham, "*both*" is a natural dual, not only in sense but in form; it is also, according to him, both a pronoun and an adverb. Besides these statements, the five columns contain many abstruse and superfluous speculations as to "natural" duals in cognate tongues, which have very little to do with "*both*;" we mean the speculations, for "*both*" has a long string of relations in the Gothic and classical tongues. It is a pity Dr. Latham, before he wrote this long story about "*both*," had not turned to "*beide*," in Grimm's Dictionary, published in 1854, where he would have seen all that Com-

parative Philology can do for the word; and he would also have seen this sentence: "The inquiry how far dual flexions have come into play here, and have mixed themselves up with plural flexions, would lead us too far away." In our opinion, "*both*" is originally a numeral, *ambo*. It takes two things or two persons abstractedly, and sets them side by side, and thinks of them as one; and this is enough to show that it is not a true dual or a "natural" dual, for a dual takes two things or persons together, and thinks of them as *two*. A dual, in short, without the notion of two, would be nonsense. "*Both*" may be used to supply the place of the perished duals "*wit*" and "*git*,"—"we two" and "ye two,"—in sentences where we speak of "*both of us*" or "*both of you*;" but for all that it can never be a true dual. But besides being strictly a numeral, it is also a pronominal numeral, in which cases it answers to the Latin *uterque*. As "*both*" when it can be translated by *ambo*—the *bo* of which is the *bo* in "*both*"—means "two" taken together, so when it is translated by *uterque*, it means two taken separately, or as distinct component parts of a pair. The following passage from Cæsar, *De Bello Civili*, iii. 30, shows excellently these two meanings of "*both*," as well as of *ambo* and *uterque*: "Cæsar atque Pompeius diversa sibi *ambo* consilia capiunt, eodemque die *uterque* eorum ex castris exercitum educunt." "Cæsar and Pompey *both* take to themselves different counsels, and on the same day *both* [= either or each] of them lead their army out of the camp." In the first *both*, Cæsar and Pompey are taken together, and regarded as an unity; in the second, they are resolved again into the two individuals which form the pair.

We have already mentioned the parallel form *beide*, we now give the true derivation of *both*. It is nothing more nor less than the Northumbrian or Scandinavian *bádir*, pronounced *bothir*. In the course of time the *-ir* of the plural has been rubbed off, but "*both*" has remained. With this simple derivation from a word which is plural in form, and which is only dual in sense by a confusion as to the notion of a dual, all Dr. Latham's transcendental logic disappears, and instead of having to fall back on the somewhat apocryphal Saxon "*bá tvá*," for though Dr. Latham reads "*bá*" without an accent, it has one as well as "*tvá*," we have our "*both*" made to our hands. It is no slight confirmation of this view that the old English genitive *bother* or *botheres*, quoted by Grimm under *beide*, exactly answers to the old Norse masculine genitive *bádra*, pronounced *bothra*, which is sometimes found, though less often than the common genitive for all genders, *beggja*.

After BAIT the substantive, and BAIT the verb active in the sense to bait a horse, Dr. Latham puts a query to show his ignorance of their derivations. The substantive comes from the Icelandic substantive *beita*, in the sense of a bait for fish, and to bait a horse from the verb *beita*, to turn out to grass, which again comes from *beit*, grazing-ground, or the act of grazing itself. To bait a horse then was originally to turn a horse into a meadow, when horses were fed on grass alone, as they still are in Iceland. Now that we feed them on corn, to bait a horse means to give him a feed of oats. We may add that *beita*, which is akin to *bíta* to bite, is pronounced "baita."

But there is another verb to BAIT, older and more savage. It also comes from a verb *beita*, the same in form, but with a different sense. Used in poetry first of violent action of any kind, as of exciting to blows or sword-strokes, it came afterwards to mean to throw any one to the beasts, as in the expression, *at beita einhvern hundum til bana*, "to bait or torment any one to death by dogs." Hence came our bear and bull baits. Dr. Latham, in despair about the true derivation of the word, tells us it comes from the French word *battre* = "to beat down," but, as we have shown, it has nothing to do either with *battre* or *beat*.

From this same *beita*, to urge on, comes another English verb, which Dr. Latham has classed with BEAT, which he says comes from the Anglo-Saxon *beatan*. We should have thought indeed that all the English "beats" came from the savage "*beita*," to strike, drive on, urge on, bait; but be it so; if there be an Anglo-Saxon *beatan*, let it be the father of all our "beats," save the one we are about to rescue. This is "beat" in the sense of "tacking," which Dr. Latham says means "striving against the wind:" so it does, but by tacking; in no other way. In Egillson's Dictionary we find *beita skipi, navem obliquo vento obliquare*, and absolutely without "*skipi*" *beita, obliquo vento navigare*. When the adventurous Earl Rognvald of Orkney set off with his chiefs for the Holy Land, sailing all the way from Kirkwall to Acre in Palestine, he was caught in a storm off the Durham coast, and being a good "skáld" as well as a bold sailor, he burst forth into extempore verse on the occasion:—

"Off the muddy mouth of Wear,
Out the boom to beat we bear."

In the original:—

"Ut berum ás at beita."

Furthermore, when in shooting a dog beats a field, he does it by crossing backwards and

forwards, and to beat a cover is to go up and down through it.

So again because a ship tacks, it is called "*beit*" and "*beiti*," and a sea-king is called "*beitir*," unless indeed the derivation went the other way, and *beita*, to beat or tack, came from *beit*, a ship. But there can be no doubt that to "*beat*," as a nautical term, came from the Scandinavian *beita*, pronounced, be it remembered, "*baita*."

While we are thinking of the sea, let us say a few words about AGAR, which Dr. Latham tells us is the same as "*Eagre*," reserving himself, we suppose, for that word to say more about it. But as our review cannot wait for *Eagre*, we prefer to say something about "*Agar*," now, the more so as, except in the very interesting quotation from Lyly's *Galathea*, the Dictionary gives us no information at all about the word than that it is "rare." The following is the quotation:—

"He [Neptune] sendeth a monster called the *agar*, against whose coming the waters roare, the fowles fly away, and the cattle of the field, for terror, shun the banks."—*Lyly, Galathea*, i. 1.

This refers to the "*Agar*" or "*Eagre*" of the Trent and some other English rivers, in which at certain times of the tide a "bore" rises to the height of many feet. But why was it called "*Agar*" or "*Eagre*," and why, according to Lyly, does Neptune send this monster at whose approach all nature is so scared? Because the monster that Neptune sends is no other than a personification of Neptune himself. It is "*Ægir*," which you may call "*Agar*" or "*Eagre*" if you will, the great god of the sea himself, who thus leaves his own domain, and rushes up the rivers to affright the land. Fire and storm are his brothers, the rolling waves are his daughters, gold is called his flame. Rán is his wife. Hers are all those who are drowned, with them her wide hall is filled. He is in general a terrible god, but he is especially styled *Ægir Angla*, "the terror of the English." When he puts on his *Ægishjalmr*, "his helm of fear," he is so awful that the expression passed from him to all sorts of fear, and "to overshadow any one with *Ægir's* helm," came to be a term for giving any one what we should call "an awful fright." It is not at all certain that our "*Ogre*" does not come from him, for Ögr is another form of his terrible name. And so this *Ægir*, the god of the sea, has sunk to be the mere name of a high tide.

From Rán his wife, who catches the drowned in her net and holds them fast, but treats them well in her hall, we have a whole host of Scandinavian derivatives, all of which

relate to wrong and robbery, and robbers were called *ránarar*, and robbery "*rán*," from the goddess who stole the bodies of shipwrecked sailors. Some have sought her name in our "*ransack*," a word which stands alone in English, and is unintelligible till the connexion between it and its Scandinavian cousins is explained. To "*ransack*" is to search thoroughly, to leave no stone unturned to find anything out. It comes from the Icelandic "*rannsaka*," to make a legal inquiry, or *perquisition* as the French would say, in a house, and to search it from top to bottom for stolen goods or for offenders. The first part of the word is "*rann*," *ædes*, *domus*, and the last is the legal word *saka*, to accuse or proceed against any one at law, to have cause of action against any one. When in English we say "do this for my *sake*," we only mean do it "*because of me*," or "*in my cause*." From its legal sense it passed to an inquiry, but always with the notion of thoroughness and completeness, and our English "*ransack*" certainly implies turning everything topsy-turvy, very often with the idea of plunder added. With us it almost means to carry off as well as to search.

For ANGER Dr. Latham has no better derivation to propose than the Latin *angor* = distress. He defines it to be "indignation attended with irritation and mental disturbance," and he gives "pain" as its secondary sense. In doing this he has just reversed the history of the word. But first for its derivation. It is a true northern word, wanting so far as we know in Anglo-Saxon, and has come into English from Northumbria. In the earliest poetry of the North we find the neuter substantive *ángr*, *dolor*, *ægritudo*. Side by side with it we have the parallel and feminine substantive "*ángist*," answering to the old German *angust* and the modern German *angst*. The original meaning of all these words is grief that knows not which way to turn, from the root *angi* in old German, the new German *enge*, and the Gothic *aggrus*, where no doubt the double *g* was sounded *ng* as the double *k* in words already quoted. The Latin *angustus*, *anxius* for *angsius*, *angustia*, and *angor* are from the same root, expressing the sorrow which arises from being in a strait. *Bange*, as Grimm well points out, is from the same root, for *bange* is only *be-ange*, *be-engt*, that is, driven into a corner or strait. So much for the first stage of the meaning of this old word, at which the German and Latin stopped. In the North the meaning was carried further still. It is but a step, as we should say, from grief to wrath, and so we find in Northern poetry the masculine substantive *ángr* for *res*

molesta, *res ingrata*, and the verb *ángra*, governing both the dative and accusative. With the first the notion of grief or trouble seems still to prevail, as *hármr stránger fær mér ángrat*; "strong grief (harm) angers me," i.e., "troubles my mind;" while with the latter the notion of wrath is getting the better of grief. "*Ord thau, er ángra fyrda*," "those words that anger (enrage) the people." "*Thau thing of óngrudu thengil*." "Those things angered the king very much," where Egilsson translates "*regis animum exasperarunt*." From these words come very many derivatives. In English we have carried the notion of wrath further still, and have nearly suppressed the notion of grief in *anger*. But if any one will compare the word with "wrath," as both occur in our literature, he will soon see that "wrath" is a far hotter thing than "anger," which always presupposes a feeling of grief and vexation in the mind of the angered person; in wrath, on the other hand, the notion is rather that of a fierce and furious thirst for vengeance. Perhaps we may define them by saying that "anger" is wrath at rest, and "wrath" anger in action! *Anger* is the grief and vexation which sits in a strait with folded hands. *Wrath*, which also is from the North, from *reidi*, is up and doing; a wrathful man is a "ready" man, who avenges with his hands what his heart feels. The word probably comes from *reida*, *tollere*, *ferre*, *agere*, *movere*, and Egilsson, under *reidr* the adjective, while he gives its first meaning as *iracundus*, adds, that it can be as often as not rendered *alacer*, *magno ardore rem administrans*.

Under BEDRID and BEDRIDDEN Dr. Latham is again in error. "*Bedrid*," he tells us, comes from the Anglo-Saxon *bedrida*. We are ignorant of any such form, though we know many Icelandic forms by which the word might be explained. In that tongue there are a number of compounds which end in *-ridi* in the masculine and "*rida*" in the feminine, *atridi*, *ballridi*, *blakkridi*, etc., in all of which *ridi* means "he who rides" or "is carried." So too for the feminines there are, *kveldrida*, *myrkrida*, *túnrida*, etc., where *rida* means "she who rides" or "is carried." Thus *blakkridi* is "the man who rides on a black horse," while *kveldrida* is "the hag who rides at night." The termination comes from the intransitive *rida*, "to ride, or be carried," *equitare*, *vehor*. But besides this derivative, *-ridi* or *-rida*, *rida* has a past participle *ridinn*, which does not mean *ridden* in our sense, as when we say "a horse is ridden," but "one who has ridden," "who has been and is carried;" *qui vectus est vel fuit*, as Egilsson has it. Now whether *bedrida* be a Saxon form we know not,

but this we know, that as "*bedr*" is very good Icelandic for "bed," so *bedridi* or *bedrida* would be quite legitimately formed on the analogy of the words already quoted, the one meaning a "bedrid" man, the other a "bedrid" woman. That is, a man or woman who rests on a bed and is borne by it.

In the same way we may form, and not only form, but understand, "*bedridden*" from the masculine participle *bedridinn*, in Icelandic, a word formed on the analogy of "*rammridinn*," and many others. But, as we have already proved, the meaning of this "*bedridinn*" does not bear our passive sense of "*ridden*," as when we say a horse is "*ridden*," using the participle of the intransitive verb, all action ceases and rest takes its place. In other words, we regard the rider, him who sits or is borne on the horse, and not the horse. We say, therefore, in Icelandic, that a man "*ridr*," "rides." We also speak of him as *ridandi*, "riding," and as *ridinn*, "carried or borne on a horse." In modern English we generally use the transitive sense of the verb to ride as regards a horse; but yet we often use the intransitive in an expression sometimes thought vulgar, when we talk of "riding" in a coach; though it is just as good English to use "ride" as an intransitive as a transitive verb. We say "*bedridden*," and no one smiles, though few can explain it, but if we said *coachridden* or *horseridden*, every one would laugh. We use the participle of the transitive "to ride" when we say a country is *priestridden*, where we regard the country in the light of a horse who has got a rider on his back. *Ridden*, what is ridden? the country; who rides the country? a priest. Here the action is carried on. When, on the other hand, we say "*bedridden*," we use the participle intransitively. It is not the bed which rides the man, but the man who is borne by the bed. "*Bedrid*" and "*bedridden*" are therefore two equally good but distinct forms, the one is a termination meaning rest on some object, whether in motion or not, the other is a past participle of an intransitive verb, from which the termination also comes, meaning also rest on some animate or inanimate object. This is the true history of these forms. Of "*bedridden*" Dr. Latham tells us that it is "catachrestic for 'bedrid,' which is not a participle." In his temporary preface he tells us:—

"In a genuine catachresis, there must be not only an original error in language, but an error that is adopted, and held to be no error at all. Nor is this all. It must simulate a true form; in other words it must follow an analogy, though a wrong one."

No doubt there are many such forms based

on false analogies in English, but *bedrid* and *bedridden* are not of them. Nor do we think that Dr. Latham is always very happy in his attempts to explain phrases or idioms by what he calls a "catachresis." Take, for example, the following under "*all*." "I think that in some cases, especially in such phrases as 'lose one's all,' this sense may be a Latinism, catachrestic for *naulum* = passage-money, as in *furor est post omnia perdere naulum*." One would have thought that to lose "one's all" was sufficiently plain English to require no explanation at all, least of all such a far-fetched one as that just given.

"Apple-pie," under one of its idioms, is a catachresis, but is that any reason why the word should be altogether left out of the Dictionary, though the obsolete "*applemos*" is inserted? Under *APPLE*, too, why are we not told that in early English an "apple" was used of the fruit of any tree?—

"Impe on an ellere,
And if thine appul be swete,
Much wonder meseemeth,"

says Piers Plowman of an elder-tree, referring to the popular belief against that tree, which was supposed to be the kind of tree on which Judas went and hanged himself. We still talk of the fruit of the potato as "apples;" and we speak of "*gall-apples*" and "*oak-apples*," on the oak; we call fir-cones "*fir-apples*," so that even yet the practice has not quite gone out. Other nations, too, call the pupil "the apple of the eye" as well as we; thus, in Iceland, "*sjónepfi*," "the sight-apple," for the pupil, and just as we used "apple" for any fruit, they used oak, *eik*, for any tree.

The word "apple," of which Dr. Latham does not even give the Anglo-Saxon equivalent, *æppel*, plural, *æpple*, is one of the most widely spread and interesting words in English. It stands with its cognates in the Celtic, Slavonic, German, and Lithuanian tongues well defined against the *malum* and *pomum* of the Greeks and Romans, and it means any round, full-hanging fruit in general, though it is commonly limited to the fruit of the apple-tree. It holds its own against the classical tongues, in the same way as "ape," German "*affe*," Old Norse, "*api*," stood up for their own against *simius* and *simia*, French *singe*. "Ape" probably means the "gaping," "wide-mouthed beast," just as *simius*, from the Greek *σιμος*, means the "snub-nosed beast." Much more comparative philology, and of the most interesting kind, might be spent on these two words, but of one Dr. Latham, who spends so much powder on a flash in the pan on *Both*, gives no derivation at all; of the other, he merely tells us it comes from the Anglo-Saxon *apa*.

Having put forward the claims of APPLE-PIE, we should like to ask what "apple-pie order" is? Does it mean in order or in disorder? We rather incline to the latter, and think it means, or meant originally, in a muddle. We think, too, it is a "catachresis," to use a favourite term of Dr. Latham's, and that it has nothing to do with "apple" or "pie" in the common sense of the words. We believe it to be a typographical term, and that it was originally "*Chapel pie*." A printing-house was and is to this day called a Chapel—perhaps from the Chapel at Westminster Abbey, in which Caxton's earliest works are said to have been printed, and "pie" is type after it is "distributed" or broken up, and before it has been re-sorted. "Pie" in this sense came from the confused and perplexing rules of the "Pie," that is, the order for finding the lessons in Catholic times, which those who have read or care to read the Preface to the "Book of Common Prayer," will find there expressed and denounced. Here is the passage:—"Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the Pie, and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out." To leave your type in "pie" is to leave it unsorted and in confusion, and "apple-pie order," which we take to be "chapel-pie order," is to leave anything in a thorough mess. Those who like to take the other side and assert that "apple-pie order" means in perfect order, may still find their derivation in "Chapel-pie," for the ordering and sorting of the "pie" or type is enforced in every "chapel" or printing-house by severe fines, and so "chapel-pie order" would be such order of the type as the best friends of the Chapel would wish to see.

Why too when the ALMUG trees that Hiram brought from Ophir for the Temple are mentioned, are the unhappy ALGUM trees in the parallel passage in the Book of Chronicles not given? One has as much right to a place in the Dictionary as the other; perhaps "Algum" rather than "Almug," which we think were decidedly not "almond" trees, *amygdala*, as Dr. Latham suggests, for no almond-tree is of value for timber.

Why too when inserting AIT as a small island in a river, and referring us to *eyot* for further information, does he not tell us that the "t" in this little word is one of the remains of Scandinavian forms in English? The original of the word is "ey" an island—not necessarily a small island, but any island. But *ait* is something more than "island" or an island, it is *the* island, "ey-it."

It being a peculiarity of the Scandinavian tongues to make the definite article a suffix, thus—*madr*, man, *madrinn*, the man, *ey*, island, *eyit*, the island, *eyit*, *eyt*, and then *ait*, which again is pronounced just as the Icelandic original. We daresay Dr. Latham will deny this Scandinavian origin, and assert that "*eyot*" is only a little "ey," the *ot* being a diminutive termination, but he will have hard work to make "*ait*" out of the Anglo-Saxon *ea*, or when he has so derived it to give a more plausible account of the "t" than that just given.

ADVENTURE, another very interesting word, is dismissed most dryly by Dr. Latham. He tells us it comes from the French *aventure*, that its first meaning is "accident, chance, hazard," and its second "haphazard," or when it is preceded by "at all," the combination *at all adventures*. Here, again, we have the first meaning of the word entirely missed. Before "adventure" came to mean "chance," "accident," or "hazard," it meant the setting out on some search of a doubtful and dangerous result, on a daring "quest" of strange and uncertain event; on a deed of daring, whether in religion, love, or war. Such searches, quests, and deeds, formed the pastime of Arthur, "the blameless king," and the great champions of his Table Round. An "adventure" in this sense was a plunge from the dull routine of everyday life into the unknown realms of chivalry and romance. Around it hung the charm of novelty and mystery. It might be followed by risk; those who went out on it might be the playthings of blind chance, and it might end in accident or death; but these were only the consequences of an "adventure," not the adventure itself, which belonged altogether to a higher and nobler nature than that which makes danger or accident, or death itself, the first consideration of a man. Sir Galahad's search for the "Holy Graal," the hallowed cup of the sacrament, was an "adventure" in this its first sense. The "Aunters of Arthur," that is, the Adventures of Arthur, published by the Camden Society, are a series of such quests, and Dr. Latham under the letter A, might have given *Aunter* for Adventure, as well as *Anchor* for *Anchoret*.

But besides these "adventures" of religion and knight-errantry, there were those of love. Lancelot's dealings with Guinivere were *adventures*, and so were the tender passages between Tristan and Isolde. So far was this spirit of adventure carried by the German poets, that they personified the notion, and called her "Lady Adventure," *Frau Aventure*, as Grimm has well shown in his little essay, "*Frau Aventure klöpft an Beneke's Thür*." We too still talk of "adventures"

in love and in war, and though we use *peradventure* as equivalent to "perhaps" and so rather regard the chance and accident, which are the secondary meanings of the word, we have not yet altogether lost our feeling for its original sense. So we talked, too, of "adventurers," as when Sir John Davis says in the passage quoted by Dr. Latham, that Ireland was conquered by "adventurers and other voluntaries who came to seek their fortune." Now, we rather use the word as one who has nothing to lose, and therefore is ready to run all risks; but *adventurous* is still synonymous with courage and daring, and Macaulay talks of "men of steady and 'adventurous' courage," in the highest sense. To treat a word so full of poetry, and with such a history, in this dull prosaic way, is not only to rob a dictionary of one of its greatest charms, but also to treat the word itself with the greatest injustice.

Under BLUSTEROUS, Dr. Latham, again led away by Mr. Wedgwood and the bow-wow theory, labours to show that in the combination "bl" we have a number of words formed on the "onomatopœic" or "imitative" principle. We have no desire to ignore the bow-wow theory altogether, but a theory, like a horse or a donkey, may be ridden or driven to death. In other words, we believe that other principles than the "imitative" lie under language. So therefore though one may admit that "blow" and "blast" and "bluster" may be formed on the imitative principle, we should be inclined to deny that "blaze" or "blush" are formed on the same principle as "blow" and "blast." Dr. Latham says that BLAZE is "a rush of flame," as if the first notion in the word was the draught of air which sends up a blaze of flame. But this draught of air or rush of flame appears in none of his quotations. He then brings forward another substantive "blaze," with the sense "mask, blazon," and quotes Cowley's Account of the Plagues of Egypt, in which he says that the sacred ox had "*a square 'blaze' on his forehead.*" This "blaze" on the forehead of Apis ought to have opened Dr. Latham's eyes as to the true meaning of both his substantives, for as he sometimes rolls two words into one, he has here cut one into two. A "blaze" on the forehead of any animal is a *white* stripe down the face. Blair Athole, the winner of the Derby this year, had such a "blaze," and the "blaze" of a fire is only white flame, as opposed to red flame. We turn to our Icelandic, and there we find that "blesi" is the name for a horse with a "blaze," and "blesa" the name for a mare with such a mark. We also find an adjective "blesótttr," for a blazed horse. These words would be pronounced as if spelled "blazi," "blaza,"

and "blazótttr." The notion of whiteness is therefore fixed, but "blesta" is also "iron at a white heat," where we have the notion of whiteness and fire combined. But what is fire at a red heat, it may be asked, if "blaze" is fire at a white heat? We have the word, though in English we only use it in a secondary sense. It is BLUSH, which Dr. Latham says comes from the Saxon *ablisian*; its meaning, he says, is "to betray shame or confusion by a red colour." But why do we call this red colour a "blush?" Because "blossi" is the Icelandic or Northumbrian for "red flame," and we know that it was also applied to what we should now call a blush. When old Egil Skallagrim's son, the famous Icelander who stood so stoutly by Athelstane at the battle of Brunanburgh, was dying of extreme old age, and his feet were icy cold, he said, as he tried to warm his heels at the fire, "These widows have need to blush." But "hæl," the Icelandic for "heel," is also a poetic word for a "widow," and so, by a play of words, he meant "these heels have need of the fire." From "blossi" we have "blossa," to flame, to burn red; and "blys," pronounced "blus," a torch. It is from this family of words, and not from "ablisian," that we get our "blush," which contains the notion of red, while "blaze" is the very word for "white flame."

Here we must stop, not certainly because we have no more fault to find, but because we have found enough to prove our point. Johnson's Dictionary was a wonderful work, and so no doubt was Noah's Ark; both answered their end well when they were first made, but neither would suit the wants of our time. In Johnson, the etymology was almost invariably wrong, the quotations insufficient and often ill-chosen, and the explanations absurd; that is to say, "wrong," "insufficient," "ill-chosen," and "absurd" for our age. A hundred years ago, when men knew no better, they passed muster, nay, they were beyond the knowledge of the world. But the world goes on, science spreads, we are wiser than our forefathers, we know more about ourselves and our language. Regions of thought and learning, of which they never dreamt, lie stretched before us; our old guides no longer stand us in good stead; they must be mended, or we shall have to hurl them behind us to the moles and bats. Here too the words of warning ring in our ears, "let the dead bury their dead." Something might have been made of Johnson's Dictionary, if the etymology had been wholly re-written, the quotations multiplied and arranged in order of time, and the definitions rendered more reasonable. Whether the work so handled would have been Johnson's Dictionary or not, is quite another question.

To some minds it would have been like the knife which, after having six new blades and five new handles, is said to be still the same knife; but to others it would still have been Johnson's Dictionary. In the present edition we have almost every one of Johnson's errors and Todd's absurdities, with others which neither Johnson nor Todd would have committed. The truth lies in a simple sentence: Johnson was before his age; Dr. Latham is behind it. The one knew many things of which no one else was aware, and so his work brought light to their eyes; the other seems not to be aware of many things which every one who has any right to call himself a philologist must know, and thus his work serves rather to blind than to enlighten. Johnson's etymology we now see to be entirely wrong, but it was the best the age afforded. We now see in it nothing but confusion; but Dr. Latham's is confusion worse confounded. In this notice we have mainly striven to show how, after the long battle between the dialects which followed the Conquest, the Northumbrian or Scandinavian form of speech gained the day in many expressions over the West Saxon; and having established this fact, we have shown the mistakes into which Dr. Latham has fallen, by referring such expressions to pure Saxon forms. In all cases where the Northumbrian forms are nearer to our modern English equivalents than the parallel Saxon forms, we have thought that the Northumbrian, and not the Saxon, is the source whence they have sprung; but we have also shown that many of these Saxon forms which Dr. Latham brings forward are either imaginary, or so overstrained as to answer to the modern English neither in sound nor sense. We have already shown that he is not happy when he has to explain a purely Norse word like "anger;" and under BOULDER the reader of the Dictionary will find a most absurd attempt to explain a very simple word. "*Boulder*," Dr. Latham derives from the Swedish "*bauta-sten*." Now, what is this Swedish "*Bauta-sten*?" It is almost letter for letter with the old Norse "*bautasteinn*;" which again is a compound formed from *bauti*, a warrior, derived from the old verb "*bauta*," akin to *beita* and our "*beat*," "slay." "*Bauta-steinn*," and the Swedish "*bauta-sten*," are nothing more nor less than the "standing-stones" so common in Scotland and the North, which were set up to mark the spot where a brave warrior had fallen in fight and lay buried. As if to distinguish them more thoroughly from "boulder," they are, almost without exception, stones cleft as the strata lie, and however much they may be weathered, they still show the ragged edge which marks the handiwork of man. They

are the earliest tombstones which the north can show. But what is "boulder?" Let Dr. Latham answer. It is a "fragment of rock, which has partially lost its angularity after removal from its original site." Just so; it is a block of stone *rounded* by the water and ice which have borne it from its native bed. This *roundness* is the notion which is contained in the word. Its northern original may be found in the Icelandic "*böllr*," the Danish "*bold*," and Swedish "*ball*," and our English "*ball*," which Dr. Latham derives from the French "*balle*," but which probably came from Northumbrian "*böll*," or "*baul*," as the word seems to be wanting in Anglo-Saxon. Be that as it may, "boulder" has certainly nothing to do with "*bauta-sten*," and as certainly means a round water-worn rock.

ARK, again, Dr. Latham derives from the Latin "*arca*," adding that it was "introduced during the Anglo-Saxon period."* Yes! no doubt during the Anglo-Saxon period, but by the Anglo-Saxons themselves, who brought it with them into the land. It is a very old word. Gothic, *arka*; old High German, *archa*; modern German, *arche*; Anglo-Saxon, *earc*; old Norse, *örk* genitive *arkar*, and *ask* for *ark*; English, *ark*. The Latin *arca* is only cognate, and has nothing to do with the derivation of our English word. Its first meaning is *chest*, *coffer*, *bin*, as we have it in the Bible in the "ark" of the Tabernacle, and the "ark" of bulrushes on which Moses was exposed as a child; but because the ship which Noah built was like a huge box or chest, it was called an *ark*. Dr. Latham, as usual, has confused his quotations by placing Noah's ark first, and by adding the meaning of "chest" at the end. The word, he admits, is still used in that sense in the northern counties; and those who agree with us rather than with him, will see in our "ark" a pure Northumbrian form, which, both in spelling and sound, has ousted the West-Saxon "*earc*" or "*yark*."

We are curious to see what Dr. Latham will make of such undoubted Norse words as "threshold," which has as much to do with "threshing" and "holding," as the German "*armbrust*" from "*arcubalista*," has to do with "arm" and "brust." *Costermonger*, too, is a philological nut, and cannot be ignored, as the word is used by Shakspeare. An English Dictionary is a task not lightly to be attempted, and one may break one's neck at every step. Such a work, therefore, should be treated with forbearance in minor faults, and we are not inclined to make much of such confusing errors of the press as

* "*Earce innan*."—*Cædus Thorpi*, p. 82.

"Van Harmer's *History of the Assassins*," where Von Hammer Purgstall, the great Oriental scholar, is turned into a name which, under a Dutch form, reminds us of a distinguished Old Bailey attorney and thief-catcher, who was also an Alderman of London.

But, on the whole, we may say, that if the parts of this Dictionary which have yet to appear are not a great improvement, both in etymology, quotation, and arrangement, on these six which have already seen the light, this new edition of Johnson's Dictionary will not only be the worst Johnson, but one of the worst Dictionaries that the world can show.

ART. III.—LITURGICAL REFORM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Debates in Parliament. v.x.

Special Address of the Association for Promoting a Revision of the Prayer-Book, 1862.

No candid observer can regard without disquietude the present position of the Church of England. She is labouring in a sea of troubles, and none can discern any sure promise of a serene future. Uncertainty surrounds her doctrine; the authority of her judicatories has been rudely impugned; her discipline is defective; and her formularies are a cause of offence to many of her most zealous children. This state of things does not affect the south alone. The good or evil fortunes of the Church of England are matters of interest to us all. It concerns every denomination in Great Britain; nay, it concerns Protestants, in whatever country they may live, that the mischiefs which disturb her should be faced, their causes examined, and the remedies for them, if remedies are possible, found out. It is not our present purpose to enter upon questions of doctrine, or of Church judicatories. Of Essays and Reviews, or of the authority of the Privy Council, we shall say not a word. We shall confine ourselves to matters, less weighty indeed, but yet of abundant importance—the Liturgy and Formularies, and the Discipline of the English Church. These points are worthy of all consideration for their own sakes, and, moreover, it is only when our southern friends shall have succeeded in putting them on a satisfactory footing that they will be able to grapple with those deeper and more complex questions which at present so disturb their

Church, and of which a solution seems so remote. Reform, too, with regard to these minor points, appears to be now within their reach; and prudence would surely dictate that they should apply themselves with all zeal to improvements which are feasible, which are highly expedient in themselves, and which will prove of the utmost service as leading up to more arduous undertakings.

The attention of Parliament has of late been seriously directed to the acknowledged difficulties of the Burial Service of the Church of England. In the course of the debates which have taken place on this subject, a most important admission was made, if not in express words, at least by implication.

The principle of *non-infallibility* was applied to the Prayer-book by no less an authority than the Primate of the English Church, who openly avowed the incompatibility of the clerical functions in certain cases with the requirements of the law. It matters not this admission may have been much qualified, both then and since; dictated as it was by the well-known candour and sincerity of the most reverend Primate, it will probably prove to have been the real turning-point of a crisis in Church reform, and cannot fail to be looked upon, both by liturgical revisionists, and by those who advocate an improved state of discipline among the clergy, as a happy omen for the consideration of questions which are still more important than the objections urged against the offices for the dead, and which still more deeply affect the peace, efficiency, and future welfare of the Church of England.

For it would be idle to speak of the Burial Service as the topic which, of its kind, receives the largest amount of interest; or which, if one were to be selected from the whole list of such matters, would, by its satisfactory solution, propitiate the largest number of objectors. The Burial Service may count the conscientious scruples to which it gives rise by hundreds; the *Baptismal Services* by thousands. It is these last which perplex vast numbers of pious and faithful Churchmen, and which constitute an almost insurmountable obstacle to Nonconformists. The words attributed to the late Archbishop Sumner forcibly describe the magnitude of the evil, and the facility of a remedy:—"I do not know what I may have said at any former time; but my opinion now is, that if I could be allowed to alter *twenty* words in the Prayer-book, I could bring 20,000 Dissenters into the Church!" At the present moment complaints are loudest against the Burial Service; but the cry for reform which has arisen upon this single point, undoubt-

edly represents a long pent-up desire for a revision of those formularies, which restrict the latitude of opinion held allowable by the law of England upon the subject of Baptismal Regeneration, and which seem to exceed, in dogmatic assertion and in positiveness of language, the statements of the Thirty-nine Articles themselves.

The demand for alteration in the Burial Service must therefore be considered as necessarily involving other and yet more important changes. The propriety of this course will probably make itself more and more apparent to those who have undertaken to apply a remedy to existing grievances. There must be a due proportion always between the work to be done and the machinery for doing it. The appointment of a Royal Commission to consider nothing more than how the Burial Service might best be amended, would, even if clogged with no conditions, be a violation of this principle; but the language used by the Primate in assenting to such a step, if correctly reported, seems to point at conditions which leave no hope of any worthy result even as regards this service itself. The archiepiscopal consent is to be given only upon the supposition that there is to be *no alteration in the words* of the service; and as the objections to the Burial Office do raise distinctly the question of altering or omitting some half-dozen words, which are the gist of all the conscientious scruples involved, what good will come of an inquiry so limited in its scope and end? It is vain to expect that the deliberations of such a commission would lead to any settlement of the question, or indeed to any useful result whatever, save, perhaps, that the futility of its labours might bring out in a yet more striking light the imperative necessity for some verbal alterations. But the application of a large and cumbrous machinery to a single object of such comparative insignificance, would be, in any case, of very doubtful propriety. It is hardly probable that any statesmen would be found to aid in the undertaking, or that the Episcopal Bench would be induced seriously to apply themselves to an inquiry which presents no one hopeful feature. The more thoughtful among our legislators might feel, that real harm may be done to the Church of England by an inadequate treatment of these questions, and that it would be better and wiser to deal with the whole case, as put forward by the friends of a moderate revision of the Prayer-book, than to lose time, and incur the risk of strife and troubles, for what at best could only end in an imperfect settlement of a minor point in a great subject.

One long-standing objection to a compre-

hensive inquiry into the claims of English Church reformers has been the want of some well-defined statement of the reforms proposed. In this respect the Central London "Association for promoting a Revision of the Prayer-Book and a Review of the Acts of Uniformity" has rendered real service, by gathering up into a small compass,* and by expressly stating, the main points upon which there is a general agreement. These points are reduced to *seven* in number: and of these, some are merely rubrical. It would seem, therefore, that no further statement is necessary to refute the objection which attributes vagueness and indefiniteness to liturgical reformers. The Council of the above-named Association comprises the names of influential noblemen, clergymen,

* *Extract from the Special Address of the Council, adopted March 11, 1862:*

II. With respect to the Daily and Occasional Services:—

1. The substitution, in the *Service for Ordering Priests*, of a precatory form for the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," etc.; and the removal of the clause, "Whose soever sins thou dost forgive," etc. These words formed no part of the ordinals of the Western Church for at least the first thousand years of the Christian era, and at this moment are not found in the rituals of the Greek and Eastern Churches.

2. Such a modification of the *Baptismal Services* as will relieve the minister from the necessity of asserting that the baptized person is thereby regenerate, with such verbal alteration in the *Catechism* and *Order of Confirmation* as will bring these formularies into more complete harmony with the freedom of opinion which has been legally declared permissible within the Established Church. Also the optional use of vicarious stipulations on behalf of children to be baptized, with permission to parents to undertake all needful responsibilities for their own children.

3. The form of absolution in the *Service for the Visitation of the Sick* to be assimilated to the declaration of pardon in the Morning and Evening Prayer, or to the form of absolution in the Communion Service.

4. Such amendments in the *Burial Service* as may render it more universally appropriate.

5. The optional use of the *Athanasian Creed*, with or without the damnatory clauses. Also the power of omitting a part or the whole of the *Commination Service*, and of abbreviating the *Service for the Solemnization of Matrimony*.

6. The separation of services originally distinct, so as to detach the Litany and Communion Service from being of necessity part and parcel of the Morning Prayer on Sundays and other holy days; as well as permission to the minister to make use of certain portions of the Prayer-book for Afternoon or Evening Service on Sundays, when both are held in the same church, and for any extra week-day service.

7. The restoration to the minister of the discretionary power he formerly possessed* of occasionally substituting for the appointed Lessons some others which he may consider more appropriate.

* See the Preface to the Second Book of Homilies.

and laymen of the Church of England; and we may fairly assume, that the "Seven Points" specially put forward by them represent the cases of the majority among revisionists. These points involve no extravagant or violent changes in the services of the English Church, and no changes at all in her fundamental doctrines; while, on the other hand, they are of sufficient difficulty to demand all the care and labour which any commission could bestow upon them, and of sufficient extent, as it seems to us, to give room for a well-grounded hope that, should they be honestly and openly discussed and settled, many of the evils which at present trouble and grievously weaken the Church of England will disappear. We may surely, then, expect from our statesmen that they will not shrink from the fair and impartial examination of matters which have now been singled out, as it were by general consent, as causes of offence to a large body in the English Church. Signs, indeed, are not wanting that those statesmen whose names are especially connected with the cause of political reform, are preparing to recognise ecclesiastical matters as coming within the general principles by which they have been guided, and that they see the anomaly of applying a doctrine of finality to Church affairs, while, as regards all other institutions, they would deem it an absurdity to refuse to admit the necessity of change and timely renovation. One favourable symptom of the increasing favour with which such subjects are likely to be received, is the progress in the House of Lords of those questions with which the name of Lord Ebury is connected. Whereas formerly a motion for the appointment of a Royal Commission could with difficulty find a seconder, now a comparatively full house is at any time ready to enter into a discussion upon the Burial Service or the Subscriptions of the Clergy, and more than one of the leading peers have committed themselves to the opinion, that the advocates of liturgical revisions have a case which entitles them to an attentive hearing, and which deserves the most careful consideration.

Nevertheless it rests with the hierarchy of the Church of England to secure the success of any really efficacious measures of relief. The opposition or disfavour of the Episcopal Bench, might, under some circumstances, be disregarded; but in the case of those temperate reforms, which depend rather upon argument and justice than upon any loudly-expressed feeling out of doors, it would be vain to disguise from ourselves the utter improbability that our statesmen will ever initiate a movement to which the bishops

were averse. On the whole, looking at the present constitution of the Episcopal Bench, we shall probably not err in assuming that the strong views which have been expressed by some leading liberal statesmen will have great effect, and that a majority of the hierarchy would afford their co-operation to the Government of Lord Palmerston, in any well-considered attempt to improve the discipline and formularies of the Church of England. Dr. Baring, the present Bishop of Durham, in a charge delivered in a former diocese, has placed upon record his adhesion to the cause. The Bishop of London occupies an intermediate position: "Change is not to be repudiated in itself," he says, "but the *onus probandi* devolves upon the advocates of reform." The Bishop of Ripon, who appears to be under a misapprehension, holds back, because "the advocates of revision have not, so far as he is aware, given any precise statement of the change which they would wish to see adopted!" The Bishop of Carlisle leans notably towards an alteration of the words in the Burial Service. One of the first acts, as a bishop, of the present enlightened Primate of the Northern Province, was to promote to a benefice in a former diocese a clergyman who was chiefly known as an able and frequent writer upon the revision of the Liturgy. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself has done something, during his short tenure of the primacy, to establish the necessity of some moderate measures of Church reform. Upon the whole, there is no need to fear the strenuous opposition of the few, who are committed to the policy of "*non possumus*." Living prelates, who are favourably disposed, may call to their side the names of those who in times gone by, like Tillotson, Stillingfleet, or Tenison, urged the propriety of those temperate reforms, which the lapse of time seemed to them to have even then rendered necessary. In fact, action in this matter seems to us to be now not a matter of choice. Safety can no longer be found in silence. The *quieta non movere* principle is no longer becoming; hardly, we think, longer possible. It is no light thing, in these days, that the teaching of the Church of England can be assailed by any man as inconsistent or obscure: and to remove this evil, even at the risk of some danger, is a work from which the most timid should not shrink, and to which the holiest and most learned may aspire.

It was only through the determined and factious opposition of the Lower House of Convocation, in the reign of William and Mary, that the following measures were nipped in the bud, and, as has proved the case, indefinitely postponed:—

1. Ceremonies to be left indifferent.
2. To review the Liturgy, and remove all grounds of exception; to leave out Apocryphal lessons, and to correct the translation of the Psalms.
3. Ministers only to subscribe *one* general declaration of submission to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England, and promise to teach and practise accordingly.
4. To make a new body of Canons.
5. To regulate the Ecclesiastical Courts.
6. That those who have been ordained in any of the Reformed Churches be not required to be reordained to render them capable of preferment in the Church.
7. But none to be capable of ecclesiastical preferment that shall be ordained in England otherwise than by bishops.

One or two of these propositions would perhaps at the present day sound like anachronisms; but the simple fact, that liberal and enlightened Churchmen in the year 1689 were constrained to offer such a scheme of ecclesiastical reform, constitutes in itself an abundant justification for the revival of the recommendations of the Royal Commission (consisting of ten bishops and twenty other divines), which was at that time appointed "to prepare such alterations in the Liturgy and Canons, and to draw up such proposals for the reformation of Ecclesiastical Courts, as might most conduce to the good order, edification, and unity of the Church of England; and to the reconciling as much as possible all differences." When it is recollected moreover, that the several previous revisions of the Prayer-book since the Reformation, had been all in a direction retrograding from the purity of the Protestant faith, and that the excesses of Popery under Mary, and the extravagances of the long Parliament, consequent upon the imprudent zeal of the divines of the school of Archbishop Laud, paved the way for the high-handed legislation of Sheldon and his associates in the reign of Charles II., it is natural to expect, that those who are acquainted with the history of the violent shocks and reactions to which the Church of England has been subjected, will not be satisfied until the defects which have descended to the present generation shall have received the careful and impartial consideration of the highest authority.

Touching matters of discipline and of order, it will not be difficult to demonstrate the necessity which exists for the interference of Government. The labours of a Royal Commission should be by no means limited to liturgical subjects. We may look forward to the time when it will be no longer possible for clerical monomaniacs to defy entire con-

gregations and parishes, and even their dioceses, by an appeal to canons or rubrics which have become obsolete. It is not to be endured, in a Church which purports to be the *National Establishment*, that an individual clergyman is to be at liberty to indulge in singularities and eccentricities, which have the effect of scattering his charge like sheep without a shepherd. The disputes connected with St. Barnabas' and St. George's-in-the-East in London, Claydon in Norfolk, and other places, are unfortunately impressed upon all our memories; and it must be admitted that there is a lamentable vagueness, in the rubrics and other regulations affecting the conduct of public worship, which affords only too much ground for the assumption of that virtual independence of authority which characterizes those clergymen who are bent, before all other things, upon asserting the powers of an incumbent. It is, moreover, generally quite safe to defy the interference of the ordinary, owing to the expense of proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts. It is no trifling matter for a bishop to call to order a priest with high-flown notions of his office; for should the inferior prove refractory, the bishop must pay pretty handsomely for the luxury of doing his duty. It is not always that an excitement can be produced such as that connected with the recent proceedings taken by the Bishop of Salisbury against Dr. Williams. Admiring friends and sympathizers do not always stand by ready to pay the bill. In most cases which call for episcopal interference, the causes are more or less hidden from the public; and, if it were otherwise, it would be unreasonable that any bishop should be made to depend upon the voluntary support which might or might not be forthcoming. When cases of immorality occur among the clergy, the hardship of the position of the bishop becomes yet more apparent. If, without professional advice, he takes a single step amid the mysteries of ecclesiastical law, he may suddenly find himself defendant in an action for damages; if he calls in professional advice, his call will not be *for nothing* in any sense of the words. A bishop, in such circumstances, may, with more truth than any man, apply to himself the saying of the wit who declared that he had been twice ruined in his life, once when he *lost* a suit, and once when he *gained* one. Not that we mean to insinuate that any bishop of the Church of England would shrink, on merely personal grounds, from incurring risk and expense in the discharge of his duty; but we do mean to say that no man should be placed in a position where duty so clearly conflicts with interest. A bishop, less than most men, can afford to speculate in such matters: his income

is generally not more than sufficient to enable him to maintain an establishment suitable to his rank, and to support the charities in his diocese and elsewhere. It is a grave point for the consideration of our rulers, that there is no fund properly available for the legal expenses to which a diocesan may become liable.

Furthermore, the position of the clerical delinquent himself calls for a measure of relief and justice. There is a claim, which he on his side may put forward, in respect of a false position. The whole body of the Christian community would be gainers if he could be heard; his proved immorality has deprived him of all influence for good as a minister of the gospel, but why should he be prohibited by the law from betaking himself to any other sphere of employment? Why should a man, who cannot possibly be employed with advantage in one occupation, be prevented from obtaining an honest livelihood in another? Is there not an urgent need of some means of escape into the ordinary working world for clerical offenders? Those who maintain the absolute indelibility of holy orders will at once reply to these questions with a direct negative; but common sense revolts from such a conclusion. What can be said in answer to a clergyman, whom it may be thought fit to remove from a cure of souls, when he asks, "Where am I to go?" "What am I to do?" "Why, at least, do you thus fetter me when you cast me out upon the world?" There is little practical wisdom in quoting the maxim, "Once a priest, always a priest," and in alleging that the inconvenience and discomfort of the delinquent is the unavoidable penalty which attaches to the culpable breach of ordination vows, and to the light-minded and unworthy exercise of the most sacred functions. Such a view shuts out any allowance for the infirmities of human nature, and therefore defeats its own end. Its harshness is revolting to compassionate and gentle dispositions, and leads to the unhappy, though excusable result, that delinquencies are not unfrequently overlooked or condoned, because the punishment is greater than can be borne—with how much mischief to the Church, readers can easily conceive.

We have space for but a few sentences regarding two wide-spread forms of mischief—the present system of testimonials, and those pious frauds which gently evade "the detestable sin" of *simony*. Upon the latter point, it is a mere truism to state that few know what the law of *simony* is; and that those who understand it best have best learned how to defeat it. In practice, certain respectable and conventional arrange-

ments are allowed to pass unchallenged, and, in plain English, the result is that the whole body of law on this subject is utterly ineffective. It would be no less advantageous to the laity than to the clergy that the legal requirements with respect to presentations should be reviewed, and well-considered principles made to prevail over the obsolete letter of the law. With regard to forms of testimonials, it may be laid down as an incontrovertible proposition, that they should be *positive*, not, as at present, negative and quite ambiguous. The total inefficiency of the present form of testimonials by three beneficed clergymen (in some cases the counter-signature of a bishop is also required) has been illustrated by many painful instances. A clergyman may have been guilty of grievous faults, even of crimes, and this may be well known to his brethren of the clergy, and in particular to the bishop; but yet, under cover of a three years' certificate, he is enabled to acquire letters of recommendation, and to impose himself upon another diocese, upon the strength of the assurance that "at no time" have those who sign the testimonial "*ever heard*" that he lived "*otherwise than piously, soberly, and honestly.*" It cannot be expected that congregations will have due and undoubted security against bad appointments until the system of testimonials has undergone a careful scrutiny.

The foregoing remarks will not have been made in vain, if in any degree they conduce towards the conclusion, that both in respect of Church discipline and of the liturgical formularies, there is no lack of topics which demand the attention of our rulers. May it not be hoped that a temperate review of the laws which specially concern ecclesiastical polity, and a limited revision of the Prayer-book, would result in the retention of all that is substantial and truly valuable, while at the same time many obstacles to Christian union would be removed, and relief given to many a sensitive and oppressed conscience? If objects of this high importance can be compassed, through the collective wisdom and matured judgment of a Royal Commission, it behoves every sincere member of the Church of England to rejoice that a door has at length been opened, under plea of obviating the difficulties of the Burial Service, for applying a renovating hand to other matters, and that an earnest has thus been given that those in high places are not insensible to one of the first duties of the governors of a National Church, namely, to free that Church from those acknowledged stumblingblocks which cause the separation from it of any considerable portion of the

people, and to make it in deed and in truth *national*.

Surely it is unreasonable, upon every ground, that "the strait waistcoat" which, in the words of the late Archdeacon Hare, was "devised for men's consciences" in 1662, should be assumed to be a good and sufficient fit in 1864. Granted, for the sake of argument, that the Act of Uniformity was neither tyrannical nor iniquitous at the time, the clothes of a pigmy cannot be adapted to the frame of a full-grown man. England has shot far beyond the stature to which she had attained in the reign of the second Charles. The population has been ever increasing; and it cannot be supposed that the ministrations of the Church of England can be made to embrace the whole body of the people without being readapted to the growth of the nation in numbers, in intelligence, and in earnestness. The clerical harness is, in a word, too tight for the generation; the area of usefulness, on the other hand, is almost infinitely extended; and until these two facts become generally recognised, there can be little expectation that the Church of England will successfully hold her own in the altered circumstances which now surround her.

The Prayer-book itself is a witness that our forefathers were not disciples in the school of *finality*; witness the following wise and explicit declaration in the preface:—

"The particular forms of divine worship, and the rites and ceremonies appointed to be used therein, being things in their own nature *indifferent* and *alterable*, and so acknowledged; it is but reasonable that, upon weighty and important considerations, according to the various exigency of times and occasions, such changes and alterations should be made therein, as to those that are in place of authority should from time to time seem either necessary or expedient."

These words descend to English Churchmen in the mantle of truth which fell from the great Reformers. Shall they not prevail against timid fears that a door once opened may never be shut, and against ill-defined and unfounded notions of the nature of a Prayer-book? A misty theory of a sacred composition; ignorance of history; a want of acquaintance with the character of the revisions through which the Prayer-book has passed since the time of Cranmer,—these are poor weapons indeed with which to fight the battle of obstructiveness, and to overcome that case for moderate reform, which is founded upon practical, no less than theoretical arguments, and is commended to the wisdom and prudence of men now alive, by the warning voice of those revered fathers of the Church, who felt that no care on their part *could* have the effect of enabling them to foresee the

future, and to provide against its contingencies.

One obvious duty of a Royal Commission would be, to substitute for the present vague and incomplete reference to "the ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof," some plain rules for dress and celebration, to which every officiating clergyman would be obliged to conform. In the same spirit, it would probably be expedient to review the whole of the rubrics, and perhaps to substitute the term "Minister" for that of "Priest" in nearly every instance. As a general principle, little should be left to the personal discretion of a clergyman in the matter of ceremonial, although it would be advisable to invest him with certain powers of transposition, addition, and subtraction, so as to enable him to *extemporize* the means of grace, according to the requirements of any extraordinary position in which he may be placed. Thus it is manifestly undesirable that the Sunday Evening Service should be an exact repetition of the afternoon's, or that three distinct services in the morning should be always jumbled into one, or that a long course of prayers should necessarily precede the sermon. Good plain rubrical directions ought to meet the want, which is widely felt, of a power of variation. The holiest and most privileged act of divine worship may lose in dignity and in proper solemnity, if it is made the occasion of objectless repetitions. If these things could be accomplished, and if, further, certain important seasons of the year, as seed-time and harvest, should receive that special notice in the prayers which at present they cannot receive from want of proper authorization; if the influence of heretical teaching could be obviated by the introduction into the Church Catechism of a few plain questions and answers upon fundamental topics; if the vulgar misunderstandings, which are induced by the antique phraseology of the sponsorial vows in the Baptismal Office, could be dissipated by some wise alterations; if better provision could be made for the reading of the Holy Scriptures and the exclusion of the Apocrypha from the list of Proper Lessons; if the obligation to force the Athanasian Creed upon unwilling ears were removed; and last, but not least, if the Burial and Baptismal Offices should be so arranged as to preclude the necessity of mental reservation in the performance of ministerial functions,—a great advance would be made towards the removal both of objections from without, and of disquietude within the Church of England.

One quality which, more than most others, distinguishes an Englishman, is his love of straightforwardness. The absence of mental reservation in enunciating great religious

truths, is surely not less important than straightforwardness in secular matters; and if any such reservations can with truth be imputed to those who are especially charged with the public worship of God, the evil cannot well be exaggerated. Now is it not notorious that large numbers of the English clergy are enabled to maintain their positions only by means of reasoning and of arguments which, to say the least, are far-fetched and sophistical? Mr. Spurgeon lately aimed a well-pointed thrust at the evangelical clergy of the Church of England, and fairly charged them with inconsistency in this respect. It is indeed difficult to gainsay such an imputation. Language and conviction are, on not a few vital points, manifestly at variance. Thus a child is pronounced "regenerate" in baptism, and yet there is no such thing as baptismal regeneration! Again, a garbled rubric, cunningly added to the Baptismal Service in times past, authorizes the inference of the non-salvation of infants who may die unbaptized; and the unpretending *vulgus*, who know nothing of "incomprehensible," or "co-eternal," or "confusion of substance," are virtually consigned to everlasting fire (if words mean anything) by the Creed of St. Athanasius! There are multitudes, indeed, both of clergy and of laity, who are not misled by this fast and loose use of language, but its tendency is to mislead, and to authorize a system of interpretation which is irreconcilable with truthfulness. Moreover, in the cases of those clergymen who will not condescend to special pleading, it leads to confusion; for such are often in the habit of taking the question of alteration or omission into their own hands, and of so evading the offensive parts of that Liturgy, which they are nevertheless bound, by their own declarations of conformity, to read in its entirety. Dr. Newman's startling challenge cannot, in common honesty, be left unanswered:—

"I challenge, in the sight of all England, evangelical clergymen generally, to put on paper an interpretation of this form of words (the Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick), consistent with their sentiments, which shall be less forced than the most objectionable of the interpretations which Tract 90 puts upon any passage in the Articles."—*Apologia*, p. 171, note.

In the true interest of the Church of England, longer delay in wiping out the blots which lie here and there upon the face of her formularies cannot be too strongly deprecated. If it should be clearly established that redress is not to be obtained, a secession of a large portion of the evangelical body may be apprehended. It is probably well known that in such a contingency many pious and

respected clergymen would be found ready to guide the movement. Having in vain exhausted every legitimate method of promoting the union of the Church, such a separation on their part could not fail to excite much public sympathy; and it is not difficult to foresee that the even balance of the Church and the State would be seriously disturbed. From the point of view of an English Churchman, the violent disruption of the relationship between Church and State would be regarded as one of the greatest calamities which could befall the nation; and any fresh secession upon a large scale would certainly hasten such a crisis.

Although the theory of a Church and State system may be manifestly defective, there are few members of the Church of England who do not regard the connexion as one which has worked well in practice. The great principles of civil and religious liberty and toleration have been fully, though perhaps slowly, developed under it. Upon the civil side of the case, it has been demonstrated over and over again, that there is an elasticity of means for maintaining the union. The repeal of Tests, Catholic Emancipation, the Removal of Jewish Disabilities, have all tended in this direction. It is but fair that the Church should be called upon to do her part to consolidate the alliance, by repairing her breaches, and by extending her usefulness. The Church of England, however, is not in a position to act independently of the State in respect of her reforms. One result of a religious system imposed by an Act of Uniformity is, that the bishops and clergy have entered on their ministerial careers in a manner pledged, by the very fact of their subscriptions, to a policy of keeping things as they are. They feel professionally bound to exercise all the *vis inertiae* in their power. Upon every mention of ecclesiastical or liturgical reform, they feel instinctively afraid to move, lest they should bring down the Church of England. The timidity of a bishop is reflected upon his clergy, who naturally think that their sympathy with a course of dignified inaction is what their diocesan would most desire. It must, indeed, require a very uncommon chain of circumstances to induce both bishops and clergy to become reformers. The laity being thus left without leaders among those to whom the initiative rightly appertains, must look towards the Government.

An opportunity has been afforded by the present state of the Burial Service for carrying out these changes. As we have already said, the principle of such a method of settling Church questions was tacitly admitted last session, both by the Government and by

the hierarchy. Earl Granville, as the leader of the House of Lords, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the ecclesiastical head of the Church of England, are at least partially committed to the application of legislation to liturgical reform. The appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the Burial Service, and a re-arrangement of Proper Lessons, was indicated as probable; and this would be the first step towards legislation. The main question for the Government to consider at the present time, therefore, is, whether it would be reasonable and justifiable to embark upon a course of piecemeal legislation, or whether a true and far-seeing wisdom does not demand that the *whole* case for Church reform should be intrusted to the same Commission.

In order to command approbation and success, such a Commission must be fairly constituted. As a matter of course, the Archbishops of the United Church of England and Ireland would be called upon to guide its deliberations. The Bishop of London might hold an even balance between the Bishops of Durham and Oxford. Two or three representatives of the lower clergy might be admitted, and a fair proportion of statesmen and distinguished laymen. A body thus constituted, and not too numerous, could not fail to insure a safe and proper treatment of the questions which would be referred to it. The notion that revolutionary or violent changes would be recommended by it is in the highest degree absurd. The more, in fact, that the probabilities of its practical working are scanned, the less likely will it appear that the report of such a Commission would give any pretext for triumph to either of the great Church parties. Its recommendations would be conceived in a spirit of Christian charity and liberality. The utmost care would be exercised that no view of doctrine, which is now legally permissible, be shut out, or narrowed, or changed.

It will not, we trust, be supposed that any of these remarks have been conceived in a spirit other than one of regard and esteem for the Church of England. That Church is, beyond doubt, the greatest and most powerful of the many religious bodies which sprang from the Reformation; and in the present state of the religious world, few, we think, even of those who belong to different persuasions would desire to see her force abated. Sectional differences are as nothing when compared with the great doctrines which form the groundwork of the Protestant faith. But just because the Church of England is great and powerful, it especially beseems her to preserve these doctrines; to keep that faith in its purity. And, without being un-

duly sanguine, we may hope that were her liturgy and formularies purged from the remaining dross which has come down from acrimonious times, and the laws which affect her discipline and order subjected to a careful scrutiny, she might widely extend her influence over the English people, and rise to a position worthy of her as a great National Establishment. The fatal error into which she was led on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1662, cannot indeed be recalled: the schisms which date from that period, when her clergy and congregations were driven into dissent, will bear their fruit for ever; but she may at least acknowledge her mistake, and hold out the right hand of fellowship to the descendants of those whom she then alienated.

ART. IV—1. *The History of Rome.* By THEODOR MOMMSEN. Translated by the Rev. WILLIAM P. DICKSON. (Book III. chap. xiv.; Book IV. chap. xiii.) London, 1862, 1863.

2. *The Roman Poets of the Republic.* By W. Y. SELLAR, M.A. Edinburgh, 1863.

THESE works go some way towards supplying a want of which English readers have long complained—a satisfactory account of Roman literature. For the literary history of Greece a good deal has been done in England, though we should be glad of more. Colonel Mure's unfinished work may be pronounced sufficient as far as it goes, presenting as it does the results of comprehensive learning and research in a very readable form, and setting them in the light of a criticism which, if not always profound, is always clear and sensible. Those who desire a more rapid survey will be amply satisfied by the masterly sketch of Ottfried Müller, translated by Sir George Lewis and Dr. Donaldson; and though Dr. Donaldson's continuation is far from sustaining the high philosophical merit of the German original, it completes what was previously incomplete, and is executed in a neat and workmanlike manner. Roman literature has been less fortunate. Dunlop's *History*, besides its incompleteness, is essentially a mediocre work, insufficient alike in scholarship, learning, and critical power; and the subsequent attempts that have been made to treat the subject have been slight and superficial, if we except the series of articles, mostly by Professor Ramsay, in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Biography*, which are excellent as dictionary articles, but, of course, cannot supply the place of a

continuous history. The past two years, however, have brought us an instalment of what we want. Professor Mommsen's *Roman History* is itself a manual rather than an elaborate work, and the part devoted to literature does not extend beyond two or three chapters; but even two or three chapters are sufficient to show the hand of a master, and if Mr. Dickson's translation had been simply confined to those chapters, he would still have earned the thanks of an English student of classical antiquity. Professor Sellar's work is at once fuller and less full; fuller in its treatment, less full in its scope. It is restricted, as its title imports, to the poetry of the Republic; and it understands the term *poetry* in a restricted sense, limiting it, as certain critics in Horace's time appear to have done, so as to exclude comedy. On the other hand, it is, as might be expected, considerably more copious than Mommsen's chapters; not approaching, indeed, to the elaboration of a history like Colonel Mure's, but sufficiently extensive to include facts as well as theories, information as well as critical disquisition.

Our great southern contemporary, the *Quarterly Review*, lately contrasted Professor Mommsen with such writers as Mr. Merivale and Mr. Forsyth, and talked of his sentences, which have no end, and never ought to have had a beginning. There could hardly be a greater mistake. He is a most brilliant writer, full of felicitous expressions and lively allusions to the questions of the day, and eminently calculated to conciliate readers who would be repelled by the exhibition of mere learning. His pen is a gold one, not a quill worn to the stump. He writes, in fact, more like a French essayist than a German scholar. It is indeed in this direction that his errors seem to lie. If there is a fault in his treatment of Roman literary history, it is that he has made it too salient, too definite, too much a matter of light and shade. He talks of the lost Roman authors as if he knew them well, and had their works duly ranged on his book-shelves. He has no doubt that Nævius was a great original genius, far greater than Ennius, who was simply an able *littérateur*, though the whole consensus of Roman critics is on the other side, and the materials for reversing their judgment are to be found in a very scanty collection of what are not so much fragments as crumbs. Nay, he composedly informs us, that the poem on the Punic War was written throughout in the present tense, though of the few remains that have come down to us, more than one-third tells a different story. There is none of this boldness of assertion about Mr. Sellar. So far as

we have checked him, he keeps strictly within the limit marked out by his authorities, and does not seek to expatiate further. For those who read for amusement, or perhaps to be set thinking, this is not so well; for those who read for information, it is certainly better. Even he, perhaps, though in a different way, is disposed to make too much of the fragments he has to deal with. He does not indeed construct an entire body from a finger-nail, or conjecture the existence of a Hercules on the strength of a dubious footprint. His propensity is, if we may be allowed the image, to look rather for colour than for form. Without thinking it necessary to tell us what was the structure of the language in Ennius's lost works, he is apt to discover a certain moral genius in relics which, from the nature of the case, can display little or no character of any kind. But much must be allowed to a writer who has to interest himself and his readers in the remains of a period which, to an ordinary observer, would be in danger of yielding little but dry bones. It is precisely in approaching such subjects as these that the ordinary reader requires the guidance of an accomplished scholar. Lucretius and Catullus he may read for himself, and measure by his own standard of judgment. Ennius and Lucilius are only accessible in works where, if the editors have done their duty, much space is necessarily occupied with minute attempts to ascertain the exact reading of this or that fragment by the help of casual and often conflicting evidence, and where consequently an unpractised eye sees little but darkness visible. It is no slight praise to say that such a reader will find such a guide in Professor Sellar.

It is of this period—the first historical period, as Mr. Sellar calls it—the period of extinct yet acknowledged varieties, of fossil epics and skeleton dramas, that we purpose ourselves to speak for the remainder of this article. We pass over the mythical portions of prehistoric literature, in which the optic glass of Niebuhr saw ballads and lays, and the improved telescope of Sir George Lewis can see nothing: we stop short of the mapped and measured territory which is appropriated to the poetical contemporaries of Cicero and Julius Cæsar. Even within the boundaries which we have chosen, we propose to make a further selection. Nævius and the Saturnian verse, Lucilius and the origin of Roman satire, might each of them be expected to tempt us; but we shall ignore the second altogether, and bestow only a transient glance on the first, confining ourselves to a survey of the tragedy of the Republic and of the remains of Ennius; a task

where our labours will be lightened by those of the latest German editors, Ribbeck and Vahlen, who, in the last twelve years, have published editions, the one of the Tragic Fragments, the other of those of Ennius, at once more comprehensive and more critically accurate than any that have preceded them.

Roman tragedy, more perhaps than any of the other branches of Roman poetry, appears to have been an exotic growth. In comedy, for example, we see the confluence of two distinct streams—the exuberance of native pleasantry, welling out from the heart of a rustic population in Fescennine verses and rude Atellane entertainments, and the more regular course of the Athenian drama, flowing on in an ever-widening, if not ever-deepening channel, as it were in forgetfulness of the fountainhead which it had left so long behind it; and though the torrent may seem to have been at once lost in the river, yet we perceive that the great volume of waters must have derived new elements of life and freshness. Among the Greeks, indeed, tragedy seems to have been evolved, whether by Thespis or by his successors, from rudiments as little calculated to excite pathos or deep emotion as any of the Etruscan performances which the old Italians loved; but we feel that it is not in such embryo states of being, equally capable, as far as we can see, of being matured into one or the other of two distinct organisms, that the actual type of either can be said to exist. There seems to have been nothing in the native institutions of early Italy answering to the nucleus round which Grecian tragedy gathered and clustered the Bacchic chorus; no depth of dithyrambic fervour, by entering into which the population might have been led on to conceive or appreciate a high and heroic argument. Other conditions there may have been, no less adapted to give the impulse required for the production of a national tragedy; but these, if present, must have been neutralized or retarded in their operation, so as to delay, if not to postpone indefinitely, the set time of birth. The same causes which prevented Rome from creating tragedy for herself influenced her treatment of it when adopted from without. Greek tragedy, in its progress from youth to manhood, was ever travelling further and further from the East, ever losing sight more and more of its Bacchic origin. The chorus, which had once been everything, was coming to be less and less; dominant in Æschylus; in Sophocles, occupying what may be thought to be a just medium; in Euripides, not indeed contracting its dimensions, but frequently standing in no very close relation to the business of the play, virtually a mere relief be-

tween the acts; in Agathon and his successors, attaining this consummation formally, as we learn from Aristotle, who tells us that they were in the habit of introducing ἐμβολια or insertions, songs written for no one play in particular, and therefore suiting any. The next step in the development would obviously have been to anticipate the course taken centuries after by the modern drama, and discard the chorus altogether in tragedy as well as in comedy—a result to which one at least of the causes assigned for the cessation of the comic chorus, the expense of training, might very well have contributed; if indeed we are not entitled to assert that the step was actually taken, and with Quintilian and Schlegel, to recognise in the new comedy of Menander and Philemon the last phase of Athenian tragedy, the Euripidean drama worked out to its completion. It was not in the genius of an imitative people to form such an anticipation, any more than it was in the philosophy of an uncritical age to perceive such an analogy. The early Roman inventors doubtless regarded the chorus as an integral part of the play they copied, and Horace, two centuries later, is as clear in requiring that it should be made relevant to the action, as Aristotle himself; but the unreality of a Roman chorus must have made itself felt from the first. The Romans seem to have had no conception of that complex metrical variety, that “linked sweetness, long drawn out,” and returning back upon itself, which characterize the structure of the Greek choral ode. To copy its metres in their manifold combinations would have been a prolongation of servile labour, from which even they would have recoiled, even supposing them to have thoroughly understood what they read; while they do not seem to have had anything analogous in the rude simplicity of their own poetical repertory. Horace appears to have regarded Pindar’s dithyrambs as a mere inspiration, not bound by artistic rule, and therefore not to be attained by artistic practice; in the words of their common imitator, Cowley,

“Pindar is imitable by none,
The Phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone:”

yet modern science has discovered the laws of the Pindaric measure, and modern art, or modern genius, has produced odes of Pindaric complexity. So in the remains of the early Roman tragedians, when we pass beyond the common iambic or trochaic of the dialogue, we find only the simplest metres, anapæsts chiefly, with here and there a fragment of bacchiac or cretic, such as Plautus uses in the *canticum*, the recitative performed by a single voice to the sound of flute-music,

and accompanied by gesticulation. Seneca, who is uniformly careful to allot to the chorus a respectable proportion of each play, generally confines himself to anapæsts or some of the simpler lyric metres, such as asclepiads, sapphics, or glyconics; and in the two or three instances where he attempts something more elaborate, by mixing them and others together, the result is a curious piece of workmanship of the Chinese sort, not unlike the poem in which an old grammarian has combined all the measures of Horace—a composition which, if ever produced in the theatre, for which Seneca's dramas were probably never intended, would doubtless have issued in a mere medley of discords. It is, in fact, what we know of the arrangements of the Roman theatre which enables us to estimate the self-confessed insignificance of the Roman chorus. "The Roman orchestra," we are told, "contained no Thymele, and was not destined for a chorus, but contained the seats for senators and other distinguished persons, which are called *primus subselliorum ordo*." These few words, which might perhaps be made the text for a commentary on the differing spirit of the Greek and Roman dramas, at any rate show that the day of the old chorus was past. Where there was no orchestra, what place could there be for the variety of orchestral motion and the fulness of orchestral harmony? How could a chorus, compelled to share the stage with the actors, preserve its ancient character of military symmetry, execute the grand movement of the Parodos, and draw up in rank and file to chant the Stasimon? The traditions of the dialogue could be conveyed from country to country without injury; the traditions of choric metre and choric gesture were precisely such as were likely to perish in the attempt to transplant them, if attempt there were.

Still, great as may have been the injury sustained by the Roman drama from this humiliation of the chorus, it is one which is but imperfectly brought home to the modern reader. Even where the whole play has been preserved, we may read it (in speaking of Seneca it would be too much to say enjoy it) in happy unconsciousness, for the most part, of the alterations which its character must have undergone; much more when, knowing that we have to deal with fragments, we are disposed to think rather of what we find than of what we miss. The fragments preserved from the dialogue of Greek tragedy very greatly outnumber those which have survived from the choral parts; a fact for which various reasons may be adduced, such as the greater availability of the former for most purposes of quotation, especially where

the quoter quotes from memory; and though it cannot be used to invalidate what we have said about the want of metrical variety in the Roman Chorus, as if many metres might have existed which quotation has not preserved, it at any rate prevents the student of one set of fragments from feeling any strong sense of contrast when he turns to examine the other.

Livius Andronicus is universally acknowledged to have been the Thespis of Roman tragedy. Such a title indeed would but imperfectly express the extent of his services to the country of his adoption. With that ambidextrous activity which is especially characteristic of an imitative culture, he became also the Susarion of Roman comedy, and perhaps the Homer of Roman poetry; the latter not merely in virtue of his translation or reproduction of the *Odyssey*, but as the first who is known to have written a poetical work, as distinguished from that popular poetry which may or may not have existed in earlier days of the city. A native of Tarentum, taken prisoner in the Roman wars with Southern Italy, the slave, and afterwards the freed man of M. Livius Salinator, whose children he instructed, and whose name he bore when enfranchised, he acquired the language of his conquerors perfectly, and was thus able to interpret to them the poetry of Greece, and create for them what they had hitherto been without, and perhaps had hardly felt the want of. The year 240 B.C. gives us the date of his first acted drama, but we do not know whether it was a tragedy or a comedy. The fragments of his tragedies, the names of nine of which have come down to us, amount to nearly forty lines. Like Thespis, he has had forgeries attached to his name by unscrupulous or uncritical grammarians; but he has been so far more fortunate than his prototype, that posterity is able to form a judgment of him from other data than these spurious relics. The genuine fragments, indeed, though more numerous, if not more pretentious than the forgery, are scanty enough. Of the *Achilles*—all his tragedies appear to have been written on Greek subjects, if not actually imitated from the Greek—only one line remains, as also of the *Ajax*, the *Andromeda*, the *Danae*, and the *Hermione*; of the *Trojan Horse*, one line and three words; of the *Tereus*, not quite five lines. Fortune has been more kind to the *Ægisthus*, which may consequently be allowed a longer notice. Twelve lines have been preserved, and they certainly tell us something of the conduct of the play. There was a speech by a herald or messenger, a narrative of the homeward voyage of the Grecian fleet, answering apparently to that in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, while in the ful

ness of its details it perhaps approached more nearly to that in the *Agamemnon* of Seneca, to which it may have supplied some hints. Like the latter, it seems to have commenced, *ab ovo*,

"Postquam Pergama
Accensa, et præda per participes æquiter
Divisa est."

after the burning of Troy and the partition of the booty. Like the latter, it thought it worth while to notice the gambols of the dolphins, Nereus' herd, with their flat noses, about the sides of the vessels,

"Tum autem læciyum Nerei simum pecus
Ludens ad cantum classem lustratur"—

a picture which seems to have been a popular one, recurring, as we shall see, in Pacuvius, and which Æschylus, at any rate, cannot be pretended to have anticipated, though some recent critics have intruded it into his description, not of the tempest in the Ægean, but of the course of the beacon. An injunction apparently delivered by Agamemnon to his slaves, to support Cassandra, and lead her to the temple; a single line speaking of the king as engaged in solemn thanksgiving to heaven; another saying how he seated himself at the banquet, with Clytæmnestra at his side, and his daughters occupying the third place; another describing him as dashing himself to the ground in the agony of his death-wound, and an inquiry, which may have been addressed to one of his murderers, "Jamne oculos specie lætavisti optabili?"—"Hast thou at length gladdened thy eyes with this desirable spectacle?"—complete our knowledge of the play. It is worth mentioning that for all these fragments we are indebted to Nonius, who, in the exercise of his calling, quotes them not for their poetic beauty, but as authorities for the use of certain words—*æquiter*, *lustror*, *pecus*, as extending to other than quadrupeds, *proco*, *solemnitus*, *juxtim*, *fligi*, *læto*, and *species*. Similarly it is to Nonius, Paulus, and Festus, that we owe the very few fragments which are quoted from unnamed plays of his. From them we learn that he indulged, as we might have expected, in Grecisms, which the genius of the language afterwards threw off, using *anclare*, or *anculare*, for "to draw," and speaking of a crag in no less than four passages by the name of *ocris*; that *dusmus* in his time stood for *dusmus* or *dumosus*; and that *quisquis* included the feminine as well as the masculine; that he talked of the stony heaps, "*struices saxeas*," along which Castalia tumbles, and applied *nefrens*—a word which, according to Varro, was used of young pigs—to the toothless infant into whose mouth its mother sheds the succour of her

milk.* These are but faint and shadowy traces, a line here and there discernible in an effaced picture; but they may have their value for those whose curiosity has ever led them, as ours before now has led us, to search Johnson's Dictionary for extracts from an old author whose works happened at that time to be beyond their reach.

The second of the Roman tragedians in order of time was Nævius, who will come before us again in a later part of this article as the predecessor, and, to some extent at least, the rival of Ennius in epic poetry. His first play, tragedy or comedy we know not, is said to have been represented B.C. 235, five years after the example was set by Livius. Our knowledge of his tragedies is rather greater in actual extent than our knowledge of those of Livius, nearly twenty of his lines having been preserved; but as they are distinctive rather of the age than of the poet, they need scarcely detain us so long. The names of two of his plays—unfortunately they are mere names, with but one line and three isolated words to support them—the *Clastidium* and the *Bringing up of Romulus and Remus*, are especially interesting as belonging to the class of *prætextæ*, or *prætextatæ fabulæ*, plays on national subjects like Æschylus' *Persians*, or Phrynichus' *Destruction of Miletus*, or, to take an instance nearer home, the *Histories* of Shakspeare—a class which might command our sympathies more strongly than any other species of the drama, if the data for our knowledge of it were not so scanty, or if it did not

* Mommsen quotes this line, "Quem ego nefrendem alui lacteam immulgens opem," as a proof of his assertion that the language of Livius is harsh and quaint. It is, however, a tolerably close rendering of Æsch. Cho. 897, πρὸς ᾧ σὺ πολλὰ δὴ βοίζων ἄμα Οὐλοισιν ἐξήμελξας εὐτράφεις γάλα, and may possibly have formed part of the *Ægisthus*, if that play, as is conceivable, included the death not only of Agamemnon, but of his murderers. There is nothing in the etymology of "nefrens" ("ne-frendere," virtually toothless) to show that it might not have been naturally applied to an infant; nor do grammarians speak of the use as a strange one; "lacteam opem," too, is quite in keeping with the style of earlier Latin poetry down to Lucretius and Catullus. Nor do the few lines preserved from Livius' *Odyssey* bear out Mommsen's contemptuous expressions, or warrant Mr. Sellar in calling it bald and prosaic, as compared, that is, with the remains of other early writers. Mommsen, who extols Nævius as far more original than Ennius, denies Livius any originality; in each case passing judgment without evidence. All that can be said is that Cicero thought Livius unreadable, and that we might probably think so too if he were extant, but that his few fragments impress us in much the same manner as those of his successor. Nævius, however, ought not to be judged apart from his comic remains, which are more lively and interesting than the relics of his epic and his tragedies.

seem to have filled a comparatively small space in the minds of the Romans themselves. The rest are on Greek subjects, *Andromache*, *Danae*, another *Trojan Horse*, *Hesione*, *Iphigenia*, and *Lycurgus*. Of these the most important is the last, *Lycurgus*, the remains of which consist of more than thirty lines. The quaintness of one or two of the expressions has led Welcker to suppose it to have been a mythological comedy, like the *Amphitruo* of Plautus; but Ribbeck, with more verisimilitude, pronounces the play to have been a tragedy, occupying probably the same ground as the lost *Edoni* and *Lycurgus* of Æschylus, and answering in its general effect to the *Bacchæ* of Euripides. We see the Bacchantes, "thyrsigeræ Bacchæ Bacchico cum schemate," carrying crested snakes high in the air, and ruining the tilled fields—*arva* being used as a feminine noun—wherever they tread. Lycurgus seems to command his servants, "vos qui regalis corporis custodias agitis," to take these disturbers of the good order of his kingdom on a hunting expedition into the forest, where trees grow of their own will, not planted, "ingenio arbusta ubi nata sunt, non obsita;" that when they get into his hunting-grounds they may be trapped themselves, and leave the light of day, like two-legged birds, by a snare. The victims apparently suspect him, and express their fear that in the thrill and rapture of the chase, "in venatu vitulantes," he will send them out of his forests with some savage vengeance as their guerdon, "pœnis decoratas feris." Bacchus, however, is captured and brought before the king, when an altercation ensues, of which two or three fragments have been spared, Lycurgus boasting of the wrath of his savage disposition, and the fierce ferocity of his spirit, "ferri ingeni iram atque animi acrem acrimoniam," and being warned not to set up his wrath in competition with the wrath of Liber. Further on we get a glimpse of the burning of the palace, the cross-beams far and wide all in a glow, and the whole building bursting and shining like a flower under the hand of Vulcan; and we hear a voice calling loudly for King Lycurgus, the son of Dryas. Add to these one or two graphic expressions from his other plays, as where a child is bidden by a parent to store his words in his mind, as a vintager stores the grapes in his basket, or the mountains are called places where the winds are wont to break themselves, and one or two sayings which have had the good fortune to pass into household words, though their author may have been forgotten, "male parta male dilabuntur," "lætus sum laudari me abs te, patre, a laudato vivo," and we

shall know all that for our present purpose we need to know of the tragedies of Nævius. If it does not enable us to realize the "immense chasm" which Mommsen affects to perceive between his productions and "the quasi-poetry of Livius," it may at any rate save us from the temptation of flying off under the influence of an equally paradoxical reaction, and doubting whether, if we possessed the entire works of both, we should think that Nævius had made that advance on his predecessor which he must have made, supposing him not to have been essentially his inferior.

When we come to Ennius, we find the horizon of our knowledge expand. The fragments mount up to about four hundred lines, and we have better means of judging of the plays from which they are taken, thanks to the laudatory notices of his countrymen, as well as to the greater fulness of the remains themselves. All of them, with one doubtful exception, the *Ambracia*, which some regard as a *prætexta*, others as a comedy, were on the stock subjects of Greek tragedy; some of them ascertained on external or internal evidence to have been translated or adapted from dramas now extant, such as the *Medea*, the *Hecuba*, and the *Iphigenia*; others, including the *Achilles*, the *Achilles* of Aristarchus, the *Ajax*, the *Alcumæo*, the *Alexander*, the *Andromacha*, *Echmalotis*, the *Andromeda*, the *Athamas*, the *Cresphontes*, the *Erectheus*, the *Eumenides*, the *Ransoming of Hector* (*Hectoris Lustra*), the *Medea at Athens*, the *Melanippe*, the *Phoenix*, the *Telamo*, the *Telephus*, and the *Thyestes*, easily connected with the Greek originals, surviving or lost, by a more or less plausible conjecture. "Who is there," asks Cicero, "such an enemy, I might almost say to the Roman name, as to reject or slight the *Medea* of Ennius, or the *Antiopa* of Pacuvius, because he takes pleasure in reading their originals in Euripides?" The appeal to patriotic feeling may pass lightly by a modern critic; still, there is an interest in seeing how the old Romans attempted to render in their rough barbarian tongue the productions of the most polished age of Athens—an interest like that which we may feel in taking up a translation of the *Æneid* by a writer of Queen Mary's day, or a version of the *Pharsalia* by a poet of the Commonwealth. The opening lines of Ennius' *Medea* (they may be found, along with their Greek original, either in Mommsen or in Mr. Sellar) are abundantly characteristic. Euripides, very naturally, makes his nurse first wish that the Argo had never passed the Symplegades, and then, wandering back, wish that the timber for the oars had never been cut

down. This artful inartificiality lay apparently too deep for the old Roman; he knew that the cutting down of the timber was really an entire link in the chain of causation, and to talk about it late, doubtless seemed to him a mere piece of poetical refinement; so he chose to begin *ab ovo*. So there is great *naïveté* in the way in which he introduces the Argo, explaining, for the benefit of his countrymen, much in the style of an early commentator or scholiast, that she was a vessel bearing that name, and even taking the opportunity of imparting a scrap of etymological information: "Argo, so called from the eminent Argives, who sailed in her." The same vein of rude formality, varied occasionally by some quaint and forcible expression, runs through the other fragments of the play, as when he turns the simple *Κορινθία γυναιξες* into "Quæ Corinthum arcem altam habetis, matronæ opulentæ, optimates," or where Medea is made to say that this day Creon has put into her hands the bolts and bars, and enabled her to let loose her wrath—

"Ille transversa mente mihi hodie tradidit repagula,
Quibus ego iram omnem recludam, atque illi
perniciem dabo,
Mihi mœrores, illi luctum, exitium illi, exilium mihi."

Another fragment, containing the opening of the last choral ode of the play, is interesting, as apparently affording an instance of what we remarked a few pages back, the absence of any attempt to imitate the complexity of the Greek choric metres:—

"Jupiter, tuque adeo summe Sol, qui omnes res
inspicias,
Quique lumine tuo maria, terram, cælum continēs,
Inspice hoc facinus priusquam fiat, prohibe scelus."

Here the uncertainty of the text prevents our speaking with confidence: but the matter appears to be only the ordinary trochaic of the tragic dialogue. Of the fragments of Ennius' remaining tragedies, the most considerable and important are those which belong, by assumption or by acknowledged title, to the *Alexander* and the *Andromacha Æchmalotis*. We know but little of the structure of either play, except that both formed parts of the tale of Troy, the scene of the first being apparently laid during the siege, that of the second during the capture. The first is supposed to have contained that memorable speech of Cassandra, which, in whole or in part, is more than once quoted by Cicero. "Why does madness flash from thine eye?"

asks Hecuba of her daughter: "Where is thy maiden modesty?"

"Sed quid oculis rabere visa es derepente ardentibus?"

Ubi illa tua paulo ante sapiens virginalis modestia?"

We know the Cassandra of Æschylus: let us hear the Cassandra of Ennius:—

"Mater, optumarum multo melior mulier mulierum,

Missa sum superstitionis ariolationibus:

Namque Apollo fatis fandis dementem invitam ciet.

Virgines æquales vereor, patris mei meum factum pudet,

Optumi viri. Mea mater, tui me miseret, mei piget.

Optumam progeniem Priamo peperisti extra me: hoc dolet:

Men obesse, illos prodesse, me obstare, illos obsequi!"

And then, in the midst of her self-denunciation, the prophetic frenzy comes upon her; she sees the blood-red firebrand which symbolized her brother's birth, and calls on the Trojans to quench it:—

"Adest, adest fax obvoluta sanguine atque incendio!

Multos annos latuit: cives, ferte opem et resinguite!

Iamque mari magno classis cita

Texitur: exitium examen rapit:

Advenit, et fera velivolantibus

Navibus complevit manus litora."

A later fragment, probably from the same speech, has been copied by Virgil in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, as it is itself doubtless copied from a passage in the *Agamemnon*:—

"Nam maxumo saltu superabit gravidus armatis equis

. . . qui suo partu ardua perdat Pergama."

So the address of Æneas to the visionary Hector is taken almost verbally from a speech in which one of the sons or daughters of the royal house apostrophizes the dead body:—

"O lux Trojæ, germane Hector!"

. . . quid te ita contuo lacerato corpore,
Miser, aut qui te sic tractavere nobis respectantibus?"

The longest and most noticeable fragment of the *Andromacha* is in the same strain. The discrowned princess, widowed wife, and bereaved mother, is recounting what she has had to witness:

"Quid petam præsidii, aut exequar? quove nunc

Auxilio aut exili aut fugæ freta sim?

Arce et urbe orba sum. Quo accedam? quo applicem?"

Quoi nec aræ patriæ domi stant, fractæ et disjec-
tæ jacent,
Fana flamma deflagrata, tosti alti stant parietes,
Deformati, atque abiecte crispa.
O pater, O patria, O Priami domus
Sæptum altisono cardine templum!
Vidi te, astante ope barbarica,
Tectis cælatis, lacuatis,
Auro, ebore instructum regifice.
Hæc omnia vidi inflammari,
Priamo vi vitam evitari,
Jovis aram sanguine turpari.

Vidi, videre quod sum passa ægerrume,
Hectorem curru quadrijugo raptarier,
Hectoris natum de muro jactarier."

It is to these latter lines that the present Archbishop of Dublin, in his work on Sacred Latin Poetry, refers for the support of a theory that something like rhyme existed in the early poetry of Rome. Expressed in more general terms, the view may perhaps be thought to receive confirmation not only from this passage, but from others which we have quoted. These old fragments contain many instances of similarity of sound, not only in the ending but in the beginning of words, sometimes confined to alliteration, sometimes passing into a jingle. Precisely the same thing occurs in Plautus, who abounds in jingles, not amounting to puns, or even to plays on words. The first rude attempts at producing rhythmical symmetry of language coincide with the first rude attempts at producing verbal wit. In their maturity they diverge widely; in their infancy they seem closely to approximate.

We now come to two names which are probably the greatest in the muster-roll of Roman tragic poets. Cicero, indeed, seems to have felt as high an admiration for Ennius as for his successors: but a reader of Horace would infer that the enthusiasm of Roman critics and Roman audiences was chiefly centred on Pacuvius and Attius. Yet in the case of M. Pacuvius, at any rate, we appear to be stepping back from comparative light into comparative obscurity. The aggregate of his dramatic remains, it is true, is somewhat larger than that of Ennius's: but they consist chiefly of single lines, and so give us but little opportunity of judging for ourselves of his poetical characteristics. Meantime, one or two facts of his personal history are worth a passing notice. His life, which was a long one, falls between the years 220 and 130 B. C. He was connected with Ennius not merely by poetical relationship, but by the ties of blood, being, according to the most probable accounts, his sister's son, and about twenty years his junior. In temperament as in genius, he appears to have been a kind of Roman Sophocles, εὐκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ',

εὐκολος δ' ἐκεῖ. He took charge of his great kinsman's funeral; and many years later, when he had himself retired from the scenes of his fame, to pass his old age in his native Brundisium, his house and heart were open to his young rival Attius, with whom he used, as we shall see below, to converse freely on the subject of their common pursuit. Though he had attained renown not only as a poet, but as the painter of a picture esteemed only second to the great masterpiece of Fabius Pictor, he took leave of the world in an epitaph which, in its graceful modesty, is singularly contrasted with the arrogant self-assertion of his brother poets, simply asking the youthful reader to stop and read his memorial stone. After catching this brief glimpse of the man, it is mortifying to find that our knowledge of his works is so scanty, that we cannot judge whether Varro is right in quoting his style as an instance of luxuriance, or Fronto, in a later day, in characterizing it as a uniform level; what are the grounds on which Cicero charged him with speaking bad Latin in an age when, as he says, a good style came to men by a sort of unconscious innocence; or in what respect he deserved the ambiguous epithet "doctus" applied to him, whether from his acquaintance with Greek, or from his acquaintance with his art, by the connoisseurs not only of Horace's time, but of Quintilian's.* His plays, so far as their names have come down to us, amount to thirteen, the *Antiopa*, the *Judgment of the Arms of Achilles*, the *Atalanta*, the *Chryses*, the *Dulorestes*, the *Hermiona*, the *Iliona*, the *Medus*, the *Niptra* or *Ablutions*, a story partly taken from the *Odyssey*, the *Pentheus*, the *Peribœa*, and the *Teucer*, together with a *prætexta* named *Paulus*, the subject of which is conjectured to have been the Battle of Cannæ. Those of our readers who may happen to be familiar with the fragments of Attic tragedy, will see that each of these plays, with the exception, of course, of the last, must have had a Greek prototype, after which it was probably framed. But the remains themselves, as we have just intimated, exist in too small portions to give us any sufficient notion of the manner in which the stories were treated, or even of their own poetical value, considered merely as isolated passages. Like the remains of Livius and Nævius, they are in fact not so much fragments as dust. Yet even there, perhaps, we may find something of interest, if we single out four of these dramas from the rest. We

* As usual, Mommsen discriminates him from Ennius, pronouncing that, though he "polished more carefully, and aspired to a higher strain," "his language appears more rugged, his style of composition pompous and punctilious."

have already alluded to the warm eulogium which Cicero more than once passes on the *Antiopa*; but it should not be forgotten that there was another Roman writer who looked upon that work of ancient art with very different eyes. It is on its unfortunate heroine, and the sorrows whose pressure bolsters up her doleful heart, that Persius vaunts the disgust which he feels at the revival of a taste for obsolete poetry by the *dilettanti* of his day; and the very deformities, the warts and ulcers, which she is supposed to have contracted in the course of her unwholesome captivity, are used to symbolize the quaintnesses of language which are considered to disfigure the style of the old poet. This diversity of judgment, however, tells us nothing about the character of the play; it merely indicates a diversity of taste among the judges, just as the same peculiar features which repel one reader of our own Elizabethan drama attract another. Of the fragments themselves, the most noticeable is one quoted, though not *in extenso*, by Cicero, in the second book of the *De Divinatione*, as an instance of the obscurity with which a plain thing can be invested. Amphion is speaking of a quadruped: slow-footed, field-loving, low of stature, rough of skin, with a short head, a snake's neck, a fierce look, with no entrails, and no animal life, and yet with an animal's voice. The chorus of citizens tell him that he has guarded his meaning with so strong a force of language, "*ita sæptuosa dictione*," as effectually to exclude conjecture, and that if he would be understood he must speak plainly. He then utters the name *tortoise*. "Why should not the harper have called it a tortoise at once, instead of making such a mystery of it?" asks Cicero impatiently. Where we have so few data, it would be hazardous to attempt to answer the question; but the passage seems to be not a mere piece of circumlocution, but a riddle, like that of the Sphinx, Amphion describing his tortoise-shell lyre, not very consistently, partly by the properties of the lion-tortoise, partly as what it is when, in the language of Shelley's version of Homer's *Hymn to Mercury*, "the life and soul have been bored out of the beast," and it has been "made to sing." There is, in fact, something in the humour with which the thought is played with, which may remind us, as it was perhaps intended to do, of the Homeric Hermes when he first views the tortoise:—

"A useful godsend are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome you
Excellent plaything! where, sweet mountain beast,

Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,

You must come home with me and be my guest:

You will give joy to me, and I will do

All that is in my power to honour you.

Better to be at home than out-of-door:

So come with me; and though it has been said

That you alive defend from magic power,

I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."

This parallel may console us for the utter absence of anything salient in the few other remains of this once celebrated play. The only one which calls for even a passing notice is a line containing the expression, "*florî crines*," locks of bright bloomy hue, a reading which, if the authority of Probus the grammarian is to be held paramount, ought to take its place in a passage in the Twelfth Book of the *Aeneid*, where we now read of the yellow hair, *florî crines*, of the fair Lavinia. We pass on to two plays which appear to have been connected in subject, the *Dulorestes* and the *Chryses*. The title of the former play, which seems to have been afterwards borrowed by Varro for one of his *Satura Menippeæ*, *Agatho Dulorestes*, is still a perplexity to critics, who cannot decide between *Δολορέστης* and *Δουλορέστης*, Orestes practising a stratagem on Thoas, and Orestes appearing, on some unspecified occasion, in the character of a slave. The subject of the play was the same as that of the *Iphigenia in Tauris*: the brother and his friend come to the Chersonese, where the sister is priestess, and instead of being offered up by her as human sacrifices, persuade her to elude her master and return with them. Cicero more than once mentions the tumultuous applause which invariably arose in the theatre during the thrilling scene when the king has the two friends in his power, but cannot tell which is Orestes, his intended victim, and each asserts, drowning as it were the other's voice, that he is the man; till at last, neither being able to prevail, they entreat to be put to death together. "It was a mere histrionic fiction," says he, "yet the audience rose to their feet and clapped." With that exception, the remnants of the play are quotations for mere lexicographical purposes, made by Nonius, Festus, and Priscian, illustrating the use of such words as *orbitudo*, *vanitudo*, *prolixitudo*, *temeritudo*, *fatiscor* for *fatisco*, and *adjutor* for *adjuto*. The only one to which we now refer is one of several passages, in which the Roman writers as it were turn commentators on their own language, and explain the difference between *pigere* and *pu-dere*: "*Piget paternum nomen, maternum pudet profari*:" "My father's name I cannot

tell for sorrow, my mother's for shame." The *Chryses* was a sequel to the *Dulorestes*, and on the Greek stage would doubtless have formed part of the same tetralogy. The play was probably modelled on a lost work of Sophocles, bearing the same name; the story seems to have been preserved by Hyginus. The fugitives, escaping from the Tauric Chersonese, take refuge in the Isle of Chryse, known to all readers of the first *Iliad*, as the home of the priest Chryses. Thither they are pursued by Thoas, who requires their surrender. But they have found a friend who can help them. Chryseis, so runs the post-Homeric legend, after her return to her father, was delivered of a son, who received his grandfather's name, and was brought up as the child of Apollo. He assists his new relatives against their enemy, and Thoas is killed. Yet here, as elsewhere, the fragments help us but little towards the story. The most memorable are one or two preserved by Cicero, on the subject of divination and physical philosophy; taken, it has been conjectured, from a dialogue between Orestes and the elder Chryses. One of these is a sneer at augury, such as the old poets were fond of indulging, the point being, that those who learn more from the inwards of others than from their own, ought to be heard rather than heeded:—

"Isti qui linguam avium intelligunt
Plusque ex alieno jecore sapiunt quam ex suo,
Magis audiendum quem auscultandum censeo."

Another speaks of the all-embracing sky as the source of all being:—

"Hoc vide, circum supraque quod complexu
continet

Terram

Solisque exortu capessit candorem, occasu nigret,

Id quod nostri cælum memorant, Graii perhibent æthera:

Quidquid est hoc, omnia animat, format, alit,
auget, creat,

Sepelit, recipit in sese omnia, omniumque
idem est pater,

Indidemque eadem quæ oriuntur, de integro
æque eodem incidunt."

The last play we shall notice, the *Niptra*, contains, as we have said, part of the history of Ulysses. It appears partly to have coincided with the end of the *Odyssey*, partly to have carried on the narrative further. Like the *Chryses*, it had its original in a drama of Sophocles, the second title of which, Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀκανθοπλήξ, points to the post-Homeric part of the story. Ulysses arrives at his home, as in Homer, and is recognised by his nurse as she assists him in the bath. In lines which Gellius justly characterizes as delightful, she invites the stranger to submit

to those offices which she had so often paid to her old master:—

"Cedo tamen pedem tuum lymphis flavis, flavum ut pulverem
Manibus isdem, quibus Ulyssi sæpe permulsi, abluam;
Lasitudinemque minuum manuum mollitudine."

We may wonder at the notion of colour which chooses the same word, *flavus*—a mixture, so Fronto in Gellius lays down, of green, red, and white—to represent both the hue of the water that cleanses, and that of the dust that is cleansed, but it can be no surprise to us that the passage should have been thought graceful and pleasing. Another line apparently tells of the qualities which enable Euryclea to identify the wanderer with Ulysses:—

"Lenitudo orationis, mollitudo corporis."

Afterwards, through what steps we know not, the story changes. Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, comes to Ithaca to seek his father, and wounds him ignorantly in a chance encounter, with a spear barbed with a fish-bone. "He met our lances," cries the wounded hero, "with a noxious barbaric weapon, made of a strange shape, and put together by no skilful hand." In the rest of the play we hear the complaints of the sufferer in his agony, reminding us of those of his old enemy Philoctetes, or of Hercules in the *Trachiniae*. "Take me up gently," he says,

"Pedetentim ac sedato nisu,
Ne succussu arripiat major
Dolor."

And then, as the pain masters him, he shrieks aloud, and begs to be left alone:—

"Retinete, tenete! opprimite ulcus,
Nudate! heu miserum me, excrucior!
Operite, abscedite jamjam.
Mittite: nam attriectatu et quassu
Sævum amplificatis dolorem."

Elsewhere, however, he rises superior to his anguish, observing, when he is dying, that complaint is the natural utterance for a man, lamentation for a woman; a contrast, Cicero seems to say, to the hero of Sophocles, whose exclamations were less manly, or at any rate were not met by the chorus in the same spirit of stoical reproof.

The fragments of Pacuvius' nameless plays, though not numerous, contain two passages of greater length than any that are to be found among his other remains. We will only quote one of them, the description of the Greeks on their voyage home from Troy, to which we alluded in speaking of Livius. At first they amuse themselves with looking

at the fish that sport about the vessel; but a storm soon gathers:

"Profectione læti piscium lasciviam
Intueatur, nec tuendi capere satietas potest.
Interea prope jam occidente sole inhorrescit
mare,
Tenebræ conduplicantur, noctisque et nimbum
occæcat nigror,
Flamma inter nubes coruscat, cœlum tonitru
contremittit,
Undique omnes venti erumpunt, sævi existunt
turbines,
Fervit æstu pelagus."

But it is time to hasten to the last name on our list.

Of the life of L. Attius we know less than that of his predecessor, though he belonged to the next generation, the date of his birth being B. C. 170, and survived into the days of Cicero, who, as a young man, frequently conversed with him. As a compensation for this slenderness of information, however, we have a clearer view of his labours as an author, which appear to have been nearly as various as those of Ennius, including not only tragedies and *prætextæ*, but a historical epic like Ennius's with the same title, *Annales*, and three prose works, *Libri Didascalion*, apparently a history of poetry, *Libri Pragmaticon*, and *Parerga*. So, when we come to his actual remains, we find that, as far at least as mere quantity goes, time has dealt more kindly with him than with his brethren, sparing us very nearly seven hundred lines. It is in his relics alone that we find any considerable fragment of a *prætexta*. He is known to have written at least two plays of that description, the *Æneidæ* or *Decius*, and the *Brutus*, the subject of the last being the elder Brutus, the hero of the Regifuge, though it is possible, as has been suggested, that he may have intended to compliment another of the family, D. Brutus, his own friend and patron. From the *Brutus*, Cicero has extracted two speeches, one of King Tarquin recounting an alarming dream, the other of the soothsayer giving the explanation. The king has dreamed of a flock of sheep, from which he chose two rams for sacrifice. He had slain one, when the other ran at him, and butted him to the ground, and as he lay there wounded, he saw the sun change his course and move from left to right. This he tells in iambics; the answer is in trochaics, and is not without interest, philosophical as well as poetical, attempting, as it does, to give some sort of theory of dreams, which are said to arise generally from natural causes, but which in some cases are supernatural:

"Rex quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant,
curant, vident,
Quæque agunt vigilantes agitantque, ea si cui
in somno accidunt,

Minus mirum est; sed di rem tantam haud
temere improvise offerunt.

Proin vide, ne quem tu esse hebetem deputes
æque ac pecus,

Is sapientia munitum pectus egregie gerat,
Teque regno expellat: nam id quod de sole
ostentum est tibi,

Populo commutationem rerum portendit tibi,
Perpropinquam. Hæc bene verruncent popu-
lo! Nam quod dexterum

Cepit cursum ab læva signum præpotens, pul-
cherrime

Auguratum est rem Romanam publicam sum-
mam fore."

A curious story, whether authentic or no, is preserved by Gellius, showing Attius's opinion of the character of his own genius. We give it as translated by Mr. Sellar:—"When Pacuvius, at a great age, and suffering from a disease of long standing, had retired from Rome to Tarentum, Attius, at that time a considerably younger man, on his journey to Asia, arrived at that town, and stayed with Pacuvius. And being kindly entertained, and constrained to stay for several days, he read to him, at his request, his tragedy of *Atræus*. Then, as the story goes, Pacuvius said that what he had written appeared to him sonorous and elevated, but somewhat harsh and crude. 'It is just as you say,' replied Attius; 'and in truth I am not sorry for it, for I hope that I shall write better in future; for they say that the same law holds good in genius as in fruit. Fruits which are originally harsh and sour afterwards become mellow and pleasant, but those which have a soft and withered look, and are very juicy at first, become soon rotten without ever becoming ripe. It appears, accordingly, that there should be left something in genius also for the mellowing influence of years and time.'"

It would be interesting if we could verify this piece of self-criticism by an appeal to Attius's writings, and see whether his somewhat complacent anticipation can take rank as a fulfilled prediction. Here, however, as elsewhere, the state of our knowledge leaves us quite at fault. The names of no less than forty-five of his tragedies have been preserved,—a number which, even if reduced, as a searching criticism would perhaps reduce it, by ten, will still be very considerable; but, except from Gellius' story, we appear to have no external means of ascertaining the time at which any of them were composed, and the remains themselves are not sufficiently speaking to give any evidence of their own age or youthfulness. We question, indeed—and here we are glad to find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Sellar—whether, to a modern apprehension, there is any sensible distinction between the style of Attius and

his predecessor and critic; whether to one whose eyes were bandaged, the harsh fruit would not taste merely the same as the mellow; though Mommsen, of course, finds Attius's imitations "more readable and adroit." Each individual, doubtless, had critical stages in his own poetical life; each individual, doubtless, stood in some marked relation to his predecessors and successors, and to the other poets of his age. But at the point of view which we occupy, these minor differences between writer and writer, much more between a writer and himself, are no longer perceptible. Distance has done much to confound them; mediæval oblivion has all but swept away their very data. To us the old tragic poets are themselves but a single critical stage in the poetical life of their nation, their productions, one and all, impregnated by the same flavour of harshness, which was to find its season of mellowing, not in the lifetime of any one of themselves, but in the ripe period of the Roman mind,—the Augustan era of Horace and Virgil.

But though we cannot compare the *Atreus* of Attius with its younger brothers and sisters, we have a few glimmering lights which show us something of what it was in itself. The savage nature of the hero is dwelt on again and again by Cicero, with whom he is a type of imperious cruelty,—the gloomy tyrant of the Roman stage. We are admitted to his confidence, and hear his plans of vengeance against his brother, who has once more roused the sleeping tiger within him:—

"Iterum Thyestes, Atreum adtractatum advenit,
Iterum jam aggreditur me et quietum exsusci-
tat:

Major mihi moles, majus miscendum est ma-
lum,
Qui illius acerbum cor contundam et compri-
mam."

The same or a similar speech contained the words which, by frequent quotation, have passed into a proverb, "Oderint dum metuant"—a sentiment which, says Seneca, fathers itself at once on a contemporary of Sulla, but which may also remind a modern reader of times nearer to Seneca's own. But we are not left to think of *Atreus* as a mere monster of cruelty; we are bidden to recollect that he is a man who has been deeply wronged as a brother, a husband, and a king. He speaks of *Thyestes* as one who was not content with seducing his wife; he lays stress on the adultery itself, as a crime especially perilous in high places, and on the public evil to be apprehended from any tampering with the royal stock; and he shows that his throne was menaced by the adulterous pair, who stole from him the golden lamb, the heaven-sent *Palladium* of the kingdom.

On the other side we have the thoughts of *Thyestes*, by his own showing, at least, even then a man more sinned against than sinning, who by a stroke of tragic irony is represented as warning his children of the many snares that are laid for the good, and of the danger to a private man of sitting at meat with a king. We catch a glimpse of the bloody preparations for the feast; we hear the floor of heaven shaken with a sudden thunder-peal, "*tonitru turbida torvo;*" *Atreus* tells the wretched father that he is himself his children's grave, and retorts the charge of broken faith by saying that there is no faith with the faithless; and then we listen to *Thyestes* as he recurs to the monstrous horror of the situation, a brother inducing a father to close his teeth on the flesh of his own sons, and asks what hope for the future there can be for one so steeped in pollution as himself:—

"Egone Argivum imperium attingam aut Pello-
pia diguer domo?

Quo me ostendam? quod templum adeam?
quem ore funesto alloquar?"

Out of the remaining forty-four plays of Attius, we can afford only to pick an isolated fragment here and there.

Here is a specimen of that grammarian spirit which we have noted once or twice already in his predecessors, the spirit of men who feel themselves to be not only poets but writers, endeavouring to inform the heads of their countrymen as well as to move their hearts. *Achilles* is lecturing *Antilochus* on the difference between "*pervicacia*" and "*pertinacia*:"—

"Tu pertinaciam esse, Antiloche, hanc prædicas:
Ego pervicaciam aio, et ea me uti volo:
Nam pervicacem dici me esse et vincere (vin-
cier!)

Perfacile patior, pertinacem nil moror:

Hæc fortes sequitur, illam indocti possident.

Tu addis quod vitio est, demis quod laudi da-
tur."

In a single line we are told how to distinguish "*animus*" and "*anima*:"—

"Sapimus animo, fruimur anima: sine [animo
anima est debilis."

Here is a picture of the *Argo*, the first ship, drawn by a shepherd who has seen it from a mountain:—

"Tanta moles labitur

Frenebunda ex alto, ingenti sonitu et spiritu.

Præ se undas volvit, vortices vi suscitât:

Ruit prolapsa, pelagus respergit, reflat.

Ita dum interruptum credas nimbum labier

Dum quod sublime ventis expulsum rapi

Saxum, aut procellis, vel glabrosos turbines

Existere pictos undis concursantibus:

Nisi quas terrestres pontus strages conciet;
Aut forte Triton fuscina evertens specus
Subter radices penitus undanti in freto
Molem ex profundo saxeam in cælum eruit."

The four following lines describe daybreak and its occupations with a circumstantial minuteness which in a modern poet would be tedious and ungrateful, but in Artius is merely characteristic of antique simplicity:—

"Forte ante auroram, radiorum ardentum indicem,
Cum e somno in segetem agrestes cornutos cient,
Ut rorulentas terras ferro rufidas
Proscindant, glebas molli ex arvo exsuscitent."

Lastly, here are some anapaests from the *Philoctetes*, the first passage an address to Ulysses, the second part of a description of Lemnos, the island of Vulcan:—

"Inclute, parva prodite patria,
Nomine celebri claroque potens
Pectore, Achivis classibus auctor,
Gravis Dardaniis gentibus ultor,
Laertiade!

Nemus expirante vapor vides,
Unde ignis cluet mortalibus clam
Divisus; eum dicis Prometheus
Clepsisse dolo, pœnasque Iovi
Fato expendisse supremo."

In taking leave of these old tragedies, we will say a very few words on one point to which we have not yet adverted, the metre of the dialogue.

So far as we can follow Horace's not very intelligible account of the iambic trimeter, it would appear that he regarded it as having been gradually encroached upon by spondees, which, having been duly admitted into the first, third, and fifth of the six places in the verse, pushed their inroads further, so as to take possession of all but the last. Such a representation would not be true of the Greek iambic, which found no difficulty in keeping the spondees within bounds, though in the hands of the comic writers it was overrun by anapaests; but it may, perhaps, stand if we place together the experience of one language with the experience of another. Under the Romans, spondees seem to have asserted their title to the first five places of the trimeter from the very outset, and the result of the progress of tragic versification was not to extend (if indeed extension had been possible), but to contract their province, and to re-establish the Greek type substantially as it had existed in the days of Euripides. Perhaps it might be too much to say, that the iambic trimeter and trochaic tetrameter of early Roman tragedy are absolutely identical with those of Roman comedy; yet they bear a

strong resemblance to each other, not only as regards the nature of the fact admitted, but in the licenses of pronunciation allowed. Some of the lines which we quoted a short time back, "Cedo tamen pedem tuum lymphis flavis, flavum ut pulverem," for instance, can only be received by an application of the Plantine and Terentian license, which makes "meus," "tuus," etc., monosyllables. The elision of the final "s," though, of course, not peculiar to early dramatic poetry, points to the same thing, the assimilation of poetical recitations in those times to the ordinary pronunciation. The early Roman writers had doubtless no wish to confound tragedy and comedy, though they themselves produced either indifferently; they were not likely to have dreamed of the approximation between the two, which we mentioned at the opening of our remarks as having gradually taken place in Greece; but the accidents of their age and position led them unconsciously in the same direction, and their own imperfection as workmen prevented them from perceiving critically where they did not feel intuitively. Euripides, the chief agent in what may be called the secularization of Greek tragedy, ventured on one occasion to break through the courtesies of scenic illusion, which ignore the spectators, and to make a tragic chorus address the audience in the name of the author of the play, after the manner of its comic counterpart. May we not recognise the same tendency in the custom which, as we learn from Horace and Quintilian, prevailed on the Roman stage, of closing tragedy and comedy alike with the emphatic *Plaudite*?

We must now return to Ennius, by far the greater part of our debt to whom still remains unpaid. As a tragedian he is only one among several, and not the greatest of the number: as an epic poet he filled a place in the minds of his countrymen somewhat analogous to, though of course not commensurate with, that occupied in Greece by Homer himself. However modern critics may adjust precedence among writers whose works they have not read, there can be no question that he was generally regarded by the Romans as the true founder of their national poetry, "the morning-star of song." Those who went before him he himself relegates to a period when poetry had not yet been conceived of as an art, "when no one had scaled the crags of the Muses, or was studious of speech;" and no attempt seems to have been seriously made to disturb his verdict. Cicero, perhaps the only ancient writer from whom a word can be quoted in favour of Nævius as against his rival, is the one whose voice is raised most consistently and em-

phatically to eulogize Ennius, our Ennius, the first of epic poets; the man who celebrated our great ancestors, and whom they in turn delighted to honour. The title of the second Homer, instanced by Horace as a specimen of the criticism of his time upon Ennius, is a witness to the admiration entertained for him by Lucilius. Lucretius, standing on the threshold of his own great poem, speaks of Ennius as the first who brought from Helicon a garland of unfading leaf to be had in renown among the nations of Italy, and in questioning his doctrines declares the verses in which they are enshrined to be eternal. Propertius contrasts his own luxuriant ivy with the austere laurels of Ennius; but such language is no more than he bestows generally on writers whose subjects and mode of treatment were severer than his own: and he elsewhere tells of himself as having drunk at the same spring with the father of verse, who rose from that draught to sing of the Curii and Horatii, of the trophies of Æmilius and the delays of Fabius, of the blow received by Cannæ, and the bowing of the will of heaven by prayer, of the Lares that put Hannibal to flight, and the geese that saved Capitoline Jove. Ovid and Horace, while impelled by a spirit perhaps of rivalry, perhaps only of reasonable self-assertion, to contend that the old bard's poems had no right to be regarded as the consummation of Roman art, are nevertheless not unwilling to pay the homage demanded by so great a name, the one conceding to the man of genius what he denies to the artist; the other, in a passage whose apparent historical inaccuracy has been a standing difficulty to criticism, affirming that the fame of the African conqueror is due not more to the burning of Carthage than to the muses of Calabria. And though the sneer of Martial at those who would read Ennius when they could read Virgil, shows that the feud between the old and the new was not confined to the Augustan age, we find that even in the time of Gellius, an itinerant lecturer on Ennius, an "Ennianista," as he called himself, after the manner of the Homeristæ, could command an audience, and that a copy of the *Annals*, of accredited authority, was procured at great expense, for the purpose of verifying the reading of a single line. With such a chain of testimonials before him, a scholar may be excused if he takes up the language of Scaliger, and complains, like Priam, of the fortune of war which has destroyed the hero of the family, and left so many of his less noble brethren. We feel that for us the great year of Roman poetry has lost its spring; and some sense of our loss remains with us as we gaze on the

meridian glow of its fervid summer, or the hectic tints of its decaying autumn.

Before we speak of the author and of the remains of his works, the history of those remains deserves a few words of notice. It is mortifying to think that a copy of the poems of Ennius appears to have existed till within a comparatively recent period. We cannot indeed point to the precise part of the ocean where the vessel went down, but we know where she was last spoken with. A catalogue of the date of the thirteenth century, appended to a MS. of Statius in a library at Prague, mentions copies of Ennius and Nævius; and a poet of the same period, Alanus de Insula, a Scotchman, in his *Anti-Claudianus*, talks of Ennius in his ragged plebeian garb, thundering out the fortunes of Priam, as if his knowledge of the old bard rested on something better than hearsay. It was an age when classical taste, which had begun to show signs of life, again became nearly extinct, the thick darkness which set in before the dawn; and that it should willingly have let die an author whom of all others Cicero would have struggled to save, is only a single charge towards its condemnation. At the revival of learning we hear only of the fragments of Ennius; they began, however, to attract attention early in the sixteenth century; and Ludovicus Vives, the eminent Spaniard who taught Latin at Oxford, announced a purpose of collecting and editing them. The first who actually performed that task were Robert and Henry Stephens, in their collection of the *Fragments of the Ancient Latin Poets*, published at Paris in 1564. Thirty-six years later, a more elaborate edition was brought out by an Italian, Hieronymus Columna, whose industry as a collector of the fragments appears to have been sufficiently praiseworthy, though unfortunately not equalled by his sagacity in restoring their text or assigning to them their probable places in the lost poems. The next adventure was at once more ambitious and less respectable. Advantage was taken of the name of Ennius to propagate a daring and ingenious forgery. In 1595, Paulus Merula, a Dutch jurisconsult, published at Leyden the fragments of Ennius's *Annals* in a corrected, rearranged, and enlarged form, the main feature of his edition consisting of some additional remains, recovered, as he professed, from a treatise by L. Calpurnius Piso, addressed to the Emperor Trajan, "On the Contents (continentia) of the Ancient Poets." This valuable repertory of quotations had been examined by him, according to his statement, in the library of St. Victor at Paris, where it had once formed part of the same volume with a MS. of Lucan, but had after-

wards been separated from it; and now, he declared, it was in great danger of being stolen. On examination, it appeared that the probability had become a certainty; Piso's treatise had vanished, while the mutilated volume remained; and the latter part of the discovery at any rate has apparently been accepted, even by some recent critics, as an evidence of the general truth of the story, though, when rigorously examined, it seems not to be worth much more than the attestation of the bricks in the chimney to Jack Cade's account of his parentage. Modern opinion appears to have decided that Merula's anticipation was a prediction after the fact, and that he was really both his own Piso and his own Ennius; at the same time that we must confess with Niebuhr that the forgery is executed with considerable plausibility, and that the verses, if not such as Ennius must have written, are such as he might have written. After Merula, we find no name of any great importance, real or fictitious, among the editors of Ennius, till we come to Vahlen, whose edition we have already commemorated, and are glad once more to recommend to our readers for carefulness in collecting the fragments, labour in ascertaining their text according to the best MSS. of the various authors who have preserved them, and general good judgment in arranging them in their places and establishing the main outlines of the lost work. Our own obligations to it have been very great, and the sketch which we are about to give of the probable form and contents of Ennius's poems will be made up, we may say, exclusively from its materials.

First, however, we must briefly sketch the chief particulars that are known about the poet himself. The authorities for his history are rather various than copious; the fullest and in every way the most satisfactory being Cicero, whose notices have to be supplemented by the more equivocal testimony of later compilers, grammatical or historical.

Q. Ennius was born in the year B.C. 239, in the consulship of C. Mamilius Turrinus and Q. Valerius Falto, the year after poetry, as Cicero expresses it, had been introduced into Rome by the representations of the first drama of Livius Andronicus. His place of birth was Rudia (not Rudia), a village in the Calabrian hills; a fact established by the more or less distinct witness of various authors, including his own, as against Eusebius, who makes him to have been born at Tarentum. Calabria was formerly known as Messapia; and Ennius used to assert his descent from the eponymous hero Messapus, the "Messapus equum domitor" of Virgil, who is said by Servius to have alluded to this claim in the passage of the Seventh

Book of the *Aeneid* (vv. 698 foll.) where he introduces the followers of Messapus singing of their king as they marched, like long-necked swans. Silius Italicus represents him as serving in Sardinia under Manlius Torquatus, against the combined army of Sardinians and Carthaginians, at a time when he must have been about four-and-twenty; and, though the circumstances of the description are doubtless wholly due to that frigid imitator of Virgil, that seems no reason why the nucleus round which they cluster may not have been derived from a tradition of whatever value. Fifteen or twenty years later he appears to have been still in Sardinia, if we may trust the shadowy and somewhat conflicting authorities of Cornelius Nepos and Aurelius Victor, from which we gather that he then became connected with Cato, whether during Cato's African questorship or Sicilian prætorship is not clear, and was brought by him to Rome. In his fifty-first year we find him attached to another eminent man, Fulvius Nobilior, who took him with him on his Ætolian campaign, and afterwards marked his recollection of the companionship by making an offering to the Muses out of the spoils of the victory. At a later period he became a Roman citizen, through the instrumentality of the son of Nobilior, who had been appointed a triumvir for founding a colony, and availed himself of the opportunity to gratify his father's friend and his own. Meanwhile Ennius was living in a house on the Aventine, on very restricted means, with the attendance of a single female slave, reading with pupils Greek authors and his own Latin compositions, and enjoying the intimacy of his aristocratic friends, in particular of the families of the Scipios. There he seems to have died, at the age of seventy, of a complaint, described as a disease of the joints, probably gout—the result, it would appear, of that habit of drunkenness, for which he is noted in the well-known passage of Horace. The great Africanus ordered his remains to be interred in his sepulchre, the famous tomb of the Scipios; and there in the time of Livy were to be seen three statues, those of the hero and of his brother and of the poet whom they loved, standing outside the gate of Capena.

Ennius used to say that he had three hearts, because he knew three languages, Greek, Latin, and Oscan. The expression is a fine one, though we must not interpret it by our modern associations, remembering that with the older Romans the heart was the seat of the intellect; and the boast which it symbolizes is one which, if uttered with truth, might well be regarded as marking him out to be the father of Roman poetry, the man in whose capacious mind the language of

Rome could take hold at once of the past and of the future, reaching out on the one hand to its early Italian cognate, and on the other to the great depository of foreign thought and feeling. Yet there were not wanting in his day men who, if they had chosen to adopt his metaphor, might have said of him that the Roman heart beat too feebly, the Greek too strongly. He lived at a time when the enthusiasm for Greek culture was forcing its way step by step against the exclusive national spirit, and the student of foreign training was perhaps in danger of being considered an enemy to his land's language. Cato, who, "if we have writ our annals true," had been Ennius's original patron, and who, according to a less probable part of the same story, condescended to learn Greek of him, afterwards attacked Fulvius Nobilior, with whose proceedings in *Ætolia* he had been in some way brought into contact, on the special ground that he had taken a poet with him into his province. The antagonism was not merely between the poetical Greek and the unpoetical Roman. There was an old school of poetry which had to yield to a new one; the Italian *Camenæ* were to give way to the Grecian Muses. Before Ennius appeared at Rome, *Nævius* the Campanian had been established there, and had obtained a name as a dramatic poet; but he had recently retired into banishment at *Utica*, if indeed he was not already dead. We know too little of his life or of his works to be justified in comparing him formally with his successor in poetical fame, though there are one or two faint traits which suggest the notion of a contrast. Both had seen service in the army, *Nævius* having fought in the first Punic War, as Ennius in the second; but there the resemblance ceases. *Nævius* was a plebeian, and stood by his order, impugning the virtue of the great *Scipio*, and telling the *Metelli* that they owed their repeated consulships not to merit, but to destiny; a licence of tongue which led, first to an imprisonment of sufficient length to allow him to compose two of his dramas, and afterwards to the exile in which he ended his days. Ennius, as we have seen, was the friend of the great, not necessarily compromising his own independence, but willing to link his name to theirs, and to include their praises in the poems in which he celebrated the noble deeds of the worthies of other times; a type of the Roman author as he was to be, a member of that fraternity which *Horace*, many years later, could describe as absorbed in composition, and estranged from worldly cares, and *Juvenal* as dependent on patronage, and labouring on in obscurity, sustained by the hope of earning the ivy-wreath and the bust.

As poets, they appear to have come into collision in the field, not of the drama but of the epic. Their tragedies, as we have seen, belong to the same school. In the main, they are apparently translations or adaptations from the Greek; Greek in their metre no less than in their subject and treatment. But in his exile *Nævius* solaced his latest years by a composition of a different kind, recording the stirring scenes of which he had himself borne a part in a heroic poem on the first Punic War. The scope of the narrative is almost wholly unknown to us, though it would seem not to have been unmixed with Greek mythological legends; but the metre was at any rate national and Italian, the Saturnian verse, "the large utterance of the elder gods" and demigods of rural Italy; in more historical times, the measure of its ballad poetry, if it had any, and of what was perhaps as yet its most elaborate composition in verse, the *Odyssey* of *Livius Andronicus*. But when Ennius entered the field with his national poem, which was to surpass the *Punic War*, both in the scope and magnitude of its subject and in the skill of its treatment, he chose a new metre, a long measure, as he called it himself, the Hexameter of *Homer* and the Grecian Epic; and he is known to have stigmatized the verses of his predecessor, in a passage to which we have already alluded more than once, as effusions like those of the old forest gods, made by men who had never accomplished the ascent of the true *Parnassus*. He had not overrated the importance of a change, which, it may be said without exaggeration, was destined to revolutionize the whole structure of Roman poetry. Superficial observers are apt to treat the influence of metre with comparative indifference, as involving the mere outward form of poetry; but a more careful analysis will show that though the soul of verse is doubtless originally separable from its body, the latter is not a bare husk, to be assumed or thrown off at pleasure, but a part of an organized whole, modified and modifying in turn, and clinging to its partner with a tenacious vitality, which criticism, in attempting to disentangle, is apt to destroy. The language reacts on the thought, which, in taking shape, is obliged to part with something of its own, and accept something extraneous and accidental; and the metre exercises a similar constraint on the language, enforcing the substitution of one word for another, and thus producing a still further departure from the precise character of the conception originally formed by the mind. This second bondage makes itself felt much more in ancient than in modern metres, in proportion as the rule of quantity is more

searchingly oppressive than the rule of accent. Probably the hexameter itself was a more rigorous master to the poet who accepted it than the Saturnian verse, which, though it may not have dispensed with quantity, yet it seems to have admitted great varieties of structure; at any rate, it must have been found sufficiently exacting, even by those whom use or superior aptitude had taught best to comply with its humours, as perhaps the experience of some of our readers may enable them to understand. There is a work by a German scholar, Köne, "On the Language and Metre of the Roman Epic Writers," the object of which is to show that the introduction of the hexameter was an unfortunate innovation, alien from the genius of the language, which had already cast most of its words into moulds suited to other metres, iambic or trochaic, and so tending of itself to produce an unreal and artificial style, where words are distorted into strange forms, or exchanged for inadequate synonyms, where the grammatical proprieties of declensions and tenses are sacrificed for metrical convenience, and rhythm itself has to be violated in order to avoid unlawful sounds. Without going to this length, or speculating whether the Saturnian metre could have been made to bear the weight which, at whatever cost of straining or even cracking, was borne by the hexameter, we may still believe that Ennius's innovation was, as we have said, little less than revolutionary, and that in persuading the poets of his country to submit to a new law, he was really exercising an influence, unmistakable, if not fully appreciable, on the language and thought of succeeding generations. The effect produced by the matter of his poetry, we must be content to take mainly on trust; what he accomplished by the form, we are able to estimate for ourselves. Those who are most inclined to feel aggrieved at the severity of the rule under which he laid his successors, may be consoled by thinking that he appears to have suffered from it himself, while the naïve directness of his efforts to get relief, so unlike the artificial expedients of a later day, may excite a smile, as when he makes a tmesis which, as Servius, the commentator, truly says, though tolerable in a compound word, is "nimis asperum" in a simple, "saxo cere-comminuit-brum," or where, by a dangerous extension of the figure apocope, he reduces well-known substantives to monosyllabic crude forms, "divum domus altisonum cæl," "replet te lætificum gau." It is the same even-handed justice which overtook the Greek dithyrambic poet:—

Οἱ τ' αὐτῶ κατὰ τεύχεσι δνῆρ ἄλλω κατὰ τεύχων.
Ἥ δὲ μακρὰ νῆα βολὴ τῶ ποιήσαντι κακίστην.

Niebuhr confesses that much as he likes the "numeri" and "sales" of Plautus, he cannot be pleased with the hexameters of Ennius; and certainly it seems difficult to see how they could please any one whose ear has been accustomed to the cadence, we do not say of Virgil, but of Lucretius or Catullus. They are, indeed, very similar in structure, if not in their quantities, to a boy's first attempts at school; and, like some of the early poetry of our own country, may seem to suggest a theory that the progress of versifying in a nation is after all much the same as in an individual. Yet it is through such rudimentary stages that excellence is at last attained; and as a student working with a model before him cannot hope to attain perfection in a day, so the task of bringing that model to perfection is not to be completed in a single lifetime, but has to be elaborated by generations of successive artists.

But it is time that we should redeem our promise of giving some account of the various works which Ennius is known to have left behind him, so far as it is possible to form an estimate of their character from the fragments or other notices which have been preserved to us. These works, according to Vahlen, fall under nine heads, though in the scantiness of our information even their number is not placed beyond the reach of controversy. First comes the *opus magnum*—the *Annals*, which were in eighteen books; next his dramatic works, consisting of the tragedies which we have already discussed, and two or three comedies; six books of satires, some epigrams or inscriptions, three of which have come down to us; a poem called *Sota*, from the Sotadic verse in which it was composed; *Protrepicus*—apparently a collection of precepts in verse; *Hedyphagetica*—a poem on eatable fishes; *Epicharmus*—probably a poetical exposition of Pythagorean philosophy; and lastly, *Euhemerus*—a translation of the sacred history of that well-known mythological rationalizer. Of these, the first, the fragments of which occupy about six hundred lines out of an aggregate of twelve hundred, is the only one which need occupy our attention for any time; a very few words will suffice for the rest.

The exordium of the *Annals* appears to stand out before us with tolerable distinctness. Lucretius at the opening of his philosophical poem, Propertius in his vision of Calliope, Virgil in the apparition of Hector to Æneas, Persius in his *Prologue*, and again in his celebration of the bay of Luna, have all either imitated or referred to it. After an invocation to the muses by their two names, Greek and Roman, Ennius gives an account of his calling to the office of poet, possibly

modelled after the proem to Hesiod's *Theogony*—how Homer appeared to him as he lay sleeping on Mount Parnassus, and shedding tears of human saltiness, unfolded to him the mysteries of creation, and the divine origin of animal life. His own soul, said the father of poetry, was now animating the body of Ennius, having been transmitted from Euphorbus to himself, from himself to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to a peacock. Ennius wakes from his sleep, and proceeds to invite his countrymen to hear a description of the harbour of Luna, where it is conjectured that he may have dreamt this dream within a dream. Thence, by what steps we know not, he passed to the subject of his poem—the Annals of the Roman people. We catch brief glimpses of the story of Æneas, his voyage to Italy, and his interview with the king of Alba—"rex Albai Longai," who seems to have held the same position in Ennius's version as Latinus holds in Virgil's. The three hundred years of Alban sovereignty, so familiar to us from the *Æneid*, have no place in the legend which Ennius followed. Æneas is himself the father of Ilia, the royal priestess who gives birth to the founder of Rome. A continuous fragment of seventeen lines is preserved by Cicero, in which the vestal, in verses of considerable beauty, relates to her sister an alarming dream—how she was dragged by a strong and beautiful being along willowy banks that were strange to her, and when left alone, sought in vain for her sister, but found no path to support her, and how her father appeared, and told her that she must first endure sorrow, and afterwards fortune would come to her from the river. A few scattered verses convey to us the sequel of the tale, the birth and exposure of the twins, their suckling by the wolf, their growth to manhood, and the discovery of their parentage by Amulius. Another fragment of twenty lines describes Romulus and Remus waiting for the augury which was to decide their claims, and the people looking on intently, as the spectators in the circus watch for the consul's signal which is to let the chariots go, when suddenly, after a night of expectation, twelve sacred birds appear with the sunrise, and Romulus knows that the throne is his. Again we have a few isolated lines or parts of lines, from which we may glean, as we best can, the story of the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the partition of the empire with Tatius, and the death of Romulus. We have a view, too, of the council of the twelve gods, "Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars, Mercurius, Jovis, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Apollo," sitting in heaven's two-gated banqueting-

hall, where Juno and Venus apparently plead against each other, as in the Tenth *Æneid*, and the latter receives a promise from Jove that Romulus shall be made one of themselves. The only other fragment of importance in the First Book we will venture to quote, as there is something in its melancholy monotone which accords well with the subject, the lament of the Romans over their first king:—

"Pectora [fida] tenet desiderium, simul inter
Sese sic memorant, O Romule, Romule die,
Qualem te patriæ custodem di genuerunt!
O pater, O genitor, O sanguen dis oriundum!
Tu produxisti nos intra luminis oras."

These are sonorous lines; but how much finer is the lament of the Arcadians in Virgil over Pallas!

"O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti!
Hæc te prima dies bello dedit, hæc eadem
aufert,
Cum tamen ingentes Ratulorum linquis acervos."

Of the next four books, from the Second to the Fifth inclusive, only stray lines have come down to us. As it were by flashes of lightning, we read of Numa's institutions—a sufficiently dry catalogue—and of the sweet voice of Egeria, "suavis sonus Egeriai;" of the victory of Horatius, and the murder of his sister; of Mettus Fuffetius, the wretched man whose mangled limbs the vulture devoured among the thorns, and interred in a cruel sepulchre; of Ancus and his foundation of Ostia; of the arrival of the first Tarquin; of the night which was the crisis of the fate of Etruria, "Hoc noctu filo pendebit Etruria tota;" of "the sixth king of four-cornered Rome" (such is the solitary mention of the reign of Servius Tullius); of the furious driving of Tullia's chariot; of the outrage on Lucretia, who is supposed to look up to the starry heaven and invoke the Lares; of Horatius Cocles leaping into the Tiber; of the scaling of the walls of Anxur; of the Samnite war, and the increased haughtiness of the Latins, which is expressed by a lively image, "aqua est aspersa Latinis."

The Sixth Book, which treated of the war with Pyrrhus, or, as Ennius called him, Barbus, comes out in a somewhat clearer light. It opened with a line, of which the first part has been copied by Lucretius, the last by Virgil, "Quis potis ingentes oras evolvere belli?" The important crisis seems to have been marked by another council of the gods; but no trace has been preserved of their deliberations. One line records the well-known equivocal oracle, "Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse;" another contains a reflection

on the family of Æacus, perhaps by the discontented Tarentines;—

"Stolidum genus Æacidarum:
Bellipotentēs sunt magis quam sapientipotentēs."

Then we have the preparations at Rome, the proletariat armed, sentries posted throughout the city, and the forest trees hewn everywhere for timber, the last a passage closely followed by Virgil in his accounts of the funerals of Misenus and Pallas;—

"Incedunt arbusta per alta, securibus cædunt,
Percellunt magnas quercus, exciditur ilex,
Fraxinus frangitur, atque abies consternitur
alta.
Pinus proceras pervortunt: omne sonabat
Arbustum tremitu silvæ frondosæ."

Next follow those lines so familiar to every reader of Cicero's *Offices*, in which the King of Epirus restores the captives unransomed, declaring that he will not make a merchandise of war, but try out the question of sovereignty with the Romans by force of hand, and meanwhile respect the freedom of those whose lives the fortune of battle has respected. Cineas is sent to Rome, but Appius Claudius appeals to the better mind of his countrymen, and the orator returns without the expected peace, and makes report to the king. Two lines on the supposed self-devotion of the third Decius,—a story which Cicero is thought to have derived from Ennius,—and one or two probably referring to the operations at Beneventum, complete our knowledge of the Sixth Book.

The Seventh was probably devoted to the First Punic War. It is there that we find the sarcasm on Nævius' poem, which, however, he admits to have preoccupied the field, so that he proposes himself only to touch on the period slightly. But he seems to have taken occasion to congratulate himself on his own happy daring, which led him to unlock the sacred portals, adding that the blissful vision of wisdom, "Sophiam, sapientia quæ perhibetur," is to be attained only by those who have begun to study. A number of detached lines follow, some of them describing the practice of rowing, in reference, doubtless, to the first naval armament of Rome, others seemingly from speeches of generals encouraging their men, and one or two giving a picturesque glimpse of external nature, the autumnal reddening of the leaves, and the appearance of the cypress and the box, "Russescunt frondes, . . . longique cupressi stant rectis foliis et amaro corpore buxum." Among these there is one of much greater length, which claims especial notice. It is a description of a friend and counsellor of one of the generals, the sharer of his table and his conversation, and of the heap

of his cares, "rerum suarum congeriem," with whom he used to confer when wearied by the day's fatigue in the broad forum and sacred senate, speaking boldly to him of things great and small, good and bad, and taking with him many a pleasure in public and in private; a man never led to commit a crime through levity or malice; learned, faithful, pleasing, eloquent, contented, knowing how to speak at the right moment, but sparing of his words; with a breast where many ancient things were buried, and a character which preserved both the old and the new.

"Scitus . . . multa tenens antiqua sepulta,
vetustas
Quem fecit mores veteresque novosque tenen-
tem,
Multorum veterum leges divumque hominum-
que;
Prudenter qui diota loquive tacereve possit:
Hunc inter pugnas Servilius sic compellat."

We know nothing of Servilius but the name, while his marvellous friend is nameless; but Gellius, the preserver of the fragment, says on the authority of Ælius Stilo, that the poet intended to draw his own picture, doubtless as he appeared in Ætolia at the side of Fulvius Nobilior. As a portrait, perhaps, it hardly falls within our criticism; but we may be allowed to give it some praise as a painting.

After the Seventh Book the fragments again diminish, both in magnitude and in interest. The Eighth and Ninth were on the Second Punic War, but very little remains to show the way in which the subject was treated. There are the lines about Discord bursting open the iron-bound gates of the war-god, which Horace quotes as a specimen of the epic style; the lines on war which Cicero uses in his *Pro Murena*, describing the triumph of violence,

"Pellitur e medio sapientia, vi geritur res,
Spernitur orator bonus, horridus miles amatur;"

some single lines on a battle, probably Cannæ, dust flying and darts showering, and the Carthaginians ham-stringing the prisoners, a glimpse of yet another council of the gods, where Juno lays aside her enmity to Rome, and Jupiter promises that Carthage shall fall; and the well-known eulogies on Cethegus and Fabius Cunctator, "the choice flower of Rome, Persuasion's very marrow," and "the one man who saved the State by delay, caring more for men's lives than for their tongues."

In the Tenth Book, the Muse is invoked to sing of the exploits of the Roman generals in the war with King Philip of Macedon. Flaminius is troubled night and day, thinking how to penetrate into the enemy's

country, when an Epirote shepherd, poor and honest, "vir haud magna cum re sed plenus fidei," accosts him in words applied by Cicero to another Titus, his friend Pomponius Atticus, and inquires what reward he may expect if he shall succeed in relieving him of his care. After this well-known fragment, the most noticeable is a simile of those lines about a hound giving tongue, applied, we may suppose, to the Romans tracking the foe:—

"Sicut si quando vinclis venatica velox
Apta solet canis forte foram si nare sagaci
Sensit, voce sua nectit, ululatque ibi acute."

The subjects of the two next books are not clearly ascertained. One fragment is supposed to refer to Flamininus in Greece, another to a possible invective of Cato against luxury in dress; but the only one of interest is a couplet, imitated by Virgil in his Seventh *Aeneid*, on the inextinguishable vitality of the old Trojan stock,

"Quæ neque Dardaniis campis potuere perire,
Nec cum capta capi, nec cum combusta cremari."

The war with Antiochus is thought to have occupied the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Books. Antiochus himself is supposed to be speaking in one fragment, where he complains of having been misled by Hannibal; the rest are general enough—a reflection on the trustworthiness of soothsayers, a few scattered lines about ships sailing, where the yellow sea is coupled with the green brine—a propriety of colouring vindicated by Gellius—a word of encouragement before a battle, and another of complaint after defeat. Fulvius Nobilior is thought to have been the hero of the next book, so that there at least the poet would have spoken as an eye-witness; but the fragments, though apparently pointing to the siege of Ambracia, present nothing very tangible.

The Sixteenth, as we are told by Pliny, was added in honour of T. Cæcilius Denter and his brother, personages who figure very slightly in the history as we read it, but whom Ennius seems to have extolled as models of valour. The fragments are rather various than remarkable; we may, however, specify three, which speak of the sloping mountains whence the night rises, of the night flying with a girdle of constellations round her, and of the torch of day setting and covering the ocean with a trail of crimson light. The few remains of the Seventeenth Book tell us vaguely of battle scenes; but there seems reason to believe that it contained a tribute to the magnanimity of a censor who, finding himself elected together with a personal

enemy, sought a reconciliation on the spot, that they might perform their joint work with joint heart and soul.

The Eighteenth and last Book embraced the Histrian War. There is a picture, studied after Homer's Ajax, and itself reproduced in Virgil's Turnus, of a tribune defending himself against the Histrians, with darts raining on his shield and helmet, and falling harmless and shivered to the ground, with sweat streaming from every pore, yet not a moment to take breath. But the interest of the book, at least to us, must have centred in the discourse about himself, in which the old bard seems to have indulged in closing this his greatest poem. Even now we may read with sympathy his boastful allusion to his late enrolment among the citizens of the conquering city—"Nos sumus Romani, qui fuimus ante Rudini;" we may be touched by the mention he appears to have made of the year of his age in which he wrote, bordering closely on the appointed term of man's life; and we may applaud as the curtain falls over his grand comparison of himself to a victorious racer, laden with Olympic honours, and now at last consigned to repose:

"Sicut fortis equus, spatio qui sæpe supremo
Vicit Olimpia, nunc senio confectus quiescit."

A very few words, as we have stated already, will despatch what has to be said on the other works of Ennius, numerous and varied as these appear to have been. His strength was not supposed to lie in comedy; a poetical classification of the Roman comic writers, quoted by Gellius, gives him the last place in a list of ten, and that only in deference to his antiquity; and accordingly, the whole number of fragments that has come down to us, amounts only to eleven lines, or parts of lines, preserved simply as containing certain words, and throwing no light on the nature of the pieces from which they came. The three titles which we possess are *Ambracia*, which, as we have seen, may have been a *prætexta*, *Capuncula*, if the same is rightly restored, as we should say, the Maid of the Inn, and *Pancratiastæ*, the Prize-fighters. Of Ennius's historical position as a writer of satire we have no space to speak at length. He seems to have been the first who gave satire its form; its spirit of personal invective it did not receive till later. We hear of as many as six books of his satires; but the actual remains are very slender, though sufficient to show that he preserved that early characteristic of the *Satura*, a medley of metres. The most memorable of these books would seem to have been the third, if it is rightly identified with a poem which he wrote in honour of Scipio. The

fragments which remain are partly personal, as where he thanks himself in the name of mankind for giving them to drink of the fiery wine of song drawn from his heart,

"Enni poeta salve qui mortalibus
Versus propinas flammeos medullitus,"

or where he tells us (if the line has been restored to its right place) that he never writes poetry but when he has the gout; partly laudatory of his hero, who appeals for a witness of his deeds to the broad and cultivated plains of Africa, "lati campi quos gerit Africa terra politos;" and in one case simply picturesque, describing a universal hush in nature:—

"Mundus cæli vastus constitit silentio;
Et Neptunus sævus undis asperis pausam dedit:
Sol equis iter repressit ungulis volantibus:
Constitere amnes perennes, arbores vento vacant."

A fragment about a slave, who annoys his prudent master by his reckless laugh and wolfish appetite; four jingling verses, telling a hoaxer that when the hoax does not succeed, the hoaxer is hoaxed; a version, which, however, exists only in Gellius's prose, of Æsop's fable about the lark and her young ones, and the well-known line about the resemblance of the ape to man, "Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis," comprise all that need be noted in the rest of his satires. The three *Epigrams* or *Inscriptions*, ten lines in all, we will quote entire. The first is the famous epitaph on himself:—

"Aspicite, O cives, senis Enni imaginis formam!

Hic vestrum panxit fortia facta patrum.

Nemo me lacrimis decoret nec funera fletu

Faxit. Cur? Volito vivus per ora virum."

The second is on Africanus, the man to whom never friend or foe could repay what he gave:—

"Hic est ille situs cui nemo civis neque hostis

Quivit pro factis reddere opis pretium."

The third is also on Africanus, into whose mouth it is put:—

"A sole exoriente supra Mæotis paludes

Nemo est qui factis me æquipare queat.

Si fas endo plagas cœlestium ascendere cuiquam est,

Mi soli cœli maxima porta patet."

The three extant verses of the *Sota* are not worth dwelling on. All that is known of the *Protrepticus*, or Collection of Precepts, consists of a single word "pannibus," a variety for "pannis," the dative of "pannus," and two lines and a half about a husbandman separating tares from his wheat. Of the *Hedypagetica*, an imitation or translation of a once popular poem by Archestratus of

Gela, Apuleius has preserved us eleven lines, describing various kinds of fish, and the places where they are to be caught or bought, in language which Horace may have had in his mind when he wrote the dialogue between himself and Catus. The title of the *Epicharmus* is more promising; but the fragments come to but little. It was written in trochaic tetrameters, and the philosopher himself seems to have been a speaker in it, if not the speaker of the whole. Its chief utterances tell us that the body is earth and the mind fire taken from the sun, and that Jupiter is the air, comprising wind and clouds, rain and cold, all which are rightly called Jupiter, "quoniam mortales atque urbes beluasque omnes juvat." The extant remains of the *Euhemerus* have descended to us in prose; there is, however, reason to believe that it was originally a poem, but that some later hand modernized and transposed it; and it has been shown that a number of trochaic tetrameters can be extracted from it without much difficulty. The prose fragments, which, though not numerous, are of considerable length, owe their preservation to Lactantius. Whatever may have been the case in their original state, in their present form they do not possess much of the colour of poetry; in fact, the language may be said to reflect the character of that jejune mythology which it was intended to expound.

Here at last we bring our antiquarian survey to an end. Perhaps our readers will reproach us for not having availed ourselves more frequently of the services of the two accomplished *cicerones* whom at starting we recommended to them. We can only plead that our own pilgrimage through these catacombs of literature was made independently, at a time when, though Ribbeek and Vahlen had cleared the way, the lights of æsthetic criticism had to be provided by every traveller for himself. This solitary experience has given us the means of appreciating the high qualifications of our two instructors: possibly it may have enabled us, in some slight degree, to supplement their labours.

ART. V.—*Wildbad und Seine Umgebungen.*
Stuttgart, 1860.

READER, did you ever break the middle fibre of the triceps muscle just above the knee? You are not likely to have done so, for it is a rare chance, and the force that would snap it would sooner break the thigh-bone itself, or split the knee-pan. But we

broke ours, and though it is a very lame story, we mean to tell you all about it, and how we tried to cure it. How it happened was this: we had been abroad in Greece, away from wife and child, and after roving among the Ionian Islands and in the Morea, found ourselves, on the 19th of December, on the Acropolis at Athens. Then and there came on us the love of home. We thundered along the dusty road from Athens to the Piræus, caught the French steamer, and turned our face west, bent on eating our Christmas dinner at home. There was not an hour too much for the feat; but the sea was smooth, the wind fair, the boat as swift as a French boat can be. We reached Marseilles on the Thursday morning, in time to catch the mid-day mail for Paris. From the Station de Lyon we tore on the early dawn of Christmas-day to the Station du Nord, caught the tidal train, crossed from Boulogne to Folkestone, and reached London at 6 P.M. This was pretty quick work, for it was late on the Saturday before that we left the Piræus; we had stayed half a day at Messina on the voyage, and here we were home on the Friday at seven o'clock to dinner. These were our thoughts as we drove from London Bridge to the Broad Phylactery; but, so far as dinner was concerned, they were doomed to disappointment. We rushed up-stairs to see our babes and sucklings, and ran down again to dinner, which was there smoking on the board. Alas! of that dinner we never tasted one bit. As we came down, four steps at a time, we forgot to count them, as every one instinctively and unconsciously counts the steps of a well-known staircase; we hurled ourselves on a landing, thinking there were four more steps to come. There was a stunning baulk; something snapped in our thigh; we fell forward flat on our face, were picked up, and borne off to bed. At first we thought our thigh was broken. By the time the doctor came, torn reluctantly from his Christmas dinner, the limb was a huge swollen mass, without a sign of knee in it. The learned man shook his head, and pinched us tenderly. "No bone broken," he said, "but what else may be broken is hard to say." Then philosophizing, "How could you have done it? A very strange accident; I would not have believed it." Ice, lotion, leech; lotion, leech, ice; leech, ice, lotion; so ran the round of life from day to day. In a few days we got the swelling down somewhat, and there appeared above the kneecap a sort of trough where the fibres were torn away. "Much better have broken the bone," was the wise man's remark; "it would have been the shortest in the end; three months on your back, six on crutches,

and three more to get the strength again into the muscles of your leg. Just a year." "Well, but will this be a year?" "Yes, and perhaps two," was the reply from this Job's comforter. "You see, you will begin to get about, and then you will trip up and fall, and some more of the fibres will go. Besides, muscles never really unite; they fly away like an India-rubber band when it is snapped, and though something like a membrane forms, and fills up the gap, that muscle will never do a stroke of work again. What you have to do is to coax the others to take some of its work on themselves. But it takes a long time to coax a muscle into doing what Providence never meant it to do; and while you are coaxing it you will have another accident, and all the cure will have to begin over again." Here was a cheerful family surgeon. Do you wonder that we soon paid him his fee, and got rid of him for that day? But he spoke the truth, though, young as we were in accidents, we did not believe him. "How many times did we repeat our accident?" Well, seven times in ten months! First, we just made a little false step as we were crawling up to bed. Though the leg only slipped back one step, something went "crick" again, and in half-an-hour the knee was nearly as swollen as before. That little step threw us back more than a month. But that was nothing; it was a mere baby accident to the next. This was in the month of March, when we stepped upon a bit of orange-peel at night in the street, and instinctively steadying ourselves on the lame leg, it shut up very like a telescope, and falling on it, we crushed it up utterly. "Was it any pain?" Only try it. The feeling is as if all the flesh were stripped off the bones from below the knee to half-way up the thigh. When we see the lion munching the thigh-bone of a horse at the Zoological Gardens, we think of our own thigh-bone, only that, while he gnaws horse, we think of ourselves as a less noble animal. That was fall number two. It took two months to recover from that, with this difference, that besides leech, lotion, ice, iodine was asked to assist in the after-cure, and scorched and withered our unhappy joint with his burning breath. Now came fall the third, for fall follows fall in this story as Amurath used to succeed Amurath in Turkish history. We were sitting over a fire—we are sorry, for the honour of this genial climate, to add it was in the month of June—and stretching up to reach a book which lay on the mantel-shelf above our heads, we again rested never so little on this perfidious limb. Like Egypt, that bruised reed, the thankless joint

seemed to shrivel up; down we fell, and one of our hands went into the fire. So there we were; one knee as though a savage beast were rending it with his greedy teeth, and one hand well thrust forward into the fire. Talk of Daniel in the lions' den, or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace! Here were we at once in the den and furnace. Now, having tried both at the same time, we say, without a spark of doubt, that we would sooner fall into the lions' jaws than into the flaming fire. Our first care, therefore, was to pluck our hand out of the fire, and put out our wristband, which had caught fire. After that we laid ourselves out at full length on our back on the rug, and—fainted. When we came to ourselves there we still lay. We could neither stir hand nor foot, and there we should have lain still, had not one of those curious creatures, the British housemaid, looked in, as she said afterwards, just to see why we were so quiet. The wretch was well frightened for her pains! Away she flew and told the rest that master had gone mad, and tried to put an end to his existence by climbing up the chimney. This she said, because in our pain we had besmirched our forehead and face with the hand which had been in the fire, and was black with coal. It took us some weeks to recover from this twofold woe, and then came the unkindest stroke of all. At the end of July there was a dramatic fête at the Crystal Palace, where all the old actors and actresses assemble, all the stale jokes are let off anew, and all that is idle and stupid in London goes down to see what is called the fun. Though certainly not idle, we were among the stupid on that occasion, as the end will show. But we had the excuse which all who do a silly thing either have or make,—we were led astray. Whether this excuse does not as often mean leading, as being led, is a question we do not deign to answer. We say we were led astray. Astray in supposing we could find any amusement in such a gathering of dulness and doddiness. But our sin was speedily punished, and readily do we acknowledge the truth of Butler's statement, that if it were so ordained that every sin as soon as committed brought with it certain death, there would speedily be no sin: an argument very like that used by those industrious Chinese, who gain their living by being substitutes for offenders sentenced to death. If every Chinaman embarked in this profession there would soon be few of them left. However that may be, our sin in being such a fool as to go to such a place was soon punished, and in a very fitting way. Vengeance overtook us in the skirts of a lady's crinoline. Awful woman, we fancy we see

her now. Nearly six feet high, and stout in proportion. We are sure she was that masculine creature whose husband recently appealed to Sir James Wilde, to protect him against her cruelty. She used to thrash him by day, and tie him to the bedpost by night. The henpecked wretch did not dare to call his life his own. Down she bore on us with our lame leg. She was clad in an apple-green dress, over which was thrown a skyblue shawl. On her head was a yellow bonnet, with cherry-coloured ribbons. In her grasp was a tri-coloured parasol, with the Italian mixture. From this we infer that she had sympathized with Garibaldi, kissed his hand, and subscribed to the various things which have been proposed for him, none of which, strange to say, he will condescend to take. Well, down on us she bore. We were in a crowd, and between us and her were many human beings, who we vainly hoped would break the fury of her onslaught. Still she bore on, cleaving the waves of life as though they had been foam. We felt fascinated by the gorgeousness of her apparel, becalmed before her as a tiny smack just before it is run down by a three-decker. Escape was out of our power; on and on she came; frantically we moved on one side to let her pass. It was in vain, we were swept up by the rush of petticoats in her train, her iron cage caught our maimed knee, we were hurled to earth, and this monster in woman's garb passed by on her terrible way without a word of sympathy for the muscles she had torn asunder in her brutal strength. In a future state may she be a Flanders mare, and may we be the Fleming who has the driving of her! This is no doubt a very wicked wish, but it is strictly true, and in our opinion quite justifiable under the circumstances. So there we lay groaning till we were gathered up by our friends, and packed off to London to go to bed.

By the time we could get about again London was beginning to grow lazy. Tired of eating and tired of dancing; tired of Greenwich and tired of Richmond; tired of Denmark and the Duchies; especially tired of Prussia and Austria; tired of giving advice to foreign nations which they would not take; tired in short of everything. All that every one wished was to rush out of town. But where were we to go with a lame leg? To darling Scotland? to Skye perhaps, to row from Torrin round the point into Loch Sca-vaig to Camasunary, and then having seen the Coolins, to walk with plenty of food, but without a dirk, and if need be without a guide, across the hill down into the glen, and so along it to Sligachan. Alas! we had done that walk with ease more than once, but to

do it with a lame leg was out of the question. No! no man with a lame leg should dare to insult Scotland by going to see her in his sufferings. She at least has the free use of her limbs as well as of her tongue, and bids Southern cripples stay at home where crutches are cheaper than they ever can be or ought to be on the hill. Job had his comforters and so had we. We have already said that we found one in our doctor; but we had many more. "You must take great care." "If you don't mind, you'll be a cripple for life." "Bless me, how could you be so imprudent?" "When I was young, I should never have thought of such a thing." "If I were you, I would never stir out of the house." "I once knew a man who met with an accident like yours, and it turned into a white swelling, and he had to lose his leg." "It will be a bad thing for you if this accident becomes complicated. I mean if you have gout or rheumatism in your constitution,—and really I believe every one has them,—for then your leg would get contracted and twisted, or lengthen and drag. In either case it will look very like paralysis, though of course I don't mean to say that you ever had it." Pleasant people all, immensely wise after the fact, blind leaders of the lame, ready to trip him up. All this while the summer was passing away, and still we knew not what to do. At last some one said, Why not go to Wildbad? Now it I have ever hated anything and looked on it as a profound humbug, it is a German bath. When a man has nothing to do it is good for him to go to a German bath; also when he has nothing the matter with him it is good for him to go to a German bath, except that going with nothing the matter with him he may be brought home in his coffin;—that is what he may get by going to a German bath. Sometimes doctors, who are, as is well known, the humanest of men, send patients who are at the last gasp to a German bath, lest they should be shocked at seeing them die before their eyes; but though that speaks well for the doctors' hearts, it says very little for the virtue of the waters. Such wicked thoughts as these we had always cherished till some one whispered, "Why not go to Wildbad?" Now being a profound geographer—have we not passed the Civil Service Examination and got honours for drawing a map of the unknown parts of Timbuctoo?—being a geographer and wishing to catch our advisers we answered sharply, "which Wildbad?" "I only know of one Wildbad in Würtemberg in the Black Forest," was the reply. "Ignorant wretch, how can you know anything of lameness and what is good for it, when you do not know that there are three

Wildbads? Suppose we go to the wrong one; suppose we get treated for scrofula or ovarian dropsy; suppose we go beguiled by you to a place where the waters may only be good for a disease which we have not got, or for a woman's disease which no man can have. Do you not know that if wrongly taken, these waters, which are asserted to be homœopathic, produce the very disease in the patient which they are calculated to cure when rightly imbibed? What will you say if we come back 'a leper as white as snow,' or with our man's nature turned as far as may be into woman's nature;—in that case what revenge would be too great if wreaked on your guilty head?" Thus saying, without waiting for the reply, we turned, like Naaman the Syrian, and "went away in a rage." Yet advice is like water, drop by drop it pierces and eats its way into the heart. Next a woman said, "Why not go to Wildbad—that will cure you." At first the voice sounded like a cuckoo set up to mock us; but we listened at last; we were ready to hear what Wildbad could do. If we were to believe all we heard, its waters could do everything, or next to everything. That was pretty well, but as we had not everything the matter with us, we wished to know whether it would knit together broken muscle. If it could do that, it was welcome to fail in every other case. So selfish does sickness make us. "Heal my knee, but let all the world be lame." "Well, it could do everything in the way of healing joints, and so it could do that. Has it ever cured any one you know?" "I can hardly answer that question, because no one is said to know himself. It has cured me, but as I do not know myself, I can't say I know any one whom Wildbad has cured." This was a delightful fallacy and thorough bit of woman's logic, quite as good in its way as man's, and so we went on. "But how does it cure them? Has the water been analysed?" Yes, but like the surgeons who dissected the corpse to look for the soul and could not find it, so the water of Wildbad refuses to give up its secret in retorts and blowpipes. It calls itself pure imponderable water, and so it remains. Like a noble heart it will not answer to "the question." You may torture it, and boil it to death till it flies off in a rage, that is, in steam, but it keeps its character to the last, and with its last breath screams, "I am pure water, my character is above suspicion." This was all very poetical, but poetry sets no broken bones, and we revenged ourselves on our informant by muttering that it was fortunate the gender of water in German was neuter and not feminine. So much for the poetry of its character. But somehow or other a word drop-

ped by a woman you respect is like a grain of wheat, it lies forgotten in your mind a while, but at last it begins to germinate, and as all growth is painful, it frets and worries you. Why should we believe, it is only a woman, and so the growth is stifled as a budding grain may be hidden for a while under a heap of earth. But if this be the case with one grain of advice, what is it when there is a conspiracy among your friends to sow your mind with grains of advice, and when you wake up one morning and find the chambers of your soul ringing with the words, "Why not go to Wildbad?" In that case your mind is like a field covered with sprouting ears of wheat. That crop has fairly got possession of the soil; up it must come; it is too late to sow anything else. Well for you that friends sowed wheat and not an enemy tares. So it was with us. At last every one said, man, woman, and child, "Why not go to Wildbad?" and as the chorus grew louder and louder, at last they changed their mode of utterance, and instead of asking, "Why don't you go to Wildbad?" they said outright, "You must go to Wildbad." To Wildbad then we resolved to go, but we must say, sorely against our will, and only out of respect to public opinion as proclaimed by the vote of our friends.

But how to go to Wildbad; for here as everywhere else in life, answering one question only begets another. To Wildbad there are two great ways, one for the wise and one for the fool. The positive fool goes to Wildbad *via* Ostend, and if he is a comparative fool, a very great fool, he will go from London to Antwerp, or if he is a superlative fool, the greatest fool of all, he goes from London to Rotterdam, and so up the Rhine by steamer till he comes to some port comparatively near Wildbad, and then strikes across for it. So logically certain is this connexion of folly the Rhine and Wildbad, that it may be syllogistically stated,

All who go to Wildbad by the Rhine are fools,
Tom Noddy went to Wildbad by the Rhine,
Therefore Tom Noddy is a fool.

But if the Rhine is the highway of fools to Wildbad, what is the narrow path of the wise men to Würtemberg Bath? How silly to ask! By way of Paris of course. It is the shortest in time, cheapest in money, and pleasantest in practice. Wise men leave London from the Victoria or the Charing Cross Station, take the boat to Calais and register their baggage all the way to Paris. Leaving London at 7.30 A.M. they reach Paris at 6 P.M., and at half-past eight the mail train leaves Paris for Strasburg. You can register

your baggage all the way to Wildbad, and take your fare to that place. You have no trouble either for yourself or your goods, and you will arrive at Wildbad at 3 P.M. of the second day, having left London at 7.30 A.M. of the day before. Being wise therefore we chose to go to Wildbad by Paris.

Now we have started. We got across the Channel well enough, attended by about two hundred fellow-passengers. The sea was smooth, but half-way across we came upon a little swell which exacted the customary tribute from the faint-hearted. At Calais was the usual fussing and fuming of the French officials, who bully unhappy passengers whose luggage is not registered, by forcing them to stay behind for a slow train. But our luggage is registered; for us the station-master has no terrors; in half an hour we are off by the fast train. We have the old quarrel with the waiter at the Amiens Buffet as to the extra centimes for potatoes and bread which he insists on making Englishmen pay; we fly past Creil, and reach Paris at six P.M. As we issue from the station we are hailed by shouts of "*Ohé Lambert!*" "*Es-tu là, Lambert!*" which we cannot understand, till we are told that this is the new watchword of the *gamins*, invented for the August fêtes, meaning probably nothing but idle chaff, but which the police had twisted into the rallying cry of a wide-spread conspiracy. We are sick of fêtes and rejoicings since that fatal one at the Crystal Palace; nothing would induce us to assist at another till we are quite sound on our legs, so we drive at once to the Strasburg station, and there deposit our luggage and take our places all the way to Wildbad; the whole cost of the journey from London to Paris, first-class, food and everything included, being under six pound. But the train does not start till 8.35, and it is now barely half-past six. Would Monsieur not like to drive along the Boulevards, and so to the *Place de la Concorde*, and up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe and see the preparations for the fêtes? Not a bad notion, though the only result was a good dinner, which we got at a café near the Arch. All the rest was the merest tawdry tinsel, only serving to disfigure the Luxor obelisk and to spoil the natural beauty of the *Place*. At eight o'clock we were back at the Strasburg station, where we were penned up with about a hundred first-class passengers in a waiting-room. This is another of those absurd French regulations by which every care is taken to cause a crush and insure, if possible, injury to the lame and weak. When the door was opened we were swept along with the tide, and thought ourselves very lucky that we reached our carriage without another

fall. We were too late to get a seat with our back to the engine, but we got a middle one facing it, and so avoided the risk of losing our eye-sight by cinders. Over against us was a young Frenchman from Alsace, and along with him on his left, in the corner of the carriage, was his young and very pretty wife. On the husband's right was another Frenchman, who was chiefly remarkable for his love of pears. On our right was a man whose nationality was not at first apparent in the dusk. The seat in the corner on our left was empty, and up to the last moment it seemed likely that our party was to consist of five. Not so. Just as the train was about to move, the guard shouted, "*Par ici, Monsieur!*" and then the door was opened, a man was bundled in, the door slammed to on his heels, and away we went. When we say that the new-comer was a man, we mean he was a man and something more; he was a black man! Yes, a real jet-black nigger; none of your bronzed imitations of the children of Ham; no Moor, Malay, Hindoo, or Arabian. Not at all; none of these; but a real downright negro. The train went off with a jerk, for the engine was impatient at having been kept waiting for a negro; and gave a short and a jump as it started. It was revenged, for the poor black, who had not well seated himself, was thrown into the lap of the pear-eating Frenchman, the pear was dashed against his sable visage, and the Frenchman's teeth no doubt indented his forehead. This called our attention still more to the stranger. All eyes were turned on him, and then we saw that he was attired in a sort of flowing gabardine, and that his head was protected from concussion by an enormous white turban. The Frenchman *sacréd* and *crinon-ed* a little, and looked for an apology from Othello, but never a word of apology came. With great presence of mind the black now took off his turban, unrolled it, and hung it up in the netting over his head. There was a short pause, while we still looked on. He then stooped down and took off his shoes. During this operation one of his feet was lifted up, and we saw that he had no stockings. The married couple were in despair. They could not tell to what extent the disrobing process might go on. His *Beinkleider*, supposing him to speak German, might be the next article of clothing to go. It was an anxious moment of suspense, during which my doubtful neighbour on my right groaned audibly. Husband and wife looked on aghast, and the frugivorous Frenchman took out another pear. All this time his sable majesty had not condescended to speak. No one uttered a word; like six beasts of prey fallen into a pit, there we sat,

cowed at each other's presence. Suddenly the negro threw himself back into the carriage, pulled up the window, which threw a bitter draught upon his ebon face, and coiled himself up to go to sleep. In a minute or two he was in the arms of Morpheus. "I'm not going to be asphyxiated for a negro," said the pear-eater, as he pushed down the glass, as soon as his *vis-à-vis* was safe.

Thus we journeyed on till we stopped at Epernay, where there was a buffet. "*Dix minutes d'arrêt,*" shouted the guard and porters, and every one woke up and rushed out. The black woke with the rest, thrust his head and neck out of the window, and belowered, "Hi! you sir, water, water!" So he spoke English, but it was English with a very bad accent, and bad as it was he had a very small stock of it. Of French he was altogether guiltless, but as he continued bawling, the porters gathered round the carriage, and laughed at him with true French politeness. Now my friend on my right looked up, and in an instant his nationality was plain: "Tell you what, sirree, in my great country that darned nigger would be located in the nigger van."

Well, we all, the Black Prince, pear-eater, new-married couple, Yankee, and ourselves, got out and went to the buffet. By this time the first-named had donned his turban and shoes, and created great sensation among the womankind. "*Tenez Toinette, voilà le chef d'Etat Major d'Abd-el-Kader! qui demande à boire.*" All this time the nigger stood before the young women behind the buffet, and shouted "Water!" "Water!" at the top of his voice. Then we took pity on him, though we have both *a priori* and *a posteriori* a dislike to niggers. We got him some water and some wine, and made him eat half a fowl, and changed his money for him, and saw that he was not cheated, and took him back to the carriage. So the time wore away in those disturbed fits of slumber and starts of wakefulness which make up a night on a railway. In the grey dawn we came to Nancy, and as the lovely summer sun shone out, we were traversing the undulating fields of Alsace. Now that we were not far off Strasburg, every one began to make up for lost time and feel it his duty to talk to his neighbour. The pear-eater laid aside his pears and talked to the husband, the wife talked to the Yankee, and we to the nigger. But we could make little of him. "Water," "Sir," and "Vienna," were pretty nearly all the English he knew. By his ignorance he might have been an emissary from Abyssinia, Madagascar, or Muscat; and if diplomacy consists in the art of concealing one's meaning, he was quite successful. All

he could say was that he came from England and was going to Vienna, which, he thought, was a town an hour or two from Strasburg. He had a notion, too, that he would certainly be left behind, and made us often ask the guard where the trains branched off for Vienna. At last the guard, good-humoured above the average of Frenchmen, quite lost patience. "*Il prétend qu'il est nègre, mais il ressemble beaucoup plus à un singe, J'en ai vu au Jardin des Plantes qui sont plus instruits que cet homme là,*" and with that he slammed the carriage-door in disgust.

Meanwhile the Yankee and the wife of the husband got on pretty well. "I observe that you grow *corn* in this country. Do you give it to your niggers?"

"No; we gives it to our gooses," was the lady's reply in broken English, uttered in the most winning way.

"Have you heard of the great General Grant, marm? I dubitate if there's air another general in Europe can black his shoes. He is an obstinate old child, marm, and cares nothing for human life, I expect."

No; she had heard of no American general but Butler, who "*wiped* the ladies." "That's a darned rebel lie, marm, begging your pardon. General Butler is the very height and acme of chivalry. He is a child in tenderness, and would never flog a woman, except it were a rebel."

"Then he did '*wipe*' them."

"Yes, marm, he did. Women are arresting critters in every land; but rebel and 'secesh' women whip all creation in arrestation."

Just then Strasburg spire came in sight, and we all admired it, though to our eye it is not nearly so fine as Salisbury. The Yankee thought it "some tall," but asked us all if we had ever seen the Capitól at Washington, or the Mormon Temp'le at Nauvoo. No; none of us had seen them. "Then, let me say that the architecture in our great country is as far superior to your architecture in Europe, as Europe is inferior to our great continent."

A little more of this stuff would have bored us to death. The Yankee was going to Mannheim, and turned off a little on this side of Strasburg. So we were rid of him and his dialect. The rest of us went on to Kehl. In the morning light old Father Rhine looked kindly up at us as we crossed the railway bridge, and found ourselves on German soil.

To red-breeched French soldiers now succeeded Badish *Zolbeamter*: "Have you anything to declare; any mixed fabrics of silk and wool?" "How can I tell; I am a traveller, not a trader." The fat official thrust his hand into our portmanteau, and brought

out the last number of the *North British Review*. "What's this? Oh, I see! a book in Scotch dialect. That is not liable to duty." Our baggage passed, we got into the train for Carlsruhe and Pforzheim. Here we parted with the Black Prince, who made salaams and genuflexions, and implored our good offices with the German guard. We did all we could for him, and went our way. In the train we admire the excellence of the first-class carriages, and the particularity of the regulations, which prescribe how some carriages are for smoking, some for not smoking; how it is expressly forbidden in cold weather to have both windows open at once, and how the windward pane is always to be closed on such occasions. We had only one fellow-traveller as we glided along over the alluvial country between Kehl and Rastadt, an old French sea-dog, who had been crippled in his leg at St. Jean d'Ulloa, where the Prince de Joinville performed his great exploit of reducing the Mexicans to submission. Now he had left the service and turned tile-maker, and he was going to "*Carlrhus*," as he insisted on calling it, on business. I tried in vain to persuade him to come on to Wildbad for his leg's sake, but he spurned our advances. He had been too long lame; he had got used to it; his trusty stick was a second self; it was respectable to be lame, and to be able to say, I got this hurt fighting for France. No, he would not hear of Wildbad; but after "*Carlrhus*" he was going to England, to "*Jork*," to attend an agricultural show, and to get customers for his tiles. From him, too, we parted at Carlsruhe, and went on alone, as one almost always is in a first-class carriage in Southern Germany. Next time we shall be wiser, and take a mixed ticket, first from Paris to Strasburg, and second, from Strasburg to Pforzheim; so shall we save money, and escape an English Müller who may lurk about German railway stations hoping to murder first-class English travellers.

At Pforzheim, at the mouth of the Enzthal, we arrived at half-past eleven A.M., and found a real old, lumbering German *Eilwagen*, a thing so completely of the past, that it looked like an extinct saurian, a megatherium of diligences. There the monster stood with its four horses waiting for us; we were transferred to it bag and baggage, and off the relic of bygone days began to crawl.

All our life long we have hated creeping things. We are no serpent worshippers. As a shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians so are snakes to us. Tortoises, too, we cannot away with; sluggish wretches that stick for months on the very same spot. Lizards, even the green sort, have to us something uncanny. Well do we remember, when

young, the baleful race of woodslave and slippery-back, those hideous brown and yellow lizards of the West Indies, which crawl along the ceiling, and then drop suddenly down on the dinner-table or on your head. Horrible, slimy, leprous-looking things, covered all over like an ice-plant, with a yellow kind of animal hoar-frost; combining at once every feature that can inspire loathing and disgust. For this reason we should not like to live in Virginia, which is said, on the strength of a Yankee proverb, to abound in snakes. Nor, not for a good deal, would we stand in the shoes of that German naturalist who is to take ten years in cataloguing the undescribed snakes and serpents and reptiles kept in casks of spirits in the vaults of the British Museum. Fancy being sentenced for life to perpetual snake-servitude, and to be pointed at by the finger of scorn as the man who could so forget the awful warning of the Garden of Eden, as to consent to classify twenty thousand new kinds of serpents!

But to return from this outburst against snakes to that moral snake, the crawling *Eilwagen*. On and on it crept up the excellent road which leads to Wildbad, along the banks of the Enz. If there are still sermons in stones as well as in sticks, the macadam of the road to Wildbad ought to cry out against that *Eilwagen*. At the day when all diligences shall be judged, these stones will bear witness against the daily slowness and laziness of the wheels that so often passed over them. We are naturally impatient to reach Wildbad, which is to work such wonders on our knee, and have scarce time to remark how soon the alluvial meadows of the lower Enz pass into the wooded spurs of the Black Forest. Here, again, we have but one companion in the coupé with us,—a German professor going to Wildbad, because his doctor told him he thought it possible he might have rheumatism next year, and who had determined to take time by the forelock, and rout the enemy even before he showed himself in the field. “But you are bent,” we said; “you look rheumatic already.” “Ah,” answered the Professor, “that is not from disease. It comes from stooping over books during the last ten years.” “Indeed, and may I ask what books, Herr Professor?” Parenthetically, we may remark that you had better call a man a fool at once in Germany as leave out the *Herr*. They are all *Herrs*: *Herr Badinspector*, *Herr Zahnarzt*, *Herr Schuhmacher*, *Herr Schornsteinfeger*,—*Herr Bath-inspector*, *Herr Dentist*, *Herr Shoemaker*, *Herr Chimney-sweeper*. “What books, Herr Professor; in what branch of science?” “By profession,” answered the

Professor, ironing himself out by a sudden effort, and overcoming his bowbackedness,—“by profession I am a lawyer, and for the last ten years and more I have devoted myself to the question of the Schleswig-Holstein succession, and the actual and reversionary rights of the House of Glücksburg-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, and its agnates. I have also considered at large the question of morganatic marriages, and the consequent *ebenbürtigkeit* or *unebenbürtigkeit* of the descendants of such alliances and their collaterals. In order to do this, it was necessary first to study the whole *Corpus Juris Civilis* from a new point of view, and that one not contemplated by Ulpian, Caius, Tribonian, Isidore, Pancirollus, or any of the great Roman legislators and their commentators. Besides this, as there was clearly a conflict of laws between the Roman code and the codes of the Barbarians with whom morganatic marriages, or *connubia de sinistra manu* arose, it was indispensable to peruse the codes of the Franks, Goths, Allemans, and Saxons *de novo*, and to consider them with reference to the Roman law; a study the more laborious, because neither the Romans nor the Barbarians had ever the least conception or desire that their several systems of legislation should be compared or reconciled. But I flatter myself that I have not only compared but reconciled them, and at this moment I am prepared to prove and justify either from the Pandects or from the Salic Law, the perfect right of the Duke of Augustenburg to succeed and displace the lawful and rightful heir, not only in Schleswig-Holstein, but in every other state of Germany. In conclusion, I may add, that it is these labours,—which I have embodied in a treatise which if printed would fill four folio volumes, but which I have in vain offered to an ungrateful Prussian government, and an equally ungrateful and even more unenlightened body of German publishers,—it is these literary labours, I assert, and not at all the rheumatism, as you suppose, which have bent the sinews of my back, and sent me, another victim of Bismark’s baseness, to seek relief at Wildbad.” Here was a fellow-traveller worse than nigger, Yankee, pear-eater, all put together. Fancy a man flying as fast as crutches could carry him from Schleswig-Holstein and the Danish question, to meet it incarnate in the person of a German professor, and that too in a diligence, and tête-à-tête in a coupé.

What was to be done? We could not open the door, jump out, and escape, as we would have done in a trice had we not been lame. We have no hesitation in saying that sooner than have a tête-à-tête for two hours with

a German professor who had written a treatise on the Duchies, we would jump out of a first-floor window, even at the risk of breaking our leg or neck. But being already lame we could do no such thing. At first we tried to say nothing, but the *sauer-kraut* was in fermentation, and the professor went on fiercely demanding what we thought of his wrongs. We began to get alarmed, not so much for our life as for our minds, for even with a game leg we are quite a match for any German professor. What if he should produce one of his folio volumes from under the seat, where we had seen him thrust a heavy parcel, and read it to us? That would have been certain death. In England the medical certificate, before the coroner, would have been "apoplexy, stertorous breathing, coma, death." So we looked at him sympathetically, and asked, "Are you a good musician; can you sing?" "Yes, I have studied that too." "Well, then, so can I." Heaven forgive us for the story! for we had never sung before, nor have we sung since. "Suppose we sing *Schleswig-Holstein Meerumschlungen*," which, permit me to add, has been excellently translated into English, beginning thus, 'Schleswig-Holstein ocean-girdled.' So we began; terror lent me voice, and my ear helped me. The German professor really could sing, and for a mile or two we beguiled the way and relieved our feelings by singing that famous song. For our own part, we would much sooner have sung the Danish camp song, "*Den tappre Landsoldat*," but that would have been like holding up red cloth to a bull, and as my sole wish was to pacify the professor and get rid of him, I did nothing of the kind.

At last, after baiting our sluggish horses at *Neuenburg*, we passed the village of *Calmbach*, and were within three miles of Wildbad. In another half-hour, our pace having been about five miles an hour, we reached Wildbad. The *Schwager* cracked his whip like a succession of pistol shots; the cumbersome *Eilwagen* groaned and quaked as it rattled along the single street. We reached the square round which the Baths and chief hotels stand. Here was our hostelry, the Bear, better known as Klumpp's Hotel. We were safe at our journey's end.

There is a great comfort in being like all the rest of the world. The French say, "*Au Royaume des Aveugles le borgne est roi*." So he might be, and yet have a very troublesome time of it. Fancy a whole kingdom of blind buzzards, how jealous they would be of their one-eyed sovereign! How they would rise against him, as blind people have often risen, not only against one-eyed, but also against foresighted kings, and roll him

and his crown in the dust! Far better is the story of the straight-legged man who came to a country where all the inhabitants had bandy legs. "Why!" he said, "you are all bow-legged." "Bow-legged!" exclaimed public opinion; "why, it is you that are bow-legged. We are straight-legged, for what you call 'bandy,' we call 'straight.'" Now that man was a wise man, and a brave man too. He went and got one of his legs broken, and had it set by one of the best surgeons in the land, who, of course, set it all askew after the fashion of their surgery. When he next appeared in public, he had a beautiful *bandy-leg*. All the ladies looked at him as he passed by, and cried out, "Here comes the man with such straight legs." He married an heiress with the bandiest legs, and the biggest fortune in all that land. He had the loveliest bandy-legged children; and when he died, his effigy was carved on a slab over his tomb with a turnspit crouched between the bow legs of his master. Yes! the worst thing that can befall a man is to be before his time and nation.

Every one sees, therefore, what a comfort it is to be like other people, and this is the reason why all cripples should go to Wildbad. Even if the waters do not heal you, you are like the rest of the world. At Wildbad no one ever thinks of saying, "Who is that very lame man?" or "How lame you are!" because there is nothing remarkable in lameness at Wildbad. Every one is expected to be lame, and crutches are not the exception, but the rule. On the contrary, you often hear, "Who is that young man who walks without a limp?" "As for that young lady, I have never once seen her on crutches." "Does she never go about in a bath-chair?" "I met a man and his wife to-day walking uphill with the greatest ease." Such sentences, and many more like them, are in every one's mouth, and show how consoling it is for a cripple to have every one a cripple like himself; like that Eastern despot who lost his leg in battle, and then had all his slaves' legs cut off, that he might not be remarkable. No lame man, from Byron downwards, has ever liked to be pointed at for his infirmity, and that is why Wildbad is so comforting. You have abundance of fellow-sufferers. No one says, "Look, yonder goes a lame man."

We were met at the door of the Bear by the smiling face of Mr. Klumpp, the least like a bear of any hotel-keeper we have ever seen; and behind him was the comely form and face of Mrs. Klumpp, his mother, and those of her well-grown daughters. Here we parted from the professor, who went off with his learned treatise and a small carpet-

bag to a private lodging. As for ourselves, we ascended to our room on the first floor. Our first question showed a right frame of mind, and proved that we were in charity with all men. "When was the *table d'hôte*?" "At five." It was then three. "We will dine then. Meantime, please to send us the doctor." In due time the doctor came. When we told him what ailed us, he would at first scarcely believe the muscle was broken. "*Das ist eine sehr seltene Krankheit.*" But, rare or not, there it was, and he confessed our story was true. "Yes, the muscle is gone, but I think Wildbad water will set you right, or at least, make you much better; I have only had, I think, six such cases out of many thousands. When will you begin the baths?" There are a set of people who never do anything in a hurry, though there are many things in life which are not only better done, but which can only be done in a hurry. Beefsteaks, woodcocks, and omelettes, are all cases in point, and getting well and being cured is another. As we came to Wildbad to get well, and as we could not get well without taking the baths, we answered the doctor's question with great boldness: "At once." "Some persons have thought," he went on, "that a period of rest and repose after a long journey like yours, is a necessary preparatory step before taking our baths. Our water is not to be trifled with, and if a man steps into these healing springs without deliberation, and with his blood in a state of fermentation, they often revenge themselves on the rash adventurer by apoplexy, delirium, and even death. But you can begin to-morrow if you like."

"We will begin to-morrow morning," we said. "What is the best hour?" "The earlier the better; you can bathe from six to seven, or from eight to nine A.M." Now, we are not early risers when at home in England. "From six to seven, or from eight to nine A.M.," conveys no distinct idea to our minds; with us in our native land those hours are wrapped in Cimmerian mists; when at home we are always abed and asleep at those hours;—far away in Dreamland and the Realm of Nod; riding on camels in Arabia; dropping down the Tigris in a boat rowed by the good Haroun Al Raschid, and steered by the Poet-Laureate; standing by at Aleppo while Othello caught the uncircumcised dog by the throat, and ready to bail him out of the clutches of the Moslem police; frozen up with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, waiting for the Great Day when all secrets shall see the light; sometimes even with Mr. Briggs in the railway-carriage, and ready to identify Müller as the murderer. We are anywhere and everywhere in the

universe, past, present, and to come, between those hours, but awake and fit for bathing we are not.

It seemed a bold undertaking, but we said, "We will begin to-morrow, and bathe from eight to nine." After that we took leave of the doctor with many bows and compliments, and began to think it was time for dinner. Ah! there goes the bell; welcome sound! As for diet both the doctor and the Guide say all who bathe must live generously, and only take care they don't overeat themselves. We have never overeaten ourselves since we were babes, and we don't mean to begin such piggish tricks now; but for all that we are ready for our dinner, for we have not had a morsel since we had our coffee at Kehl about eight A.M.

Down we went to the *salle à manger* at the proper time, and found it filled with a great company of cripples of all ages and countries. There were English marquesses and privy-councillors; Russian princes, generals, and financiers; French counts, barons, and wine-merchants; Polish traitors and exiles, and German ministers, bureaucrats, and professors. There was a Babel of tongues, and consequent confusion of speech. Jews, Russians, Poles, English, French, Germans, and Professors, all speaking at once, and praising or blaming their food in the particular tongue in which they were born. There was no grace said, save silently. Some *hors-d'œuvre* like a herring salad was served instead of it. Curious it was to see how nationalities herded together over their food, just as we have remarked at the Zoological Gardens that the red-faced monkeys are huddled together over their carrots, and how the little monkeys consort in bands, while some great dog-headed baboon or white-bearded ape sits alone in his glory, as though he were the Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury at the very least. So here the lesser English, Russians, French, and Germans clung together and conversed over their food, chattering and jabbering in a way to put the monkeys aforesaid out of countenance. But the greater lights, the "awful swells," as our rising generation would call them, sat apart in their glory, scarcely deigning to utter anything save "yes" or "no" when addressed by any one, except the everlasting waiter. The greatest swell, and most lonely of all, was of course a Russian Prince. He had got so much in the habit of being alone, his nearest neighbour in what is playfully called Little Russia being four hundred miles off, that he had few opportunities of conversation, and had almost forgotten how to speak in society. Of course, there were many "souls" on his enormous estates, but they were not souls

with whom he could converse. Besides, it was whispered that he had the "ringworm;" that was why he came to Wildbad. So there he sat, with his dignity and his disease, giving a wide berth to all the world, a compliment which it was not slow to return. But he had his match in a Prussian Princess, who was too proud even to be seen at the *table d'hôte*, who used to beat her maid, and who would not allow her servants to speak to her children lest they should be spoiled by the accents of menials. Wretched woman; a pretty life she led herself and all around her. Then there was an English Lord who never would speak to any one to whom he had not been introduced in England. His first inquiry about any one was, "Has he been presented at Court?" Poor man; as many of the best people in Wildbad had not been presented, and as nobody cared to be introduced to him who was worth knowing, either in England or elsewhere, he lost some very good company, and, on the whole, led rather a dull, stiff life. He was always starched with the Queen's own starch; he had never been rough-dried in his life, but had lived in purple and fine linen. For ourselves, we have been presented at home and abroad; been good friends with kings when kings have been good fellows as well as kings; and having no fear, we would even have changed hats with Prince Ringwormowski, if he would have let us, but he would not. So, too, we would have shaken hands with the English Lord if he could have made up his mind to be introduced to us, and been on the best terms with that Prussian Princess, who was always ringing for her maid in order to beat her, if she would have ceased her cruelty and been open to conviction; but as they would not, what could be done, except to leave Prince Ringwormowski, Lord Antechamber, and Princess Ohr-Feige to their own hearts' desire, and, so far as we were concerned, to find comfort elsewhere?

But our style is all digression; it is a trunk line with junctions at every mile; or again, it is like the drover who, coming home from Falkirk Tryst, where he had been benighted drinking the health of Robbie Burns, walked over one sheepfold after the other all across the muir, and when asked what he thought of the way, answered "The way is guid enough, but there are uncomony yetts on't." Besides these "swells," and others too heavy to name, there were many very pleasant people at the *table d'hôte*; and besides, we were next to dear friends of our own, without whose company and countenance we should have fared badly at Wildbad. We spare our readers the bill of fare; let it be enough to say that it contained

soup, fish, flesh, and fowl of all kinds and shapes, excellently served and very cheap for England, though somewhat dearer than is usual in Germany. But this is quite fair, for almost everything worth eating has to be brought from far to Wildbad at great cost, and therefore all cripples who sit at Mr. Klumpp's table ought to pay their bills cheerfully, and thank him for giving them good food and excellent lodging, at such small increase of prices on the ordinary German tariff. What one may fairly complain of in an innkeeper's bill, is when bad things are charged dear. For good fare and good service, especially in an out-of-the-way valley in the Black Forest, where the season lasts only three or four months, no one need grumble at the demands of "the Bear."

When dinner was over, our friends took us off for a walk. One of them was lame and had to go in a chair pushed from behind, a sort of adult perambulator, only the third wheel is behind instead of before. The other was sound. We limped along by the help of a stick. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge at the back of the hotel, and walked up along the bank of the Enz to the public walks, which are thickly planted with a grove of trees, and afford most welcome shade. Every now and then one comes to rustic seats and resting-places, and further on among the shade is a wooden theatre and a coffee-house, whither about mid-day all the rank and fashion of Wildbad flock to escape the stifling heat, for the valley, beautiful as it is, is rather close in July and August. The grove stretches along the river for about half an English mile. Then the plantings cease; the river runs through sloping meadows as the hills open out and recede on either side. At this point you have passed out of the sweltering valley of despair and are able to breathe again. A little further up, beyond the meadows, the hills hem the valley in again at a farm called the *Windhof*, which is the *Ultima Thule* of Wildbad pedestrians. Most cripples only try their crutches as far as the end of the grove. Some more adventurous have been known to limp as far as the *Windhof*, but in general the journey thither is performed in *rollsessels* or roll-chairs, the kind of perambulator we have mentioned, which is pushed from behind. It must strike any visitor as strange that there are no mules or donkeys in Wildbad, and therefore no mule or donkey carriages. The people say forage is scarce, and that mules and donkeys would eat the hay which the cows should have; but the fact is, the *rollsessel* interest is very strong in Wildbad. What would become of all the able-bodied men who now push perambulators, if mules and asses

were to supply their place? So there are plenty of men to push behind, and no asses to drag before, though the less noble animal would be a great boon to invalids. When the man who pushes you is stupid, he is no better than an ass, and when he is clever, he listens to all you have to say, and is worse than an ass. Any-way an ass would be better, for though asses are like little pitchers and have long ears, they tell no tales, and any one may converse before them without inconvenience. It may be said that an ass might run away with you and kill you, and so might the man who pushes behind push you into the river and kill you. He may be a Schwartzwald Müller with an ungovernable desire to rid the world of a wretched cripple like you. He may feel it his duty to throttle you like a Thug from behind. Again, if you are angry with him, you cannot ease your mind by patting him as every right-minded person would behave by a donkey who aggravated him. If these remarks are not strong enough to crush the *rollsessel* interest in Wildbad, we give it up. We have no time for further argument on this point.

By the time we had limped in the cool of the evening to the end of the grove, and taken a sniff or two of fresh air in the open fields towards *Windhof*, night began to fall, as it always does very soon in these hill-locked valleys. From the damp soil, saturated with the thousand artificial rills led down the hill-sides and slopes to irrigate the meadows, a dense mist rose; it was time to turn back unless rheumatism was to be added to our other ills.

Nor were we sorry to get back to the hotel, for what with the Black Prince and the Yankee, we had little rest the night before, and we felt that Willy Winkie was waiting for us. To bed then we went betimes, and slept the slumber of the weary till the dawn. As we lay awake in bed wondering what the baths would be like, the clock struck seven, and a peal of music burst on our ear. This was the band which, led by a most able Capelmeister, Herr Kuhn, plays twice a day for an hour on the *Kurplatz*, close to the baths, and in front of the hotels. To those who hate music and dislike to be awakened early, this morning serenade may be a bore; for ourselves, the music was so good, and we had to get up so early, that we liked the band immensely, and certainly we should often have been too late for our bath had the band ceased to play. The doctor had got us a ticket to start with, so we dressed ourselves lightly, and stepped across the street to the Baths, where we were received most heartily by an attendant in buff linen, a very good

fellow, who waited on us faithfully all our bathing time. The first question he asks is, "How long is it your pleasure to stay in the bath?" We forgot to say that on this point we had a battle with our doctor. We knew that the ordinary Englishman is supposed to be able to stay in the bath an hour, or about twice as long as an ordinary Frenchman, or any other man. What had been our astonishment therefore to find that our doctor was bent on allowing us to stay in only a quarter of an hour! "Why, only a quarter of an hour; when Mr. A. and Mrs. B., our friends, stay in an hour or more!" "Because they are strong and you are weak," was the reply of the doctor. "*Sie sind fein und zart gebaut wie ein Deutscher.*" That was past bearing. We are finely and slightly made it is true; but we have endured toils under which many another man would have sunk; been out in all weathers, at all seasons, without feeling it; in a word, never sick nor sorry till we broke this muscle, and then to come to Wildbad and to be told one was weak and unable to bear a bath of ninety-two degrees for more than a quarter of an hour! We were getting in a rage, we suppose, for the good doctor compromised the matter by saying, "Well! stay in five-and-twenty minutes, and then tell me how you like it. Perhaps you are as strong as the rest of your countrymen, though I doubt it. Remember, too, that though our waters are pure and bright, they must not be trifled with. They have healed many who treated them with respect, but others who were rash and silly, who played tricks with themselves in short, have rued it to their bitter cost." It was quite impossible to be angry with a man who spoke so sensibly and so feelingly, so we met him half-way, promised to tell him how we liked the baths, and parted the best of friends.

But to come back to the attendant in buff linen, who stands there expecting an answer to his question, "How long is it your pleasure to stay in the bath?" "Five-and-twenty minutes." "In five-and-twenty minutes I shall come to help you out, meantime farewell, and may you have a pleasant bath." We ought to have said that there are Princes' baths, in which the "awful swells" bathe in great state, for which they have the privilege of paying about three times as much as the baser herd. Sometimes two of these transparencies bathe together, and then it comes easier to them. Besides these, there are separate baths in which you bathe alone, like this of ours; and there are baths where several persons bathe in common. In some cases the private baths are close to these common ones, and you may hear every

word that is spoken. Once when we sneezed in our private bath, half-a-dozen voices from the public bath cried out in chorus, "God bless you!"

So here we are in the act of stripping off our things, sitting on the floor of the dressing-closet, and wondering what the bath will be like. In a minute or two we are ready; we throw open the door and crawl down the steps that lead into the water, like a frozen fly stretching its legs in November. As we gaze down into the water we see it bubbling up with countless beads of gas out of the red sand at the bottom of the bath. Now one foot, now both are in; now we stoop down in a sitting posture, and throw our heads back and our feet forward. The water is about two and a half feet deep, and very buoyant. The great art of bathing is to be as still as possible, and to keep as much of your body as you can under water. The Cassmajors, those friends of the lamented Mrs. Nickleby, who used to hold their heads under boiling water for ten minutes at a time, would have been quite in their element here. Before going to Wildbad, a cripple ought to take a few lessons from the hippopotamus, and learn how to lie with only his nose out of the water. But behold us immersed fairly up to the eyes and nose in hot water, resting on our haunches, and buoyed up in our upper regions just below the surface of the water. What was the sensation? One of perfect rest and comfort; and then the water is so soft, and it makes the skin so sleek and glossy. There you lie and dream your time away. Before we could have thought it possible, a gentle tap came to the door of the bath. "Be so good as to step out," murmured the man in buff linen. "Your twenty-five minutes are up." The clock above our heads told us he was right, though we could scarcely believe that minutes could fly so fast. Up we raised ourselves, and crawled up the steps again. The attendant closed the door behind us, and at the same moment threw over us, from head to foot, a huge towel, which he brought with him warm from a steam-closet, and gently rubbed us down. After that he wrapped us tenderly up in it, gave us two other smaller towels, equally warm, and withdrew in a benignant manner, again hoping that our bath would do us good. We finished our rubbing, put on our clothes, and went away feeling all the better.

It was a lovely morning, the sun was shining brightly, so we thought we would just take a turn before breakfast, and made for the walks, where we limped about among the trees for half-an-hour as fast as we could. Then we thought it time for breakfast,

and turned towards our hotel. As we came near it, we met the doctor. "Good morning." "Good morning." "You have been too late to take your bath to-day, after all," he said. "Not at all; we took it half-an-hour ago." "And where have you been since?" "Out for a walk." "Out for a walk! my dear sir, if you walk in this way, we shall soon have to walk after you in gloomy file. Do you not know that exercise after the bath is strictly forbidden? Not indeed by the law, though I wish it were, but both by the Faculty and common sense?" "By the Faculty, I daresay, but why by common sense? and why did you not tell me not to walk after the bath?" "I suppose I have said it so often to others that I forgot to say it to you. The reason is, that the action of the bath on the system is to promote rapid circulation of the blood all over the body, but especially in the part affected. It is necessary that this circulation should be kept up as long as possible, and this is best done by going to bed for an hour after the bath, during which time we recommend our patients to do nothing. Thus we neither allow them to walk, nor to read, nor to write, nor to eat, nor to drink. They are not to excite or to disturb themselves in any way. Still less do we suffer them to go to sleep. What we wish them to do is simply to do nothing, to throw themselves into that dull, listless state which the Turks call *Kief*, which consists almost entirely in negation, and has neither active nor passive in its nature. But I have got to see my other patients. Go on with your baths, but pray go to bed for an hour after them, and mind and do what I say."

So there I was, left like the alligator described by the showman, who died on land, and couldn't live in the water; or like the Megarians in Aristophanes, when the Athenians decreed that they should exist neither on sea nor on land, neither on continent nor on island, neither upon the earth nor beneath it. How was I ever to go to bed, and neither sleep, eat, drink, talk, read, nor think? At any rate, it occurred to me that it was too late to begin a course of *Kief* that morning, so I went into the coffee-room and called for my breakfast.

At a round table near me were a lot of French wine-merchants from Rheims, men and women together. They ate and chattered, and chattered and ate, till the room rang with the sound of their voices and the champing of their teeth. In one corner sat a lady of a certain age, with a magnificent head of brown hair. It looked like ivy on a ruin; one forgave the ruin for the sake of the parasite. In another corner, far apart from

vulgar men, sat Prince Ringwormowski. He was so both by name and nature. The first Ringwormowski made his way by night into the Tartar tents, when the Golden Horde held the Russians in subjection. He slew the Khan with a golden rolling-pin, and carried off his cap of Astrakhan sheepskin in triumph, and as a token that the deed was done. In his pride he put the cap on his own head, which he ought to have given to the Czar, the descendant of Rurik, his lord and master. That pride soon met with a fall. In that furry cap lurked the ringworm of a thousand years. He caught the inveterate disease, which clung to him and his children for ever. In vain the Czar presented him with the golden rolling-pin and the fatal cap, with his imperial leave to use them as an augmentation to his family arms; in vain did he change his name from Wormowski to Ringwormowski; in vain did he make him a prince, and give him hundreds of square miles and thousands of souls in Little Russia. It was all no use. No titles and no coats-of-arms, no lands and no serfs could extirpate that rooted Tarter tetter. There he sat, Prince Ringwormowski of that ilk; the only original, hereditary Ringworm, whose supporters are two Tartars, both wearing Astrakhan caps proper. His motto runs thus — "ORIGO PORRIGO."

After doing all homage to the prince and his misfortunes, my eyes fell on the German Professor, who was making a frugal meal of coffee and rusks, and eagerly devouring the *Schleswiger-Lüge*, which contained ten columns of the insults and oppressions still offered by the Danes all over the Duchies to their German conquerors. "Pray," we asked him, "have you begun your baths?" "Yes, I began them this morning. In my excited state of mind the Faculty would only allow me to stay in five minutes, and even then the irritation of the water was so great that I was forced to go to bed for an hour." "And may I ask what you did to soothe your mind?" "Certainly; I read the first chapter of my immortal Treatise on the Law of Marriage before the Flood. It always has a soothing effect on me, and in five minutes I was fast asleep." "Here is one, at least, as utterly unable to keep the commandment as we shall be," we said to ourselves, as we finished our breakfast and went out of doors.

Our first crawl was to the Bureau, where tickets must be got for the baths. This, as most other things in Germany, is a State affair. The Baths and the Bath Hotel were built by the State at a cost of more than £100,000. If we spent the same sum to as good a purpose in England it would be well, for the style, arrangement, and fitness of all

those buildings are excellent, and reflect the utmost credit on the architect, Thouret, by whom they were built about twenty years ago. On presenting ourselves at the Bureau, in which the telegraph also abides, the Herr Oberbad-Cassier mistook us for a German, and asked somewhat gruffly, "*Mein Herr, haben sie das sogenannte Abwaschbad genommen, welches jeder Badgast ehe er sein kur beginnt, zu nehmen hat?*" "Have you, sir, taken the so-called 'cleansing bath' which every bather is bound to take before he begins his course?" No! we had not, we had never heard of such a thing; and then our face grew red as we thought of our big sponge and our towels and our tub at home, and how cleanliness is now before godliness, not merely next to it, in a Briton's heart. "Then, I'm very sorry, but you cannot have your tickets till you produce your certificate of cleanliness, *reini-gungs-schein*." We were turning to go away and demand an explanation from our doctor, when the Herr Oberbad-Cassier called out to us, "*Aber sie sind vielleicht ein Engländer*." "But perhaps you are an Englishman, in that case no certificate of cleanliness is required. All Englishmen, male and female, young and old, are for the purposes of this establishment considered clean. All your countrymen, unless they come here with manifest and open wounds about them, have a clean bill of health. Here are your tickets, the price is forty-eight kreutzers each." We took up our tickets and departed, reflecting much on the proud position which Britons hold at Wildbad, where even police regulations yield before them, and more and more convinced what a grand institution "tabbing" is, and how surely, like the French Revolution, it will make the round of the world. A year or two ago we found it in Norway, and here it was recognised in Würtemberg. We took our leave of the Herr Oberbad-Cassier with great respect and politeness, but this cleansing bath, "*Abwaschbad*," or "*Bain de propriété*," sometimes makes him pass an unhappy quarter of an hour with enraged English, who have been told it is necessary. Even during our course at Wildbad, the awful Herr Oberbad-Cassier was bearded in his official den by an enraged British lioness, who went thither to have it out with him, and to ease her mind by an outbreak on the iniquity of regulations so insulting to the notions of a British woman.

Having got our tickets, we crossed the bridge and walked along the promenade in front of the Bellevue Hotel, passed a row of booths like those at most German baths, where wood and ivory work and Black Forest clocks, and walking-sticks, and onyx

chains, and imitation amber, and Tyrolese gloves are exposed for sale. We soon reached the welcome shade of the grove, and sat down on a bench, glad to escape the mid-day August sun. The Enz ran brawling by over its sandstone bed, a lovely stream, in which lie trout and grayling enough to gladden the Laureate's heart, and make him write a new song in praise of the noisy river and its pure water. We thought the stream was fuller than it had looked the night before, but there had been no rain. Minute after minute it grew louder and louder. At last it got muddy and was covered with chips. Something was the matter with the stream. It had got a surfeit and was swollen all over. The chips, we thought, looked like a rash or eruption on its bright face. "What can have got into the river?" we asked ourselves; "can it have had a sun-stroke?" Presently we saw people running through the grove above us, and then knots of cripples rested on their crutches, or bade their push-behinds cease their efforts. It was clear that something was coming down the stream, but what it was we could not make out. "What is the matter?" we asked of a tall "Black Forester" in long boots, who was rushing by, axe in hand: *Wos giebt's? Gott in Himmel wissen sie dos nit. Das wasser ist seit gestern oben gespannt, heute morgen ist es losgelassen, und eben kummt der Flöss.*" Here was the key to all this excitement. A raft of timber was coming down the stream, which is dammed up to secure a sufficient rush of water to float the spars over the rocks and shallows of the Enz. Here were the first beginnings of one of these enormous Rhine rafts which one meets all the way from Rotterdam to Mannheim. From the great Enz and the little Enz, from the Neckar till it reaches the Rhine, so grows the raft bigger and bigger till it comes to woodless Holland. As we thought, the water grew gurlier and gurlier, the chips whirled in eddies on its surface, and were now mixed with broken logs of wood. At last the nose of the raft turned a corner of the winding stream guided by a trusty lumberer, as he would be called in Canada, with a long pole, and wearing long boots. Behind him were others clad and armed in the same way. Their duty was to fend the leading raft to which many others were attached, off from the rocks with which the upper Enz abounds; to turn its nose round corners, and coax it through swirls and eddies. It is hard work and sometimes dangerous. The spars in either section of the raft are from sixty to one hundred feet long, bound about twenty together. After these come another section of twenty, and another and another, till the

whole moving mass is several hundred feet long. A good raft may well have twenty or thirty sections. Each spar is bound to its neighbours, and each section is bound to the one that follows it with twisted willow-bands which answer the purpose for which they are designed remarkably well. The great danger to a raft is one of the same kind as that which happens when ice breaks up on a river. The foremost raft hitches and sticks, the rest are borne down on it and packed on it; in this case the lumberers might be swept off or crushed, but such a mishap very seldom occurs. Danger or no, some of our countrymen and women thought there could be none on this occasion, for towards the end of the long line of spars which came surging down the shallow stream, creaking and groaning as they went, were a chosen band of British visitors to the baths, driven by the dulness of the place to try a new excitement by coming down as *radoteurs*,—a part which we are willing to admit they performed quite as well on land as on water. They needed to give us no fresh proof of their powers in that line.

So the day wore away; but the visitor who expects to see a raft every day at Wildbad will reckon without his host. He must have other resources in himself, or he will find it rather dull. This, be it remembered, is strictly a bath for curing cripples. Other places may boast their hells and gaming-tables, which eke out the virtues of their waters by pandering to the vices of their visitors. Wildbad has but one leg to stand on; but she stands better on that than Baden or Homburg on two. She cures cripples, and has no after-thoughts on their pockets; they pretend to cure livers, but in reality cut purses. Let the cured cripple and the ruined gamester decide which bath best fulfils the promises it holds out.

At last came the time for the *table d'hôte*. At a little after five we were all in our places. There was Ringwormowski in his solitude at the top of the table; there the rest of the Russians, many of them very pleasant; there the French wine-merchants as noisy as ever, men and women alike. Here the English; there the Germans. On the whole, after the food—which at Wildbad calls for no other remark except that passed on the days of creation in Genesis, for it is all "very good;"—after the food, what strikes us most is the dexterity with which almost all the guests, except the English, who are very behindhand in this respect, perform the sword-exercise. We have done our soup, and are hard at our fish,—trouts done "blue," after a well-known fashion, and served with Dutch sauce. You have been spited by the Kellner, whom you

have perhaps not saluted that day, taking off your hat and calling him "*Herr Ober-Kellner*." You have been spited, and only had a little piece. Your plate has been snatched away, and you turn to look about you. Now "eyes right," "eyes left;" look where you will along the file of fish-eaters at either side of the table. Do they eat their fish like Christians, with a fork? Not at all. Do they eat it with two forks? Still less. Their mode of eating is puzzling. They eat their sauce with their forks, and their fish with their knives; bit after bit, with awful dexterity they raise on their sharp knives and thrust into their mouth, often sucking the steel with greedy daring. As the ignorant islanders looked to see St. Paul fall dead after shaking off the serpent, so we look on to see at least one tongue fall into the plate of some of these knife-suckers. But it is not to be. A man went every night to see Van Amburgh perform, hoping night by night to see him eaten up by the lions. It cost him hundreds of pounds, and yet after all he was disappointed. So we at Wildbad sat day by day expecting to see some one of our neighbours do themselves grievous harm in the region of the mouth by this daily sword exercise; but we went away more and more convinced, not only that practice makes perfect, but that at a German *table d'hôte* you will find the best knife-jugglers in all the world.

Over against us sat for some time a German couple, a *Herr Oberrath* and a *Frau Oberräthinn* from Pomerania. We do not know what this most respectable pair called themselves at home, but here we called them the Wolf and the Vulture. The Oberrath was a long gaunt man with a cunning look, and when he opened his mouth and showed his tusks, he had a greedy, cruel, wolfish look. He was a good trencherman, and in that respect a wolf too. His wife was a majestic beetle-browed woman, with a face like that of the condor, and a very long neck; her head was slightly bald, which added to the illusion. We may say at once that we are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. Whether we got it from studying Sanscrit we know not, but nothing will either shake our faith in this doctrine in the abstract, nor overthrow our experience in the concrete. We believe in it both by the inductive and deductive process, and all analysis, theory, and doctrine, whether of averages or anything else, only strengthens our conviction. No one will ever convince us that the Oberrath sitting face to face to us, and performing the sword-exercise with a dexterity that made all the English tremble, had not been a wolf in a former state of existence. His great-great-

grandmother, ever so many generations back, may have suckled Romulus and Remus, and his tenth cousin twenty times removed may have been the very wolf that Gellert's dog slew. These things may or may not be, but this man had wolf on every line of his face, and for all we know, he may still turn into a wolf at night, and roam through the Black Forest from midnight to dawn in quest of prey. It is true that he would find very little prey in the Schwarzwald; a more gameless forest does not exist. But that fact would only make him worse. Though there is no game, there are many foresters who are supposed to take care of it. Who can tell how many of these foresters, believed to have made away with themselves in the wild wood for very idleness, may not have been worried unbeknown to any one by *Herr Oberrath Wolff*? His wife, too, feeling herself lonely at his absence in her night-watches, probably follows his lead, and becomes a vulture, or hen-harrier, *hühnerwischer*. When the gudewives of the Schwarzwald wake up at early dawn, and weep for their chickens, they little know that *Frau Oberräthinn Condor* has been hovering over their hen-roosts while they were warm asleep, and has carried them off for her breakfast. It is no answer to this theory, that the bodies of the night-ranging pair might be seen by the Boots or Marie, seemingly locked in each other's arms, when they went into their room by mistake before the sun was up. It is well known that while the soul flits away on these unholy errands, its body, packing-case, cabin, coffin, call it what you will, remains behind, with a slight spark of life in it just to keep the fuel of existence alight till it is stirred by the return of the soul. There it lies and simmers while the soul is away in hot pursuit; but the water will boil, and even boil over when the soul comes back to it with the sun. How can all this be tested? Very easily, except for the consequences, which might be looked on as unpleasant. All you have to do is to rush into the bedroom of the Wolf and Vulture, drag them out of bed, never heeding their groans, then hurry them down stairs, and throwing them into a huge fire in the courtyard, which the cook in the interests of science will have ready for you, keep them there till it burn the lifeless trunks and hulls of the absent souls to white ashes. When the souls return, which they will do, whisking into the room in the shape of wolf and vulture, they will not be able to retake their human shapes, and will the one fly, and the other jump out of the window with a deep wail. Thus you will both get rid of a Wolf and Vulture at the *table d'hôte*, and also have performed a philosophical experiment of the

deepest interest. You will have your reward. "But," you say, "I should be hanged for it, or be decapitated with a sword." "Very probably. You would be another martyr to science, unless you could bring the judge and jury round to our theory. But as for ourselves, we have both uttered our opinion and shown you how to test it; the rest is in your own hands. Besides, now-a-days, you can make a judge and jury and the Home Secretary believe anything. Look at Madeline Smith and Jessie McLachlan, not to mention Townley, and the German Legal Protection Society, which might be called the Society for hanging Müller. Take courage, then, and apply the test of fire to this German pair; but don't make us accessories before the fact."

Setting aside the sword-exercise, there was little worth noting at the dinner. As soon as it was over we went with our friends to the daily parade of the halt, the lame, and the blind; to the review of the Wildbad's Own Regiment of Cripples, which takes place after dinner on the Kurplatz. It is the band that draws us all thither, and there we go as lame as a tree, limping and leaning on a stick. But our case is nothing. All along we felt ourselves rather an impostor among so many worse cases. Here they are in rows and ranks. First come the soldiers, men of all nations, who have fought in all lands for all causes. Ghastly trophies of what war can make of a man. Here is an Englishman, torn with shot, which has touched his spine, paralysed his frame, and twisted his legs; he can just creep along between two men. He got his hurt in the trenches before Sebastopol, fighting for the Sick Man. Next comes one on the other side. Behold him blind and tottering, walking along like Elymas the Sorcerer feeling his way in Raphael's Cartoon. He was at first God's creature, a tall and proper man. We English made him what he is, fighting for the Turk. How do we like our handiwork, and how well we know how to shape ourselves and others. His story is soon told. A Russian officer of artillery, he was standing on the works before Sebastopol, when a 9-inch shell from an English battery burst close to him. He was hurled down, and buried for a while in sand and earth. When they dug him out he was blind and palsied. Here he hirlples about with his wife and babes, a woful example of the practical working of war. There are other soldiers—Poles and Russians, and Frenchmen and Englishmen—with bullets in various parts of them; balls in the knee-joints, balls in the ankle, balls in the chest, balls lodged near the spine, all agonizing and hard to heal; but we have had enough of soldiery. Here in a *rollsessel* comes a lovely young woman,

paralysed from the waist down. Poor thing, a house fell on her and crushed her, and this is what she has come to. Next comes the king of Wildbad; king because he is perhaps the worst cripple here. But this, like all free communities, is an elective, not an hereditary monarchy, and he that is king to-day may be deposed and forced to abdicate by a greater cripple to-morrow. Meantime he is our king. Poor potentate; if agonies can make him our chief he is *facile princeps*. No one is more neuralgic. All round his brow sharp pangs have eaten into him with their bitter teeth. He has gout in the hands, and in the feet, and in the knees. His joints are stiff, his feet doubled up on the ankle. He is gout within and neuralgia without. Sometimes he disappears for days, and holds his court in bed; but when he is very well, he crawls out here into the sunshine after dinner. This is one of his bright days. All hail, therefore, great King of the Cripples!

Is there no queen? Yes, there is; for Wildbad is like Japan, there are two rulers, one temporal and one spiritual. Our temporal ruler is our king. There is nothing very attractive about him but his sufferings, for which his meanest subject must pity him. From him no one looks for pity. He growls at us and passes by. But with our queen it is quite another thing. She is our spiritual ruler, and though she suffers much, she is never so suffering that she cannot sympathize with every one else. I need not say that, chosen by election, she is not married to the king. In fact, they have nothing in common except lameness. As to society, the king might die, and we might elect another; or we might choose to be a republic. There might be no one cripple of such commanding cripplehood as to carry all votes with him by a show of legs, each man holding up his crutch or his wooden leg in token of assent. Then we should all be equals, and should limp on without a king till a greater cripple than the rest came among us, as the French did after 1848, till Louis Napoleon came. But society would fare badly without our queen. She would be a real loss. We English at least could not get on a day without her. She it is that scolds the doctors and makes them talk common sense; she it is who persuaded the authorities to relax these regulations as to the cleansing-bath in favour of her countrymen and women; she it is who supports the booths for the sale of trinkets, who not only buys largely herself, but by the force of her example makes others buy. To her the whole country round bring bouquets. For her the children lie in wait with fruit; all love and respect her. She can paint, fish, shoot, not in a masculine, but

in a most feminine way. The very trout and grayling in the river rise to her flies at the first cast. In fact, every one rises to her fly, thrown with such grace and dexterity that you must take it. She is a tyrant, fond of having her way, overbearing, as all women naturally are; but what of that, her way is better than all other ways. No, she shall never be deposed from her queendom.

Of course, besides the really lame and sick, there are those who imagine themselves ill, or who fancy that a life of folly and consequent disease may be washed out by five weeks at Wildbad. For the fanciful and the incurable these waters do little good. Nothing can cure an imaginary evil; as it came with the mind it must go with the mind, and if it will not by that way, it will hardly go at all. As for those who suffer from inveterate complaints, there is little to do them good here, except the consolation always afforded to the wicked, and sometimes even to the good, by the sight of another's suffering.

After the review, we hobbled off in good company towards the walks and the Windhof, but it was too much for us. Our friends, more fortunate, went on, but we returned as night fell, and called for our candle, limping up to bed. On the stairs we met Marie. We have mentioned Marie before, and now, as we have her face to face on the stairs, we must describe her as she trips along. Marie, then, is the housemaid of our floor. She is rather below the middle height, a brunette, with brown hair and eyes, strongly marked eyebrows, and the merriest mouth. She is not good-looking, but she is better. She is the most helpful, hard-working little woman in the world. She knows and does everybody's business, and her own as well. If the boots neglects to call you, Marie does it instead, then runs and pulls him out of bed, and makes him black your shoes, and so saves your bath. If you want the washerwoman, Marie has her ready; she counts the clothes, and writes down the list, and scolds the little wash-maiden beforehand lest the work should be badly done. If you want the shoemaker, or the saddler, or the turner, or the postman, Marie has them all at her fingers' ends, and they are with you in a minute. She does her work like lightning, and she does it well; it is not at all scamped. True, some sour British females have said that when Marie sweeps the room, all the dust goes under the bed, but I believe this to be an invention of the enemy, or if it be true, that under the bed is the right place for dust in Wildbad. Marie lives on the stairs and in the passages. All day long, from the first thing in the morning till late at night, she is running up and down stairs,

darting in and out of rooms like a swallow or a swift. Where or when she sleeps we have not the least notion, but we rather think when every one else has gone to bed she perches like a bird on the top landing, and so takes her rest. We only saw her once sitting down. That was one Sunday evening when we found her on the stairs, and heard her say, "*Ach du lieber Gott was ist diess für ein Leben,*" "Heaven help us, what a life is this!" And well she might say so, for the waiters, knowing what a willing horse they had by their side, used to put as much of their work as they could upon her; and many a wight, had it not been for Marie, would have gone without his early coffee when the hotel was so crowded that every one except Marie was ready to sink under it. But she went bravely through it all, singing and langhing. If the awful Princess Ohr-Feige beat her maid and made her cry, Marie was there on the landing to meet her and comfort her when she came out. "*Es ist höchst natürlich dass die Herrschaft böse sind, weil die Fürstinn witwe ist.*" She thought widowhood covered a multitude of sins, and that a widow had a right to ease her feelings by beating her dependants. That was Marie's philosophy of mistress and servant. If the Oberrath Wolff scolded his servant till he was ready to throw up his situation, Marie was ready with good advice. "Ah! but I daresay he is a good master after all, and you have not such a hard place." She had time for every one and every thing, and between her fits of work would stand outside the door on our landing when there was any music, and listen to and catch and hum the latest tunes. She was in her way a perfect woman, and when next we go to Wildbad, may we find Marie as helpful and playful as ever. But it is late; both we and the reader are tired. Our first day in Wildbad is over. Let us go to bed.

One day at Wildbad is as like another day as pea is to pea. Bath, bed, breakfast, walk, letter-writing, *table-d'hôte*, daily parade of cripples, another walk, bed. There is little amusement in such a routine, unless one provides the materials one's-self, or has friends to find it for one. It is ever dull to be ailing, but it is the bounden duty of every one who ails to make his sickness as little dull as possible both to himself and others by patience and good-humour. The best receipt we can give for arriving at this happy state is to make as light as one can of one's own case, and to sympathize as much as possible with those of others. Listen, ye cripples, to what the Guide says: "Whoever begins his cure at Wildbad, let him banish impatience and be of good cheer, for many

who bathe feel at first seriously affected. All their aches and pains return, all old injuries make themselves felt, and new ones are added to them, till the bather feels that there is much more the matter with him than he thought. But this in reality, rightly looked at, should be a comfort and consolation to him. He should rejoice in his aches as a sign that Wildbad begins to work within him, and that a reaction is developing itself in him in which the springs will be victorious over his infirmity." Hear also what the learned Fricker says, "Things sometimes happen to bathers at which they are often sorely troubled, but which, if not absolutely necessary to a complete cure, are certainly not a hindrance to it. It happens in most cases, after the few first baths, that the circulation is quicker, that the patient is irritable and excited, that he feels a feebleness in his limbs, and a weakness in his frame, and has a great desire to sleep. Some have headaches, giddiness, and oppression on the chest, symptoms which are often aggravated by those who stay longer in the bath than their physician prescribes. When such symptoms arise many a man is eager to rush home again, declaring that Wildbad does not suit his constitution, and that the baths do him no good; but let this impatient person persevere; these distressing symptoms generally disappear after six or eight baths, and the patient feels the joyful sensation of returning strength." So far the guide and the learned Fricker, whom we take to be a doctor, and who certainly talks common sense. What man in his senses could suppose that even at any age, especially if suffering from an infirmity, he could change his whole course of life, go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark, recline for half an hour or an hour in a warm bath of water of great though inexplicable power, sit sometimes under a douche of the same water for ten or twenty minutes, receiving every instant a blow like that of a cricket-ball, then be rubbed dry with hot towels, and sent back to bed for an hour, during which he is neither to eat, drink, sleep, talk, nor read; in short, neither to exercise mind nor body in any way, and, mind, to do all this fasting without bite or sup—who, we say, could fancy that he could do all this, and yet feel no effects from it? If there be any such man, he must have the constitution of a rhinoceros and hippopotamus combined, and ought instantly to be made Governor of Sierra Leone, a colony so trying to British constitutions, that it is well known its governors and bishops are always made in batches of three: One acting, the second going out to relieve him, and the third coming home in his coffin.

For our own part, as we can best speak of our own case. After the first four baths we felt a slight palpitation of the heart, but unfortunately for science, the day of our fourth bath was the very day that we were first presented to the queen, and allowed to form part of her court. Whether this slight flutter arose from the bath or the honour we cannot say, but the fact is our heart was in a flutter that day. Then, again, after our seventh bath, we were in a very bad humour all day, and raved of flinging up our cure and rushing back to Britain. This, no doubt, arose from the irritating working of the water on a temper otherwise serene as a sunset at Corfu; but here again the observations of science are confused by the fact that we had expected that day a letter from our bankers in London, and it never came. We persevered, however, and went on with our baths and took a full course of them, twenty-eight in all. After the first six, we had our way with our good doctor, who became convinced that we were strong and hardy, and allowed us to stay in the water an hour. We must say, the longer we bathed the more we liked the bath. Our knee, that erring member, grew stronger and stronger; each day we limped further and further, and stood more stoutly on our limb. Most remarkable was the absorbing force of the water, which reduces effusions over which iodine seems to have no power. Without calling ourselves one of the miraculous cures, without pretending to rival that Englishman who went out for a walk before breakfast, despairing of his son's recovery, and who found him, on his return, walking out to meet him—a case parallel to and quite as wonderful as that well-known one of Mother Hubbard's dog—we feel bound to declare that Wildbad did us great good; that we never had any bad symptoms; and that we saw many other cases in which it seemed to be equally efficacious. For neuralgia, for all gouty and rheumatic affections, recent or chronic, for paralysis and strokes of all sorts, for wounds new and old, for contractions, adhesions, effusions, and luxations of the joints, for each and all of these, Wildbad, with its pure, imponderable water, is said to be, and certainly seemed in many cases to us to be sovereign. In some cases the patient is past cure, the evil is too inveterate for perfect restoration to health; but even in such obstinate cases, great alleviation is afforded; and though the feeble knees are not made stout and strong, the neuralgia which so often follows such affections flies from Wildbad, as a certain personage is said to shun holy water.

How did we amuse ourselves during these five weeks? Very well indeed. We had

friends when we went there, and we soon made many more. As for the king, he sometimes was crusty, and gave us the cold shoulder; but we cared little for that. When he was cross we left him to himself, and when he was civil we saluted him. Every one knows that kings always originate a conversation. They question, and you reply. We were too well bred, even in the case of this elective monarchy, to break so good a rule; but as the king said little to us, we answered little to him. We looked at him from a distance, like a cat, and sunned ourselves in his beams whenever he was beaming; but, like the sun in England, he was often in a fog or under a cloud, and, on the whole, we saw as little of him as an Italian sees of the sun in London on a December day.

The queen we saw every day. She was always kind and good to us even when inclined to be tyrannical. She had ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour, who followed her to Wildbad; this one because she was too thin, and thought the waters would have an anti-Bantingian tendency; the other because she was too fat, and thought the result would be just opposite. With these ladies we became great friends. In fact, in a short time we were quite happy and quite consoled in being a cripple in such good company. The class really to be pitied at Wildbad are the non-cripples. It is not the lame, the halt, and the blind, that are worthy of sympathy, but the able-bodied, who come thither with suffering friends or kinsfolk, who don't bathe, and have nothing to do but lend the sufferers their arms, or push them behind up hill and down dale in the interest of the great *rollsessel* clique. What are they to do? If they bathe in full health they may chance to get apoplexy; if they over eat themselves at the *table-d'hôte*, which they are almost sure to do, their livers will swell like those of Strasburg geese; if they take long walks they must leave those to whom their help is needful; if they take short ones they can't digest their food. Unhappy wretches, their only resources are, first, a cold bath in the Enz every morning; secondly, flirtation, if they are base enough to resort to such an unphilosophic amusement, and are of an age to enjoy it; thirdly, every now and then an outbreak—a twenty-mile walk through the tall pine forest, through the Scotch fir, and spruce and silver firs that clothe the spurs of the Schwarzwald. This, too, has its inconveniences, for a twenty-mile walk is scarcely compatible with a five o'clock, and still less with a one o'clock *table-d'hôte*; and the pedestrian returns red, sunburnt, and jaded, unfit for anything the rest of the day. Fourth-

ly, you can fish. All men, we know, are not fishers, though it has been spitefully said that all women are—of men. But if you are a fisher, and a fly-fisher, you may have excellent sport all along the banks of the Enz, which abounds in pools full of trout and grayling, some of them running to a great size. Yes, very pleasant is it to throw a fly on the pools between Wildbad and Calmbach, where a good hand may catch a goodly dish of trout in the afternoon; lower down the river the sport is better still, but the distance is too great for any but the able-bodied. Between Wildbad and Calmbach, even a cripple may stump over the meadows along the stream; and if he does nothing else he will not fail to feast his eyes on its wooded banks and hangers, its smooth green leas, bright with autumn crocuses and huge forget-me-nots, and return full of the stillness and repose with which evening falls on the lovely valley of the Enz. At Wildbad a fisherman enjoys nature, improves his temper, and fulfils his duty, for he may carry his cripple with him for the most part, supposing the said cripple is willing to go, and does something useful besides, as all will confess when seated at supper over a famous dish of trout, which the fisherman has coaxed out of the pools of the river, and laid, as they often were laid, at the queen's feet.

But very few cripples are fishermen; how then do they amuse themselves when they have had their dinner and done their walk? When the king cuts them, and the queen cannot receive them. For our part we went to the play. Out in the walks is a rustic theatre, just run up out of deal boards like a barn, and decorated inside with fir branches. In it, we do not scruple to say, we have seen better performances, and more evenly sustained, than it is ever our lot to see in London. In London, where the starring system prevails to a stifling extent, we have sometimes one good actor, supported, like a sweet-pea, by sticks. The actor may be tragic or comic, and very good in his way, but he is a substantive amidst adjectives. Those around him are shamefully deficient, utter the most fearful nonsense, and utter it in such an unnatural voice, and with such ridiculous action and gestures, that when we see a tragedy we fancy we are listening to a comedy, and *vice versa*. At Wildbad, where one or two of the actors and actresses were very good, the starring system did not prevail; though good they were well and naturally supported; the pieces were well chosen, well put on the stage, and well acted. We always went into that barn with pleasure, and never left it in disgust. There was a choice of time too, for there was one performance at half-past

two, and another at seven P. M. Fräulein Zeidler and Herr Hirsch, to you especially, but to all the rest of your company in their several callings and parts, we feel grateful for many a pleasant hour at Wildbad.

Sometimes, though, and more particularly when September came, and the company took its farewell benefits and its leave, we own we did feel a little at a loss to kill that worst enemy idle-time. But even then the stars were kind to us, and sent a fair to help us out. The fair itself was no great thing, not half so good as the permanent fair of the place,—the standing booths on the promenade before the Bellevue. Unless we had invested largely in pots and pans, or in Zollverein woollens or linens, the fair would have been foul to us. But with the fair came other things. Peep-shows, proving how the Schleswig-Holsteiners beat the Danes at the battle of Idstedt; Kagosima burned by the ferocious British; and the throats of the Japanese cut by our savage sailors, under whose cutlasses the red gore streamed down till it purpled the Yellow Sea; *Der Deutsche Michel* standing on the Rhine bank, and daring the French to come on. Then there were cheap Johns, as voluble, but not nearly so witty as our own. Troops there were, too, of Schwartzwalders, with their wives and daughters; the men in queer sort of cocked hats and leather breeches; the women with a curious cap with an erection on it like two vanes of a windmill flapping in the air. Thorough “hempen homespuns,” but good, honest folk, who thought it an outing to come down from their upland dales to Wildbad, and to see life at the fair. With them came the faithful *Dachs*, the badger-hound of those parts, first cousin to our turnspit, black and tan, or black and grey-spotted, or pure tan. Little bow-legged fellows, who can draw a badger or track a wounded deer with unerring pluck and nose. These were all sights in their way, but the greatest sight of all was a cow with six legs. That really was a sight. The *Juno Lucina* of kine had meant that there should be two of them, but somehow or other accidents will happen even at the best regulated births, and instead of two, the calves were huddled together and became one. The monster, for such it really was, as well deserved drawing as Albert Dürer’s monstrous hog. It looked like a cow with a calf thrown across its crest. Down on one side hung two legs like a sack, and on the other side of the neck might be felt the bones beneath the skin which belonged to the rest of the body. When first born, another head stuck out there, the showman said, “but unluckily it rotted off.” In other respects, the beast was a well-behaved, decent

heifer enough, and was not at all proud of being turned into a show.

That cow was not like other visitors to Wildbad, who made themselves a show and were proud of it. How these little puppets used to strut up and down the parade among the cripples, pretending to be ill. They were summer birds, whom the first September frost chased away. “*Maintenant restent les vrais malades*,” said the wife of a Russian general to us as a batch of these nobodies, who thought they were somebodies, drove off in the *Eilwagen*, that monster who was so worked during the summer that it got the gout, and had to be washed every morning with Wildbad water before it could begin its journey. But before they went, these sham cripples afforded us great fun as they sat at the *table-d’hôte*, stalked up and down the parade among the real patients, or flaunted through the walks. Such were the Baroness Spruce and General Zündschwamm, the Marquise Blowsabella, and Fräulein Feineck. Zündschwamm had served all over the world, according to his own account, with immense distinction. In Abyssinia, he had saved the Emperor’s life by climbing up into a tree and making faces at an infuriated ox, which was just going to gore that potentate. “As soon as he saw my face sternly gazing at him through the branches, the bullox turned and fled.” Bullox being the General’s reading of bullock, out of which he made a regular plural, “bulloxen” or “bulloxes.” At another time the Chief of the Abipones in South America had been scalped and left for dead. The General, who was casually passing through the country in quest of beetles, came upon the wounded chief. He spoke to him in the Abipone tongue, and asked him what he wanted. “My scalp,” said the copper-coloured captain. “Where is it?” asked the General. “In yonder cloud of dust. There rides the scalper and his spoil.” To catch a prairie-horse was the work of a moment. In an hour the General himself, riding in a cloud of his own raising, was on the heels of the hostile band. He spurred his wild steed through their ranks, and as he pierced them, clutched the gory scalp from the saddle-bow of the scalper, turned with a demivolte, and with a graceful salute, rode back to the Abipone warrior. The Indians chased him, but he blew such a cloud from his *meerschau*, that they could not find him in the smoke. The scalp, still gory and almost warm, was pressed close on the skull whence it had been torn. It was then covered with a mixture of clay and beetles, and in a week the Abipone chief was at the head of his warriors. His scalp grew nicely, and the

only inconvenience he felt was that he could never frown with comfort; in adhering to the skull, the scalp had shrunk a little, as was not unlikely, and never quite recovered its original elasticity. In return for his help, the Abipones called him "the pale-faced scalp-healer," "the great hair-doctor," and they wished to tattoo him with a new "tattoo," "a full head of hair." Another time he was in Persia, where for ten years he drilled the army of the Schah, and led them on to victory whenever they gained one. How often this was, his modesty did not permit him to say. "Let others tell of my military deeds, dear Baroness; I am not my own trumpeter; but I must tell you a story which, if you read it in a book, you would scarcely believe. I saw it with my own eyes so plainly that I seem to see it now. You are aware that His Majesty the Schah has jewels of priceless value. Diamonds and rubies with the name of Solomon engraved on them; an emerald which Aaron brought with him out of Goshen, when his countrymen spoiled the Egyptians. Time would fail me to tell of all these treasures. One day when the Schah was in a very good humour he sneezed in my face, which is a sure sign of royal favour in Persia, and said, 'Zündschwamm, would you like to see my opal?' That opal few had ever seen. Alexander the Great found it among the spoils of Darius after the battle of Marathon; Roxana was trying to escape with it in an open boat. The king's galley ran the boat down. Both the queen and the opal were saved. The one the king gave to Clitus, the other he wore on his arm day and night till his dying day. You have heard how with his last breath he sent his ring to Perdicas. It was no ring at all, but this very opal. Perdicas got into difficulties; by all accounts he was a sad spendthrift. Antigonus, who was a real Greek, coaxed him out of it for a good round sum. After a time things went wrong with Antigonus, and the opal came to Ptolemy, surnamed "Soter," or the "Saver," because he was a close-fisted fellow. In his family, at Alexandria, it remained till the days of Antony and Cleopatra. What that loving pair really quarrelled about was this stone. Antony wanted to raise money on it to pay his debts. The queen wouldn't hear of it. It would have been like pawning the Koh-i-noor in England to pay the Duke of York's creditors. In a fit of sulks about the opal, and not at all through dread of Augustus, Antony ripped himself up and Cleopatra sent for the asp. She first tried to swallow this opal, in order that it might be buried with her, but it was too big. Augustus found it among Cleopatra's bag-

gage, carried it to Rome, and wore it in his Triumph. It was valued by the *Pontifex Maximus*, or Head of the *Mont de Piété* in Rome, at twenty billions of sesterces. After Augustus, each of the Twelve Cæsars had it in turn. In Caracalla's time Geta persuaded the *Pontifex Maximus* to let him look at it, and then ran away with it. Caracalla sent the Salaminian and the Paralus, the two Roman guardships in the dockyard at Ostia, to fetch his brother back. His first care was to get the opal, his next to cut Geta's head off. It was then he made use of his famous jingle-jangle. When the *Pontifex Maximus*, out of respect for the family, asked whether Geta might be reckoned among the gods: '*Inter Divos?*' '*Sit Divus,*' playfully answered Caracalla, '*dummodo non sit vivus,*' 'Let him be a god, but don't let him live.' Well, to make this very long story short, my dear Baroness, Constantine carried the opal to his new city on the Bosphorus, and there it remained in the custody of the Patriarch, who had ousted the *Pontifex Maximus*, as the head of the *Mont de Piété*, when Christianity came in. The Patriarch kept it in the strong-room of the Church of St. Sophia till the time of Alexander Comnenus, who allowed Anna Comnena to carry it with her to the Persian wars, where it was captured by the enemy, and has remained in Persia ever since.

"That was the history of the opal which the Schah asked me to see; and you may believe I was glad to have the chance. The Schah told the Vizier, the Vizier told the Master of the Jewels: 'Bring forth the Schah's opal.' The opal was brought. We all saw at once how Alexander the Great could never have worn it as a ring, how Cleopatra could never have swallowed it, and how right Caracalla was to cut his brother's head off for trying to steal it. It was as big as the egg of the Apteryx." "Of the what?" asked Baroness Spruce, who is a little hard of hearing. "Of the Apteryx," answered the General; "of the wingless Australian bird; the last descendant of a race that will soon be extinct, but which I have often hunted by night in the fern brakes of New Zealand." "I have heard of fish out of water," muttered the Baroness, "but I never heard of birds without wings." The General was rather ruffled, but he went on: "Whether you have heard of it or no, it is a fact. The apteryx is a wingless bird; and now for its egg, which you may see in the Zoological Gardens of the Prince Regent in London, though you will not see the bird itself, unless you pay the keeper a shilling. This egg is bigger than that of a swan, though the apteryx is less than a

goose, and this opal of the Schah was just the size of the wingless bird's egg. Then said the Schah, "Zündschwamm, do you wish to see my opal to perfection?" "Yes, your Majesty," I replied, wallowing before him in the dust, and rubbing my nose against his slipper. "Well, then, look out;" or rather, to translate the Persian literally, "Mind your eye; here goes." As he said this, the Schah snatched up the opal, dashed it, hand and all, into a bowl of water, and then held it up in the fierce rays of the mid-day sun. That was to make it flash more brightly. Alas! to think of the ruin that followed! The opal is a porous stone; it will absorb its own weight of water. That opal had absorbed its own weight. Suddenly exposed to a blazing sun, the water in its pores passed swiftly into steam. We heard a sharp crack as we gazed, and lo! the famous stone split, as the Schah held it, into a thousand pieces, and one of the wonders of the world was lost for ever. That I saw with my own eyes, and I should like to know who will gainsay my story." "No one, dear General," said the Baroness. "I believe every word you say about the opal, and a very interesting, truthful narrative it is; but you must forgive me for saying that I cannot believe there are birds in New Zealand without wings."

Thus the General went on, who, though we were too polite to say so to his face, we have no hesitation in telling it behind his back, was about the biggest liar we ever met, and whose name ought to have been changed from *Zündschwamm* or Tinder, to Cracker or Crammer. How strange that the dear Baroness should have refused to believe the only true part of his story! As for the Apteryx we have seen it and its enormous egg; nor do we think that the race is so scarce as the General seemed to suppose. We remember at the refreshment rooms of the Manchester exhibition almost every chicken was an Apteryx; and over and over again in Paris, when we have ordered a *Mayonnaise de Volaille*, we have remarked that the wing is never forthcoming; from which we infer that there is a race of wingless chickens both in Manchester and Paris. But to return to the General. How delightful it was to draw him out as he sat between the Baroness and the Fräulein, either at the *table-d'hôte* or on a bench in the shade, and hear how he grew bolder and bolder in his stories. When in this mood he would say anything. There was nothing that he had not either done or could do. The Decimal Notation, the Mariner's Compass, Gunpowder, and the Discovery of the North Pole; he had a hand in all of them. "So you were with Sir John Ross, General, when he discovered the North

Pole?" "Ja gewiss!" "Yes, of course, I was returning to Labrador from Kamschatka, and had got well across Behring's Straits, when a great fall of snow came on and we could no longer walk. One by one we ate the dogs that carried our baggage, till at last they were all gone. Then we began to eat the Indians who were our guides. They did not like it at first; but though a stolid race they are open to conviction, and besides we had got their priest or "medicine" on our side, who persuaded them that as they must die, they might as well be eaten. Luckily, before we had eaten many, a frost came, and the crust on the snow got so hard that we could use our snow-shoes and hunt. One day we turned aside into Boothia Felix in pursuit of game, and there, to our surprise, we met the gallant Ross. He offered me a passage to England next spring, which I gladly accepted, paying off my guides, and rubbing noses with them before parting. That winter I devoted myself to science with the intrepid mariner. With him and with no other companions we walked to the North Pole." "Merkwürdig," said Fräulein Feineck, "Sehr interessant, and pray, what was the North Pole like?" "The North Pole," the General went on, "is a truncated cone which projects for about four hundred feet from the level of the plateau which you come to at the World's end. Besides, it is about a mile round, so that it is short and thick. In fact, it is a sort of axle-tree on which the globe turns. Geologically speaking, it is formed of hypersthene, one of the primitive rocks, and I believe it is now settled that a shaft of this rock runs right through the earth from Pole to Pole. At least I know when I was with Sir James Ross, when we discovered the South Pole, we both remarked that the formation of the projection where the South Pole juts out was precisely similar to that at the North Pole, of which we are now talking." "All very well, I daresay," said the Baroness, "but what do the ends of this shaft rest on?" "Space," boldly answered the General; "Infinite Space; and let me tell you that Space near the Poles, where the air is compressed by the intense friction of the earth's motion, is a very solid thing. You may build castles out of it far better and grander than those in Spain; and one day when it was denser than usual, and had a very fine grain, we got a block of it cut, and brought it home, and you may see it if you like in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. I remember the fact well, for it was the same day that our fire froze, and we cut off one of the tongues of flame, and kept it in our ice-safe till we got to England, and you may see that too at

the Museum if they will show it you; but they always keep it in ice for fear it should melt. But to return to the pole. We often talk wildly, and speculate about how the world was created. I believe firmly in Genesis; but if you will trust me, this is what happened. At first there was nothing but a huge amorphous meteoric mass shot off into space by the sun in one of his freaks. Well, this mass kept spinning round and round in Space, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, and as it spun round it got longer and longer; its molecules became granulated into the ferruginous crystals which you may see in any other block of hypersthene, and thus the shaft was ready; resting, as I have told you, at each end on compressed Space, and so whirling round like a spindle." "Very true, no doubt," said the Baroness, "but pray, how did this round world with all its ups and downs grow out of that spindle?" "That," went on the general, "was in obedience to other laws, as slow and sure as those of time, space, and gravitation. Bear in mind, then, that in Nature like turns to like as man to woman. Now between the crystals of the hypersthene and the oxygen of the atmosphere there is a natural affinity. The shaft attracted this gas to it, decomposed it, and thus a slow deposit was formed all along the shaft. For how many millions of years this process of attraction and deposition has been going on, Moses and the Prophets, and Dr. Colenso only know, but out of it it is certain that the globe has sprung. Its rounded shape is all owing to the circular motion imparted to the new matter by the original twist or spin which the sun gave to the mass when it was projected into space. The world spins round, first, because it was twisted like a *tee-totum*, and because before the original motion could wear out, it got so accustomed to spinning, and had made the Space at each of the Poles so hard and dense by continual friction, that it has continued to spin ever since."

"Wonderful, most wonderful!" cried the Fräulein. "But how do you know the North Pole is only a mile round?" "Because," said the unblushing General, "I started a musk ox who was rubbing himself against it, and blessing the Duke of Argyll, and he ran right round the pole, and I at his heels. When he got back to the spot whence he started, I shot him with an air-gun which I had just loaded with a bit of Space, and when he fell I pulled out his pedometer, and found the distance was exactly a mile English." "How did we get back? The same way we got there—on our legs. But before we went we made a hearty meal on the raw marrow of the musk ox, and cut our names

'John Ross, Commander R.N.' 'Albrecht Zündschwamm, General,' deep into the face of the rock."

That was how the General used to go on at Wildbad. For awhile he was amusing enough; but at last he went, and the Baroness, and the Fräulein. Still there was the Professor left. With him we took many a walk, for all this time our knee was getting stronger and stronger. The Professor was amusing also in his way. He was never tired of expatiating on the beauties of what he called this "subterranean valley," "*unterirdische Thal*." He felt himself drawn to Wildbad "like a child to its mother's breast." Once, almost with tears in his eyes, he broke out, "*Eine tiefe Wehmuth schwebt über diesen Ort*. A deep melancholy hovers over this place. There is something soothing, and at the same time refreshing, to the troubled heart to rest awhile, as it were, upon the great lap of nature, and listen to the pulsations of her mighty heart. Yes! I prefer Wildbad to Gastein. There nature is more exciting and irritating. Lucky for me that I turned my footsteps to this hallowed spot." The meaning of all which, in plain English, was that the baths had done him good, though he expressed it like a "Philistine." That they had done him good was plain, for he was no longer bent and bowed. We never saw a man so wholly given up to books. He had learned these platitudes about nature's heart out of Herder or Jacobi, and knew really nothing of her secrets. We tried in vain to make him take an interest in, or even to see the speckled trout, as they lay on the yellow sand of the clear Enz, just above a rapid, with their noses turned upstream. For him the pair of kingfishers flashing and darting about the rocks through the green shade were as nothing. On such a book-worm, the water-ousels, in their divery of black and white, as they skimmed over the water or walked along at the bottom in search of prey, were quite thrown away. Once we enticed him near a wasps' nest, in the hope that he might be stung, and so brought to reason, but it was all in vain. Fish and birds were best in their proper places, and that was the dinner-table; as for the wasps, why Heaven sent them he did not know or care. So he ran away and left us to admire those wonderful masons by ourselves.

At last the fatal day came when we were to leave Wildbad ourselves. The day before we took respectful leave of the queen, who gave us gracious leave to revisit her court next year. The king we could not see. Poor monarch, he was in bed with the gout. We were sorry for it, for as kings go, he was a good king. Almost all our friends had

already gone, and even Marie had intervals of rest. The waiters, those birds of passage, had long been departing in bands, each man with his *trinkgelds* in his pocket. To all parts they went, to Paris, London, Vienna, Frankfort, Nice. In Germany they are a good, willing sort of men, and deserve all they can get. At last the rheumatic old *Eilwagen* rattled up to the door; we take a friendly leave of Mr. Klumpp, have a sweet smile and a bouquet from Mrs. Klumpp. Marie wishes us a *glückliche Reise* with a merry ringing laugh, the *Schwager* cracks his whip, and away we crawl down the street. Our visit to Wildbad is over, and well over too. It has done us a world of good, and if we are not the unluckiest fellow in the world, and meet with fresh accidents, we shall soon walk with the best. As a change, we return by Frankfort and the Rhine, but having returned that way, we need only repeat our warning, that only fools either go or return to Wildbad from London by the Rhine.

ART. VI.—1. *The Tuscan Poet, Giuseppe Giusti and his Times.* By SUSAN HORNER.

Macmillan & Co., 1864.

2. *Poesie Complete di Giuseppe Giusti.* 1850.

Of the poets and poetry of modern Italy, but little can be said to be as yet familiarly known to the general run of British readers. That Italian classics came to an end with Alfieri, is still, we venture to think, the belief of a large majority of our compatriots, who consider themselves creditably "posted" in the literature of the South. If examined as to the poets of the Revolution period, and of the period since the Peace of 1815, many, we apprehend, would be puzzled to say more than that Ugo Foscolo was an eccentric refugee, and wrote a romance after the model of the *Sorrows of Werter*; that Manzoni was the author of a pretty historical tale called *I Promessi Sposi*; and that Silvio Pellico underwent a harsh imprisonment in an Austrian dungeon, of which he framed a touching recital in singularly pure and graceful diction. Nevertheless, to say nothing of *La Basvilliana*, *I Sepolcri*, and other noble productions of the last generation, the poetical masterpieces of the triad who stand foremost in the ranks of our own contemporaries, as representing the imaginative genius of their country, are sufficient evidence that the national fountain of inspiration is not yet dry; that the vigour of the satirist, the scorn of the moralist, the fire of the patriot, and

the tenderness of the lover, can still find expressive utterance in the language of that gifted southern nation which an evil destiny had long robbed of so much that is most precious.

Of Giusti, the popular bard of Florence, perhaps even less has been heard in England than of Manzoni or of Leopardi, the other two members of the triad aforesaid. His works, indeed, from their peculiar character, can scarcely be thoroughly relished or appreciated by any but Italians, born or trained. He was essentially a national poet; and it requires an intimate knowledge of the habits and associations of the Italian mind, to appreciate justly in all cases the point of his satire and the subtlety of his humour. Yet, for originality of conception and force of language, Giusti deserves at least as much notice as any master of verse in the present century; and his brief personal history, as connected with contemporary political events, is of considerable significance, if of no exciting variety. Miss Horner has done us a welcome service in drawing up a sketch of *Giusti's Life and Times*, with translations of many of his letters, and occasional notices of his poems, as they grew out of the circumstances of the day. Her narrative is singularly fair and impartial; and as she has enjoyed considerable opportunities of converse with the leading spirits of modern Italy, of divers shades of political opinion, is, we have reason to believe, also very accurate in its details. With strong sympathies for the national cause, she observes a moderation and forbearance in speaking even of its adversaries, which in English partisans, especially female partisans, is somewhat rare. We might perhaps desiderate a little more plan and proportion in the construction of the book. For instance, the long letters on excursions into the mountains, and a country ball, though pleasingly descriptive of Tuscan rural life, should have been treated as more distinctly episodical, instead of being placed in somewhat crude juxtaposition with those which bear on political and social opinions, and with the narrative of public events. A collection of Giusti's miscellaneous letters is one thing; a narrative of his life and times, illustrated by a selection from his correspondence, is another thing. When the relation of the poet to the public events in which he took so much part is, as may be said, the *motif* of the work, episodes of playful description, if introduced at all, should be shortened, and the bearings of the general subject not left out of sight. The consequence of this want of due organization in the composition of the book, is a certain desultory effect, which unfortunately derogates from its attractiveness,

if not from its intrinsic value. The letters are exceedingly well translated, with the exception of a few grammatical oversights, which may be easily rectified in a second edition. As compositions these letters have great merit. They are full of meaning, eloquence, and good sense; and so much of the man's heart is revealed in them as to impress us very highly with the simplicity, integrity, and earnestness of Giusti's character.

It is, we take it, the Italian character in one of its most noteworthy aspects; exhibiting a combination of daring and temperance, of uncompromising mockery in attack, and practical self-restraint in action, not often to be met with in the revolutionary agents of other countries:—"Washington Wilkes," we fear, is too propitious an avatar to be ever realized amongst ourselves in more than name. As a writer of verse, Giusti runs a tilt at kings and institutions, flings about nicknames, ridicules, reviles, points the finger of scorn, buffoons, and all in that familiar language of the lower orders which seems in itself a challenge to prescriptive decorum. Turn to his letters to his friends, and we find this same democratic lampooner thoughtful, melancholy, moderate; devising schemes for bettering the condition of his fellow-men under existing circumstances, deprecating the zeal of hasty revolutionists, keen in detecting the errors and follies of those with whose general views he sympathizes. Nay, in his verses also this true moderation shows itself; for he is no less ready to deride the fancies of headstrong innovators, and the failings of the common people themselves, than to satirize a King Log, "who wavers, and floats, and never fishes to the bottom of State affairs;"* or a "Tuscan Morpheus, who drains pockets and marshes, and comes garlanded with poppies" to attend the coronation of the "sovereign shearer."†

Giuseppe Giusti was born at Monte Summano, near Pescia, in the Val di Nievole, on the 13th of May, 1809. His family belonged to the class of the upper gentry, and he received an education in accordance with the habits of his class, being sent to Pisa in his eighteenth year to study jurisprudence in the

university of that city. His student years were mostly years of extravagance and dissipation; his susceptible temperament, and frank, sociable disposition exposing him to many temptations by which youth is liable to be assailed; but from selfish and hypocritical vices he always recoiled with loathing. In after years, when in his characteristic way he framed a rhyming record of the memories of that student time, he could smile and sigh over the jovial nights and days he had spent, the jokes, the good-fellowship, the hairbreadth follies of a careless but generous youth; while he could claim as his own the satisfaction with which he describes the honest man as pointing again to the old tower which had hung over him in his early days, and exclaiming, "I have not wavered, neither have I bent!"

"Quanta letizia
Ravviva in mente
Quella marmorea
Torre pendente,
Se, rivedendola
Molt' anni appresso,
Puoì compiacendoti
Dire a te stesso,
Non ho piegato
Nè pencolato!"

Having finally passed his law examination at the age of twenty-five, he took up his residence in Florence, ostensibly to practise his profession, but in reality to study life and human nature, to converse with the select spirits of the past, and with brave and thoughtful minds of present times, to watch public events, to scheme and write for the social and moral improvement of the generation under his eyes; and last, not least, to indite verses, satirical, pointed, burlesque, on the inconsistencies of governors and governed; and in the fresh idiomatic dialect, still rife among the peasantry of his native Pescian valleys, to utter the judgment of that broad common-sense which lies at the foundation of all sound political philosophy. Giusti has been compared to the French poet Béranger; in his popular themes and instincts, in his command of irony, and in the rough and ready wording of his rhymes, justly so. One main difference between them, as has also been pointed out, is that Béranger wrote as really and actually one of the people himself; Giusti, as a gentleman of refinement, adapting himself to popular feelings, and writing to the people.* Thus, while a more sustained philosophy pervades the verses of Giusti—a reference to ideas which are outside the sphere of Béranger—we feel that within the compass of common life Béranger is undoubtedly the

* *Il Re Travicello* (a satire on Charles-Albert of Sardinia):—

"Tentenna, galleggia,
E mai dello stato
Non pesca nel fondo;
Che scena di mondo!
Che Re di cervello
E un Re Travicello!"

† *Il Toscano Morfeo* (i.e., Leopold II.):—

"Vien lemme lemme
Di papaveri cinto e di lattuga,
Che per la smania d'eternarsi asciuga
Tasche e maremme."

* See *L'Italie est-elle la terre des morts?* Par Marc Monnier, 1860.

most dramatic, the most picturesque poet of the two. The needs of his country, the political degradation of his fellow-countrymen, are the topics ever uppermost in Giusti's mind. He does not care to dally with popular facts or fancies, as such; he does not often deal with varieties of life and character, with those sympathetic conceptions of sentiment in special classes of society, which constitute the charm of such poems as *Les Bohémiens*, *Les Contrebandiers*, *Le Vieux Drapeau*, etc. Perhaps the most Béranger-like of his poems is the *Sant Ambrogio*, where he describes his feelings at beholding the Croatian regiment on duty within the old Milanese church; feelings, not of bitterness against them, but of profound compassion for them, as aliens torn from their native hearths to serve as automatons in an unnatural system of political repression. He here gives himself wholly to sympathize with a social class placed in exceptional circumstances; realizes their position, describes their feelings, and has no ironical meaning beyond the obvious application of the particular case. The touches of pathos are suggested so simply by the circumstances, the homely phraseology is so justly suited to the picture brought before the mind, that here we are indeed reminded of some of the most fascinating effusions of the French *chansonnier*. But if Giusti's muse had, generally speaking, a more restricted range of fancy than that of Béranger, his moral sense was far keener; his melancholy was uninfluenced by scepticism; his scorn was based on reverence for all that is noble and virtuous, not simply on contempt of the follies and weaknesses of mankind. His satire is meant to shame men out of their vices, not to treat them as irremediable subjects for derision. Perhaps some cause of the difference between the tone of the French and Italian political satirists may be found in the fact that the one wrote chiefly in the times of dissolution succeeding a period of great national excitement, the other in the preliminary stage of revolution; one shrugs his shoulders over glories hopelessly departed; the other chafes under evils it may yet be possible to help in removing.

The first of Giusti's satires which attracted public attention was the *Dies Ira*, written in 1835, on occasion of the death of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, an event in which the poet rejoices as affording hope for the future of mankind, and causing fear and perplexity to monarchs. The audacious gibes to which he here gave utterance, were something quite new to the public ear; and his lines were eagerly passed from hand to hand, and enjoyed with all the zest of dangerous pleasure. Within the next ten years he had

put forth between twenty and thirty pieces not less daring and effective. It is hopeless to attempt to render in an English version the lavish abuse, the *double entendres*, the bold personalities, which are heaped together in the rattling jingle of his verse, in such poems as the *Vestizione*, the *Incoronazione*, the *Brindisi di Girella*, etc.; but we offer the following as a tolerably literal representation, at all events, of the closing stanzas of *L'Incoronazione*, a poem on the coronation, as king of Italy, of the Emperor Ferdinand, successor to Francis I., where the poet, addressing the Pope, subsides into a hortatory style, reminding us, in its concise severity, of the denunciations of Dante himself:—

"O thou elected to maintain in strength
The sacred stem of Christ's all-hallowed tree,
Resume the gospel poverty at length,
Rich poverty!

"Let others lash the body: crush not thou
Men's living souls thy twofold yoke beneath:
If once that hope shall die which calmly now
Looks beyond death,

"Then shalt thou see wild ruin and dismay
O'erwhelm the soul that faith hath dared
deny;
Shalt see, alas! the wandering world astray
New creeds to try.

"In modest garb receive the trembling, fearing,
Shelter and soothe the hearts by doubt perplexed,
First from thyself the guileful mask off-tearing,
From tyrants next.

"But if the vain Anathema to sell
And sip the despots' cup, be still thy choice,
The people roused shall listen to a knell
From other voice:

"Not this the Crown which Holy Nails compose,
As superstitious legend oft repeats;*
Christ ne'er bestowed those pledges of His throes
To sanction cheats.

"Nor is it of the ancient Ploughshare made,†
Which raised our ancestors' historic fame;
'Tis but the Northern robbers' twisted blade
In regal frame.

"O Latin race! to whom thus lowly kneel?
He is of those old robber chiefs the heir,
And round your feet, of that same clanking steel,
A chain ye wear.

* Alluding to the popular belief that the iron crown of the Lombards, which the Emperor received at Milan, was made from the nails which fastened the Saviour to the cross.

† Alluding to Cincinnatus and the primitive simplicity of Roman manners.

"Forward in thick battalions: thrust and slash;
Swift on his mercenary band alight!
Another sword of other metal flash
Full in his sight!

"Wrought from the mine that gave those weapons dire
Which mowed the barbarous hordes like wheat, that day
When at Legnano, filled with patriot ire,
Ye fought the fray!"

How he dealt with the theories of visionary philanthropists, we see again in such lines as those on the humanitarian or cosmopolitan fancy which some were in the habit of preaching in the years of liberal reaction succeeding the Revolution of Paris in 1830. No more boundaries of countries, he says,—

"I deserti, i monti, i mari,
Son confini da Lunari
Sogni di geografi:"

with the aid of steam power and balloons we shall find short cuts up among the clouds. All political differences will disappear. Blacks and whites will unite to form a race of mulattoes. Cannon will be useless; we shall die of indigestion and of having nothing to do. There shall be one government, one church, one language:—

"Io non so se il regno umano
Deve aver Papa e Sovrano;
Ma se ci hanno a essere,

"Il Monarca sarà probò
E discreto: un rè del globo
Saprà star ne' limiti.

"Ed il capo della Fede
Consoliamoci, si crede?
Che sarà Cattlico.

"Finirà se Dio vuole
Questa guerra di parole,
Guerra da pettegoli.

"Finirà: sarà parlata
Una lingua mescolata
Tutta frasi aeree;

"E già già da certi tali
Nei poemi e nei giornali
Si comincia a scrivere.

"Il puntigliò disortese
Di tener dal suo paese
Sparirà tra gli uomini."

And so he continues to descant ironically on the advantages of this cosmopolitan enlargement of mind and country; how before long he may hope to embrace Barbarians, and finally the ape species itself, in the universal brotherhood.

We offer a translation of part of this poem in such doggrel verse as we can command:—

"Whether, when the world is one,
King and Pope must still live on,
This is more than I can tell:

"But the King will plainly see
Limits to his monarchy,
And observe those limits well.

"And the Pope will sure be chief
Of the Catholic belief,
And so far infallible.

"Then will end, if Heaven so please,
All this war of languages,
War of chattering and grimaces.

"Twill be over; and make room
For a mingled idiom,
Woven of light, ethereal phrases.

"And even now, though scarce they know it,
Many a journalist and poet
Prattles in the speech to come.

"Then each old, unpolished word
Shall, thank God, no more be heard,
Country, nation, kindred, home.

"Of the world I now am free,
And to write for Italy
Seems to me a loss of time.

"Then the Alps and Adriac wave
We no more for bounds will have,
Pressing close on every quarter.

"To be a native here or there
Is a phrase as light as air:
I believe I am a Tartar!"

To estimate the spirit of these poems justly, even in the original, is a difficult matter for any one not conversant with a marked feature of the Florentine mind. From the earliest dawn of poetical literature in Italy, we find, among the Tuscans especially, a turn for humour of a grotesque, extravagant sort. It ran riot in the poems of Berni and Pulci, while adapting itself to a classical form and colouring: it abounded, though in a modified degree, in the great work of Ariosto. It may be recognised in many later extravaganzas of Tuscan literature; and not less in the manners and expressions of the lively, intelligent *contadini* of Central Italy, whose mental gesticulation, so to speak, corresponding to the bodily gesticulation for which Italians have always been noted, is one of their most amusing and attractive attributes in the eyes of the stranger who comes to reside among them.* The specialty of this humour seems to consist

* In the very interesting letters of Miss Cornwallis (*Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis*, etc., London, 1864) lately published, we find some characteristic sketches of the *contadini* in the neighbourhood of Pescia, Giusti's own country. "Take," she writes, "as a sample of Tuscan *repartée*, the reply of my old woman, when I asked her the other day what the lizards ate. 'Chi sa?' I said I had stood looking at them for an hour the day before to find out if I could. She shouted with laughter, 'Ah, star a vedere mangiare le lucertole! ma non fu l'ora del pranzo forse: bisogna darle un invito ed allora si saprà.'" "I asked A— just now the name of a wild flower that I had picked up. He looked

in a kind of harlequin versatility and tricksiness, harmonized, almost imperceptibly, by a presiding law of good sense, and frequently combined with considerable force of irony. But over and above this turn for the characteristic humour and satire of his fellow-countrymen, Giusti possessed a deep vein of pathos and moral earnestness; and it is the interpenetration of these three elements—his playful humour, his irony, and his moral pathos—which gives to his writings a tone differing, as we think, from that of any other writer of Italian verse. For though fun and good sense, fun and satire, fun and what may almost be called philosophy, are not unfrequently found together in the literature of his country, we doubt whether any other instance is to be adduced of the co-existence of these qualities with those which express the deeper sensibilities of the heart. Dante, Petrarch, Alfieri, Monti, Manzoni, Leopardi, were, in their several degrees, masters of tenderness or of moral earnestness; but they had positively no humour. In the humorous writers, on the other hand, we should look in vain for any strain of earnest sentiment. In the French poet Béranger, as we have said, a parallel has been found for Giusti, and in many respects a just one. We doubt, however, whether, in the particular aspect we are now considering, a comparison more true, though at first sight less obvious, may not be discovered for him in a poet of our own land, but of another time, and far different circumstances and training. We allude to Burns. Though Béranger and Giusti lived and wrote under conditions in a great measure similar, and Burns was historically, as it were, the denizen of another hemisphere, yet between the Scotchman and the Italian there was, in the matter of moral sensibility, more approximation than between either of these and the French poet. Burns was not, like Giusti, a “gentleman” by birth or position. He was not, by the circumstances of his life, a politician, like the Tuscan poet. His sphere of moral observation was homely. The greater concerns of the world were beyond his habitual ken; nor would their echoes have been exciting enough, in his time and country, to titillate strongly the popular fibre.* Then, again, Burns was a man of

at it with rather a melancholy air for an instant, and said: ‘Non so, veramente;’ but this was out of character, and he looked at me with a smile, adding, ‘perchè non son stato al battesimo.’—Pp. 67, 71.

* At least not during the best part of his poetical life. Burns died three years after the decapitation of Louis XVI. Some of his late poems contain allusions to the progress of the French Revolution.

irregular impulses, and of a dissatisfied self-consciousness, which threw a morbid shade over his muse. In Giusti, the melancholy vein was strong; but it was a melancholy based on the struggle of moral susceptibility with physical weakness: it was neither that of self-accusation, nor that of vague, poetical *ennui*—the two curses of the intellectual Sybarite. It is therefore only partially, and with distinct reservations, that we compare the popular bards of Italy and Scotland. Their remaining points of resemblance are these: the easy, familiar handling of an unpolished, vernacular dialect; the expressive use of the homeliest terms and images; the quick-sighted discernment of human pretensions and inconsistencies; the wit which could place them in new and unexpected relations; the daring license of utterance, still keeping within the line of recklessness; the ready satire, keenly severe, yet not morose—more subtle and fantastic, more *Italian*, in short, in Giusti—more blunt and impetuous in Burns; the equally ready, but in Giusti, at all events, more sparingly expressed, sympathy with generous and true emotion; the natural attraction to the jovialities of good fellowship; we might add, the quaint observation of external nature; but the instances of this in Giusti are rare, though striking.

Burns was bred under a rigidly precise system of church-government, and his satire was directed against pharisaical pretensions, or what he considered as such. Giusti was a liberal and a patriot, living under a “paternal” despotism, and his satire was accordingly directed against autocratic rule and the evils it engendered. Thus the objects of their castigation were different; the resemblance lies in the style in which each administered the lash. Place Burns’s several effusions on the controversy between the Old and New Lights—such as “Holy Willie’s Prayer,” “The Holy Fair,” “The Twa Herds,” the “Epistle to the Rev. John M’Math,” and that to Goudie of Kilmarnock—side by side with Giusti’s *L’Incoronazione*, *Gingillino*, *Gli Umanitari*, *Gl’Immobili ed i Semoventi*, *La Vestizione*, and numerous other social or political squibs, and the force of our comparison will we think be admitted. These verses have to our thinking the very ring of Giusti:

“Oh, Goudiel! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and rev’rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin’ looks back,
Wishin’ the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

“Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she’s got an unco ripple;

Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
 'Nigh unto death ;'
 See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
 An' gasps for breath.

"Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gane in a gallopin' consumption ;
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
 Will ever mend her ;
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
 Death soon will end her."

Here we have terse colloquial freedom, and fearless derision of things held by conventional superstition sacred. In the lines which we next cite, we see how the poet's moral fervour for what is intrinsically worthy of veneration in principle and feeling forces itself through the bristling outworks of his banter. He writes to M'Math :—

"But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers and hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

"They take religion in their mouth,
 They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,
 For what ? to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 And hunt him down, o'er right and ruth
 To ruin straight.

"All hail, Religion !" etc.

But we are addressing *North British* readers, and what Scotchman has not the glorious strains of his national bard too firmly fixed in his memory to need more than such slight quotation as may be sufficient for the purpose of reference in the comparison we are here pursuing ? Could we hope to find one who had not a "Burns," great or small, on every bookcase in his house, we should be sorely tempted to enrich our pages with that Epistle to James Smith of Mauchline, which portrays so very exquisitely the hopes and pleasures of youth, the blessings and the banes of a light and careless spirit, the unenviable success of the cautious and crafty, which, with doubtful philosophy, but a most attractive geniality, points the contrast between the

"douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,"
 and

"The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin' squad,"
 of whom the misguided poet himself was one.

"Oh, Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !

Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning
 We frisk away,
 Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play."

But though we must not quote more of these well-known lines, we must beg our readers to review them in their own memory, and then to see how much of a similar spirit is reflected in the poem on the recollections of his student days at Pisa, which Giusti composed in the thoughtful leisure of his after life, and of which we have attempted a version :—

"Sempre nell' anima
 Mi sta quel giorno
 Che con un nuvolo
 D'amici intorno,
 D'Eccellentissimo
 Comprai divisa
 E malinconico
 Lasciai di Pisa
 La baraonda
 Tanta gioconda," etc.

The rhythm and cadences of the original are quite unattainable in English ; and rhythm and cadence, as every lover of verse knows, are to a poem what the general air and manner are to an individual. How many fascinating members of society can we recall, of whom the mere dry notes of their conversation would convey but a very inadequate idea. Nor will our metre represent the extreme conciseness which is a remarkable attribute of the original. Still we may hope to give some idea of the tone and character of Giusti's poem ; and this will suffice, we think, to prove the justness of our analogy. We omit some stanzas for the sake of brevity :—

I.

Ah ! well I remember
 That long-ago day,
 When, with comrades around me
 In goodly array,
 I took my diploma
 In Pisa's old halls,
 And heavy at heart,
 Bid adieu to its walls,
 And those friends leal and true,
 A gay, dare-devil crew.

II.

I entered the café
 Heart-weary and sore,
 Discharged a last reck'ning
 For self and a score ;
 Then out with three *paoli*,
 An old debt to pay,
 And mounting my car
 I was off and away,
 With my head swimming round,
 And my eyes on the ground.

III.

Four years quickly sped
 In companionship free,
 With the wit Nature gives
 To the harebrained in fee:
 All our text-books laid by
 In a corner aside,
 How the great Book of Life
 At a glance opens wide,
 And entices the eye
 Its first lessons to try!

IV.

You may con tome by tome
 All that learning can span,
 And be dubbed LL.D.,
 Yet be never a man.
 If within your four walls
 You learn action alone,
 You will stumble, be sure,
 On the first outer stone.
 From doing to talking
 'Tis pretty wide walking.

V.

Excuse me! I honour
 All schools of advice:
 A lecture-room teaches,
 And so do the dice:
 If wandering shows us
 The world's devious ways,
 Then a vagabond life
 Of all lives I will praise.
 Ah! what wisdom may couch
 In a negligent slouch.

VI.

Once threadbare our jacket,
 And hearty our greeting:
 "Hail fellow! well met,"
 At the very first meeting.
 Virgin-lips in those years
 That may ne'er come again;
 Virgin-lips, which life's cunning
 Too early must stain:
 Till we lie like the best,
 In politeness confest.

VII.

In this epoch of banking,
 Per-cents, scrip, and par,
 When 'tis all *what we seem*,
 And 'tis nought *what we are*,
 Who cares any more
 For those cynics of old
 Who loved to go fasting,
 Could live without gold,
 Counted starving no blame,
 Nor held penury shame?

VIII.

O days bright and happy!
 O evenings serene!
 How we joked it and quaffed it,
 And smoked it between!
 Ah, that is the life
 For contentment alone,

Which is true to itself
 As Time's changes speed on,
 When the hair and the brain
 Of like aspect remain.

IX.

That old marble tower
 Which bent over us then,
 How we kindle and smile
 On beholding again,
 If, years having past,
 We can say to our heart,
 "No change hast thou known,
 What thou wert, still thou art;
 Thy form hath not curved,
 Thy line hath not swerved!"

X.

The wise ones who scouted
 Our jocund carouse,
 And listened all eager
 As cats watch a mouse,
 When of Rescripts and Rights
 We made jokes without end,
 And let all our voices
 Uproariously blend
 In some Tricolor chorus,
 Not looking before us,

XI.

They now pine and sicken
 And perish away,
 All jaundiced and swollen
 In early decay;
 While we madcap fellows,
Sans prudence or thought,
 Are here out of service,
 And just good for nought,
 But jocund co-mates
 With gay, whimsical pates.

XII.

The rabble who fear *them*
 And shrink from their bite,
 Make room and speak softly
 When they come in sight,
 To us jovial fellows,
 Republic apart,
 Throw wide to the utmost
 Their arms and their heart:
 When all's said and done,
 'Tis the fools have the fun!

Once again, both our poets had a turn for playful moralizing on the phenomena of nature, though the habit is undoubtedly less conspicuous in Giusti the lawyer than in Burns the ploughman. Compare the lines of the former on the *chiocciola*, or snail, with Burns's exquisite addresses, "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy," and suchlike topics, in which his soul delighted. Giusti thus relates the occasion of his own composition:—

"Unhappy those who have no home! His native place is the longed-for haven of him who has crossed the tempestuous sea of life, and has

escaped shipwreck. I have met with cosmopolitans who, from a foolish desire to make themselves citizens of the world, cannot rest at home in their own country. I like to think that as plants vegetate better in one soil than in another, so we live and flourish better in the place in which we were born. Whilst making this and similar reflections during a walk in the country, I happened to stop by the way to watch a snail. By an association of ideas, I thought this little animal might become the living image of the thoughts which were crowding into my mind; and reflecting on the vain arrogance of man, and his undisciplined passion, on anger, and on pride, I was ready to exclaim, *Viva la chiocciola!*"

We will not here quote the lines themselves. The reader who has not a copy of Giusti's poems at hand, will find them at p. 135 of Miss Horner's book. But the circumstances of their composition, as here related by the poet himself, will not fail to remind lovers of the Scottish bard how, with similarly suggestive impulse, Burns was wont to pause when his coultter was on the point of cutting down some rural flower or reptile, and would string analogies, and moralizings on the theme:

"O what a panic's in thy breastie!" etc.

We may be excused for transcribing, as the seal of our comparison, a few sentences of Thomas Carlyle's, descriptive of some of the characteristic merits of Burns; change the name, and they might be used, word for word, in an estimate of Giusti:—

"He has a consonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad and the ludicrous, the mournful and the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his all-conceiving spirit. And then with what a prompt and eager force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye, full and clear in every lineament, and catches the real type and essence of it, among a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! If there is aught of reason or truth to be discovered, there is no sophistry, no mere surface logic detains him. Quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces into the marrow of the question, and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description,—some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic. . . . The characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance. Three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness; and in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward metre, so clear and definite a likeness, that it seems like a master-limner working with a burnt stick; and yet the burin of Retsch is not more impressive or exact."

How enthusiastically his fellow-countrymen appreciated Giusti's verses on their first appearance is thus reported by one of his Italian

biographers (Carducci). While still in manuscript, he says—

"They were read along the smiling valley of the Arno, amidst the forests of the mountains of Pistoia, and on the plains of the Pisan coast. Friends passed them jealously from one to another; fathers pretended not to see them in the hands of their sons; they were read in the watches of the winter evenings, and under the shade of the chestnut trees in the lovely days of spring. The author of these pages can remember, when little more than a boy, being dragged into tailors' and carpenters' workshops in a remote village, to write down and comment on Giusti's poetry."

The poet's personal liberty was not seldom in peril from the popularity of his rhymes. They were circulated in manuscript only—

"But," says Miss Horner, "as every fresh poem appeared it was greedily seized upon, copied and read, till it was known throughout the whole country. Lawyers' and bankers' clerks, students at the school or university, laid aside every other occupation to make copies of Giusti's poetry."

A dark celebrity began to attach to the "anonymous Tuscan," as he was called, and the existing authorities came to look on him as a foe not the less to be dreaded because of the exciting mystery which hung about his existence.

Government was right in reading the effect of his sneers; for its title to the affectionate adhesion of its subjects was hardly such as to stand investigation. The aim and object of the Tuscan rulers since 1815 had been to separate Tuscany as much as possible from the rest of Italy, to give it political compactness and material well-being; but by discouraging education for the lower orders, cramping that of the higher orders, and limiting the freedom of the press, to stultify and restrain all sense of eager, earnest life among its inhabitants. The successive ministers, Fossombroni and Corsini, pursued these objects indeed in a certain spirit of benevolence and indulgence. They were Italians, and did not wish to Germanize their country; and though aware that Austrian power was the ultimate support of the Grand Ducal dynasty, and must needs form a paramount element in all political considerations, they would fain have kept the show of Austrian influence in the background. Toleration was accorded to political refugees from other parts of Italy; for they were not insensible to the glory which science and literature might confer on the Tuscan capital, nor to the advantage of being lauded by famous men. Thus, for some years after the dispersion of the national party in Lombardy, in 1820, Florence became the centre of literary activity and patriotic feeling; and a superfi-

cial impression was produced that in happy Tuscany men might say and do what they pleased, till the suppression of the *Antologia* in 1838, in consequence of some offence taken by the Russian minister, showed that the human mind there also was only tethered, not set free.

Giusti early saw what these shows of mild government were worth. He felt that for the real well-being of the nation nothing was so much wanted as a well-grounded liberal education for youth; and with a generous earnestness, which constituted the special charm of his character, he set himself to do what he could towards obtaining the boon. The quiet business-like tone of his letters on this subject forms a noteworthy contrast to the unscrupulous irony of his verse. Thus about 1838, he writes to a friend on the prospects and the means of establishing schools, infant-schools, and savings-banks at Pescia, and adds:—"I am impatient to put my hand to this work, to which I am moved by the sad experience of the evil of a bad education, by the desire to serve my country, and the wish to do something which will be as satisfactory to our community as to my own heart." "One of our many mistakes," he says in another letter about the same time, "is to educate a man as if he were made in separate pieces. The head is separated from the heart, the heart from the head, and now one is neglected, now the other; whereas these two faculties ought to act in perfect harmony, and to advance by equal steps towards perfection. Hence arises that perpetual struggle between the reason and the affections, between the real and the ideal—a struggle which accompanies us through life, and often follows us to the grave."

Translated into his rhyming jargon, we have his views on education in the poems on the "Preterpluperfect of the Verb to Think," and on "The Motionless and the Automata." "The world grows worse and worse, is the cry of many," so he begins in the first of these satires; "our forefathers, of respectable and golden memory, *they* indeed were men, God keep them in glory! True it is, their descendants, too arrogant all along of this zeal for going a-head, have broken the slumber of the human race, and profaned the ideas of their grand-parents. . . . Oh, peaceful, happy times! when we were not pestered with books and gazettes, and when it was the concern of the *Index* (*Expurgatorius*) to think for us!" And in the latter satire, he derides the attempts made by the reverend fathers of the colleges to keep pace in some measure with the requirements of the times, by advancing their pupils from the state of

absolute inertia to the dignity at least of *automata*, or machines capable of self-movement, though only by means of regulated clockwork.*

"Il moderno educatore
Oramai visto l'errore
De' Reverendissimi,

"E che l'uomo tra i viventi
Messo quì co' semoventi
Par che debba muoversi,

"Ha pescato nel gran vuoto
La teorica del moto
Applicata agli uomini.

"Il fanciullo deve andare,
Deve ridere e pensare
Appoggiato al calcolo.

"D'ora innanzi, ni consolo;
Questo bipede oriolò
Anderà col pendolo."

While on this subject of education, which occupied so much of Giusti's thoughts, we are tempted here to cite a letter of advice written by him in 1840 to a boy entering school, which, says Miss Horner, is still made a text for admonition to the youths of Italy. We will give at length one or two passages, which convey some noble maxims, and furnish interesting glimpses into Giusti's personal feelings and experience:

"Most people," he says, "would begin by recommending to you application in study; but I begin by recommending to you the practice of virtue. Learning is often a vain ornament, of little use in the business of life, and generally reserved for show on gala-days, like tapestry and silver plate; but virtue is of the first necessity, required every day, every moment. Believe me, the world would go on very well without learned men; but without good men everything would be in confusion.

"I must ask your full attention," he continues, "to what I have next to say. Any one devoting himself to a life of study, must determine on pursuing one of three aims: gain, honour, or the satisfaction of his own mind. You do not require to study for *gain*; and you may thank God, who has preserved you from the danger of thus soiling your mind and soul. This aim, low in itself, generally ends by debasing the heart and head of the man who makes it his ulterior object, and converts the wholesome food of science into poison. I hope you will not allow yourself to be too much allured by *honour*;

* We must here notice an oversight of Miss Horner's, singular in so able an Italian scholar. She confuses the word *semoventi* with *semiviventi*, and imagines Giusti's poem to relate to "The stationary and those who are only half alive;" a rendering which would deprive the poem of half its point and meaning.

you are yet a child, and cannot have learnt the bitter side of certain things which outwardly bear a fair and pleasant aspect. Honour is a dream, which has a powerful attraction for all, but especially for the young; but it is uncertain and fallacious, like everything which depends on ourselves, erring and miserable creatures as we are. You have not yet had the opportunity of seeing, as I have, honour refused to merit which did not know how to stoop, and lavished on cowardly asses, who were willing to drag themselves in the mire before the few in authority, whom they fear and bribe, or before the many, who are always volatile and blind. I do not propose that you should fly to the other extreme, and despise honour because you see it grasped at by the mean and unworthy, or to fly from it as from darkness. Keep your eye fixed on that which is good, and take delight only in that; all else is dirt, street-mire. I can never find sufficient words to warn you against seeking after that which is not true honour, but its false image: I mean the applause of every passing stranger or insignificant person, at the cost of your dignity and of your conscience.

"Study, then, rather for your own improvement, to train your character in the love of all that is refined and elevating, and to form for yourself a noble and delightful occupation, which may one day be of great service to yourself and to others. As you grow up to manhood and enter into the world, you will know that life is not all as pleasant as you think it now. I am sorry to disturb your simple, confiding, affectionate nature; but I cannot help telling you that you will not always find men as amiable and as disposed to help you. You will feel the need of advice, of consolation, of aid, and perhaps you will not be able to obtain them from your fellow-men. If you are not early accustomed to be sufficient for yourself, and to seek a refuge in your books, good and ingenuous as you are, you will live to be unhappy. I tell you this, because I have experienced it myself; and young as I still am, and independent, I should often despond if I had not this solace, that I can shut myself up in my room and forget present annoyances, whilst meditating on books and on the recollections of men of the past. I do not mean by this to offer myself as an example, but as I know the affection and confidence you have in me, I think that by telling you my experience you may the more easily be persuaded to follow my advice. The path now before you is all pleasantness, and strewn with flowers. Many dream that it is encumbered with thorns; but this is mere imagination; and if you become fond of study, you will see I am in the right."

In this, and many other letters to his friends on public and private matters, Giusti's true nature is exhibited: tender, melancholy, sympathetic. How these attributes at times crossed and saddened the scornful license of his rhyming vein,—how, while denouncing with bitter derision the vices and meanesses of mankind, he pined for power to expand his soul in the higher harmonies of poetry,—he has himself most touchingly de-

scribed in two poems, the one written towards the beginning, and the other towards the end of his poetical career. "O Gino mio," he says in 1848 to the noble and faithful friend under whose roof two years later he expired:—

"My Gino, if from thee I never veiled
This secret conflict of my troubled breast,—
When thou shalt hear my tuneful style assailed,
For gloom or mirth in fitful change expressed,
O tell them—thou hast known and canst attest—
How throbs his heart in restless palpitation,
Whom Truth's all-beauteous vision once hath blest,
Fired with one ray his tranced imagination,
Then left him, panting, to a bootless quest."

These lines are but a recurrence of the same sentiment which prompted his earlier ones to Girolamo Tommasi, when apologizing for the style of versifying he had adopted, on the score of the vices and follies he witnessed around him, and which he knew not how to deal with in any other way:—

"Then rage and grief and wonder all once
In laughter melted:
Laughter that only on the surface flits!
For ah! the wretched mountebank thus smiles
Who, with strained effort of his starving wits,
The crowd beguiles,
Happy, thrice happy! could my soul above
Repose, on objects more serene, more fair,
And scatter flowers, and sweet congenial love
Contented share."

In 1842, his health, which had for some time been delicate, began seriously to fail. He suffered from great languor and nervous depression, and from incapacity of sustained mental exertion. The political events of 1846-48 roused and animated him; but ardently as he participated in the hopes and triumphs of the epoch, the struggle of life was a painful one, and it was only by great self-denial that he was able to accomplish the tasks which patriotism imposed upon him. His letters on public events show the triumph of moral strength over physical and nervous weakness. No stilted generalities or whining lamentations are to be found in them; nor do they exhibit any of that bitter cynicism in which disappointment so often takes refuge.

"This mania for woe," he writes to a too sentimental friend in 1839, "prevails too much in our country. The echoes of Italy, as a Frenchman would say, only repeat one long wearisome *Jeremiad*, from the Alps to the Lilybæan Sea. The habit of believing ourselves unhappy leads us to accuse the order of nature of injustice, makes us think ourselves solitary upon the earth, and ends by throwing us into a state of apathy

disgraceful to a man. It poisons his sweetest affections, his noblest faculties, and, in short, makes a sceptic of him."

To another friend he writes:—

"Few of us Italians (I am sorry to say) know the meaning of political passions. Many of us, either from a desire to follow the fashion, or from ambition, or idleness, or to court popularity, talk of country; but who knows what kind of an idea they attach to the word? The variety of interpretations it has received, prove that few or none comprehend its true meaning. To me it is as a god; it is felt and not understood. . . . I may be wrong, but it appears to me that we, in these days, must make up our treasure out of family affections: first educate, then instruct; become good fathers before we become good citizens. Let us not put the cart before the horse, or, whilst we are composing more or less beautiful sonnets about Italy, Italy herself will for ever remain patched, like a harlequin's dress."

A recapitulation of the course of history at this time, and up to the event of his death, will serve to illustrate the position and the fate of parties, and to show the relation in which Giusti stood to them. The personal commentary of his verses and his letters we can only partially cite; but we would recommend the careful study of them, in their chronological order, to readers who wish to form a just estimate of the man and his times.

Up to 1845 there were no outward indications that the smoothness of the political torrent in Tuscany was about to change into the roughness of the cataract. Paternal benevolence was still the motto of government; timidity and corruption were still the engines at work. But the death of the minister Corsini, in 1845, was succeeded by the appointment of a Cabinet with more decidedly Austrian tendencies; while at the same time indications were perceptible, in many parts of Italy, of certain stirrings in the national mind, which found vent the following year in a partial demonstration in memory of the expulsion of the Germans from Genoa a hundred years before. Suspicion and discontent were aroused in Tuscany by an attempt of the Government to introduce into Pisa the nuns of the *Sacré Cœur*, a society notoriously under the guidance of the Jesuits; and also by the delivery to the Papal Government of Renzi, an agitator who had taken refuge at Florence, after attempting a disturbance in the dominions of the Holy See. Shelter to political refugees had been rather the point of honour in the administrations of Fossombroni and Corsini; it had stood them in good stead as conciliating the affections of the liberals; hostility to the Jesuits had also been one of their most useful safeguards on the

liberal side. To see these principles threatened with overthrow caused disquiet in men's hearts. Professor Montanelli's petition against the intrusion of the nuns may be signalized, in the words of Miss Horner, as "the first legal, organized, and open resistance offered to the acts of the Italian Governments subject to Austria." Giusti was among the first to rejoice in this symptom that life was stirring among his fellow-countrymen.

The hopes of the liberals received a new and memorable impulse when, in 1846, Pius IX. succeeded Gregory XVI. in the pontifical chair, and commenced that system of reform and benevolent compliance with the wishes of his subjects, which, while it alarmed and offended the House of Hapsburg, opened a bright but delusive vista to the national party, and to Giusti among them, of regeneration, beginning at the very centre of Italian polity, of a Church renovating itself; of a Pontiff-patriot recognising the claims of humanity to freedom of thought and self-government, and inaugurating a golden era of unity and enlightenment for his country. True, the *a priori* theories of Gioberti, in his work on the *Primato*, had never found favour in Giusti's eyes; and one of his satires, *Il Papato di prete Pero*, had been composed expressly in ridicule of the pontifical Utopia of that philosopher. Nevertheless he, like others, was deluded by the commencement of Pius Nono's reign into a belief, that the right solution of the national difficulties was to be found in a Papal reform. Within three weeks of his accession, Pius, at the request of his people, granted an edict for the organization of a National Guard. This was the signal for the vigilance of Austria to rouse itself. The citizens of Ferrara were rejoicing over their newly acquired privileges, when a troop of German soldiers was suddenly sent to seize the city, under pretence of defending the Pope from the dangers his rash indulgence had brought upon himself. And now the Florentines felt it was time to look to their nearest interests. The liberty of the press was the point on which they joined issue with their rulers. There were three parties among the liberals: the two sections of the moderates, led respectively by Baron Ricasoli (afterwards Prime Minister to Victor Emmanuel), and by the Marquis Gino Capponi; and the more ardent reformers, led by the gifted but somewhat visionary Professor Montanelli and by Francesco Guerrazzi, a turbulent advocate, and writer of "sensation" romances, who wielded great influence over the lower orders at Leghorn, and subsequently at Florence. Government met the malcontents by a partial concession, which filled the good-humoured people with joy and

gratitude. But it was not in the nature of things that popular demands should stop here; and about the end of August, the Florentines, following the example of the Romans, demanded a National Guard. This, too, was granted; the police system, the stronghold of autocratic government, was abolished; and as a further pledge of liberal intentions on the part of the Grand Duke, the Marquis Capponi was taken into the Ministry. To no one of his friends did Giusti look with such entire trust and adhesion in political matters, as he did to this wise, liberal, and large-hearted nobleman, who, happier in this respect than himself, still lives to witness the resuscitation of hopes which the events of 1848-49 were doomed for a time so bitterly to disappoint. The magnanimity with which Capponi devoted himself to the interests of his country was of a rare and exalted kind; for he suffered from a calamity which would have held most men justified to the world and to their own conscience for preferring a life of ease and self-indulgence to the stormy sea of revolutionary politics. He was stone-blind. Early study had first injured his sight; unskilful treatment in an operation had completed the mischief. "Believe me," said Giusti, writing of him in an ebullition of enthusiastic friendship, "believe me, the more you know this man the more you feel his value, and the pain of seeing him cut off and almost separated from himself. Born of a truly illustrious family, rich, learned, possessing a noble mind and a most noble heart, in excellent health, strong, handsome, in the flower of his age, you see him reduced to a struggle not to bend beneath the misfortunes which have rained upon him, and which would make him despair were he not the man he is. When we see such things, we have no longer a right to complain of our own trials. God knows best what he has ordered."

The 11th of September, 1847, was a joyful day in Florence. Fifty thousand persons assembled in the Piazza Pitti to celebrate the institution of the National Guard, and to greet the Prince who, by inaugurating this popular measure, had given hopes that the days of Austrian supremacy were over. It was at this time that Giusti composed his poem entitled *Il Congresso dei Birri*, in which he supposes the members of the police force to meet and utter their lamentations over the encouragement rendered by their deluded master to the pestilence of free opinions. "Why," says one of these police agents, "why speak smooth words to a rabble who would fain play the master, or suppose that brute beasts can have right and reason?"

"Lasciare un popolo
Che fa il padrone?
Suppone in bestie
Dritto e ragione?"

No; the galley and the headsman are the true resource:

"Ecco la massima
Spedita e vera;
Galera e boia,
Boia e galera."

Ah! but this is not a time for violence, retorts another. Time was when the word Italy was only known to the learned few; but now every nurse teaches it to her nursing. Watch—is the advice of this speaker—which side fortune seems likely to favour, and take part accordingly. A third then rises, and exhorts that above all things the Prince and the people should be kept from understanding each other, for should a reconciliation take place, farewell indeed to the golden age:

"Quando uno stato è sano e in armonia,
Che figura ci fa la Polizia?"

Ten thousand copies of the *Congresso dei Birri* were sold in three days.

The Government moved with hesitation indeed; and its popular measures were hampered by timid restrictions. Still it moved; and on the 17th of February, 1848, just before the outbreak at Paris, which resulted in the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe, the Grand Duke, following the example of Naples and Piedmont, granted a representative constitution to Tuscany. A few weeks later he found himself compelled, in further compliance with the will of his people, to send troops in aid of the national cause to Lombardy, where the war had commenced between Sardinia and Austria; and when Charles-Albert entered Peschiera in triumph, on the 1st of June, the culminating moment of his fortunes, Leopold, with what grace he might, went with his ministers to return thanks publicly for the Austrian discomfiture in the Cathedral at Florence.

The Tuscan Parliament met at the end of that month. Giusti, in spite of himself, for he was weak in health, and distrustful of the hot-headed partisans of innovation, was elected as one of the deputies. But the times were growing too urgent for the indulgence of talk. Reverses began to attend the arms of Charles-Albert. The people waxed impatient. There was an agitation for deposing the reigning dynasty, and joining Tuscany to the Sardinian kingdom. Alexander Gavazzi, the demagogic priest, added fuel to the flame. The lawyer Guerrazzi, ever restless and revolutionary, was

acquiring more and more influence both in Leghorn and Florence. At this moment the Marquis Gino Capponi consented, at the Grand Duke's request, to form a ministry; and the weight of his character, his high position and tried virtues, held the balance for a brief interval between the terrors of the reactionists and the impetuosity of the democrats. For a brief interval only: for by the middle of October he was forced to give place to a levelling administration headed by Montanelli and Guerrazzi. The measure now demanded was a compliance with the summons issued by the Revolutionary Triumvirate, which had seized the reins of power at Rome, for a constituent assembly to meet in that metropolis, and decide as to a form of government adapted for the whole Peninsula. Leopold II. had yielded much, but here he resisted; till at last, at his ministers' persuasions, he promised his signature and assent: having done which, he surreptitiously took flight with all his family, and repaired to the friendly shelter of Vienna. Montanelli and Guerrazzi, with an insignificant third, Mazzoni, now found themselves raised to a Triumvirate on which the whole direction of affairs devolved. Next followed a collision between Guerrazzi and the wandering prophet of "Young Italy," Giuseppe Mazzini. That notorious agitator arrived at Florence just as the Grand Duke had fled. He urged the union of Tuscany with Rome, and the immediate proclamation of a Republic. Montanelli and the man of straw, Mazzoni, were gained. Guerrazzi alone opposed the scheme, and urged that it should be left to the decision of the Constituent Assembly about to be held for all Italy. After some stormy discussions, Guerrazzi was appointed Dictator of Florence, while Montanelli consented to leave the city. And now, at the summit of his ambition, Guerrazzi set his sails to court the reactionary breeze, which was setting in from the Austrian heavens. His object was, as he said, to play the part of General Monk in Tuscany, and to restore the Grand Duke with guarantees for the preservation of the constitution.

But his schemes were frustrated by an accidental street-riot. The mob rose and demanded his life, under an impression that he was betraying them. He was placed in safe custody by those who wished to preserve him from extremities. Supported by Austrian troops, and styling himself an "Imperial Prince of the House of Austria," Leopold II. returned on July 28, 1849, having given his promise to maintain the constitutional form of government. Three years later he abolished that constitution by proclamation.

Giusti survived the Grand Duke's return by eight months only. The disappointment of the hopes he had entertained for his country precipitated the action of disease on his enfeebled frame. The sight of the Austrian uniforms in his native city almost broke his heart. "We have the Germans in Pescia," he wrote to Capponi. "They poured in unexpectedly this morning, numbering about 2000; and it appears they intend advancing upon Pistoia. I have neither heart nor health to bear the sight of them, and I stay at home in shame and sorrow."

Yet Giusti had long mistrusted the issue of the Revolution. To satisfy him, reform should have proceeded on a broader basis, and with more cautious steps. He honoured and trusted the genuine impulses of the people; but the theories of demagogues were his abhorrence and his dread. And demagogues distrusted him in turn, and branded his honest moderation as timidity or even worse. "He helped us to pull down," said Guerrazzi of him, "and then got frightened at the ruins." He said himself, with a juster sense of his own services to the national cause, "They have forgotten that at the time when I spoke out they all held their tongues." The cold looks of former political friends, the suspicion that he whose heart and voice had done so much to stir the wills of his fellow-countrymen was a renegade to the cause, was very bitter to him. Still, in anxiety for his country he thought little of himself. When the brief dream of liberty was at an end he still refused to despair. "Ten years hence," he said in May, 1849, "we shall know the truth." In just ten years from that time Tuscany became a province of free and united Italy.

True to the advice he had long ago given in his letter on education, Giusti sought and found his best consolation in study; and in that study which to a patriot's and a poet's heart was most congenial. He devoted his last months to the composition of a commentary on the *Divina Commedia*, and was so completely absorbed by his occupation, that he could speak of little else, and when confined to bed, would lie with books and manuscripts round him, burying his thoughts in the politics of the ancient Guelphs and Ghibellines, and realizing, by the light of his own experience, the motives which prompted the ardour and the scorn of Dante's verse. It was under the roof of his friend, Marquis Capponi, that he breathed his last. The conclusion of his life is related by Miss Horner with much simple pathos, and we cannot do better here than transcribe her words:—

"Faith in the goodness and wisdom of the Creator, had sustained Giusti in his hope for the renovation of his country, amidst scenes the most hopeless, the most discouraging; and the same faith did not fail him in the contemplation of his own approaching end. His time was not spent as if in the expectation that death would change his soul in an instant, either in being or in aim; or that in departing this life he was to enter upon a world alien to ours. As he lived, so he died, filled with the thought of all that is pure and great and good, and with that perfect Christian charity which, while teaching him to love his fellow-creatures whom he had seen, led him to love the Father whom he had not seen. Writing to the Marquis Capponi in 1845, he expressed sentiments which appear to have continued with him to the end of his life.

"I wish that reverence for that which is above us should be united with reverence for great men. Faith in God and in our fellow-creatures go hand in hand; and the atheist (if such there be, which I do not believe) is of necessity the first enemy of the human race and of himself. For this reason charity is the fruit of faith."

"Such faith could only be attained by the wisdom of that true humility which confesses, in our disappointed expectations, the limits of human knowledge and foresight, and the immensity of that scheme of which it is only permitted to man to know a part."

Giusti's last poem was a prayer, of which we offer the following translation:

"Oppress'd with doubt and sorrow,
My soul thick shadows veil:
O lord, send gracious succour,
Let Faith's bright beam prevail!"

"Relieve it from the burden
That presseth it so low;
O hear my groans and sighing,
I cast on thee my woe.

"Thou know'st my life is ebbing
Full surely day by day;
Like wax before the furnace,
Like snow in summer's ray."

"O to the soul that panteth
Safe in thine arms to be,
Break, Lord, the earthly fetter
That checks its flight to thee!"*

"During the severe winter of 1850, Giusti was unable to leave the Capponi Palace. On the 25th

* "Alla mente confusa
Di dubbio e di dolore
Soccorri, o mio Signore
Col raggio della fè;
Sollevalo dal peso
Che la declina al fango,
A te sospiro e piango,
Mi raccomando a te.
Sai che la vita mia
Si strugge a poco a poco,
Come la cera al foco,
Come la neve al sol:
All' anima che anela
Di ricovrarti in braccio,
Rompi, Signore, il laccio
Che le impedisce il vol."

of March, a friend who visited him describes him as calm and happy, speaking of his approaching end. Six days later, on the 31st of March, he was seized with a sudden rush of blood to the mouth, from the rupture of some vessel, and he had only time to throw himself on the bed, when he expired."

He was buried with public honours, though the Government made some difficulty about granting them, and a military guard was appointed to prevent any outburst of popular feeling on the occasion. The Church of San Miniato received his remains.

ART. VII.—THE LATE JOHN RICHARDSON.

THE nineteenth century is fast drifting away from the intellectual glories of its commencement. We are already far advanced in its second epoch; and the generation which produced the giants—the generation which knew them, along with their achievements—is receding from contemporaneous to historical fame. The great men who led opinion, intellect, and taste in the earlier part of the century, are nearly all gone; and when we come to reckon up the catalogue of memories which have been carved on the nation's history by the hand of genius during this period, the brilliancy of the muster-roll is clouded by the recollection of how few survive to enjoy their own fame, or to recount that of their friends. Crabbe, Rogers, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Horner, Jeffrey, have all left the stage. They, and many a not unworthy associate, have departed, leaving scarcely one to tell us from his own knowledge after what sort these men of mark lived, conversed, and acted. One indeed remains, a venerable pine in the levelled forest, in the person of Brougham; but he stands mighty and alone.

One of the last of that generation has lately followed his distinguished contemporaries to the grave. In an article on Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, in the *Quarterly Review* for June, 1849, the reviewer, speaking of Thomas Campbell, said—

"While yet in real obscurity, he had knit a friendship, to be dissolved only by death, with John Richardson (of Fludyer Street), then a law-student, then, as now, a student of everything good and graceful, and who will go down with the singular distinction of having enjoyed confidential familiarity throughout life with three of the brightest of his age, Thomas Campbell, Walter Scott, and Joanna Baillie."*

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxv. No. 169.

This was true, and it was a high distinction; but far from being his only one. In taking as our theme our reminiscences and traditions of John Richardson, who died at his residence of Kirklands, in Roxburghshire, in the course of last month, in his eighty-fifth year, we are led to speak of one of the most interesting men of his time. Not that, in the comparatively unambitious lot in life which he selected, he achieved notoriety, although he commanded success. Of fame, perhaps, little remains behind him, excepting in the affectionate memories of a younger generation, and in the preserved records of the love and respect of his own. But it was his rare good fortune—and good fortune of that kind never comes without rare desert—to have lived in the society and the confidence of the greatest men of that greatest brotherhood; so that, as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder said of him, with literal truth, he was the personal friend “of Scott, and indeed of every really intellectual being that has existed, or that does exist, during his time.”*

A man full of present kindness and pleasant memories, with a singular appreciation of the intellectual and the beautiful, and one whose heart appeared to contain a responsive chord for every variety of genius. He was not an author, he was not a politician, he was not a philosopher; but authors, politicians, and philosophers deferred to his judgment, and courted his society. While the troubles and anxieties of genius or of ambition, left the calm serenity of his life undisturbed, he yet had the good fortune to “pursue the triumph and partake the gale” in the company of the most brilliant of the band. The devouring fire of personal vanity, or even of ambition, left him unscathed. He reaped the fruits of intellectual enjoyment without its tares; maintaining with dignity an unassuming equality with half a century of the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

For this result, which was the delight and solace of his long life, he was indebted to qualities of no common order, both of head and heart. He was a man of clear vigorous intellect, as he evinced in the only field of active pursuit in which he ever cared to display it; and probably if he had possessed more of that tormenting and restless will, that never satisfied energy which frequently accompany an intellectual temperament such as his, he would have been a more celebrated and a less happy and contented man. He said of himself at school, that “little application being requisite to accomplish my daily

tasks, I dwindled into a listless dreamer, and have never recovered.” In this, however, he did himself injustice, for listlessness never was his failing. In business he was ardent, intent, and successful, and in his professional eminence, which was very high, did great service to the public, and he was ever busy on something when the daily toil was over. But he found, and used the gift wisely, that the faculty of pleasant dreams which kind nature had given him,—a rare and elegant fancy which surrounded his daily thoughts,—lent a greater charm to his social life, his home circle, and his intercourse with congenial minds, than the tearing anxieties of authorship, or the fretful chances of ambition could have brought him. It was a fancy the images of which were constantly tending outwards,—woven round his friends, their fortunes and their families, and creating in his heart, for their prosperity and success in things great and small, a genuine kindly interest which was a source of the purest pleasure.

Engaged as he was, down to a very late period of his long career, in the active pursuit of his profession as a Parliamentary Solicitor in London, and of a spirit gentle but manly, and as independent as it was courteous, he could not have formed and retained the close relations in which he stood to so large and distinguished a circle of intellectual men, without the possession of high and uncommon qualities. A time-serving Atticus, no doubt, who never did anything to make his own name famous, comes down to posterity as the foil or the shadow of an immortal friend; or a pliant Boswell, after trotting at the skirts of a great man's coat all his life, has the good fortune to be remembered in that position after death. But Richardson was no hunter of celebrities. Most of the abiding friendships which yielded so large a harvest of enjoyment in after life were formed when neither fame nor fortune had reached any of the circle; and in subsequent years, while the public verdict on his companions hung in suspense, and the vicissitudes of life distracted them, Richardson was often the “guide, philosopher, and friend,” the good-tempered but judicious critic, the sagacious adviser, the cool-headed arbiter, who restrained within the orbit of moderation and sense the erratic course of genius. No one, whatever his rank or fame, ever formed his friendship without finding it a source equally of pleasure and profit. “In saying, speak to nobody,” says Scott, in a letter to Campbell in 1816, about a project he wished kept private, “In saying, speak to nobody, I do not include our valuable friend, John Richardson, or any other sober or well-judging friend

* “Rivers of Scotland,” *Tail's Magazine*, vol. xiv. p. 742.

of yours;"* a kind of exception which was very frequently made.

Richardson was born at Gilmerton, in the county of Midlothian, on the 9th of May, 1780. His father died when he was eight months old, and his mother some time afterwards removed to Leith, but she also died when he was in early childhood. He says that he remembers her but faintly, but that the form that haunts his memory is a very lovely one, and the plaintive songs which she used to sing rang in his ears and to his heart at a very distant day. By the father's side he was descended from an old Covenanting family. He has preserved, on the fly-leaf of an old family Bible, which was handed down to him from these worthies, an account of his family; and it is so pleasant a little bit of pedigree that we owe no apology to our readers for giving it in his own words:—

"Roland Richardson was born in the year 1624. He was the eldest son of a large family, of the marriage between James Richardson, who was born in the year of King James the Sixth's accession to the throne of England, and Marion Paterson. Roland was possessed of considerable property in land and houses in the village of Gilmerton and its neighbourhood. He died in 1683, and was survived by his wife till nearly the end of the seventeenth century.

"Euphane, or Effie Elphinstone, according to traditions to which I listened when very young with deep interest, was a remarkable person. She was said to have been infected with the plague which raged in Scotland in the 17th century, and to have been shut up in an apartment which I have seen. She was daily supplied with food by a window. Its accumulation at one time led to the fear that all was over with Effie: but she shook off the disease, and in the confidence of not being a second time liable to the contagion, went about the country administering to the infected, and rendering herself a blessing to the vicinity. I heard it also as a tradition from very old persons, connexions and servants of the family, long before I had any positive corroboration of its truth, that when her husband Roland, with three of his sons, had joined the party in arms for the Covenant in the west, in 1679, she went in search of them, taking with her an infant child; and having been seized by a party of Claverhouse's men, was exposed by them with her child on her shoulder as a mark and fired at, and that it was not till they had wounded the boy on the head that she was set at large. It was added that the boy lived to be a soldier, and to be rewarded for the Whig merits of his family by some military rank. The same traditional information related that, at the time of the affair of Bothwell Bridge, a great difference existed between Roland Richardson and that doughty personage, John Baltour of Burley (now so well known through the matchless story of *Old Mortality*), and long

doggrel rhymes on the subject of their quarrel, were remembered to have been recited in the family. One narrator, Mrs. Simpson, widow of Mr. James Simpson, bookseller at y^e Cross, Edinburgh, who was a native of the parish of Libberton, where she spent her youth, and who died lately at the age of 91, recollected to have heard many verses repeated, but could only recall—

'Rin, Burley, rin,
Or Roland Richardson
Will flype your skin;—

lines (if they may be so called) implying a degree of personal prowess in Roland of which no other record or indication now exists. These reports would perhaps not have been entitled to much credence, had they not in the more important parts been irresistibly corroborated by authentic documents. I discovered with great pleasure, in reading Wodrow's History of the Church of Scotland, that my ancestors had really borne a part in the rising of 1679. Talking of the Proclamation (see vol. i. p. 72 of the folio edition, Edinburgh) against those who had been in arms in the west, he says: 'Therein (i.e., in the Royal Proclamation printed in the Appendix) the reader will see the names of the persons of most considerable note who were in the west country army.' On turning to that document, after the names of Captain Paton, Major Learmonth, Balfour of Kinloch (Burley), Hackston of Rathillet, the two Earlstons, and others, follows 'Roland Ritchison, fewer in Gilmerton, and his three sons.' Of these three sons, John was the eldest, and was a tenant in the farm of Stenhouse in the parish of Libberton. I find him so described in a disposition (soon after that period) to him by Somerville of Drum, and in the instrument of sasine, both in my possession, along with his mother Euphane Elphinstone, of some property forming the boundary of the land disposed. John appears to have been taken after the defeat at Bothwell, and to have been examined upon some of the interrogatories then usually put to the insurgents, and he is ordered by the King's letter to be criminally prosecuted. 'John Richardson in Stenhouse being called in and examined, declares that he thinks that the last rising was not against the King, but for the truth of God' (App. to vol. ii. p. 29). John was not called upon to answer regarding the murder of Archbishop Sharp, as all the others were. I have never learnt how he and the other members of the family escaped farther prosecution.

"That John had a brother William appears from various documents in my possession. John died in 1704, leaving his property to John his eldest son, who soon thereafter died, leaving an only daughter, and having executed a disposition of all his property to her, whom failing, to David Richardson, eldest son of his (John the donee's) brother James. By the separate disposition of his movables, also in my possession, in favour of the same individuals, he appoints as one of the tutors to his daughter, Captain William Richardson, of the City Guard—a rank before the Union of considerably more importance than since. This William was the

* Beattie's Life vol. ii. p. 317.

testator's uncle, the son of Roland said to have been wounded by Claverhouse's men. He is mentioned by De Foe in his history of the Union as having, during the riots in Edinburgh at that period, rescued Sir Patrick Johnstone from some peril. An order for the attendance of the Guard having been obtained, 'One Captain Richardson, who commanded, taking about thirty men with him, marched bravely up to them, and making his way with great resolution through the crowd, they flying, but throwing stones and hallooing at him and his men, he seized the foot of the staircase, and took six of the rabble in the very act, and so delivered the gentleman and his family.'

From these sturdy heroes, some of whose adventures found their way into *Old Mortality*, was John Richardson descended. His father, who inherited the family acres in Midlothian, married Hope Gifford, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and the niece of Principal Robertson the historian; her mother, Jean Robertson, having been the daughter of the Reverend William Robertson, the Principal's father. William Robertson was himself a man of considerable mark, and the author of one or two of the most beautiful of the paraphrases in the collection now in use in Scotland. Another of his daughters married the Rev. Dr. Sym, and their only child married Henry Brougham of Brougham Hall, the father of the present Lord Brougham. There was thus between him and Lord Brougham a near relationship, which was strengthened into a close intimacy and friendship during the whole course of their lives.

Through the same channel he was connected with the families of Minto and Blairadam. Perhaps the greatest advantage, and the most prized, which his mother's relationship obtained for him, was the early love and kindly regard of Mrs. Brougham, Lord Brougham's mother. He never ceased to speak and write with the warmest affection of that venerable and most admirable lady, and to her, when he was a solitary lad, left almost alone in the world, he was indebted for an amount of wise counsel and tender solicitude, which he recalled with gratitude to the end of his life.

At an early age he was put to school at Dalkeith. Of the nature of this seminary we have no particulars, but it probably was of some repute, as we find in a passing note at a very late date, the mention of the death of a friend,—"the last of my Dalkeith school-fellows, except Lord Reay." Whatever may have been the pretensions of this seat of learning, Richardson seems to have learnt much more outside its walls than within them. The beautiful valley of the Esk, the woods of Melville, the smiling, sequestered

village of Lasswade, Polton, Springfield, Roslin, classic Hawthornden, were the scenes in which he studied, and no vicinity was more likely to produce on the impressible temperament of an orphan lad the love of reverie, or of the delights of indulged fancy which clung to him during life.

In 1794, at the age of fourteen, he left Dalkeith, well versed, as he tells us, in Cecilia and Evelina, Tales of the Castle, Byron's narrative, and all the mute and vocal learning which the banks of the Esk could teach, and entered at the University of Edinburgh. But he does not give himself due credit for other qualities which he possessed,—a patient, enduring, resolute spirit, which curbed within well-metred bounds the more dreamy elements of his nature, and led him to the practical, however deeply he worshipped the ideal.

As in the case of all his contemporaries, the years in which his thoughts first began to expand, and his opinions and tastes to assume shape and colour, were the stormy years of the French Revolution. It may not always be easy to account for the alteration which is observable in epochs of national history; or to explain why one period produces so large a crop of genius, and another one so scanty. It would rather look as if Nature, in the intellectual as well as the natural field, required a rotation of husbandry to yield a reasonable average, and in return for one luxuriant harvest of ripe and waving grain, pays off the next generation with fallow, or green crop at the best. We shall not, however, be far wrong in attributing much of the brilliancy of the first half of this century to the effect of the great social and political convulsion of France. We suspect, after all, that the somewhat prosaic principle of supply and demand finds its way into and governs even the domain of genius. The market, no doubt, which determines the demand, is not, exclusively at least, the sordid one of Plutus, although even that element has its own weight in the matter. But a man does not know what he can do until he tries; and he does not try until he has a reason for trying. Cromwell did not know he could command an army, or Scott that he could write a novel, until the age of forty; and but for the accidents of fate, either might have reached sixty before he made the discovery. Now, although we are sceptical as to the number of mute inglorious Miltons who people our villages, it is certain that genius, in the general case, requires to be evoked. Unless the spell be uttered, the potent spirit will not come forth. In the present day men's minds are quiescent, with little conflict of opinion to disturb them, with hardly

"An animated 'No,'
To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;"
or when the spirit of contradiction does arise, it generally takes the shape of the resurrection of a buried heresy, or some exploded speculation as to the beginning of all things, or some uncomplimentary genealogy for the species to which the controversialist belongs, or some new method of conversing with an unseen world, which persists in withholding from its visible contemporary all useful knowledge. No wonder, then, that amid the drowsy influences of such stagnant conflicts, men turn their minds to more practical objects, and pursue wealth, independence, comfort, and luxury, through more prosaic, though useful channels. But it was very different at the time of the French Revolution. Then opinion "rode on the whirlwind." Men lived for opinion, quarrelled for opinion, fought for it, sold their hearts' blood, the best treasures of their intellect, and the best years of their lives for it. The rude shock of the French earthquake had thrown down the idols which the nations had so long worshipped, and had left opinion without a king, and its kingdom to be scrambled for by the many. The bonds were broken, and men's minds were set free, wandering hither and thither unrestrained, save by the encounters of rival explorers, with no other authority than their own.

This intense stirring of the waters of public sentiment in politics, philosophy, and morals, we can hardly at this day comprehend, although we are reaping the fruit of its results. But in John Richardson's college days, it was the potential element which swayed the minds of the coming generation—tilling the soil, breaking up uncultivated wastes, and calling into active energy the undeveloped seeds of fertility. It had this effect all over Europe; but nowhere so much as in Britain. In France, herself, the explosive energy took the direction, almost exclusively, of military renown. But in Germany and England it produced a rich intellectual harvest.

We may trace this in the history of most of the great men evolved by it. There was something attractive to the young and ardent mind in the defiant novelty of French opinions. So we know that Southey and Coleridge started in life with a devotion to the French school, by no means confined to abstract admiration, and that they had planned in earnest a colonizing expedition to happier lands in the Western Hemisphere, in which they might carry out their views of *pantisocracy*, without fear of a tyrannical Government or a besotted public opinion. It is true their theories melted away with

wonderful celerity before a very vulgar solvent. Thirty guineas to Coleridge from a London bookseller, and fifty to Southey, are said to have effaced from their minds the first principles of the rights of man, and to have satisfied them of the advantage of things as they were; and in after life they fully atoned for the aberration of their youth. John Richardson was no exception to the general tendency. He says of himself, in a little memorandum (not meant for publication) from which we shall quote freely:—

"From the time I was seventeen I supposed myself a decided democrat and philanthropist of the new school. I read Condorcet, Volney, Southey, and Hugh Trevor, and occasionally associated with Irishmen under the ban of the law. I wrote some democratic songs (sad trash), which were printed and sent over to the refugees at Hamburg; and I think that with Campbell and James Grahame* I would readily have taken up a musket and followed a Republican standard had it been raised. Campbell nevertheless was afterwards a loyal volunteer in London, and the only memorable act of my own military career was burning the shoulder of Grahame's jacket when he stood my front-rank man in a similar character."

The most distinguished and almost the only exception to the general fervour of the times, as far as our men of genius of that day were concerned, was Scott. His old feudal predilections led him into a path entirely dissimilar.

There was, however, another agency at work which, in this country, and especially in Scotland, cannot be overlooked in considering the causes of the intellectual vigour of the youth of 1800. It was one which doubtless the spirit of inquiry abroad—the impulse which had set the world thinking and unthinking—did much to develop. But still it was a great agency, and one which left its impress on the century; we mean the vigour and efficiency of the Scottish Universities at that date, under the teaching of such men as John Millar in Glasgow, and Dugald Stewart in Edinburgh. On the English Universities the French Revolution had produced nothing but holy horror; a frenzy of consternation and wonder and hatred, of which nothing but the outraged Church of England mind was at that time capable. They drew and tightened their formularies around them, and denounced the outer reprobates from their folds. But the Universities of Scotland, at all times more elastic and usually more liberal than their English sisters, were sensibly impressed by the storm of opinion without. The turn for specula-

* Author of *The Sabbath*.

tion which the spirit of the time encouraged, found full vent under these celebrated Professors, one filling the Chair of Law in Glasgow, the other that of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh. It was from Dugald Stewart's gymnasium that the great political gladiators came forth. Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey (the last well worthy to be named in such company, for he truly was the centre of the new and daring school of criticism and politics, which was destined ultimately to shake the time-honoured dust out of so many old abuses, and to leaven the whole social, literary, and political fabric),—these men and their comrades were taught at the feet of Dugald Stewart. There Lansdowne learned his constitutional wisdom, and thence Palmerston drew the sources of his administrative vigour. The whole world of thought in that seat of learning was set in motion round this centre; not politics only, but philosophy and literature also, gaining fresh blood and life from the fearless spirit of inquiry.

We find, accordingly, in the memoirs of the student life of the great men of the last half-century, a depth and precocity of which we suspect there are few examples in the present day. The earlier letters in *Horner's Memoirs* fill us with amazement; they exhibit study on so huge a scale and of so wide an area: not the poring over the mysteries of a Greek idiom, or hunting a particle over all the height of Parnassus, but real study of things worth knowing for their own sakes, modern as well as ancient. Richardson recounts that early in his college life he met Henry Brougham one morning on the South Bridge with a large quarto volume under his arm, and "on inquiring what the book was, I learned to my great admiration that it was a mathematical work in French, which he had borrowed at the College Library." Richardson was then fourteen, and Brougham not sixteen years of age.

There is in the manuscript we have referred to a very pleasing and affectionate description of Peter Brougham—he was killed in a duel when quite a young man—Henry Brougham's younger brother, who was Richardson's constant companion, and over whose fate he never ceased to mourn. He says: "He was remarkably handsome in countenance, and of a most affectionate heart. I had a strong conviction that, if Heaven had spared him, he would, with his talents and ambition, have become a distinguished man." He quotes a letter from Peter Brougham to a mutual friend, in which a contrast is drawn between the writer and his brilliant brother. Peter Brougham says:—

"There is a perfect model of intellectual excellence equal to anything, and that too almost

without an effort, whose genius, though so young, has for these four years at once adorned the sciences which it has contemplated, and gained him the admiration of the philosophers as well as the ignorant of his day,—I allude to my brother,—he only a few years older than myself, but in that I am burned up with envy; a perpetual contrast, a maddening contrast, occupies my thoughts, and how is it to be wondered at, when such is the favoured, happy, manly vigorous Henry, and I the despicable, unsteady changeling whose gloomy imagination broods over his acquirements?"—

A tribute creditable to the brother who wrote it, and indicating very strongly the remarkable attainments of the brother of whom it was written. He also mentions an anecdote which is well known in the history of Lord Brougham, that when shortly after this time a paper on *Porisms* appeared in the *Philosophical Journal*, of which Henry Brougham was the author, letters were received at old Mr. Brougham's house in George Street, from old philosophers on the Continent, addressed to "the learned Brougham."

Richardson's life at this time, if not studious, seems to have been very happy. He studied French and the flute, and made solitary excursions to the Highlands, then little frequented, in one of which he encountered the celebrated Rowland Hill and the Rev. Mr. Simeon, and received from them a kindly welcome and much good advice. He studied chemistry, joining the class of the celebrated Black, only in time to attend his funeral, and sat delighted, as all hearers were, to listen to the lectures of Dugald Stewart. In 1796, he was bound apprentice to a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but continued his academical studies in winter, and his Highland rambles in summer. He gradually increased his circle of friends among men destined to fame. The late Lord Cockburn, who was about his own age, was one of the first, as well as one of the closest and firmest. To the day of Cockburn's death in 1854, they were as brothers, and exchanged joys and sorrows through more than half a century of vicissitudes, without a cloud or shadow on their intimacy. Thomas Campbell, Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and in 1800, Scott, were added to the circle. With the latter he maintained an unbroken intimacy till Scott's death in 1832, and Lockhart mentions in his *Life*, that when Scott had returned from the Continent in 1832, and was on his deathbed in Jermyn Street in London, with the exception of Cadell the publisher, Richardson was the only one of his old friends whom he saw. The passage is touching, and worth quoting. Lockhart says:—

"I think Sir Walter saw no other of his friends, except Mr. John Richardson, and him

only once. As usual, he woke up at the sound of a familiar voice, and made an attempt to put forth his hand, but it dropped powerless, and he said, with a smile, 'Excuse my hand.' Richardson made a struggle to suppress his emotion, and after a moment got out something about Abbotsford and the wood, which he happened to see shortly before. The eye brightened, and he said, 'How does Kirklands get on?' Mr. Richardson had lately purchased the estate so called, on the Teviot, and Sir Walter had left him busy with plans of building. His friend told him that his new house was begun, and that the Marquis of Lothian had very kindly lent him one of his own meantime, in its vicinity. 'Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man,' said Sir Walter; 'he is a man of whom one may request a favour, and that is saying a good deal for any one in these days.' The stupor then sank back upon him, and Richardson never heard his voice again.*

Such was the close; but the early part of their acquaintance had been bright and sunny in the highest degree. Richardson knew Scott before he had even become a poet, and long before he had become a novelist. He was at that time working at the Border Ballads, and hardly conscious of his own powers of poetical composition. Richardson has preserved a few anecdotes, which we believe have not previously appeared, and which may be interesting to our readers. It was about the year 1800 that he formed the acquaintance of Walter Scott and John Leyden, the latter a man of rare power and equal eccentricity, but who, probably, if he had not fallen an early victim to fever in the East, would have been one of the most remarkable men of his time. Leyden had come to Edinburgh in 1799, and he and Richardson were in the habit of walking out to visit Scott at Lasswade Cottage, in the vicinity, passing the day in the valley of the Esk, and walking in at night. Richardson says:

"In one of our little excursions, Leyden, who was vain of his athletic powers, challenged me to a race, Scott being the judge, and the ground a level green on the Esk, below Heughal. I was victor in the course, and Leyden, though his serenity was for the time disturbed, regarded me with more respect ever after."

"In Lockhart's abridged *Life of Sir Walter Scott*," says Richardson, "there is given, on the information of Scott of Galla, an anecdote of my piscatorial prowess, of which I cannot claim the glory. The story probably arose in a fact which I yet remember with great pleasure and enjoyment. On a beautiful morning in September, 1810, I started with Sir Walter from Ashestiel, where I was staying, for a day's fishing. We began nearly under the ruins of Elibank, and in sight of the Hanging Tree. I only had a rod, but Sir Walter walked by my side, now quoting Izaak Walton, as 'Fish me this stream by inches,' now delighting me with a pro-

fusion of Border stories, and especially in that locality, with the skirmish between the Scotts and Murrays, and the captivity of the winsome young Laird of Harden, which led to his marriage with Muckle-mouthed Meg, pouring out inexhaustible traditions and legends, with which his memory was so amply stored. After the capture of numerous fine trout, I hooked something greater and unseen, which powerfully ran out my line. Sir Walter got into a state of great excitement, exclaiming, 'It's a fish! it's a fish! hold up your rod, give him line,' and so on. The rod, which belonged to one of his boys, broke, and put us both into great alarm, but I contrived, by ascending the steep bank and holding down the rod, still to give play to the reel; till, after a good quarter of an hour's struggle, a trout, for so it turned out to be, was conducted round a little peninsula. Sir Walter jumped into the water, seized him, and threw him out on the grass. Tom Purdie came up a little time after, and was certainly rather discomposed at my success. 'It will be some sea-brute,' he observed; but he became satisfied that it was a fine river trout, and such as, he afterwards admitted, had not been killed in Tweed for twenty years; and when I moved down the water, he went, as Sir Walter afterwards observed, and gave it a kick on the head, exclaiming, 'To be ta'en by the like o' him, frae Lannon!' The trout, which proved to be between six and seven pounds' weight, was dressed for dinner that day, and was much approved of by Lord Somerville and other neighbours who were Sir Walter's guests. My reputation as an angler was greatly raised, and Tom Purdie and I were very good friends for many years thereafter."

He thought Scott's mind deeply tinged with the superstitious. He says:—

"I think it is portrayed by himself, near the end of his *Life of Dryden*, where he describes Dryden's tendency to such a belief; and at Ashestiel he pointed out to me a spot overhanging the Tweed, where, looking out for his carts expected from Galashiels, he saw them, as he believed, turn the corner of the road no great way from home. Hours elapsed before they came; and had any evil fate befallen them, he would, he said, not have doubted their supposed appearance to have been a supernatural warning of the mishap."

The following anecdote, illustrative of Scott's memory, is very remarkable, although the event takes us a few years on in our biographical sketch. He says:—

"Scott, James Ballantyne the printer, and I, in February, 1806, went out to dine at Sydenham with Tom Campbell the poet. We made sure of beds for ourselves at the 'Greyhound' in the village. Campbell had recently composed his Eastern story,* of which he was very full. It consists, I think, of eleven stanzas, of four lines each. He repeated it to us before dinner, when Scott was much pleased with it, and he

* *Life*, vol. vii. p. 381.

* "*Turkish Lady*."

asked him after dinner to recite it again. We left the poet about nine, and adjourned to the 'Greyhound,' where we had beefsteaks for supper and a liberal allowance of brandy-punch. We had a very merry night. Ballantyne sung all Sir Walter's favourite songs, in several of which, and the choruses, both Sir Walter and I joined. I don't recollect to have heard Sir Walter on any other occasion attempt to sing. After breakfasting with the poet, we walked over to Camberwell, Tom accompanying us. The two poets recited their verses to each other all the walk, and at Camberwell we resorted to the pothouse at which the Camberwell coaches stopped, and had bread and cheese and porter, and there, to the amazement of us all, Scott repeated the whole of the Eastern Lady without a fault. It was a surprising effort of memory, after the discipline of the night before. This was corroborated to me by a letter to Cockburn on the 21st February in that year, in which I detailed the adventure."

This anecdote is worthy of preservation, both for its merits and for the light that it throws upon the wonderful powers which Scott possessed. A memory which would enable him to accomplish that feat must have afforded him the means of storing up in his mind, without fear of losing them by time, the words, and incidents, and passages of which he makes use in his writings of fiction.

A touching story is told by Lockhart in his *Life*, which may very fairly be a pendant to the preceding. In the year 1828 Scott met Mrs. Arkwright, with whose singing of her own music he was greatly charmed, and says in his *Diary* :—

"It is of the highest order; no forced vagaries of the voice, no caprices of tone, but all telling upon and increasing the feeling the words required. This is marrying music to immortal verse; most people place them on separate maintenance."

In a note to that passage Mr. Lockhart observes :—

"Among other songs, Mrs. Arkwright delighted Sir Walter with her own set of—

'Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you,
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew."

He was sitting by me, at some distance from the lady, and whispered, as she closed, 'Capital words! Whose are they? Byron's, I suppose: but I don't remember them.' He was astonished when I told him that they were in his own *Pirate*. He seemed pleased at the moment, but said next minute, 'You have distressed me; if memory goes, all is up with me, for that was always my strong point.' **

One other anecdote of Scott, related by Richardson, we may mention, the more so as he told it to Sir Robert Inglis, who re-

quested that he would record it. It is melancholy, though striking. He says that he was on a visit to Abbotsford when Sir Walter's embarrassments began to be felt by him, although not divulged :—

"The house was full of company one of the evenings of my stay. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I walked out with Sir Walter to the terrace towards the Tweed. The thriving holly hung with the glistening of the moonbeams, and the library which we had left was gay with brilliant light and high and happy guests. Everything contributed to inspire me with a feeling of admiration at Sir Walter's efforts and success, and merited station and happiness, and I could not refrain from expressing that sentiment. I daresay I did so as fervently as I did it sincerely. I was thunderstruck when, instead of responsive acquiescence, he uttered a deep sigh, and said, 'I wish to God I had the means of providing adequately for poor Annie.' Knowing that his life was insured, I observed that that fund was ample. He made no explanation, and was silent, but I could not but feel, when his misfortunes were soon after disclosed, what a pang I must have inflicted; the fund I had alluded to, and all he had, being absorbed in so overwhelming a pecuniary ruin."

Richardson was from the first in the secret of the *Waverley Novels*, and excepting *Waverley*, received copies of all of them from Sir Walter himself. We have already mentioned that his anecdotes of his ancestor Roland, the hero of Bothwell Brig, had suggested to Scott several of the passages in *Old Mortality*. Most of our readers will recollect Calum Beg's assertion that Sunday never came above the Pass of Bally-Brough. Richardson gives us the origin of this story :—

"He did in part use the story which I repeated to him of the restoration by Rob Roy of the cattle to Mr. Graham of Mugdock, by adopting the phrase of 'Sunday never coming beyond the Pass of Ballamaha.' Graham paid Rob black-mail, but his cattle were nevertheless stolen. He proceeded with his son to Inversnaid to reclaim them and reproach Rob. Rob acknowledged the justice of his complaint, and at once ordered restoration of the cattle. A stout Highlander and Graham and his son started on their way to Mugdock on a Saturday of October. They were overtaken by a frosty night on the muir. The Highlander at once made dispositions for passing the night, by pulling and disposing of a quantity of heather for a bed, but he limited the indulgence of the bed to old Graham and himself, saying the young man might keep himself warm by walking about and watching the cattle. The elders were accordingly ranged under the plaids, and the youth left to his colder fate. As the night and the cold and his fatigue grew, he ventured to lay himself down beside his father, and he appropriated a portion of the plaid to his shoulder. Luckily he was first awake, for when morning dawned the hirsute Highlander was disco-

* *Life*, vol. vii., p. 129.

wered partially exposed, and his hairy limbs glittering with cran-reugh (hoar-frost), but on waking, all the moan he made was to rub himself with his two hands, exclaiming, 'Oich! oich!' They resumed their journey on the Sunday, and when in the course of the day a pack of black-cock crossed their path, the Highlander at once fired upon them, and made a prize of some of the birds. Old Graham turned upon him in great indignation, and asked how he dared so to profane the Sabbath-day, to which the Highlander's answer was, 'Hout, hout, Sabbath never comes ayont the Pass of Ballamaha.'

We have extracted these anecdotes, which must be interesting to all readers, both from their intrinsic merit and as illustrative of the friendship between the men. Richardson recounts in another place how, on a visit to Abbotsford, Scott gave him the proof-sheets of the first volume of *Old Mortality* to read, and how he lost a night's sleep in the service. The last time that the friends met previously to the sad occasion to which we have already referred, was in 1830, when Sir Walter walked with his friend through his plantations at Kirklands, delighting him by his knowledge of woodcraft, and when he ended by presenting him with his own pruning-knife, which, after having had various *fac-similes*, made for his friends, he preserved as a precious relic and an heirloom for his family.

With Campbell Mr. Richardson's relations were as enduring, and even more intimate; and in Dr. Beattie's *Life of the Poet* many of his letters to Richardson are preserved. Dr. Beattie mentions at p. 229 of the first volume of Campbell's *Life*:—

"His intimacy with Mr. Richardson at this period (1811) was one of the fortunate circumstances of the poet's life. To its influence in cheering him under depression, in stimulating his literary industry, and in rendering faithful advice, and certainly under many difficult circumstances, frequent testimony is found in his letters. It is pleasing to add, that during the long period of forty-six years, the friendship between Campbell and Richardson suffered no interruption. It is recorded in the poet's first pilgrimage to Germany, and in his last correspondence from Algiers; and Mr. Richardson was one of the few early friends who had the melancholy satisfaction of attending his remains to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey."

Scott was Richardson's senior by seven years, and was a mature man of nearly thirty when he first formed his friendship with the lad of twenty. With Campbell his intimacy was still closer, but their relative position was somewhat different. Richardson was the stronger and more reliable of the two; and throughout the whole, and too chequered career of the poet, Richardson was the anchor by which he moored his drifting ship.

How true this is appears from the correspondence contained in Dr. Beattie's three volumes. It is into Richardson's ears that he pours the intensity of his feelings, and the sorrows of his heart, from the time when he was in trouble from having kicked a priest in a Transylvanian convent, down to his last fatal illness. To him he confided his tribulations; to him he read his poetry. His taste was the mirror by which he fashioned and judged his handiwork ere he trusted it to the public. Together they coned over the manuscript of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and Richardson even wrote two stanzas in introduction to the Third Canto, which the poet apparently had accepted, but to which Horner's taste demurred. Richardson came to be convinced that Horner was right, and says so in his MS. "Horner does not like them," he wrote to Campbell, "though he does Miss Ullin." They did not appear.

Nothing can be more admirable, nothing more creditable to the kindness of his affections and the strength of his character, than the part which he filled towards the poet throughout the whole of their long intercourse. They were very differently placed after a few years had gone over their heads. Campbell was famous, and usually in difficulties; Richardson successful and easy, in the diligent, but unaspiring prosecution of his profession. Fêted and flattered by the great, the lion of the most select circles of London, Campbell groaned under the *res angusta domi*; the pressure of slender means and other domestic sorrows, pursued his brilliant reputation. Never, in all their intercourse, did his social success blunt the bright edge of the poet's affection to his early friend; and as little did the engrossing cares of professional labour, or the perpetual and harassing discomforts of his correspondent, poured without intermission into his willing ear, wear out for a moment Richardson's constant and sunny sympathy, or produce the slightest infusion of impatience or fatigue. In sun or shade, in success and in adversity, Campbell always turned for encouragement and counsel to the friend of his college days, and found his heart as young, and his feelings as tender as ever.

The history of the friendship of Campbell and Richardson during five-and-forty years, would fill an interesting volume, and our limits will not admit of our even entering on so wide a field. The following anecdote, however, though it carries us on to a much later period, deserves to be recorded. In 1821, Richardson thus writes in his MS.:—

"T. Campbell came out to dine (by chance) with us at Hampstead. I was engaged to the Baillies (Joanna and her sister), and carried him with

me: Crabbe was the only other guest. I was appointed to the foot of the table, and to do the hospitalities; and when the ladies went to the drawing-room I did the honours of the excellent wine, which the kind Dr. Baillie usually provided to his sisters, as became. Crabbe was delightful with his memories of Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, etc., and made it a very happy afternoon. When we joined the ladies, we found Miss Hoare, our neighbour, had come to tea, and I recollect the surprise of all, when the near sound of a kiss was heard; it was T. C. kissing the hand of the elder poet, calling him this 'dear old man.' "

We may here for a moment interrupt the circumstances of Richardson's relations with Campbell, to resume for a little the thread of our biographical account. Although, at least in his own modest description of his pursuits, study of the severer branches of literature was not the bent of his inclination, he too was a votary of the Muses; and although he says that he afterwards discovered that he was no poet, he was very nearly becoming one. A volume of Burns, which he had accidentally picked up, fired him with the love of song. This was at a date previous to the commencement of the century. For a time he devoted himself studiously to the prosecution of his newly-discovered gift, and indeed so far cultivated it with success, that he assisted George Thomson in his edition of the *Scottish Melodies*, and added stanzas to a good many of the songs. The few illustrations which we propose to give of his versifying powers are by no means intended to exalt him to any great poetical height. They probably do not rank higher than pleasing *vers de société*, according to the style and manners of these times. They indicate, however, the pensive and delicate fancy which was his great characteristic, a well-modulated ear for rhythm, and a genuine love of the art; and perhaps had Themis not claimed him as her disciple, he might ultimately have proved no unworthy votary of the Nine. The few occasional verses which he wrote are for the most part scattered among his friends in manuscript, little having been published by him. A poem on the Field of Grütli, contributed to Campbell's *New Monthly Magazine*; one or two sonnets, written in his later days, and printed in *Notes and Queries*; and the verses which he added in Thomson's Collection, being, as far as we know, all of his composition which ever appeared in print. Dr. Beattie mentions, at page 228 of the volume we have already referred to, that James Grahame, the author of *The Sabbath*, Campbell, and Richardson happened, while walking with a party of ladies on Arthur Seat, to have a stanza of Richardson's in his pocket, and read it to the ladies, pretending

it was by Burns, and omitted by Dr. Currie in the bard's life,—a walk which was memorable for the subject of our Memoir, as it led to his introduction to his future wife, Miss Hill, who was a cousin of Campbell's. The stanza was one added by Richardson to the poem commencing—

"Oh! were my love yon lilac fair,"

the first stanza of which was by Burns, and the second ancient. The interjected stanza by Richardson is the following:—

"Oh! were my love yon violet sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray,
And I myself the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonnie leaves to play,
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noon-tide's scorching ray,
And sprinkle it with freshest dew
At morning dawn and parting day."

This stanza was printed in George Thomson's Collection. There was, however, another one added by Richardson, as we find from a manuscript copy furnished by a friend, which was as follows:

"And when the autumn's deadly blast
Should strew its withered leaflets round,
I'd bear them wi' a gentle breath
To some lone cave, sequestered ground;
Where, though its lovely leaves were dead,
And ne'er again to spring could bloom,
Its sweet perfume might yet survive,
As virtue blossoms in the tomb."

Of these fugitive pieces the following is not without elegance, although similar ideas have sometimes occurred to other people:

I.

"Her features speak the warmest heart,
But not for me its ardour glows;
In that soft blush I have no part
That mingles with her bosom's snows."

II.

"In that dear drop I have no share,
That trembles in her melting eye;
Nor is my love the tender care
That bids her heave that anxious sigh."

III.

"Not fancy's happiest hours create
Visions of rapture as divine
As the dear bliss which must await
The man whose soul is knit to thine."

IV.

"But ah! farewell this treacherous theme
Which, though 'tis misery to forego,
Yields yet of joy the soothing dream
That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know."

After fulfilling his time as a Writer to the Signet, he made an excursion to the Continent. It had been originally arranged that he and Campbell were to have gone together, but Campbell grew impatient and started by

himself. This was in the year 1800. He found, however, the war and his solitude rendered his stay on the Danube uncomfortable, and he came to Hamburg, where there were a number of expatriated Irish, and there he wrote the poem of the "Exile of Erin," and made the acquaintance of the "Exile" himself, which continued for many years. Richardson meanwhile had proceeded to London, and after remaining there for two months, embarked in June 1801 for Germany, and walked from Göttingen with Dr. Headlam through the Hartz Forest. If we may judge from an MS. Ode to his Flute, which has been preserved, his skill on that instrument had served to beguile and enliven that continental tour. We quote a few lines of it, more to illustrate the cast of thought and tone of mind which it indicates, than for the purpose of attributing to them any peculiar poetical merit. They are smooth, sweet, and pleasant:—

"When through Hercynian forests deep I stray'd,
A dreary gloom of dark unmingled shade!
Oft with thy sound I charm'd my soul away
To happier scenes where once I loved to stray,
And as the chilly moonbeam linger'd o'er
Those glooms that fancy trembled to explore,
On Pentland's height far distant did I stand,
And raptur'd travell'd o'er my native land.

Yes! doubly dear thy magic power I found
When far from home; at thy creative sound
Started each scene of mine to pleasure dear,
And long-past griefs called forth afresh the tear.
How fair at sunset are the shores of Rhine
When brightly crimson'd all its waters shine,
The kindred cliffs a milder tint assume,
And golden vapour floods o'er all the gloom!
How soothing then to hear the vintage song
Borne from each echoing dell to dell along,
Softer the tones that from yon distant spire
Now faintly fill the ear and now expire!
While near its wall yon aged oaks between,
Waved on the breeze the nun's long veil is seen,
There hast thou join'd the merry pipe at e'en,
When all the village sported on the green;
Or taught the echoes where yon ruins stand,
The sweeter music of my native land."

The two stanzas which, as we have already remarked, were intended to be prefixed to the Third Canto of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which was published shortly after the death of Fox, have been preserved. Without questioning Horner's judgment on them, we give them to the reader, thinking it no discredit, even to a greater poet than Richardson, that they should not have been thought worthy of the place for which they were destined:—

"In vain, as with a comet's warning fire,
Did Chatham's genius o'er his country burn,
And thy prophetic lips did truth inspire;
In vain, oh thou for whom the people mourn,
Whose light is gone, whose like shall ne'er
return!

Great Patriot, canonized whilst thou art,
While yet the tear falls warm on Fox's urn,
We shall not yet be slaves, nor from the heart
Shall public love of truth and liberty depart.

"For thou wast made of truth; the noblest light
Of every muse was shed upon thy mind,
That, like the diamond, gave it back more
bright;
A soul, a voice, an intellect designed
To think, and feel, and speak for human kind.
Conciliation, mercy, peace he planned.
Weep, Africa, for him that did unbind
Thy bleeding limbs; and raise thy sable hand
To bless the chief that chased destruction from
thy land."

The most ambitious, and, as we think, the best of his poems which has been preserved, is the sonnet on the Field of Grütli, already referred to. The lines are the following:—

THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI.

"Bright o'er Italia's land the sunbeams play,
And lake, and plain, and palace float in light;
What scene is fairer than her close of day,
What sky is brighter than her cloudless night?
Say,—who have seen the sun on Como's lake,
In loveliest purple dye the unruffled wave,
Have seen the midnight moon o'er Venice
break,
Silvering her domes, all silent as the grave.
Yes; I have seen: and on Benacus shore
Have heard the night wave rippling to the
land,
And dreamt till Fancy from the Gulphs of yore
Before me bid the lyric Roman stand;
And I have seen from Jura's piny height
The giant of the ancient world uprear
His sun-gilt crest, when all around was night,
Then shroud him in his ashy mantle drear;
But never feeling to my inmost soul
So thrilled, as when the dark Waldstetter sea
I felt beneath in waves tumultuous roll,
Bearing to Grütli's field of liberty,
To Grütli's field, where when the o'erhanging
tower
Of Salisberg at midnight still had flung
To rock, and vale, and lake, the startling hour,
So far that forked Mythen's echoes rung,—
In former days, by midnight unappall'd,
The gallant Schweizer launch'd his silent
bark,
With muffled oar—and they of Unterwald
And Uri's men—sought, guiding through the
dark,
The cynosure of freedom kindled there:
And there, with pure devoted fearless heart,
Did each stern patriot to his country swear
Again its ancient freedom to impart;
And how they kept their vow let the page tell
Which registers the tyrant Gessler's death,
The hosts that in Morgarten's valley fell,
And Morat's blood-stain'd lake, and Laupen's
crimson'd heath:
No; while my memory lasts, my life-pulse
beats,
No other scene can e'er again excite
The emotion kindled by these wild retreats
Of patriot-freemen,—or the deep delight

With which I gazed, green Grütli, on thy shore,
And those sublime and glacier'd peaks around,
And the dark surge lashing the rock-base hoar,
And drank of that pure rill which glads thy sacred ground."

On the continental tour to the Rhine, Richardson made the acquaintance of Charles, afterwards Sir Charles Vaughan, then travelling Fellow of All-Souls, and author of the *Siege of Zaragoza*: and with him visited Paris in 1801. He saw Bonaparte, then First Consul, pass through an anteroom in the Louvre on his way to a review in the Place Carousel, and the motion of the two Englishmen taking off their hats attracted the attention of the great man, who noticed them by a half-smile. He also mentions that on this visit to Paris he dined in the house of the Senator Barthélemy, nephew of the author of *Anacharsis*. "Lord Lansdowne was there. I sat next to B. Constant, who had studied in Edinburgh, and had been a visitor at Niddry."

Returning to Edinburgh in 1802, with the at that time rare recommendation of continental travel, he was at once admitted into the best and most intellectual society of Edinburgh. He numbered among his friends, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Alison, Thomas Thomson, Henry Mackenzie, Horner, Murray, Clerk, Thomas Brown, Lord Webb Seymour, Sir James Hall, Sydney Smith; in short, he was made free of that notable fraternity, and being elected a member of the Friday Club, his ambition, as he says, was more than satisfied. Highland expeditions with Cockburn, the charms of a circle never surpassed in wit, conversation, or intellect, and moderate professional occupation, made his stream flow pleasantly and placidly, without wish for change.

It was at this time, when a frequenter of the great Temple sacred to Justice and Gossip, of which Edinburgh boasts—the Parliament House—that he composed a parody on Scott's *Helvellyn*, the fame of which has been embalmed in the hearts of the frequenters of the Outer House, and made his name distinguished among all its denizens for the time, from the President to the macers. Its allusions are too local for general readers; but Richardson's forensic fame in Edinburgh rested so much on the reputation of having been the author of this effusion, that for the benefit of the sons of the Caledonian Themis we give it in a note, with a commentary by a hand that our readers cannot fail to recognise.*

Richardson had now been several years,

and very happy years they seem to have been, engaged in the profession of a Writer to the Signet. Between the time he went to college and 1806, he had seen the germinating of those great abilities, the maturity of which was to bear such fruit, and at the end of the period the fruit itself was appearing. Scott had published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*; Campbell had stormed the heights of poetical reputation by the *Pleasures of Hope*. Brougham and Horner had both commenced their career in London, and already were designated as men whose course was to be watched with interest and expectation. The *Edinburgh Review*, the work entirely of his college companions, had become a power in Europe. The knot of young men whose friendship he had so early secured by merit and congenial tastes, were in all directions raising a solid fabric of reputation, and shedding lustre on their country and their times.

Richardson seems to have thought his professional prospects in Edinburgh slender, and yielded not unwillingly to a suggestion of James Brougham that he should migrate to London, and try his fortune as a Parliamentary Solicitor. Thither Brougham, Horner, Allen, and Campbell had previously repaired, and thither also with a heavy heart he resolved to go. He had come to Edinburgh a comparatively solitary lad; he was now to leave it, and to part with a circle of friends as distinguished and attached as man could wish to find. In January, 1806, James Grahame, Cockburn, and Jeffrey accompanied him to Leith, and thence, with a sorrowful heart, he went by mail to London.

Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, thus chronicles Richardson's departure:—

"John Richardson was the last of the association who was devoured by hungry London. This was in 1806. But he has been incorporated privately and publicly with all that is worthy in Edinburgh, and much that is worthy in London throughout his whole life. No Scotchman in London ever stood higher in personal or professional character. The few verses he has published, like almost all he has written, are in the style of simple and pensive elegance. His early and steady addiction to literary subjects and men would certainly have made literature his vocation, had he not foreseen its tortures and precariousness when relied on for subsistence. But though drudging in the depths of the law, this toil has always been graced by the cultivation of letters, and by the cordial friendship of the most distinguished men of the age."*

Swallowed in the abyss of the metropolis, it was not for several years that he could reconcile himself to the change. One friend

* See Note, page 256.

* Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 182.

he had in whose sympathy he reckoned, and who had suffered similar expatriation, the late Sir Charles Bell; nor did he reckon in vain. Charles Bell received him on his arrival, and could not restrain his merriment at the rueful countenance he presented. From that day forward they continued on terms of constant intimacy; and for some time the companionship of this friend, and occasional visits to Campbell at Sydenham, were the chief distractions from his regrets. Gradually, however, although that in the large sphere of London was a slower process, he began again to form a circle of associates. Some offshoots of the Friday Club were to be found in London, comprising Hallam, William Murray, Brougham, Ward, Loch, and William Adam. He met Wordsworth more than once in 1807; on one occasion at breakfast, in company with Scott. He says of Wordsworth:—

“His familiarity with the south of Scotland was remarkable, and he talked of it with great enthusiasm. He seemed imbued with all poetry, didactic and ballad. He repeated parts of ‘Michael Bruce’ with great feeling. Walter and he spouted and praised Hamilton of Bangour’s ‘Braes of Yarrow’ as one of the first of human compositions.”

The progress of his friends, Horner and Brougham, became to him, as it did to all the circle, a subject of the greatest interest. He seems to have seen much of the former, and to have regarded him with unmingled admiration. He writes to Cockburn in 1808:—“Horner rises daily in my mind. I never part from him without bearing away a deeper impression of his worth and excellence. If you were not my friend, I should envy Murray.” He watched and noted down his progress year by year, and watched and noted too, with too just forebodings, his gradual decline.

The limits of this notice will not permit us to illustrate as we might, by further extracts, his musings on men and things during the first years of his London life. They were years of struggle; yet even in the course of them we find, in his memoranda, that he is more solicitous to record the progress of his friends than his own. That Horner has much business at Sessions; that Brougham is getting many briefs; that Cockburn’s fee-book is larger this year than last; that Charles Bell’s class is as good as ever: these, and such like notanda in his private journal exhibit the genial unselfish friendliness which marked him throughout life. Some ten years later, when his friends, from being struggling lawyers, had become the leaders of the Bar, we find him recording the triumphs of Cranstoun, Moncreiff, and

Murray at the bar of the House of Lords as if they had been personal distinctions. “Proud,” he says in one passage, “that the Lords should see what men we have in Scotland.” Indeed, a friend from Scotland was ever sure of a welcome from John Richardson: his house was a certain anchorage in the wide sea of London, and a never-failing centre of hospitality. In the end, perseverance and courage had their reward. He succeeded, and in the year 1811, found himself in a position to offer his hand to Miss Elizabeth Hill, the cousin of Campbell, his first introduction to whom, by the poet, we have already mentioned. They were married by Sir Henry Moncreiff in 1811; and his friends Cockburn and Sir Charles Bell were also married in the course of that year. The union proved to Richardson one of the greatest felicity. His wife had a congenial taste for all his favourite pursuits, and no man was ever blessed with a happier home.

He took, soon after his marriage, a furnished house at Hampstead, close to the residence of Miss Joanna Baillie; his acquaintance with whom, which had commenced before, ripened into close and confidential friendship. Of this happy Hampstead home, he tells the following anecdote. Many years afterwards, when he had ceased to live there, he used to walk out to look at the scene of so many sunny recollections:—

“On one occasion when I was looking wistfully over the gate, the then tenant, a respectable gentleman from the city, approached and said, You seem to take an interest in this place; would you choose to walk in and look at it? I said I gladly would, for I had lived twenty pleasant years there, and if he would permit me, would walk round the garden with him. When he had proceeded a little way, I said, That (pointing to a bush) is from the garden of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* at Sydenham; that sweet-william, I said, is from the garden of Miss Joanna Baillie, your neighbour. He seemed agreeably excited. I then pointed out some beautiful Scotch roses from Lord Meadowbank; but when I said, ‘This rose is from the garden of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford,’ he was quite overpowered, and exclaimed cordially, ‘Will you dine with me to-day, sir?’ But I was engaged to Miss Joanna.”

We find in the MS.: “1813.—Began a Hogmanay observance, the Bells having been with us to welcome in the year.” What a “Hogmanay” is, doubtless the Saxon is ignorant. But let him, for his instruction, possess himself of Mr. Burton’s two pleasant volumes called *The Scot Abroad*, and in these he will find, amid much other necessary information, a full pedigree of this un-English word, showing its undoubted origin from

the French *Eguimené*, or other cognate root. Its vernacular meaning is the last day of the year, and so it is used in the memorandum.*

These Hogmanay festivals were continued and commemorated for many years afterwards. The party were generally Joanna Baillie and her sister, and Sir Charles and Lady Bell, varied, however, as time went on, by other guests. The 1822 Hogmanay is "T. Campbell, the Baillies, and the Bells; I record it as a very happy meeting, and T. C. went off with the Baillies, who housed him for the night." 1824 found the Hogmanay guests, "Baillies, Bells, Lushingtons, Malthus." 1831, "Jeffrey, Joanna Baillie, Sir C. and Lady Bell, Bosanquet, and David Dundas." So passed the time, pleasantly and prosperously. As business increased, the memoranda become more curt and sometimes obscure; but we find new names creeping into the dinner parties. Thus, in 1840, "Jeffrey, Empson, Rogers, Mount Stuart Elphinstone, David Dundas, and Austin," come to dinner. 1841 has this notice, "Read the *Maix Kalendæ*, and breakfasted with Rogers; Hope and Helen" (Richardson's daughters) "and Tom Moore being of the party. Rogers most affable, and walked home with the girls." Gradually the names change; 1847, "To dine with us on my birthday, Lay, Loch, Rutherford, Lushington, David Dundas, Sir C. Vaughan, Lord and Lady Minto, and Lady Bell." 1848, "Macaulay, Hallam, and Lord Campbell dined with us." The same year, "After the outbreak in Paris Guizot came to us. I provided a quantity of books for him with a view to the history in hand." He became afterwards very intimate with Guizot, who visited him in Scotland.

In 1851 even these disjointed fragments stop. They had become, alas! as much an obituary of his friends as a record of his intercourse with them. Time had not failed to overshadow his lot with melancholy change. The first half of the century had closed. It found Richardson fresh, vigorous, and animated as ever; but too many of his compeers had departed. Horner was the first to drop, in 1817; his wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows, he lost in 1836; Charles Bell died in 1842; Campbell in 1844; Sidney Smith in 1846; Jeffrey in 1850. The next few years lost him Cockburn and Rutherford; and the happy, light-hearted, brilliant band who had stood by each other through so many summers and winters of change is broken up. A new generation begin to surround the old man's genial table, not less than their predecessors charmed by his society, but all unequal to fill

the eternal blank created by the want of the "old familiar faces."

The loss of Charles Bell was a sad bereavement to him. As even this hurried sketch shows, they were for many years inseparable, and during the whole period most affectionate comrades. In 1860, when the shadows were beginning to deepen, he writes to Lady Bell, "Kindest thanks to you for your kind letter. It sent me a-dreaming back to times which owed their chief happiness to you and Charlie, in combination with the enjoyments of home. It was a blessed life when we lived so much together, and for each other. It cannot return; but it needs not, for memory gives it back in all its truth. One can treasure up no such wealth as those happy remembrances." Sir Charles Bell was a man of originality and genius, fine taste, and the warmest of hearts. The brother-like relations on which they stood are evinced by the story told of them, that when out fishing, the boys who accompanied them used to call out, "Run, John, Charlie has caught a fish." Lady Bell has survived her husband and her friend, and continued to the last the old familiar companionship. There were none of all the circle who engaged a greater portion of his regard, or who contributed more to the solace of his later years.

Such is the touching record from which we have, for the most part, extracted this hurried sketch. One or two more passages, selected much at random, must conclude our drafts upon it. 1808, he says—

"I made my first and very pleasant visit to Finchley. Mr. Alexander told me that walking some thirty odd years ago in the Temple Gardens, wishing that he had £200 a year whereon to retire, instead of possessing his then gloomy prospects at the bar, he met his friend old Mr. Strachan, the printer, then worth £100,000, and a member of Parliament, who, inquiring into his depression, bade him go and write down in his commonplace-book that he, Mr. Strachan, in the beginning of life, when without any pecuniary means, had a prospect of doing some business, and went to Scotland and solicited five rich relations to aid him by lending him £100 a-piece, which they all refused. He came back and struggled through without assistance, and you see (he added) what it has come to. There were two things, Mr. Strachan said, which in those days I could never believe, that a man did not know how much money he had in his pocket, and was not hungry when he sat down to dinner. I always knew to a farthing what was in mine, and I never wanted a good appetite."

1813. He tells the following story of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*:—

"In reference to the *Rejected Addresses* by the two Smiths, though they might be great lions, they despised the thing. Horace Twiss

* Richardson's own derivation of the word was "*Homme est nuit*."

being asked to dine with a fashionable literary lady in the west end of the town, and knowing the Smiths well, endeavoured to enhance his own value with his entertainer, by undertaking to bring them to her party in the evening, and wrote to them accordingly, pressing them to come, and received an answer which he was fool enough at first to exhibit, to this effect, 'Dear Twiss, I am very sorry that we cannot have the honour of waiting upon Lady —, brother Jim being engaged to swallow fire at Bartholomew Fair, and I to roar at Bow.'

1815. "Playfair, Miss Barthes, and Alexander dined with us. The first remained the night. Betsy gave him porridge and peaches to supper, the former of which he attacked manfully, and he walked in with me next morning over Primrose Hill, with a step as vigorous as Cockburn's of old up Benledi,—a most delightful person."

Same year: "James Chalmers took me over to Highgate to call on old T. Coutts, then 82. He was very kind, and asked us to stay dinner, which we did not. He remembered the Rebellion in 1745 quite distinctly. He told us when at Rome he received from the Pretender a medal of himself as King of England, which he afterwards presented to George the Third at St. James's."

Same year: "I dined in company with Southey, who praised highly the publication *The Espagnol* and its author. Southey, a very poetical-looking man, full of knowledge about Spain and Portugal, spoke of the curious article in the then last *Quarterly*, about the colony of Pitcairn's Island, sprung from the mutineers against Bligh. To see Southey Poet-Laureate, and Stoddart writing in the *Times*, are curious facts in the history of men's opinion."

1822. "Within a few days of the first of the year, the Baillies, Dr. Lushington, Maria Edgeworth, and Barry Cornwall, dined with us. Mr. Proctor was very unwell, and sitting in our small room tended to increase his malady. Miss Edgeworth sat next to him. Dr. Lushington is always entertaining; but poor Proctor hardly spoke. When most of the guests were gone, I was seated beside Miss Edgeworth in the drawing-room, and I asked her how she liked Barry Cornwall? 'Barry Cornwall!' she said, 'I never saw Barry Cornwall.' Yes, I said, you sat beside him at dinner to-day. 'And was that Barry Cornwall?' she said; 'and may I be split into seventy-nine pieces if I did not take him for a dull lawyer.' It was Jeffrey brought him to Hampstead, and made him and us acquainted, and we liked him, so far as we knew him, very much."

Miss Edgeworth was a friend and correspondent of Richardson. The following letter, though couched in jocular formality, may be interesting to our readers:—

"Miss Edgeworth's compliments to Mr. Richardson. She hears with much regret and shame from her friend Miss Wren that she is out of favour with Mr. R.'s sons, from having omitted to perform her promise to send them the Sequel to *Frank*. She has now ordered her bookseller to send the little books immediately; and she hopes that the young gentlemen will

forgive her, and permit her to think they are again her young friends.

"There is something, after all, gratifying to human vanity in their being angry about it. If they did not care for her or her books, it would not have been so. If the father be not affronted for the sons, Miss E. hopes he will write to ease her mind, if he can, upon a subject on which she is seriously very anxious. Sir Walter Scott,—how much truth is there in these reports about Constable and his losses? She has not yet heard from any of her friends in Scotland on the subject. She entreats Mr. Richardson to write as soon as he can, and as fully. Miss Fanny and Miss Harriet Edgeworth beg to be very kindly remembered to Mrs. Richardson. So does Miss E., in all humility and contrition; for she is sure if she is out of favour with the sons, she must be with the mother. She is conscious, too, it is a terrible length of time since she has written to two other friends at Hampstead, who might have pleaded for her, and two friends whom she loves dearly nevertheless, and who could never plead in vain with Mr. Richardson. The box from the lantern of Westminster Abbey will live in their family long after Maria Edgeworth is no more.

"Edgeworthstown, Feb. 12, 1826."

Many years afterwards, in 1849, she wrote to Miss Richardson, his daughter:—

"Thank you for proving to me, by the number of links of connexion you have counted and mentioned to me, how I have been hooked on and held to your kindly recollections. The Beauforts, Lockharts, and dear Charlotte, the Eliots, the Campbells, the Romillys, Lady Bell, and dear Joanna Baillie, Scotch and English, all our mutual friends, thank you for mentioning."

One letter from Joanna Baillie we extract a passage from. It is dated Hampstead, September 9th, 1827. After congratulating Richardson on the birth of a son, addressing him as "My good friend and some time neighbour," she says:—

"To make some set-off against all this desertion, we have the interest of amusement of Sir Walter's *Napoleon*, which helps us out wonderfully. I am now reading the sixth volume, and shall be sorry, I believe, when I finish the ninth,—even I, who am no reader at all, and could pass my life without books nearly as well as any countrywoman on the moors of Drumclog. The narrative is very clear, the spirit of the work is manly and impartial, and his remarks are excellent; to say nothing of his general views at his different halting-places, which are given, as far as I can judge, with great ability. The style certainly is very careless, and like a hurried task, and there are too many similes and metaphors, though generally very appropriate for my taste. But as these faults do not diminish my pleasure and profit in reading the while, I am little entitled to complain of him. If you see the author soon, thank him on my part for his last friendly letter, which I feel as I ought, though I respect his time and avocations too much to intrude upon

him with an answer to it. He has really exerted himself like a Hercules for a noble purpose, private as well as public, and we ought to consider nothing but his ease and convenience."

Same year, 1827:—

"I dined at the Baillies with Mrs. Siddons, who told us all her anecdotes of Johnson and Sir Joshua, and read a large portion of *Othello*. It was a great feast. I told her that Cockburn and I squeezed into the pit of the small theatre in Edinburgh, for nine nights running, to see her."

The reader is not to suppose that the character we have attempted to sketch, though he was the friend of Scott as well as of Campbell, of Lockhart as well as of Jeffrey, was a meek assumer of things as they might happen to be: all things to all men, and nothing very definite in himself. He was greatly the reverse. He was a man of gentle manners and thoughts, but of firm, nay, fierce opinions. The old Covenanting blood which he inherited, developed itself in strong and firm views on all topics connected with personal or popular liberty. From the first he had cast in his lot with the remnant of Whiggery which had survived at the beginning of the century, and to it he had held without waver or misgiving throughout all its career in the shade. Roland Richardson would not have gone more cheerfully to the question before Lauderdale, than would his descendant have suffered martyrdom for his belief in Fox. He lived to see, and he had to live twenty-five years before it came, the true principles, as he held them, triumph at last. He saw Brougham Chancellor, Jeffrey Lord-Advocate, Cockburn Solicitor-General,—a large contribution from his individual circle. And he himself had his reward, if hard work, great responsibility, the consciousness of usefulness, and the absence of tinsel notoriety can constitute a public man's reward. He became Crown-Agent for Scotland in London, as well in the ordinary public business as in peerages; and for thirty years, with few intervals, he discharged that duty. He had, in the course of that period, the preparation of many of the great political measures affecting Scotland during those eventful and critical years; and no one who only saw him in his happier hours, could have surmised with how much interest, industry, clear and perspicacious discrimination, and never-failing spirit, he elaborated the Parliamentary measures relative to Scotland in his time. It was a pleasure to work with him, he was so patient, so clear, so thoroughly informed, so good-tempered, and so completely absorbed in his occupation. No dreaming

then—no reveries; worldly men and worldly cares, let them be poets, novelists, or who they might, were utterly shut out. The hard dry thing was to be done, and done it was; and looked the less hard and dry in the doing of it. It is a kind of work for which the public is ungrateful, because it knows nothing of it; but if the patriotic and successful legislator deserves well of his country, no one ever more fairly earned his laurels in that field than John Richardson.

As Crown adviser in Peerages, he was in an element very congenial to his habits. He had a genuine love of old books; and great taste and knowledge in that captivating pursuit. He was a diligent antiquarian, and early in his London life had rummaged out and copied manuscripts in the British Museum. These habits, and the information so acquired, he brought to bear on the peerage questions in the House of Lords, in a way most useful for the public service. We believe that he became one of the most learned peerage lawyers of his day.

One trait more, without which the picture would be incomplete. He, like his friend Sir Charles Bell, was a most devoted brother of the angle. With his rod, and on the burnside, he was "ower a' the ills o' life victorious;" a deadly foe to the speckled tribe, and a most wily and skilled deceiver of them. There the love of nature, and the love of sport; the love of dreaming and the love of action, found opportunity alike; and though the long years in which he had broken himself to run in harness, quenched the wild promptings of the poetic heresy within him, and set himself, with strong resolution, to unremitting toil, he ever indulged the hope that he might spend the evening of his days beside some tumbling stream, in a retreat where he might converse with Nature, and realize some at least of his early dreams. In the following sonnet, which seems to us full of beauty and feeling, he pours out the aspirations of his heart. It was written in his dingy chambers in Fludyer Street, which looked out on the old Foreign Office; not an exhilarating or poetical prospect, as we can attest:—

"Thirty long years and three in this dark street,
It has been, by Heaven's decree, my lot to toil,
And oft by cock-crow, and by midnight oil,
In winter's chilly day and summer's heat,
I've strained with heart and hand for living
meet,
To save my age from all this anxious moil;
And still, 'midst heaviest labour would I dream,
And Heaven for some quiet refuge would implore,
Embowered in shady wood, by inland stream,
With tomes of god-like worthies in good store;

Where, in the mellow light of life's last beam,
I might repose me, ere I left the shore.
But fast the tide ebbs; when the hope I clasp,
The rainbow form flies far and farther from my grasp."

In part, at least, his vision was fulfilled. He purchased in 1830 the little property of Kirklands, a beautiful spot on the river Ale in Roxburghshire, where the river winds round the knolls of Ancrum Park. The erection of his house, and the decoration of the pleasure-grounds, with pleasant fishing in the Ale, and pleasant visits to his Roxburghshire neighbours, formed the subjects of much thought, interest, and occupation of his later life. He bought the place on the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott; and as the letter written by Sir Walter about the purchase has been preserved, we give it entire:—

"DEAR RICHARDSON,—I went over Kirklands yesterday, and really never saw a place lying more beautifully compact, or more entirely suited for your purpose. It consists of about 76 acres, lying bounded on one side by a long sweep of the Ale, and on the other by a good parish road, resembling bow and string, excepting about a score or two of yards at the upper or western extremity, where a brook divides it from the Duke of Roxburgh's farm of Hobtown. There is a bank of about three acres of wood along the Ale, thriving, and in high order. The soil is the best turnip land in Roxburghshire. There is another bank of about three acres also planted, but with larch only. The opposite side of the Ale lies partly in the Park of Ancrum, partly green craggy pasture, beautifully mingled with wood. There are several excellent situations for building. The whole scene is retired and yet cheerful. I own I feared the vicinity of Ancrum, the villagers having no good character. But it is about a mile off, and totally out of sight, and Mr. Sheriff says he never lost fruit but once, though his orchard is only surrounded by a broken hedge, and but 200 yards from the house. On the other hand, you will never want labourers; and if you incline to set grass parks, being the best and safest mode of using the ground which you do not occupy, you will have plenty of bidding for them among the farmers; also a ready market for potatoes and turnips, if you incline to keep a plough. I do not anticipate a single objection to the place, except the price, which must be high. I suspect from some indications that Sheriff found he could get more than Captain Stewart had agreed for, and so picked a hole in the bargain. I told him to send you a statement of the farm, with measurements, price, etc. It is certainly a most desirable place. The present house is execrable, but would do for a farmer's, with some repair, or might serve you as a bachelor well enough for a summer. A but and a ben, with two storeys, is the accommodation; the ceiling is not even plastered.

"I think if you come down and see the place you will be enchanted with it. Sheriff is a

sharp, spare man, with a thin countenance, grey worldly eyes, and a d——d bargain-making look about him.

"If you come down I hope you will take quarters with us, as you can have all means of conveyance at command. I can get a valuation of the property from Brown of Rawflet, who has managed it on the part of Admiral Elliot and Miss Carnegie; but I am sure it will be lower than Sheriff will ask and probably get.

"I sincerely hope your dear patient is better; repose and affection does much in these cases. Charles came down loaded with rheumatism. Sophia is laid up with ditto. I have taken my wettings, which are almost daily, with impunity, taking care to change.—Yours in haste,

WALTER SCOTT."

"ABBOTSFORD, September 8, 1829."

The inducements so urged, and painted by such a master, proved irresistible. Richardson became the master of Kirklands, and for thirty years he spent his autumn months in this picturesque retreat, surrounded by friends and visitors. It is in truth as pretty and picturesque a spot as his dreams could have imagined: the banks of the Ale, and the noble woods of Ancrum Park, forming the foreground of the landscape it commands, while Tweed and Teviot, within a couple of miles, hold out bright temptations to the angler. So far, the vision had come true, but something still remained, to shake off the weary harness—to escape from the tyranny of dust, parchment, and musty law, and raise the free spirit at length above them, in company with nature and his books. That, too, seemed within his reach. In his eightieth year he at length resolved to retire from active business; gave up his London residence; carried off his books to Kirklands; resolved there, in philosophic ease and literary relaxation, to spend what might be spared him of life. But, alas! for the vain hopes and aspirations of man. The end had been gained, but his reward was to be in the battle, not in the victory. Hardly had he established himself in his retreat, when the hand of sickness laid him on a bed from which he may be said never to have risen; and though he survived for more than three years, he was entirely unable to derive any enjoyment from the realization of the long-cherished wishes of his heart. The "rainbow form" vanished, and melted in his grasp.

Lord Campbell's seat of Hartrigg was in the immediate vicinity of Kirklands, and he and Richardson had been long on intimate terms. One evening, after Richardson's illness had lasted for some time, Lord Campbell, conversing after a dinner party at his house in London, happened to speak of his friend at Kirklands, and he remarked that he thought the Church Service should con-

tain a prayer for preservation from lingering sickness, rather than from sudden death. The conversation was prophetic. That night was the last of Lord Campbell's life; and he passed away, as he wished to do, in the fullness of vigour and usefulness. Richardson survived him for two years; and on the 4th of October last his gentle and affectionate spirit took its flight.

Such was John Richardson. We have endeavoured in faint lineaments to convey to those who did not know him an impression of what he was. Those who did, require no memorial to help them to retain his image in their recollection. We knew him chiefly after most of his companions had departed; but old age, while it brought with it all that should accompany it, had not blunted in him the sense of enjoyment in the refined or the beautiful; nor in associating with a younger generation had he lost any of those charms of manner, conversation, or heart, which had won his contemporaries. When we recall the pleasant open smile, the never-failing courtesy, the kindly greeting, the playful humour, the unfeigned genuine solicitude, the cheerful interest in all which related to his friends; the ready, willing aid, never invoked in vain; the warm pulses of his heart, never appealed to without response, we sigh, as we take leave of our task, to think that all these things are gone for ever, and that we shall never look on his friendly face again.

NOTE.

11th April, 1845.

"The verses were a parody on Scott's *Helvellyn*. They were published for the first time about two years ago, in a compilation called the *Court of Session Garland*. It is there stated in one place that the parody was the joint composition of Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, Lord Cockburn, and Mr. Richardson; and in another place this error is corrected by another, where it is said that except one line by Lord Jeffrey, it was all Richardson's. Both statements are inaccurate, and the explanatory notes are meagre and incorrect. Neither Murray, nor Cranstoun, nor I wrote or suggested one word or idea of it. Jeffrey wrote most of the second stanza; all the rest, and the general idea even of this stanza, was Richardson's alone. The parody was written and privately shown in MS. within a few weeks of the appearance of the original, which, I think, was in 1804. Nobody was more diverted by it than Scott, between whom and Richardson there was always a cordial and unbroken friendship. Like all good men, Richardson has always been flirting with the Muses. Few laborious men of business, and certainly no Scotch London solicitor, have written more verse. Amiability and elegance are its character,

and some of his songs are extremely beautiful. Ludicrous resemblance is generally the only object or pleasure of parody. This one has some greater interest from its graphic touches of the old Outer House, and of some of its old characters. It evokes men and scenes once far more talked of than more important things. So first here, for the sake of reference, come the lines:—

I.

"I climbed the High Street as the ninth bell
was ringing,
The Macer to three of his roll had got on;
And eager each clerk to his counsel was
springing,
Save on thee, luckless lawyer, who fee had
got none!¹
On the right, Nicodemus his leg was extend-
ing;²
O'er the stone Johnny Wright his brown
visage was bending;³
And a huge brainless Judge the fore-bar was
ascending,⁴
When I marked thee, poor Otho, stand
briefless alone!⁵

II.

"Dark-brown was the spot by thy love still dis-
tinguished,
'Twixt the stove and the side-bar, where oft
thou didst stray,⁶
Like the ghost of a lawyer, by hunger ex-
tinguished,
Who walks a sad warning to crowds at
bright day!
Yet not quite deserted, though poorly at-
tended,
For see, Virgin Smith his right hand hath ex-
tended,⁷
And Haggart's strong breath thy retreat hath
defended,⁸
And chased the vain wits and loud scoffers
away!

III.

"How eager thou look'st as the agents rush
past thee!
How oft as the macer bawls loud dost thou
start;⁹
Alas! thy thin wig not much longer will last
thee,¹⁰
And no fee will the hard-hearted writer
impart.
And oh! is it meet that a student of Leyden
Should hardly have whole coat or breeches to
stride in;¹¹
While home-breds and blockheads their car-
riages ride in,
Who can't tell where Leyden is placed on
the chart!

IV.

"When Balmuto or Banny the bench hath as-
cended,
The former to bellow, the latter to sleep,¹²
Or Hermand, as fierce as a tiger offended,
Is mutt'ring his curses, not loudly but
deep,¹³
Then are all the fee'd lawyers most anxiously
waiting,

Some ready to prose, and all ready for prating;

While some for delay are most nobly debating,¹⁴
Lamenting a cause through their fingers
should creep!

V.

"But meeter for thee with old Thomas Macgrugar,¹⁵

Thy heart's dearest friend in condolence to sigh,

And to some moral question in words sweet as sugar,

To urge in soft answer a gentle reply;

Far meeter, I ween, than for gowns idly hoping,

With the Corsican fairy thy way darkly groping,¹⁶

To spend the gay hours in John Dowie's deep toping,

And sup on salt herring and hot penny pie!"¹⁷

And here comes what it's all about:—

(1.) The Outer House met then, as now, at nine, and therefore as nine was still ringing, the macer, in calling out his list of causes, should not have been at No. 8. But this is a sneer at an abuse, then far from uncommon, arising from the practice of paying the Judges' clerks partly by fees on enrolments. The more causes that were called in people's absence, the better for the clerks, for it made a new enrolment necessary.

(2.) This "*Luckless Lawyer, Poor Otho*," was an advocate, who can't, at least, be said to have made no figure at the Bar, because for about forty years he was an absolute target for Parliament House jokes. His familiar title was Otho Wemyss, which James Grahame, the author of *The Sabbath*, used to enrage him by translating "*O quamvis parvula puella*." But his full and respectful address was Otho Herman Wemyss, for he had been sent to study Civil Law in his youth at Leyden, and testified his gratitude to his master, on coming away, by inserting his name between the two parts of his own, being the only fee that the learned Dutchman was supposed to have got. At his first appearance, Otho was thought intelligent and clever, and twice or thrice he certainly did write good papers, and he was always kindly. I have been told that he used even to be talked of as the probable rival of Cranstoun; but this was when Cranstoun was scarcely a visible star. These predictions, however, were all in vain. He was doomed always to be laughed at, and never to rise,—a fate sufficiently accounted for by his appearance and his pretension. An air of conscious gentility contrasted ludicrously with very poor though ambitious raiment, and a yellow, hungry look. His modest assumption of superiority from what he called foreign travel—which meant having been a year at Leyden—might, perhaps, have been offensive, if this had not been avoided by the absurdity of his elegant and patronising politeness.

(3.) *Nicodemus* was Edward McCormick, advocate, why so nick-named I do not know, unless it was that, being assessor to the town of Leith, he was "a ruler of the Jews." Large and stately; one leg, with a black silk stocking

on it, and a huge foot, and a silver buckle at the end of it, was always projected before him; and there he stood, with his great bland countenance, as if for the world to worship. President Blair used to say, that if a man's intellectual power could be judged by mere look and air, Nicodemus would be the greatest of men.

(4.) *John Wright*, advocate, a curious species of man, if indeed he belonged to this genus. Short, stumpy, and as brown as deep-tanned leather; a large head, a huge mouth, which gaped to its utmost possible wideness whenever cogitation or liquor or wonder made the enormous chin drop. He must have sat to the framer of the first Dutch nut-cracker. There is a portrait of him in Kay's *Edinburgh Caricatures*, which, outrageous as it may appear, owes its only unlikeness to its being so little caricatured. The whole professional practice of a long life was said to have consisted of one cause, and it about a trunk. But he professed to teach Civil Law, a form for begging a guinea which several people gave him yearly for what he termed his course. No less a person than Francis Horner did so once. Horner told me that on first meeting, the class, consisting of seven or eight, sat round a table in what the learned lecturer announced as the parlour, a small smoky place down a close, and that Johnny seemed to be in the throes before he began, and took the cube-shaped *Corpus* between his hands, and squeezed, and turned, and dandled it affectionately, and then proceeded: "Gentlemen, this wee bit bookie conteens the hail Ceevil Law!" The first lecture generally closed the course. It was a worthy creature; miserably poor, in so much that it was fed and slaked at last almost entirely on charity; much addicted to golf, and not at all bigoted against strong drink; though in its general habits rather temperate and philosophical. The general sturdiness of its structure, and the slowness of its gait and speech, exposed it to many adventures. He was believed to have been once fired at for a seal when bathing. The first shot missed, because he had ducked; and on preparing for a second fire, the sportsman was petrified by hearing the fish grunt, as soon as its head was up, "Stop, sir! I'm a man, and not a beast!"

(5.) The "*huge brainless judge*" was not meant by Richardson as generic, but was intended to describe a good man, but huge and brainless certainly; in voice, stare, manner, and intellect, not much above an idiot, but respectable from bulk, good-nature, broad Scotch, and slow, grievous stupidity.

(6.) "*Twixt the stove and the side-bar*."—This was a well-known spot, very accurately laid down in the parodist's geography. It was towards the south-west end of the Outer House. There were no *Permanent Lords Ordinary* in those days, only one Lord Ordinary for the week, whose throne was called the *Fore-bar*. The other Ordinaries came out from the Inner House apparently according to no other rule or system except their own pleasure, and sat on what were termed *Side-bars*. Now there was a side-bar and a stove on the west side of the House, and between these two was this "*dark-brown spot*,"—a cosy, dingy recess of about a

dozen of feet or so, which the junior counsel were too fine, and the senior too dignified to enter, but it was the favourite *howf* of some unemployed, middle-aged disreputables of the faculty.

(7.) "*Virgin Smith*" was John Smith, Esq., of Balquharron, advocate. He obtained and kept the title here given to him by his timid, blushing modesty. Downcast eyes, pink cheeks, a low voice, and retired air, perfect respectability, and comfortable circumstances, make him a good deal out of place in the company he here stands in. But the explanation is that he did sometimes do the very thing Richardson says, *extended his hand*, by way of disarming the coarse jeers of these fellows at his gentle diffidence. But he never did more. He was no member of their craft. I think I see him shrinking past the "dark-brown spot," detecting a gibe coming, for his trying to pass, pausing for an instant and deprecating it, sometimes successfully, by a momentary extension of the hand, and after shuddering at the recognition, pass on. His being obliged occasionally to shake their hands, is meant as a proof of the power of their free-masonry over weak sensitiveness.

(8.) "*Haggart's strong breath*."—John Haggart. He too was an advocate, and it may be doubted if so famous and peculiar a light ever shone at any other bar. He was the only one of the eminent lawyers here immortalized who got any fees. On one occasion, which I myself witnessed, when a rogue, who had never seen or employed him, but knew him by reputation, was suddenly ordered by the Court to be taken by the neck, he no sooner felt the macer's hand upon him, than he exclaimed instinctively, "Gude God! where's Maister Haggart?"

(9.) "*The macer bawled loud*."—I wonder if there be any other Court where counsel, instead of being obliged to wait on for their causes within earshot of the judge, lounge as they list, being sure to be summoned by a brazen-throated herald, whose strong, ringing voice makes their names resound wherever they may be lurking, so as to startle them in their own ears. It is a very gentleman-like institution, and greatly promotes legal ignorance, for no one need attend a moment longer than he pleases, and therefore, having the library and the Outer House at his command, the practice is for each barrister to be in Court when his own affair is under discussion, and never to listen to the proceedings merely for the sake of learning his profession. Hence we have more jokers and poets and philosophers than lawyers. I wish one of the poets would give us an ode on the first call after the long vacation. Jeffrey compared it to the first note of spring. It recalls in one moment all the associations of the place. A rush of counsel, like "eagles to the prey," to which Peter Peebles compared it, always follows the proclamation of each case. How many a good talk have these proclamations dissipated! how many an anecdote interrupted! How often robbed us of Erskine's wit, of Scott's story, of Jeffrey's speculations!

(10.) "*The hard-hearted writer*," persisted in imparting no fee; but the "thin wig" survived its owner. It was a very curious article. He

had bought it at second-hand, so that its original colour was lost in antiquity. But time and smoke (he lived in the Canongate) had made it a sandy yellow. It was certainly thin. The ground had been scourged till the subsoil was bare; yet such is the force of inborn elegance, it had really an air of gentility even in its dotage.

(11.) "*Should hardly have whole coat or breeches to stride in*."—The "hardly" expresses the very thing. There were no slits or tatters in the worthy gentleman's integuments—a thing his feelings could not have endured. But the garments, though still entire, were so abraded, that it seemed as if one other rub would be dangerous; and a few auxiliary threads that had been added to close rivets up might be seen lurking in the confidence of retired nooks. Still gentility prevailed. I see him! There he goes! with the bright cobbled shoes, the brown gold-headed cane, the antique, often pawned ring, the black silk stockings, their frailties hid beneath faded gaiters, the snuff and dust of his session black or vacation brown suit, swept in visible streaks by a brush worn to the stump; an air of pensive, ill-fed, self-satisfied fashionableness,—the downward aspect as if of a poor gentleman thinking, but truly surveying the process of decay in his general man, and inwardly indignant at the world's neglect of talent and foreign travel.

(12.) "*Balmuto and Banny, the former to bellow, the latter to sleep*."—These were two of the Judges; the first was Claude Boswell of Balmuto, a very worthy man; as huge and strong as a cart-horse, his language broad Scotch; an ogre to those who did not know his real kindness. The other was M'Leod Bannatyne, a nice, merry old Celtic gentleman, the greatest public sleeper, and the most successful compounder of incoherent interlocutors, that ever tried these arts. His judicial slumber was owing to an inhuman practice of rising at four or five in the morning; and he rose thus early, apparently for the sake of the nap on the Bench. The nodding used to set his wig awry, and nothing could be more ludicrous than his good-natured stare, when on awakening suddenly he found himself in Court, and everybody laughing; but he soon relieved himself by another nod, after which they might laugh as they pleased for him. His interlocutors were like the song by a person of quality. Oranstown's imitation in his *Diamond Beetle* is no caricature. Nevertheless, Banny was a gentleman, and popular, with all the warmth of the Highland heart, and all the defects of the Highland understanding.

(13.) "*Hermand, as fierce as a tiger offended*."—Lord Hermand. He was my uncle by affinity, and therefore I shall only say, that though he certainly had very often the appearance of being a tiger in public, he was never anything but a lamb in private. Richardson did not know him when he wrote those lines; they were great friends afterwards, and the lines were retained just because they had been written.

(14.) "*And some for delay were most loudly debating*."—In the old state of the Court, where almost nothing was peremptory, it is absolutely

beyond belief how many hourly wrangles there were for a delay. The loudness of debate was never so conspicuous as in roaring for, or against, procrastination.

(15.) "*But meeter for thee with old Thomas Macgrugar.*"—Macgrugar was an advocate, and, except in elegance, the second self of Otho. They were alike in the indication of early talent and in subsequent failure, but most unlike in this, that after Macgrugar's death it was discovered, to everybody's surprise, that he was worth £3000 or £4000. While alive, he had the look and appearance and habits of a famished beggar. He was a good lawyer, and a skilful writing pleader, insomuch that some of the great guns of the profession got considerable praise for successful shots which Macgrugar had loaded and pointed for them.

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(16.) "*The Corsican fairy.*"—Not Napoleon, but Mr. George Sandy. He was once secretary or something to the first Lord Minto, when that nobleman was something in Corsica, and got this title from his huge hairy grey bulk.

(17.) "*John Dowie's.*"—Fired at the sound! John was the last of his class in Edinburgh. He kept a mean but respectably-conducted tavern in Forrester's Wynd. It was nearly empty till about nine at night, when crowds of parties, composed chiefly of young men belonging to some of the departments of the law, went to sup. There can be no doubt, since Richardson, who knew the haunt well, says so, that they got red-herrings and penny pies; but there can be just as little doubt that toasted cheese and ale were the staple.

